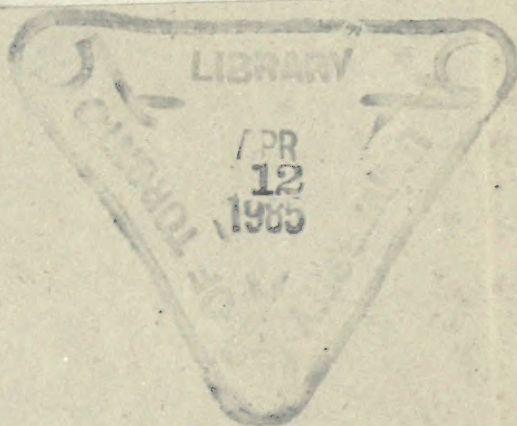
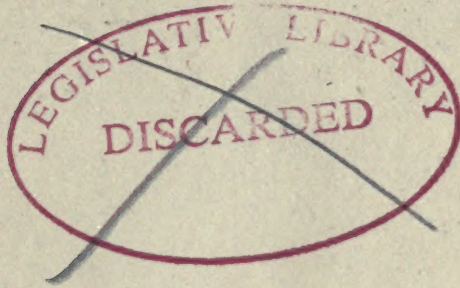





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LIVING AGE.

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"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

THIRD SERIES, VOLUME XIX.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOLUME LXXV.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER,

1862.

BOSTON:

LITTELL, SON, AND COMPANY.

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THIRD SERIES, VOLUME XIX

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOLUME XXIV

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER

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TO THE READERS OF THE "LIVING AGE."

THIS number of *The Living Age* concludes the second year of its *war* trials and perils. These have been severe, and have called for all possible economy; — but they have been less than might have been anticipated.

The loss of all subscribers in the rebel States has been followed by a great scarcity of stock for making paper, and this has obliged the newspaper press to increase its price. *The Living Age* has suffered under the tyranny of King Cotton, as have all other periodicals.

It is a strong proof of the steady attachment of the readers of *The Living Age*,—and a proof for which we are very grateful,—that more than nine-tenths of our subscribers in the loyal States have stood by us through this "year of famine."

We have not been without anxieties, so that every letter enclosing a remittance is received as a special encouragement and personal favor.

May we venture so far as to ask every man who thinks well of the work (now approaching its *thousandth* number, and concluding its seventy-fifth volume) to take so much personal trouble as to induce one or more of his neighbors to order it, and thus to "fill up the old regiments."

Number 969, which is printed on the cover this week, is the number of years to which Methuselah attained. We do not expect to live so long, — though we cannot but think how valuable a series of the Antediluvian Age he might have published, at the rate of four volumes to a year. If we can complete twenty-five more volumes of *our Living Age*, so as to make up an invaluable set of one hundred volumes, we shall be abundantly satisfied, and shall feel that we have left to posterity, as Milton said, a work "which it will not willingly" leave unread.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 957.—4 October, 1862.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are much obliged to "A Lady" in Philadelphia. Her
interest in "The Living Age" is so cordial as to be quite cheering. If she had given her
address we should have been glad to explain to her, more at large than we can do here;
the article she refers to was not copied from an American Journal, as she will see by look-
ing at the table of contents.

Very many kind letters we are obliged to pass unnoticed, because the writers give us no
address—and it is inexpedient to answer in print.

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broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

SLEEP NOT DEATH.

"Grato m'è il sonno . . .
Mentre ch'è danno e la vergogna dura."

IN immemorial aisles, whose mellow gloom
Was crimsoned with the flush of setting day,
Where angels prayed above a trophied tomb,
Shadowed or sealed by death a woman lay;
The smile, the scorn of regal majesty,
Seemed frozen on her lips, or fixed in stone,
A chaplet of the stars that cannot die
Shone on the brow where living light was
none;

Yet death it was not, or it did not seem,
Methought, she slumbered in a heavy trance,
With fitful starts, the passion of a dream,
And mourners stood around, and wept for
France.

Then Freedom bowed her stately form and
said:

"O, Mother, mine no more, I seek a home.
Who are my friends? the exile and the dead.
Where are my banners? Do they float at
Rome?

One short bright morning of my life I stood,
Armed at thy side, crying to Earth 'be free!'
Through crashing kingdoms, through a sea of
blood,

Unconquerable, I looked and clung to thee;
I shone like Hesper over death's array,
And death was beautiful. The steadfast sky
Sees baser hopes and meaner men to-day,
These dare not follow where I point and die;

"They tremble if I speak. I must begone."

Then Faith said, sadly, "He who came to
save

Joined Faith with Freedom. Shall I rest alone,
A marble mourner weeping on a grave?

France knew me once. Her white-cross war-
riors fought,

Bleeding and faint, a passage to my shrine;
And, as they fell, the peace that is not bought
Came to them with death's kiss; the cause
was mine;

By all the woman's weakness I was strong.
Now, courtiers, give the word, and hirelings
pray,

The soldier's clatter drowns the sacred song;
I fly like Mary bearing Christ away."

A murmur of unutterable woe,

"Let us depart," was breathed upon the air,
Cross shadows flickered ghost-like to and fro,
The sculptured angels seemed to cease from
prayer;

But Honour, gray with years, knelt in the dust,
"I watched thy cradle first, I quit thee last.

The secret massacre, the broken trust,
Can these, can Cæsar's crown, degrade thy
Past?

I live a memory in the hearts of men."

And Hope, with eyes fresh kindled from the
sun,

Said, "Lady, thou shalt rise and reign again,
Thou art immortal, and thy foe is—One."

—Spectator.

SONG OF THE RIVER.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming wear;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoke-grimed town in its murky cowl.
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and
child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned
again.

Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

FAITH AND WILL.

Two Powers, since first the world began,
Have ruled our race and rule it still:
Twin Masters of the fate of man
Are Faith and Will.

The pole-star and the helm of life,
That sets the end, this gives the force,
O'er plains of peace and seas of strife,
To carve our course.

The power that stands on rocks of strength,
And lets the tempest lash and foam,—
Unshaken—is the power at length
That brings us home.

But where is home? that Faith can tell.
But what is Faith? that Will can prove
By suffering bravely, striving well,
And serving Love.

—Spectator.

From The Spectator.

KING COTTON.

THERE is—or was until recently—a tall, handsome man confined in a lunatic asylum at Camberwell. He used to sit mournfully for days and weeks in a corner of his lone room, little given to talk, and less to physical exercise. Now and then, however, he broke out in a sudden blaze of excitement, repeating incoherent sentences, in which only the word “flax-cotton” was distinctly audible. The unhappy man’s name was Chevalier Claussen. By birth a Dane, and a man of high scientific education, he gave himself up early to the study of practical chemistry, particularly those branches connected with the manufacture of textile fabrics. After years of labor, and many experiments, he came to the conclusion that the fibre of flax, if rightly manipulated, is superior to cotton for all purposes in which the latter is employed, and therefore ought to supersede it, as well on this account as being an indigenous plant, for the supply of which Europe might remain independent of serf or slave. Claussen’s experiments were well received in his own country, and his king gave him the title of Chevalier; but, unfortunately, little other substantial encouragement. The inventor then went to France, married a young French lady, was presented at court, and received the order of the Legion of Honor; but again got little else but promises of future reward for the years of labor devoted to the one great object he had in hand. Somewhat weary of his work, and sorely pressed by poverty, Chevalier Claussen next came to this country, arriving just in time for the International Exhibition of 1851. He displayed in the Hyde Park Palace some beautiful articles made of flax-cotton, and set all the world in raptures about the new invention, the more so as he freely explained the secret of the process for converting flax-straw into a material equal in all and superior in some respects to the cotton fabric. The manipulation was simple enough, according to Claussen’s showing. The flax, cut into small pieces by machinery, was left for a short while to the combined action of alkaline solvents and of carbonated alkalies and acids, which converted the fibre into a material very similar to cotton, and fit even, to some extent, to be spun with cotton machinery. The English manufacturers

to whom the process was explained were delighted; nevertheless, they refused with many thanks the chevalier’s offer to work his invention. It was found that flax-cotton could not be profitably spun without making various alterations in the existing machinery, and to this the Lancashire mill-owners objected, saying, why should we trouble ourselves about the new raw material as long as we have got cotton in abundance? With something of a prophetic vein, M. Claussen remonstrated, arguing that the supply was not all to be depended upon, and that, besides, it would be better, and cheaper in the long run, to make European hands feed European mills, by the aid of perfected steam-agencies, than to leave the task to the rude manual labor of unwilling bondsmen. It was the voice of the preacher in the desert: Lancashire listened not; and when the Hyde Park show was over, Chevalier Claussen and his invention were no more thought of than the man who discovered the compass. Sorely troubled in mind, and with abject poverty staring him in the face, Claussen then pursued his pilgrimage, crossing the Atlantic to America. What happened to him in the great Western Republic is not accurately known; but it is presumed that some ‘cute natives laid hold of the young man from the old country, squeezing his brains and then throwing him overboard. It was rumored that Chevalier Claussen had got a “partner;” and not long after somebody, partner or otherwise, brought him back to this country, shutting him up in a lunatic asylum at Camberwell. Here the history of flax-cotton ends: the inventor in a madhouse; Lancashire without food for her mills and her people.

The case of flax versus cotton has not since had a fair trial. It is strange, indeed, to perceive in this matter to what an extent the industry of whole nations is liable to follow in the wake of mechanical inventions. It was not until the seventeenth century that cotton goods were made in England, while flax was cultivated to a far greater extent, and woven into textile fabrics, though with very simple mechanical appliances. Then it happened, about the year 1685, that a colony of Huguenot families, flying in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled in the North of Ireland, and gave the first impulse to the cultivation and manufac-

ture of flax. Among the refugees was a gentleman of the name of Louis Cromonelin, a native of St. Quentin, whose family had been engaged for generations in the linen trade. This M. Cromonelin took a patent for various contrivances in the spinning and weaving of flax, and setting earnestly to work in the new manufacture, crops of the plant soon sprang up in all directions, and thousands of acres of land, mere wastes previously, were covered with the graceful little annual, on tall and slender stalk, with delicate blue flowers, which in the time of Abraham already produced the "fine linen" on the spindles and looms of Babylonia. The flax manufactories, no less than the manufacturers, following the impulse thus given, thrived remarkably well in Ireland; and it is interesting to note that at the present day a descendant of M. Louis Cromonelin is at the head of one of the largest linen establishments in the province of Ulster. Towards the end of the latter century the use of the fibre of flax was near taking the lead in the manufacture of textile materials, when all at once a series of mechanical inventors—Hargreaves, Compton, Arkwright, and others—appeared upon the stage, devoting themselves entirely to the improvement of cotton machinery. Their efforts produced a social and commercial revolution as great as the introduction of the locomotive on the road. The quantity of cotton brought to this country in 1764 amounted only to about four millions of pounds; but in 1780 it came to be seven millions; in 1790, thirty millions; in 1800, about fifty millions; and increasing every decennium by from forty to one hundred millions, reached in 1860 the total of 1,250,000,000 pounds. Every step in this rising scale of consumption was marked, and was produced in the first instance by improved machinery. It seemed as if the entire energy of the mechanical genius of the age had been thrown into one direction of making contrivances for spinning and weaving cotton, and that all rival branches of industry had become totally neglected. So it happened that the methods for preparing flax adopted in this country, and, indeed, over the whole of Europe at the present time, still resemble those used by the ancient flax-growers of Egypt four thousand years ago, and yet followed by the natives of Hindostan. This is proved by numerous

pictorial representations on the walls of Egyptian tombs and temples, some of them as strikingly similar to the doings of Irish and Belgian peasants engaged in the flax manufacture as if copied on the spot. We have no more curious illustration of the in many respects one-sided and singularly accidental progress of modern civilization.

There is something truly marvellous in the contemplation of the thousand wonderful contrivances for manufacturing cotton shown in the "iron tabernacle" of the present International Exhibition, and the reflection that the whole is but the product of some seventy or eighty years. Before Arkwright's time the cotton manufacture was carried on—as the flax manufacture is still to a great extent—in the cottages of agricultural laborers, who, working partly in the fields and partly at their simple hand-loom, brought both calicoes and cabbages to the nearest market, to dispose of them to itinerant dealers. The stride from those old rural hand-loom to the modern machinery exhibited in the western annexe of Captain Fowke's warehouse is far more gigantic than anything else in the history of modern inventions, not excepting railway travelling and electric interchange of words. It is doubtful, indeed, whether there is anything more expressive of human ingenuity—that which Carlyle calls the beaver-faculty of man—in the world, than some of the cotton-spinning automata at the exhibition. An immense row of spindles are seen flying round in furious whirl, twisting slender threads in all directions, bending upwards and downwards, obedient to an invisible power, and performing evolutions unapproachable in exactness and regularity by the hand of man. Other parts of the machinery take the cotton fibre, spread it evenly over long lattices, pass it between rollers, lead it along under a complication of wrappers, combs, brushes, and knives, and discharge it in the end in greatly altered form, ready for further manipulation. There is incessant life, movement, and action, and no propelling agency visible, save an occasional whiff of steam, which now and then pops out from beneath the world of wheels. Perhaps a little girl, with flakes of cotton in her hair, and more flakes in her apron, is looking on leisurely from the distance, pulling out here and there an errant thread; but apparently not otherwise interested in the doings of the

huge automaton. Contemplating the thing for awhile, nigh stunned by the tumult of wheels and levers, the thought creeps over the mind that all earthly intelligence has been concentrated here for the sole purpose of shaping the fibres of the *gossypium* plant into a textile fabric. To perform the task, ten millions of steam-propelled spindles are incessantly whizzing in this country, and hundreds of thousands of free men must be dependent on the labor of the slave. It is a contemplation almost hideous, to think of a legion of such automatons as are seen in the western exhibition annexe, all whirling and whizzing, but with no food to put down their throat, and nothing to grasp between their iron teeth. King Cotton, with famine in his trail, looks lurid in the extreme.

The terrors vanish somewhat on a further stroll through the exhibition. There are hundreds upon hundreds of stalls, from all parts of the world, whose owners offer to feed King Cotton, be he ever so hungry. Australia, South America, the Cape, Natal, Egypt, Algiers, Ceylon, China, Japan, the whole of India, and a host of other countries, down to classic Attica, have sent samples of their *gossypium* to show what they can do towards keeping the ten millions of British spindles in movement. The sight is a very fair one; but, alas, far from being entirely consolatory. The catalogue of countries which *can* produce cotton, but have not yet proved it, is like the list of works which young authors and poets set down in their pocket-books, as intending to write as soon as called upon, and which consequently they never do write. This awful question of cotton, it seems, is ruled everywhere more by accident than by the will of governments and nations. The ten millions of British spindles grew into existence because, as it chanced, a few working men of Lancashire took to inventing power-looms instead of flax-steeping machines; and King Cotton himself built up his throne on the banks of the Mississippi, because a couple of half-starved Frenchmen were wrecked there one day with a few seeds of *gossypium* in their pockets. The finest "long-stapled" cotton, the only kind for which Lancashire is really

crying in its distress, grew originally in the Antilles, where Columbus found it on his arrival, and settled a supply of it as a tribute on the natives. The districts of San François of Bailly, and other old settlements of Guadaloupe and the neighboring islands, furnished for a long time the whole of Europe with the best kind of cotton. In 1808, the export of the material from the Antilles amounted to near a million and a half of pounds; but the culture was as suddenly interrupted by the wars of the first empire, as recently again in the internecine struggle of America. Flying from the scene of strife, some French emigrants carried a small quantity of cotton seed from Guadaloupe to South Carolina, and thus established the element of commercial importance in the American Republic. This was the origin of the famous sea-island cotton. For many years past, the French Government has tried hard to revive the culture of the plant in the Antilles, but without any appreciable success. The millions spent to encourage the industry have had no other effect hitherto but to destroy it more and more, by introducing the artificial element. The same has been the case in other countries, wherever governments or commercial associations have attempted to carry the matter with a high hand. King Cotton evidently disdains restraint, and will rule only by the grace of God and his own supreme will. Whether it would not be wise to temper the sway by constitutional means, such as the appointment of Prince Flax to the chief ministry, is a question which the owners of the ten millions of spindles will have to decide before long. It seems hard and almost unnatural that hundreds of thousands of Europeans should be dependent for their very existence on the fibres of a plant which will only grow in hot and unhealthy climes, and the control of which, wherever produced, must be insecure in the last degree. Accident made King Cotton sovereign; but nature points in another direction, to an organism of the same constituencies, which flourishes with our race from the torrid zone to the north pole. We have it on high authority that man does not live on bread alone: why on cotton?

From Once a Week.

JOIN HANDS—LEAVE NOBODY OUT.

No nation can, at any time, be secure from that cold qualm of social fear which is one of the most peculiar of human sensations. We English know nothing, personally, of the terror of looking and listening for an invading army, actually marching on our soil. We know only the milder forms of national fear; but their effect, once felt, is never effaced. The sensation, on being overtaken by the crash of 1825-6, by the Cholera of 1832 and 1849, by the Potato-rot of 1846, and the financial panics of 1847 and 1857, is as distinct in each case as the cases themselves; and yet the experience is unlike that of any other kind of dread. The same peculiar qualm has been sickening our hearts now, for some time past. If any hearts are not yet sick at the doom of Lancashire and Cheshire, they have to become so; and it certainly seems to me that those are happiest who were the earliest to perceive the truth. Ours is a country blessed beyond every other, in regard to the blessings which we prize most. It is impossible to overrate the privilege of living in England: but even here we are not safe from national afflictions, taking the form of rebuke for our follies and sins. We have the sensation now of being under rebuke, and of having to suffer for some time to come, after many years of welfare which seemed to have grown into a confirmed habit of prosperity. The sensation is very painful. It is not to be shirked on that account, but rather treated with reverence, that it may impress upon us what it is that we ought to do.

The worst part of the whole misfortune is that the greatest sufferers are those who are in no way to blame for the calamity. We who are outside of the manufacturing interest may fine ourselves, punish ourselves, fatigue ourselves to any extent; but we cannot suffer anything like the anguish of the operatives in their decline into destitution. Those of us who have known them see but too well what that anguish must be. That class of operatives are a proud people, hitherto filled with comfort and complacency, and holding a social rank which appeared high to them, however little might be known in aristocratic regions of the depth of gradation between the cotton-spinner and the town Arab or Union pauper. The mill-people have been

opulent in their own rank in life. They could lay by considerable amounts of money; and many of them did. Of those who did not, and perhaps of some who did, it was understood that they were better customers to tradesmen than the gentry. The earliest and chiefest delicacies in the market were bought up by the operatives; the gayest silks and shawls, and head-trimmings, were worn by the factory-women; the most expensive picnics in the country were those organized by the operatives. Better than this, they have been buyers of books, students of music and drawing, supporters of institutes, and not a few of them members of co-operative societies which have won the respect of thousands of persons prejudiced against the very name. These are the people who are now, all at once and all together, deprived of employment and of income. By a stroke which they could not avert they are now reduced to absolute want. Instead of their dainty dinners and suppers, they have actually not enough of dry bread. Their expensive clothes are all gone, and they can hardly dress themselves so as to appear outside their own doors. Their furniture is gone, and they are sleeping on the bare floor. Their books are gone, with the names of each of the family in some or other of them; the treasure of music-books is gone, and the violin and the flute; the collections of plants and insects, and geological specimens, have been sold for what they would fetch. Not only is there nothing left; there is nothing to look to. Week after week, and month after month, must wear on, and there, or in a worse place, they must sit, still waiting for work and pay, and kept from starving only by charity,—outside the workhouse now, but perhaps within it by and by. The good steady girls pine and waste: the bright boys—the pride of father and mother—are stopped in their progress. All alike are without work and without prospect. It is this spectacle, with its long-drawn misery to come, which sends the qualm of dread through us; as well it may.

We get no comfort by looking beyond the class. That class are the natural patrons of the tradesmen. The tradesmen can get in no bills: they are selling nothing, unless on credit; and they are paying high rates. They cannot stand long, they say. The small gentry who live by their house*prop-

erty are in much the same situation. They can get in no rents; and yet they have to pay water-rates, poor-rates,—all their tenant's dues: so that they have less than nothing to live on. I will go no further in this direction. I do not write this to make others and myself miserable, but to discuss what we ought to do. In regard to the extent of the evil, then, I will add only that the population immediately concerned is from four to five millions, without reckoning the shopkeepers and small gentry who are involved with them.

Now, if I am to say what I think, as it is my custom to do, I must declare that, in my opinion, every one of us who enjoys food, shelter and clothing, is bound to help these sufferers. In my opinion, all ordinary almsgiving, all commonplace subscription of crowns or sovereigns, is a mere sign of ignorance, or worse. There are persons who give away a great deal in the course of the year, varying their donations from five shillings to five pounds, who never once conceived of such a thing as a call to part with any considerable part of their substance. Such persons gave £1 to the Patriotic Fund, just as they do every year to the nearest Dispensary: such persons would subscribe their sovereign to a national loan if all the navies of the world were in our seas, and half a dozen hostile armies were pouring out upon our shores: and such persons will no doubt offer their sovereign or five-pound note now to the Lancashire fund,—never dreaming that they appear to others like men walking in their sleep. Some means must be found to make them understand that the task before us all is nothing less than this;—to support, with health and mind unbroken, for half a year, a year, or perhaps two years, four millions or more of respectable people, who must in no sense be trifled with, or degraded, or unfitted for resuming their industry, whenever the opportunity arises. A vast sum of money will be required for this purpose: and, till we see how much, it seems to me that those of us who cannot at once contribute a tenth or such other proportion of our income as we think right, should deny ourselves mere pleasures, and give up or defer any expenditure which can be put off, till we see what the winter will be like to the people of Lancashire and Cheshire. If the old and constant objection is urged,—that thus trade

will suffer by our retrenchment of expenditure, the plain answer is "Very true: and this is the tradesman's share of the national calamity. It will not be a ruinous occasion to tradesmen outside of the manufacturing districts; and they must bear their share. The failure of cotton has caused an actual loss of several millions already; and all just principle and [feeling requires that the loss should be spread as widely as possible over society. Let our mercers and music-sellers, then, our confectioners and cabinet-makers go without our fancy custom this year; and you and I will go without new dress, new music, our dessert, our autumn journey, or any indulgence which interferes with our giving a substantial part of our income to the Lancashire people."

But there are other people in Lancashire than those who are poor, the world is saying. This is abundantly true; and once more, if I am to speak out what I think, I must say that the thought of that particular class is scarcely less painful than the contemplation of their poor workpeople.

When some of them, or their friends, cry "Let bygones be bygones," the answer is, that that is not possible. The past (as including the last hundred years) of Lancashire is too remarkable, and on the whole, too illustrious and honorable, to be ever forgotten or dropped out of history. To go no further back than the distress of 1842, it can never be forgotten how nobly and how wisely many of the mill-owners sustained their workpeople through months and years of adversity; nor can it ever be forgotten that that was the occasion which disclosed the prodigious advance made by the operatives in knowledge, reason, and self-command. For the same causes which render these facts ineffaceable in our history, the subsequent characteristics and conduct of the employers will be also remembered. We need not dwell on them; but we cannot pass them over in an hour of meditation on what we ought each and all to do.

Our cotton manufacturers have been openly regarded, for many years, in America as the main supporters of negro slavery. This is no concern of ours, now and here, except that it tends to explain the apathy first, and the pedantry of political economy afterwards, by which they have rendered themselves, in the world's eyes, answerable for all the really

afflictive part of the present distress. They knew that their countrymen understood slave-labor to be a most precarious element in the work of production; they were warned, through a period of thirty years, that a day must come when slave-labor in the Cotton States would be suddenly annihilated; they were shown incessantly for ten years past that the time for that catastrophe was approaching; they were conjured to appropriate some of their new wealth to ensuring a due cultivation of cotton in other and various countries, and especially to sustain the experiments carefully instituted by Government in India. Some three or four of their own number devoted time, trouble, money, and other precious things to this duty; and these have never ceased appealing to the rest to prepare while it was yet time to avert the very calamity which is now upon us.

It was in vain. The constant answer was that it was not their business, in the first place; and that, in the next, the world would use none but American cotton.

This last allegation seems to be already withdrawn. Indeed, it could not stand a moment after the disclosure was made that not only Switzerland and France, but the New England States themselves, prefer Indian to American cotton, because it takes the dye better, and wears better. There is evidence enough in the Exhibition of the suitability of Indian cotton for our purposes, to silence that insolence which till now has rebuked our petition for it. I need say no more of this, nor point out the wide range of soil and climate in which cotton equal to the American can be grown.

As to its not being their business,—whose business was it, if not theirs? Where would the linen manufacture of Ireland have been now, if the manufacturers had not looked to the flax supply? They invested some of their capital in enabling the flax-growers to learn their business, to improve their methods, to use costly machinery; and their manufacture stands, though the prospect of a due supply of flax was as desperate, a dozen years ago, as that of cotton is now. The Irish peasant and farmer might more reasonably have been referred to the rules of political economy, than the Indian ryot on the one hand and the American slave on the other. If it would have been absurd to stand preaching about demand and supply

in the case of the Irish peasant, it has been madness when the parties concerned were the remote Hindoo as against the enslaved negro. The event has rebuked the pedantry of the Lancashire talk of demand and supply; and now, after having applied their wealth to every enterprise under Heaven but the one which was urgent, they find themselves without the raw material of their own manufacture.

So much for the past. What are they doing now? They are acting very variously, according to the intelligence and temper of each. The remark is universal, however, that there is as yet no approach towards any manifestation of power and will at all befitting the occasion. Some few have contributed £1,000 apiece. Perhaps they may mean to do more as the months pass on; and there is no saying what calls they may be responding to in the form of rates and private charity: but the common, and I think the upright feeling is that, on this special occasion, it would be no great marvel if the mill-owner who has made £50,000 in a few years were ready to give £20,000 or more for those whose industry built up his fortunes. There are employers who are worth one hundred,—two hundred,—three, four hundred thousand pounds, and up to a million: it is to be hoped that they are not going to set themselves down for £1,000. If this sort of comment has an invidious look, let us remember, on behalf of the wide world which is discussing it, that the people we have, as a nation, to carry through this calamity are above four millions, and that it is their industry which has enriched a whole class of manufacturers in the shortest space of time ever known. The world has expectations from the capitalists; and they ought to know what those expectations are.

At this very time, however, when parliament and the people generally have willingly indulged the moneyed men of Lancashire and Cheshire in their wishes as to the fitting of the Poor-law to their case, there is no little indignation afloat when these men are met on their travels, or enjoying themselves in sight-seeing and other amusements, while all is so dark at home. I own my inability to conceive how clergymen's families can go pleasure seeking, when they leave a whole population of starving weavers behind at home. I cannot imagine how mill-owners

can shut up their mills, and turn their backs on the misery, to travel till affairs come round again. This kind of thing is the puzzle in London and elsewhere; and so is the fact that a large number of wealthy employers have as yet made no sign of intending to give with any liberality; and so is, again, the shocking certainty that there have been sales of cotton in Liverpool for exportation, when there were thousands hungering for want of it within fifty miles. There have been employers who have refused such profits, and have worked up their cotton at a loss, for their people's sake; but these good men are ill-neighbored; and if they save their own peace of mind and fair repute, they will still have something to bear through the deadness and lowness of neighbors to whom wealth has come before they were fitted to receive or to use it well.

All the while, the months are rolling on, and nothing effectual is done by the Lancashire capitalists towards getting hold of the existing stock of cotton in India, or ensuring a larger produce next year. Mr. Villiers talked in the House of 400,000 bales coming from India after October; and in the House of Lords there was mention of 6,000,000 bales actually existing in India, while the whole consumption of Europe and America is only 5,000,000. These statements are loose and unsupported, and we need not rely on them; but how is it that, at the end of many months of alarm and suffering, we have no special agencies at work in the cotton countries to ascertain how much may be had this year, and how much more next? Why have not the Lancashire capitalists combined to send out agents, and to supply whatever is needed, in the way of advances, seed, and "plant" for dressing and carrying the produce? This is not "growing cotton," of which they have such a horror: it is buying it;—buying it in the way which the Indian market requires. There are Indian officers and settlers by the score who would serve admirably for agents, being familiar with the country and the people, and the experiments already made,—both successful and unsuccessful. Under Sir C. Wood's peculiar management, there are now adrift many Indian officers who are the very men to do what is wanted, to set Lancashire to work again. Long before this time they might

have shipped off cargo upon cargo of cotton; and there might have been enough sown to justify us in calculating on the distress as a difficulty of six months' duration. As it is, the sowing season is past, the monsoon has arrived, and nothing in the way of combined effort is done. Men go on investing their wealth in all sorts of foreign schemes, under all manner of risks, while a Cotton Importing Association, which can honestly hold out a profit of from twenty to forty per cent, has to go a-begging for support. And Manchester talks pedantically about demand and supply, and division of labor, unshaken by the very convincing facts before her eyes; and some would throw the work of getting cotton on government, and some would leave it to chance, while the last thing that occurs to the general company of enriched employers is to invest their own money and pains in the work.

The sooner they see their duty as others see it, the better. What others see is, first, that we are all under a stringent obligation to carry the four millions of sufferers through their adversity, in health, and with spirits unbroken. This obligation presses everywhere; in London and in Launceston, as in Lancaster. Next, there is for the mill-owners the further duty of trying every rational method of obtaining supplies of the raw material, to set their manufacture going again. Proposals are before them for this object. Their country requires of these fortunate citizens that they shall adopt such proposals or frame others. The one thing which will never be forgiven or forgotten will be their persisting in doing nothing,—waiting while their stocks are increasing in value every day on their shelves, from the very scarcity of raw material which is starving their work-people. The time has long been past for any pretence of expecting a supply from America: the question now asked, more and more loudly, is what the manufacturers are about, not to carry their demand up to the sources of supply, in the remote recesses of native life in India.

If the duty of the manufacturers is twofold, the rest of us have a single duty so plain and urgent that we must look to ourselves that we do it. The plain duty of sustaining our cotton-operatives may, however, have many forms. The easiest is giving money. It should be largely, and may be

best perhaps in instalments, when the sum is considerable. There are several agencies through which it may be dispensed, either in aid of the parish payment, or to keep families off the parish, or to sustain them by loans, or otherwise in their position of respectability till the mills open again. Again, there is emigration going forward. There will be plenty of workers left for any work likely to accrue for years to come, however many of the young people make their escape now to a land of plenty. Let the lads and lasses be assisted to Queensland and British Columbia, to send us cotton, or make comfortable homes in the colonies; and their parents and brothers at home will suffice for the manufacture when it revives. Then, there are the sewing-rooms, where the young women earn something, and learn what they most need to be taught. Then, there are swarms of children wanting to be fed and taught:—how can we open our schools to the greatest number of them? Then, not a few of our kindly English matrons have contrived to take a Lancashire girl into their houses, to train for service, or in domestic arts which will be useful to her for life. This can hardly be expected

of middle-class housekeepers whose establishments are compact and economical: but we hear of success where it has been tried. There are probably more farms and warehouses where an extra youth can be taken on for training and service. There may be other ways, and not a few. The one certain thing is that every one of us can do something. Assuming this, I will only further ask my readers to try to represent to themselves what four millions of persons of all ages are like. Let them then think of that multitude as active, high-spirited, hitherto beholden to nobody, but now hungry, restless in idleness, fretting about their rent, ashamed to appear in the streets, wistfully inquiring about the chances of better times, hating to borrow, and hating worse to take parish pay,—and, in the midst of all this, steadily refusing to ask the government to interfere in America, so as to cut off the negro slave's chance of freedom;—let our countrymen and countrywomen look on this noble company of suffering fellow-citizens, and say whether they shall endure one pang that we can prevent.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

THE LAP OF LUXURY.—We notice that in the Western Annexe of the Great Exhibition that there is “a machine for milking the four teats of a cow at the same time.” It is said in “point of time, labor, and cleanliness, to far surpass milking by hand.” Its lightness of touch, too, is wonderful, combining, we are informed, the “*suaviter in modo*” with the *four-teat-er in re* in a style that is sure to cast every dairymaid in the kingdom out of the milk-pail of society. We are only thinking if a few of these milking-machines could be introduced into the milkyway what a lacteal deluge there would be, what a cat's millennium would ensue, to the great horror and bankruptcy of the dairymen, who, in their overflowing despair, would probably seek a watery grave by drowning themselves in their own milk-pails.—*Punch*.

the Dutch Government. His inquiries may benefit, not the knowledge of history alone: they may also throw some new light on the Indian language and culture, of which curious remnants have been preserved in the islands of Java and Balé. Herr Friederich is to come to London first, to prepare himself for his task, by inspecting the Sanscrit inscriptions in the British Museum.

At a recent sale of choice violins in London, a Cremona of 1715 sold for £100, one of 1701 for £135, and one of 1697 for £210. The total amount of the day's sale was £1,717, and the number of violins disposed of was only seventeen. The average price realized was therefore over five hundred dollars a fiddle.

SANSKRIT INSCRIPTIONS.—Herr Friederich has received an order from the Prussian Government to collect the inscriptions in the Sanscrit language, dating from the Indian reign, which are still found in many places in Java. Herr Friederich, the German *savant*, has lived for sixteen years in the island, in the service of

MESSRS. HERZLEN AND OGAREFF, editors of the *Kolokol*, in London, publicly offer to publish, free of charge, all the Russian reviews and journals which have recently been suppressed by order of the Czar.

From The Spectator.

CURIOSITIES OF PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.

THE session just closed has been one of the least remarkable we have had of late years. It survived the average term, although, perhaps, it scarcely accomplished the average amount of work, and it was saved from utter dulness only by the personalities occasionally introduced into the debates. There is no circumstance connected with it which entitles it to be numbered among the curious Parliaments of which history bears record, and which are a good deal better worth recalling than the incidents of the past six months. Many of the members who were becoming impatient last week to depart for the grouse, must have envied their predecessors in the first Parliament which ever sat, in the reign of Henry the Third, who were released after an attendance of thirty-three days. The burgesses, citizens, and knights had never before been allowed to exercise legislative functions, and the writ which summoned them rendered it lawful for them to receive payment for their services from their constituents. The sheriffs were directed to form a jury of "four lawful knights" to assess the expenses of the representatives; and for many years subsequently members received wages during the session. The rate of pay was first fixed in the reign of Edward II.—it was to be 4s. a day for every knight of the shire, and 2s. for every burgess; but a smaller sum was sometimes taken, and there is one case, which a writer in *Notes and Queries* suggests may be the first instance of bribery known, where a member consented to serve for nothing. The expenses of travelling to the place where Parliament assembled often deterred small constituencies from sending members—they virtually disfranchised themselves on account of their poverty. Petitions have been presented to Parliament from constituencies begging to be disfranchised on the ground of their inability to pay the expenses of their members. The Parliament of 9 Edward III. sat at York for eight days only, but the representatives from Cornwall had payment granted them for thirty-two days spent in travelling. This formed so serious a charge that it became a luxury, which only well-to-do boroughs could afford, to have a member. In some cases

payment was made in kind instead of in specie. There is an indenture extant (3 Edward III.) between one John Strawnge and certain burgesses of Droitwich, by virtue of which the said John Strawnge agreed to attend the Parliament at Westminster, "qwehdyr it holde longe tyme or schortt, or gwhebye it fortune to been P'rogott" for the consideration of a "Cade of full Her- yng tho' to been dyliv'id be Xitenmesse next comyng." The needy voter does not often find his privilege an encumbrance to him now-a-days, and Mr. Strange's bargain contrasts ludicrously with the amount of provender said to have been once consumed by "the voters of a small borough," besides a "preparatory breakfast" which cost £750. The following is the bill of fare, as given in the *Annual Register*, 1761: 980 stone of beef, 315 dozen of wine, 72 pipes of ale, 365 gallons of spirits converted into punch.

Parliaments were ordinarily elected annually, but the session was generally very brief, and between the reigns of Henry VI. and Charles II. the sittings were frequently adjourned on account of the plague. The shortest Parliament that ever sat met in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of Edward I., and existed for one day only; the longest was not that which is historically known as the "Long Parliament," which, according to the general computation, existed 16 years, 145 days, or according to another (the outside limit) 17 years and three months. The second Parliament of Charles II. met on the 8th of May, 1661, and was not dissolved till the 24th of January, 1678, having thus had a duration of 17 years, 8 months, and 16 days. This, therefore, is the real "long" Parliament. It sat through, as Hume says, "the whole course of the reign, one year excepted. . . . Before their dissolution they seemed to be treading fast in the footsteps of the last Long Parliament, on whose conduct they threw at first such violent blame." Down to the time of Henry IV., the longest Parliament that had ever been known extended over ten months. He was the first king who prorogued Parliament by his own will and act. Twenty days was the average length of the session during the half century that Edward III. sat on the throne. This would have suited the blunt and dissatisfied Speaker who, in the course of the debate on the Triennial Bill in 1693, declared that

"Parliaments resembled the manna which God bestowed on the chosen people. They were excellent while they were fresh, but if kept too long they became noisome, and foul worms were engendered by the corruption of that which had been sweeter than honey." It was not, indeed, without many prognostications of evil that Septennial Parliaments were instituted, and some of the most pungent sarcasms of Junius are directed against those who could act as they liked for six years, provided they took a little trouble to make atonement in the seventh. The longest session of late years was that of 1847-48, which lasted 293 days, and was referred to by the Speaker in his address to the queen, as well as from the throne, as a "laborious and protracted session." Mr. May, in a pamphlet published in 1849, states that "it sat 170 days; the average duration of each sitting was 8 hours, 16 3-4 minutes; it sat 136 1-4 hours after midnight. There were 10,412 entries in the votes of *res gestæ*, and 255 divisions." Let members think of this, and consider how lightly they have escaped from their duties in the present year.

The present "forms" of both Houses have accumulated by slow degrees. In the reign of James I. a member brought forward a motion forbidding hissing in the House of Commons, and declaring it to be "a thing derogatory from the dignity, not becoming the gravity, and as much crossing and abating the honor and privileges of the House as any other abuse whatsoever." The motion was accepted "with approval," but the practice of making unseemly noises does not seem to have declined, and Mr. Erskine May, in his valuable *Law of Parliament*, regrets that in our own time "the most disorderly noises are sometimes made." The ironical "Hear, hear" is peculiarly offensive to the nervous speaker, and even the practised debater is sometimes discomfited by an unexpected cheer. A few years ago a Mr. Blewitt, representative of the Monmouthshire boroughs, was the butt of the House when he rose, and used to make, as a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* tells us, "imploping appeals, in plaintive tones and with aggrieved astonishment in his aspect, to know what it was the House were laughing at." It did not avail this unlucky gentleman that he was lineally descended from

the Welsh princes. Old members of the House may recollect an instance of a prime minister being severely rebuked for a cheer which he did *not* give. The incident occurred during a debate on the state of Ireland, in the session of 1846. Mr. Disraeli made it the foundation of one of his "envenomed" attacks upon Sir Robert Peel, that he had cheered a statement of Mr. Cobden, which was contrary to his (the prime minister's) own views. Sir R. Peel "totally denied" this, whereupon Mr. Disraeli, according to *Hansard*, exclaimed—"If the right honorable baronet means to say that anything I have said is false, of course I cease—I sit down." And sit down he did, in the middle of his speech. A scene ensued. Mr. Newdegate asked for an explanation of Sir R. Peel's words, and Major Macnamara, probably scenting a battle afar off, protested that if "any honorable member felt aggrieved, this is not the place to call him (Sir R. Peel) to account." But Lord George Bentinck, Sir James Graham, and other members who are no longer living, interposed to make peace. Sir R. Peel repeated his denial that he had cheered Mr. Cobden's remark. Mr. Disraeli expressed himself satisfied, and the parties retired for the night, without any prospect of Major Macnamara's services being called into requisition. Among all the hot encounters between Sir R. Peel and Mr. Disraeli, this approached the nearest to an open personal quarrel.

Formerly, members could not absent themselves for a single night from the House without permission of the monarch, and in after times, of the Speaker and the House. In every case they forfeited their wages during the time they were absent. Both Lords and Commons were fined if they did not attend prayers. During the "Long Parliament" the Commons made an order "that all members who climb over seats shall pay 12d.," and in the same session it was agreed, "that every member standing in the passage whilst the House is sitting shall pay 12d. to the Sergeant." It has often happened that members of Parliament have been mobbed, as in the time of Lord George Gordon's riots, or threatened, as in the case of Mr. Secretary Peel, who one night informed the House that he had received a letter complaining of his speeches, and threatening

him with public contradiction from the gallery. The writer was summoned to the bar and reprimanded. Persons have repeatedly been committed by the House for libelling individual members, the first example known of this mode of vindicating its honor having occurred in 1680. Once, in the reign of James I., the House took vengeance on a yeoman of the guard who had hindered a member from entering in order to hear the king's speech. The offender was brought in solemnly in a state of great contrition and penitence, and was compelled to beg pardon on his knees at the bar. He was likewise reprimanded by the Speaker. Occasionally, persons not members were found within the House and ignominiously expelled. Such accidents are little likely to occur now. The policemen at the doors know most of the members by sight, and even if an imposter were to elude their penetration, the porter at the door would infallibly discover him. It would be hardly possible, indeed, for a non-member to take his seat in the House during the progress of business.

The Speaker, though a potent and generally revered authority, has sometimes fallen beneath the displeasure of the House and suffered rebuke. In the time of James I. there was a Speaker who seems to have been in the habit of leaving the House frequently, without apology or explanation. One evening he met with an unexpectedly warm reception on his return to the chair. A Mr. Mallory said he ought not to rise without leave, and Sir R. Phillipps complained that the Speaker "sometime neglecteth his duty to the House in intricating or deferring the question." Sir H. Manners was even more downright: "Mr. Speaker is but a servant to the House, not a master, nor master's mate." Sir H. Withrington declared that "the Speaker was the fault of all their faults, by preventing them with rising." The attack went the round of the House, the unfortunate object of it being compelled to listen to it with his accustomed impartiality and gravity. We are not aware of any similar instance of a combined and determined outbreak against the Speaker on the part of members; of late years, at any rate, an excellent understanding has prevailed.

The loquacity of members is no new failing. Queen Elizabeth ridiculed and reviled

her Commons very sharply for it, and once told them "She utterly disallows and condemns those for their audacious, arrogant, and presumptuous folly who, by superfluous speeches, spend much time in meddling with matters, neither pertaining to them, nor within the capacity of their understanding." On another occasion she charged them "Not to make new and idle laws, and trouble the House with them, but rather look to the abridging and repealing of divers obsolete and superfluous statutes"—certainly a sensible and homely piece of advice. She also rebuked the Commons for keeping among them "Desperate debtors who never come abroad," and "prowling and common solicitors that set dissension between men and men." The "Virgin Queen" had, indeed, a particular hatred for solicitors, and it was probably at her instigation that a bill was brought in for reducing the number of those "pests."

The Act 7 and 8 Will. III. made it necessary that a member should be of age—prior to that time there was no such restriction. In one of Elizabeth's Parliaments a long discussion took place upon this very point. A Mr. Alford said that no one was fit to serve under thirty years of age, and a few days afterwards Thomas Long, "a very simple man," was questioned as to his election. "He confesses that he gave the mayor of Westbury and another five pounds for his place in Parliament." They were ordered to repay the sum, a fine of £20 was levied on the corporation, and Long was expelled. In *Notes and Queries* (vol. 8, O. S.) a strange story appeared of a "member electing himself." A subsequent correspondent corrected the narrative in many important particulars, but stated that he was an eyewitness of the election, and that one elector only was present. Mr. Bannatyne was the member who thus gained a seat (for the county of Bute) by one vote.

During the past session a few journals have promised to get a suitable gallery for the ladies in the House of Commons, instead of the cage which now hides their charms. These polite writers may not be aware that serious arguments were, and are still sometimes, used against ladies being admitted within the House at all. The *Edinburgh Review* thus reasoned in 1841: "It cannot be denied that the effect of a casual attend-

ance at debates is to cause a regard for persons rather than for principles, and the substitution of private partiality for calm and comprehensive judgment—in short, the aggravation of those very failings which are always observable in the politics of women. Women who take an interest in politics are commonly observed to be keener and bitterer in their partisanship than men. To make them spectators of political conflicts would be to aggravate the animosity with which they are too apt to regard the opponents of their own friends; and the harmony and peace of society, which have already too often been disturbed by political discord, would materially suffer." Another of the writer's objections was that it would be unadvisable "that the vanity of young members should be tempted to encroach upon the valuable time of the House, by the presence of an audience still more interesting than even the redoubtable phalanx of reporters." He even thought that the House would be lowered in the sight of the country

by the admission of ladies. Perhaps, after this, fair politicians will be contented with the cage from which they are permitted to survey the mysteries.

To conclude these stray notes, we may mention that two "men of color" have sat in Parliament—Dyce Sombre and John Stewart—and that it was once the custom for sittings to take place on Sunday. No instance of this has occurred since the reign of Richard II. "The last occasion," says Mr. May, "on which the Crown refused its consent to a bill was in 1807, when Queen Anne refused her assent to a bill for settling the militia in Scotland." While Cromwell was in power he gave his assent to bills in English, ignoring the French form used till then, and restored after his death. The House of Lords once passed a measure to do away with these French words, but the Lower House was for once more Conservative than the Upper, and refused to abolish the ancient custom, which is consequently still observed.

DISCOUNTING ONE'S MARBLE.—We read in the *Bath Chronicle* that in the Abbey Cemetery (which we take not to be exactly the place where Mr. Acres thought there was "snug lying") a citizen of Bath has erected unto himself a tombstone, upon which he has recorded all that is usually placed there, leaving a blank for the day of his demise. And this memorial by anticipation the brave Bath brick occasionally visits and reads. We do not hear whether he has indulged himself in epigraphic eulogy, but why should he not do so? He must know himself better than anybody else can know him, and may speak of his own virtues with the calmness of certainty, whereas his executors could only guess at them. Let him put up "R. I. P.", whether that mean Respected in the Parish, or as in Roman Catholic inscriptions, implies an unpleasantly warm operation undergone in the intermediate state. Or stay. Why not take the other line? He is a strong-minded man, and not afraid to rebuke tombstone flatteries. We have not the slightest or faintest idea who he is, and therefore cannot annoy him by our wildest supposition. Let us suppose him a Humbug. His decorous executors may or may not know the fact, but certainly will not allege it, *vidé* chisel and hammer. What a splendid moral lesson he might read—thus :—

Here Lies
What is Mortal of
PIGGE DE BLADUD, ESQ.,
Of this City,

He had a bad temper and a good wig :
He knew which side his bread was buttered :
He was thought rich, and undeceived nobody :
Hence he was feared, admired, respected,
And made Churchwarden. And,
Dying on the Blank day of Blank,
And leaving next to nothing behind him,
Is now called an awful old Humbug,
And does not care a farthing what he is called.

Now, there would be true courage in a man who should put up anything of that sort, and we believe (unless seeing *Robert le Diable* has made us superstitious) that the hypocritical tombstones around this revelation would be found to have twisted round and turned their backs upon such vulgar frankness. *De mortuis nil nisi Verum* is a rule to which we have not yet attained; but if the living took to writing their own epitaphs, we might approach that wholesomeness. At any rate we are obliged to our friend at Bath for putting the notion into our minds, and in return we will hope that it will be a good while (if such be his wish) before the date is chiselled into the stone mentioned in the *Bath Chronicle*.—*Punch*.

From Once a Week.

WHAT I HEARD AT THE COFFEE PARTY.

I BELIEVE there is no country in the world utterly devoid of superstition in one form or other. Germany is generally considered to be the land of legends and traditions, yet the part in which I have lately resided, is, I think, the least poetical corner of Europe. In Silesia, which was formerly a Polish province, scarcely is a vestige of ancient grandeur to be found, and nothing can be more matter of fact, unrelieved by the least fancy or imagination, than both the habits and tastes of its inhabitants; yet even there, amidst those unpoetic plains, romance, tradition, fiction, call it what you will, has found some small channel, and from time to time threads its way through the commonplace tittle-tattle of this most prosaic era.

Whilst staying at the small garrison town of N——, I was invited to a "coffee party," an entertainment generally given to ladies alone, the *unfair sex* being rigorously excluded. The Frau Landtrüthin von G—— had assembled round her hospitable board a numerous party of ladies from the neighborhood, and extensive were the preparations made for their delectation. The younger members of the circle might probably have considered that an invasion of some of the uniformed youths, of whom the town was then full, would not altogether have marred the enjoyment of the endless refreshments set before them; but the rule of exclusion was stringent as the laws of the Medes and Persians, so they were fain to make the best of existing circumstances, and wile away the time by discussing the respective merits of absent friends—male and female. A little scandal, or "klatschen," as it is called in German, is a necessary ingredient in all small assemblies, and if report speaks truly, is an amusement not exclusively confined to the weaker sex.

On this occasion the conversation became all the more lively for being interspersed with repeated sips at that delectable composition called "Bowlé." This is a beverage of which Rhine wine, pineapple sugar, and champagne form the principal ingredients; when mixed with due skill and science, the flavor is ambrosial, and it is particularly favored by the ladies as being more delicate and refined than the ordinary vinous beverages.

Who knows how many characters would

have been torn to pieces, or matches made or even unmade, on that afternoon, had not our good hostess chanced to express her admiration of a pearl necklace, of great value, worn by one of her guests: "It is more curious than beautiful," rejoined the wearer; "you know it is the famous Malzahn necklace."

"What, *the* necklace!" exclaimed all the ladies in chorus. "Oh, pray let us see it!"

I inquired into the cause of all this curiosity, and as a few besides myself professed ignorance of the generally well-known story, the countess was kind enough to relate it for our benefit.

"You must know, then," said she, "that one of our ancestors, a Count Malzahn, inhabited, at a very remote period, the Castle of Militsch, in Silesia. He was married to a very beautiful young lady, and in due course of time became the happy father of a son and heir, whose birth was greeted by the most joyous festivities in Castle and Hall.

"Shortly after the child's birth, as the young mother had fallen into a deep slumber, she had a strange dream or vision, which made so deep an impression on her mind, that she could not refrain from relating it the next day. She dreamt that a little dwarf had appeared at the bottom of her couch, and that he had begged and prayed her in the most piteous tones to have her baby's cradle removed from the spot on which it stood, as the rocking, he said, disturbed his wife, who was very ill, and could not sleep for the noise. The poor countess only got laughed at for her foolish dream. The next night, however, her troublesome guest re-appeared, this time urging his request with still greater earnestness; she therefore determined no longer to withstand his entreaties, and the next day had the baby and his cradle removed to the other end of the room. The ensuing night, the little man visited her again in her dreams, but this time in high spirits, thanking her profusely for her kind acquiescence in his wishes, and assuring her that his wife was already fast recovering in consequence.

"The countess was well pleased when the vision disappeared, and left her for some time in peace: the relief, however, was not of long duration, as a few weeks later the poor lady's dreams were again disturbed by the same apparition. This time the little dwarf had no intention of again dislodging

the poor baby or his cradle, but he made strong objections to the nurse's habit of throwing away water from the child's bath through the ordinary channel. He declared that every particle of it pattered down, drop by drop, on his unfortunate wife's head, and that if the countess would deign to order her servants to throw away the child's bath on some other spot, his beloved wife must perish. The good countess got rather impatient at these constant appeals to her good-nature, and determined not to be so foolish as to attach any importance to a mere dream; but the little man was not to be so easily put off—he appeared to her every evening, and was so importunate that, for the sake of peace and quietness, she was fain to order the child's bath to be emptied in another corner of the castle. No sooner had this taken place, than once more the little man presented himself to her in her dreams, thanking her most gratefully for her kindness.

“‘My wife is now quite restored,’ added he, ‘all danger is past. This blessing I owe to you, most gracious lady, and I wish to offer you a small token of my gratitude. Deign to accept this necklace—it ought never to go out of your family, and if kept, it will always foretell the death of the Countess Malzahn, by one of its pearls turning black by degrees, at the demise of each lady of this race.’

“When the young countess awoke, what was her surprise to perceive a pearl necklace lying on the coverlid before her! This very same necklace that I now wear is the ominous present of the troublesome little dwarf!

“My story is not at an end yet,” added the countess, smiling, as she was about to be interrupted. She resumed.

“Some hundred years ago, a very rough, wild Count Malzahn was proprietor of the Château of Militsch. He was a great sportsman, and fond of heavy potations, as gentlemen were wont to be in those days. He often had a wild, noisy set of companions about him, and thus scared away from his table his delicate, refined, and beautiful young wife. One evening, when these rough sportsmen had been drinking hard around the oaken table in the tower of Militsch Castle, the conversation happened to turn upon the mysterious necklace, which had acquired great celebrity from the fact that whenever a Countess of Malzahn died, one of the

pearls really did turn black. Some questions arose as to the quality of the stones, it having been asserted by jewellers that although bearing a strong resemblance to pearls, the stones were of no earthly composition, and so hard that it was perfectly impossible to break them. At the request of his guests, the count sent to his lady, begging her to lend her necklace for their inspection. She did not like to part with it, and made an excuse; whereupon her lord and master waxed wroth, and ordered her to send him the trinket, on pain of his serious displeasure. The poor countess complied, though unwillingly; the necklace was brought, handed about, and examined, and many were the bets made as to its solidity. One of the knights declared he could split one of the pearls with his sword. Wagers were laid for and against:—he struck the blow with dreadful violence, but the pearl remained unscathed. Suddenly, however, a dreadful peal of thunder was heard; the lightning struck upon the old tower where they were seated, which crumbled to pieces, burying the half-drunken knights under the rush of falling stones. Many were drawn out merely wounded, but the imprudent knight who had tried his strength on un-earthly things was struck dead. The pearl necklace was found, and, as you see, has been ever since carefully preserved, but they never have been able to rebuild the tower of Militsch. It is said that whatever part of it is built during the day, falls in during the night; so that after many fruitless attempts to overcome the spell, it has been given up altogether. The only certain part of the story is,” added the countess, “that this old necklace still retains its strange power of marking the death of each successive owner, by one of its pearls turning black. I often look at them, to see if another pearl is not beginning to assume a gray tint, which will be the sure sign of my approaching death!”

We all looked with much interest at the handsome features of the amiable old lady, who had so kindly related this family legend for our benefit, and heartily wished that her pearls might long retain their pure white hue, which strongly contrasted with the color of the seventeen that have already put on their mourning for the deceased châtelines, and which really have a very dingy tint.

The die was cast—strange stories had be-

come the order of the evening. The formerly interesting topics of family quarrels, suspected flirtations, misbehaved servants, etc., had suddenly lost their charm, and a tide of family traditions and ghost stories came rushing in from all sides, a torrent which nothing but the fear of late hours and bad roads could stem. I will only record the tales which struck me as most authentic, because they were told by members of the families in which they had occurred.

"You all know that beautiful picture of my brother-in-law, the Baron Tettau, which hangs in the picture-gallery at home, do you not?" inquired a pale, delicate-looking lady, with light blue eyes and flaxen hair. "That picture was painted by Angelica Kaufmann, and is considered to be one of her best works. He is taken in full uniform, as a smart young officer of the Guards, which he then was, and his portrait was painted on the occasion of his marriage, which, unfortunately, gave him but a short span of happiness, as his young wife died a year after, leaving him a sweet little daughter in token of her love. This child was brought up in the country, under the surveillance of a governess, and very near to the residence of her grandmother, the old Baroness von Tettau.

"We were one evening all assembled at supper, that is to say, all except my brother-in-law, who had just joined his regiment, and was daily expecting to take an active part in the contest against Napoleon's hated troops. His mother looked up with tender and admiring eyes at the handsome portrait hanging opposite to her, and exclaimed with a sigh, 'Where may my poor Franz be just now!' the tears gathering fast in her eyes at the thought of the perils he was about to encounter. Scarcely had the words been spoken when a crash was heard, and down came the picture! Strange to say, the nail on which it had hung had not moved: it seemed to have been jolted off the hook by a sudden jerk. We were all depressed by this unaccountable accident, and I had some difficulty in calming my poor mother-in-law, who persisted in regarding it as an omen that something dreadful had happened: her fears were but too soon verified. A few days later the news reached us that my brother-in-law had been sent to reconnoitre, and that a stray shot had killed him on the spot, at the very

hour when his portrait had fallen down at his father's home.

"Time, which heals all wounds, even the deepest, had passed over this sad circumstance, and we were once more seated together at supper in the same dining-room as before. It was rather late, for we had been paying a visit to the little orphan girl, Baron Tettau's daughter, and had waited there to speak with the doctor, as she had not been well: he declared, however, that she was much better, quite free from fever, and assured us that there was not the slightest cause for anxiety. We therefore returned home, and as I said before, were seated at supper, when again a crash, and, without any apparent cause, down came my brother-in-law's portrait to the ground. This time our alarm was excusable: we at once despatched a messenger on horseback to inquire after the little girl, but he returned almost immediately, having been met half-way by the bearer of a missive from the governess, conveying the shocking intelligence that the dear little child had died suddenly in a fit!

"It will readily be believed that my brother-in-law's portrait, beautiful as it was, had now become an object of superstition, almost of aversion in the family: it was therefore removed from the dining-room, and carefully hung in a large hall filled with family pictures, which we call 'the gallery.' My husband had selected a place for it over the entrance-door, where it was partly hidden, as he wished to spare his poor mother as much as possible the painful reminiscences which the sight of the fatal picture was sure to awaken.

"Many years elapsed—indeed, it is but ten years ago since my much regretted father-in-law died; my poor husband was, as you all know, deeply afflicted at his loss: he tended his poor father through his last illness with the most devoted affection and tenderness, and after the last sad parting, when we women, overcome with sorrow and fatigue, had retired to our rooms, he still remained sitting by his father's corpse. After some time he became uneasy, and could no longer bear the dread silence of the chamber of death: he got up, paced to and fro, and almost unconsciously bent his steps towards the gallery: he endeavored to enter, but some impediment closed the way: he pushed

the door with force, and in so doing removed his brother's picture, which had again fallen to the floor!

"Since that time no death in the family has occurred, but we are of course all convinced that the same thing will happen when any one of us is called to his or her last account."

This lady's story was told with so much simplicity and good feeling that all present were impressed with the conviction of its truthfulness, the more so that the narrator bears the highest character for veracity and straightforwardness.

Another tale related on this occasion is to be found in many old German books, but except to readers well versed in the lore of German legend it is probably quite unknown. It was told me by a near and dear friend of mine, a member of the family to whom this tradition belongs, and a person in whose veracity I place the greatest possible confidence. Thus, then, runs the tale:—

"In olden times there lived a most beautiful, pious, and amiable Frau von Alvensleben, who was respected and beloved by her friends and the high and mighty of the land, and looked up to and adored by her dependants and the poor, who for many miles around felt the benefit of her loving charities. This favorite of fortune and nature had, however, one drop of gall mixed in her cup of happiness, which had wellnigh embittered the whole of her precious gifts. She was childless, and it was no small grief to her beloved lord as well as to herself to be denied an heir to their noble name and vast possessions. Frequently, when more than usually oppressed by sad thoughts, she would wander forth and seek in assuaging the sorrows of others a relief to her own painful reflections. On one occasion, as in pensive mood she was returning from one of these charitable visits to the sick and poor of her villages, her way led through a long avenue of well-grown trees bordering the banks of the Elbe. Slowly she walked with eyes cast on the ground, when her steps were suddenly arrested by a little dwarf, who stood respectfully before her. She was startled at first, but seeing him look smilingly at her, she soon regained her composure, and in a kind manner asked him what he wanted.

"Most gracious lady," quoth the dwarf, "all I wish is to give you brighter hopes, and

to foretell that your future will be as happy as you deserve. Within a year from this time you will be blest with three sons at a birth [*drillinge*]. I pray you to accept this ring," continued he, handing her a large gold ring most curiously wrought; 'have it divided into three equal parts, and when your sons are of an age to understand the trust, give one piece to each of them to keep as a talisman against evil. As long as it remains in the family the Alvenslebens will prosper.'

"With these words the kind little man disappeared; but his prophecy was realized, and his injunctions carefully obeyed. The three sons lived to form the source of three distinct lines of the Alvensleben family, and are distinguished by the names of the Black, the White, and the Red line.

"Years — nay, centuries—rolled by, but the three pieces of the ring were carefully preserved by the descendents of the three brothers. The age of superstition had now passed away. Frederick the Great was mighty, and he scoffed at all things; Voltaire, his friend and teacher, sneered at every species of belief, and the courtiers thought it becoming to imitate their master and his favorite.

"A gay party was seated on the balcony of the Castle of Randau, which overhangs the muddy-colored, shallow, and yet sometimes treacherous, river Elbe. Amongst the company were several gay young officers of the Royal Hussars, then stationed at Magdeburg, who had ridden over to pay their devoirs to the fair lady of the manor, the Frau von Alvensleben of the Red line, a famous beauty at Frederick's court. Although the mother of three fine boys, her beauty was at its zenith, and her sharp, ready wit and satirical, sceptical turn of mind had won for her as many admirers as her rare personal attractions.

"I never believe in anything that I do not see or feel," said the lady with a bright laugh, continuing an animated conversation about second-sight and ghost-seers; 'nor do I care just now to believe in anything but that these strawberries are delicious,' added she, holding up a ruddy berry; 'that the air is pure and balmy, my companions most agreeable, and life altogether very charming and enjoyable.'

"Would that life were made up of such moments," sighed her nearest neighbor, with

an ardent glance; 'but, alas! we must bend to so many influences beyond our own control!'

"'Not a whit,' retorted the lively lady, "'Jeder ist seines Glückes Schmied'" (every one forges his own happiness), 'saith the proverb.'

"'How can you say that fairest of châtelines, when you know that the happiness of each of us is dependant upon your goodwill,' responded one of the gallants.

"'And,' added the Major von Eulenberg, a somewhat more sedate admirer, 'you yourself, madame, must not forget that you are living under the spell of the famous Alvensleben ring; if you were to lose it, who knows what might happen.'

"'Alter schützt von Thorheit nicht' (age is no preservative against folly) 'I see,' answered the beauty, pertly tossing her head. 'Do you think I am such an idiot as really to believe in this silly story of the ring? I thought my sentiments were better known, and to prove to you how free from superstition I am' . . . she ran into the room through the open folding-doors, hastily unlocked a casket with a small golden key which hung from her neck chain, and swiftly returning, made a comical low curtsy to the circle of gentlemen, and, with a graceful movement, flung what she had in her hand down into the rushing river at her feet: 'There,' she cried, exultingly, 'there goes the token of old superstition, which has too long been treasured in our family; there goes the famous ring, and may the Alvenslebens evermore depend upon *themselves* for their good luck and prosperity.'

"The act was greeted with bravoës, and warm expressions of admiration at the strength of mind she had exhibited, by the young officers, whose only wish was to flatter and please the star of the day: yet some in their hearts disapproved, others felt as if a blank had fallen upon their spirits, and though outwardly merry, the party separated with far less jovial feelings than they had ever before experienced within the walls of Randau.

"Six weeks afterwards, this laughing, scoffing beauty was bent low in sadness and sorrow. She had in that short period lost her husband and her three sons, all of whom were suddenly carried off by a virulent fever. It is not known whether she connected this sad bereavement with her imprudent act, but probably her haughty scepticism received a shock, for she renounced the world, and ever after led a life of sorrow and seclusion. Thus ended the Red line of the Alvenslebens.

"The members of the Black line, shocked by this sad occurrence, and fearful lest some accident might cause the loss of so small an object as the third part of a ring, had it melted among other gold and moulded into a goblet or 'Pokal,' which the sole survivors of that line still possess. Their star, however, has fallen, and from the prosperous and numerous family which then flourished, and was in possession of nearly half the province of Magdeberg, but two descendants in middling circumstances now exist. The last member of importance of that line, was the highly esteemed Minister of State under Frederick Wilhelm III., Count Albert Alvensleben, who died at so late a period as 1858.

"The members of the White line have been the wisest of the three; they still carefully preserve among the family archives in their Castle of Erxleben, near Magdeberg, their precious share of the little dwarf's present. This family is amongst the most highly esteemed and beloved of the old noblesse of Prussia: highly favored and truly loved by their monarch, many of them still hold important offices in the army and state, and the White line still counts thirty or forty members."

It was not without regret that we broke up the circle round the coffee-table; these and other tales had made us forget the flight of time, and if they have for a moment amused my readers, I am richly repaid for the slight trouble of transcribing them.

THE LAST FRENCH ROMANCE.

WILL you hear of a lovely young lady of France,
For whom knights in old days would have levelled the lance,
And she had great riches and beauty beside,
And an Empress's Chamberlain wanted a bride,
Singing, *Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !*

Now Claire had a lover already, small blame,
Or none, to the darling for having that same :
An able young statesman, but poor by compare
With toadies who fawn round an Empress's chair.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

She had also an uncle as kind as could be,
A General Receiver of Taxes was he,
His name as you spell it was Fontinallat,
But of course being French it must not rhyme with that.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

The beautiful Empress she listed the prayer,
That she'd have her gay Chamberlain married to Claire,
Grand-niece of Duke Pasquier, and as hath been told,
No end of a fortune in silver and gold :
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

Then smiled the fair Empress, and promised to use
Her counsel to Claire as to whom she should choose :
Nothing doubting the maiden would gladly obey
Her Sovereign's behest, and immediately say
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

But Claire, in the presence, made blushing admission
That she loved, and loved only her young politician,
And begged that Madame would select, for her pearl
Of Chamberlain-courtiers, some other rich girl.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

The beautiful Empress felt mightily riled,
And feared the young lady was what you call spiled ;
"To think, when the Court has the goodness to choose
A spouse for a virgin, the girl should refuse.
To sing, *Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !*

Alarmed at the point in the Empress's words,
Poor Claire hurried off to the "Convent of Birds,"
And sought the protection of padlock and grate
For a flutterer invited to choose a wrong mate.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

But, alas for the lover of worried Miss Claire,
She entered a trap when she took herself there ;
And the Lady Superior, by night and by day,
Conjured and implored the poor girl to give way.

Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

The Lady Superior, when baffled, brought in
A burly Archbishop, who talked about sin,
And preached to Miss Claire that the Devil alone
Made her shy at a marriage advised by the Throne,
That said *Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !*

Yet still the young lady was constant and true,
And vain was the ecclesiastical screw,
But they worked it so hard that at last the poor maid
Wrote off to her uncle to come to her aid.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

He got the sad letter, brave Fontinallat,
He dashed out an oath, and he dashed on a hat,
And he dashed in his carriage to call on his Chief,
The Minister, Fould, of the Hebrew belief.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

Achilles was out, but Patroclus was there
Who knew the whole story of pretty Miss Claire,
And informed the brave uncle his place would depend
On his proving the Chamberlain's champion and friend.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

"There are some things," says Horace, "too awful for verse,"
And one's when a Frenchman commences to curse ;
But if oaths may be pardoned it's when they're let fly
At a rogue who would make you his tool and ally.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

Monsieur Fontinallat having blazed like a bomb,
Informed poor Patroclus (with horror struck dumb)
That having imparted his notions at large,
He should seek his hotel and await his discharge.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

It came in an hour—ere another had past
He had Claire in his uncely arms safe and fast,
And he took her away, the poor true-hearted dove,
And swears she shall marry the man of her love.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

And if with a moral you'd like to be bored,
See Court, Priest, and Minister awfully floored ;
For trying what threat and corruption would do,
To force a young maid, in Eighteen Sixty-Two,
To say, *Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !*

—Punch.

From The Spectator.
HEATHENDOM.*
FIRST NOTICE.

LAS CASAS during a debate on the iniquity of subjecting the American Indians to toil and slavery was hard pressed by some monkish casuists, who pleaded in support of the right possessed by one race to enslave another the revered names of Plato and Aristotle. The philanthropist could not restrain his indignation at this line of argument, and wondered that Christian men could refer to the authority of writers who were themselves undoubtedly burning in the fires of hell. No one could impeach the Spaniard's orthodoxy, and his inference as to the condition of the two greatest philosophers who have enlightened the world was the most logical of deductions from the most undoubted premises of the narrow orthodoxy. His expressions, nevertheless, shocked the best feelings of the theologians of his own age, and are felt to need some sort of apology when recorded by his modern eulogists. He brought out in its plainest colors a contradiction of sentiment which subsists in the minds of almost all men, but of which most persons are little more than half conscious. Heathendom wears two different aspects. Clergymen in their pulpits dilate on the folly, the vice, and the ignorance which degraded the heathen world. The same men when they turn from a parish congregation to a class of University pupils adopt a different tone. In each line of Plato they find a foreshadowing of Christianity. Aristotle's name crushes their judgment by the weight of his reputation, for no long time has passed since Oxford lecturers hunted in the Stagyrte's works for arguments in favor of human corruption or of baptismal regeneration. In all this there is no hypocrisy. The same contradiction may be traced in the opinions entertained by different writers and by different ages concerning those times, of which we know at once so much and yet so little, before the triumph of Christianity divided history by a gulf which neither genius nor learning finds it easy to bridge over. Of recent years authors such as Mr. Kingsley discover in the circumstances and passions which influenced the Pagans of Alexandria

a type, as it were, of the difficulties and perplexities which beset the men of the nineteenth century, and perceive in history nothing but the struggle of the human soul with "foes," whose "faces" may now, indeed, be slightly "new," but who are in their nature old. The eighteenth century drew unconsciously even nearer to heathenism than does the nineteenth. The imaginative mind attempted to recall the scenery which surrounded Epictetus or Tully, and in the whole phraseology and thoughts which marked the moralists of the day there are traces of heathen parentage. Even Butler shows as much sign of the influence exercised over him by Epictetus as of the effect produced on him by the writings of St. Paul. Johnson's morality does not appear very dissimilar from the prudential ethics which may be supposed to have guided the conduct of Cato the Censor, and in the pages of the *Spectator* are embodied quotations from stoic philosophers, mingled with extracts apparently equally unknown to its readers from Solomon's Proverbs or from Job. A whole generation drew its moral sustenance from diluted renderings of Cicero's Offices, and when the eighteenth century terminated in the French Revolution, the men and women who aimed to reform the world were, one and all, like Madame Roland, imbued with the rhetoric and the principles of Plutarch. No one can venture either to disdain the influence of heathendom, or, on the other hand, to deny that, in spite of this influence which can be traced in the arts, the morals, and the religion of the Christian world, there does indeed exist a sharp contrast between the ages of pagan darkness and the time of Christian light. What students who cannot be contented by mere words which convey little impression demand is an investigation into the nature of heathendom which may bring forth both the lights and the shades of the ancient world, which, in other words, can show both why Plato and Cicero may still claim our reverence; and why, at the same time, it was a true and enormous step in the progress of humanity when the preaching of Galilean fishermen swept away the system which had nourished the patriotism of Pericles and the exalted virtues of Marcus Antoninus.

To give the results of such an examina-

* *The Gentile and the Jew in the Courts of the Temple of Christ.* From the German of J. J. I. Döllinger. By the Rev. N. Darnell, M.A. 2 vols. Longman.

tion is the object of M. Döllinger's work. He has attempted, to use his own words, "to represent the Paganism of the period previous to our Lord with at least an effort at completeness, the sketch embracing the heathen religious system, heathen modes of thought and speculation, heathen philosophy, life, and manners as far as they were severally connected with the religion, were determined by it and reacted upon it in their turn." In a certain sense he has succeeded. In his book is contained a mass of information which nothing short of German learning and German industry could have brought together. Readers, if they find in it none of those flashes of insight by which Hegel occasionally throws a gleam of light over the whole tendencies of an era, and none of those humorous touches in which Mommsen explains the feelings of the ancient world through analogies drawn from modern life, are still rewarded by obtaining a knowledge of facts which the lifetime of an ordinary individual would scarcely suffice to collect. M. Döllinger has written a book which all students of ancient religions will be compelled to consult. Many of his opinions and conclusions deserve criticism, but an author of his learning and research claims to have his opinions clearly stated before they are made the subject either for eulogy or censure.

The history of Paganism divides itself into two great periods, which, though their limits cannot be very accurately drawn, are distinguished from each other by very clearly defined characteristics. Paganism, in its earlier stage, may be described as natural heathenism. Whilst the world was yet divided into numerous states, each country held to its separate gods and its different modes of worship, and the idols of Greece or Egypt were as little connected with one another or with the gods of Rome as were the citizens who listened to the speeches of Pericles with the Romans who, about the same period, were occupied in remodelling the laws of their city. Of course there were, during this condition of the world, infinite differences between the religious usages of various races. Still certain features were common to all the heathen institutions of at least the western world during the first stage of pagan development. Unconsciousness was the main trait of heathendom during its

youth. Priests existed, but no organized body such as since the rise of Christianity has been known as the priesthood. Sacrifices were universal; but though the idea of expiation was not entirely foreign to them, and is even prominent in those human offerings which, according to M. Döllinger, were more frequent than is ordinarily supposed, they were rather occasions for festivity than means of atonement, and in many cases the popular notion obviously was that the sacrifice was a feast wherein gods and men each took a part. Oracles again, or auguries, were general; but little moral significance attached to the character of a prophet, and generally ethics and religion occupied, as it were, distinct spheres. Even when moral philosophy arose, the opposition between its teachings and the doctrines of the received creeds was but indistinctly recognized. The priests of the temple, since their influence did not depend upon the support of moral doctrines, were little inclined to condemn ethical speculations as heresy. Socrates might have easily escaped death; and it is typical of the slight opposition of his views to the prevailing religion that his last injunction was to pay a sacrifice to Æsculapius.

Changes in the condition of the world, the progress of speculation, and, above all, the spread of the Roman empire, wrought a gradual revolution in the whole condition of the heathen religious world. Philosophy inevitably encroached upon the domain of religion. The teachers of the Porch or of the Garden were far inferior in intellectual power to Plato or Aristotle; but the questions which occupied their minds were inquiries far more akin to the problems which have perplexed and harassed modern metaphysicians and moralists than were the intellectual enigmas proposed for solution in the groves of the Academy. The nature of free will, the power of Providence, the existence of God, the relation of man to God, the respect due from philosophers to the religion of the people, were all topics which agitated the minds of men after the fall of Grecian freedom and before the Roman Republic gave place to the empire. As centuries rolled on Paganism itself was so revolutionized that the heathenism which was overthrown by Christianity was essentially distinct from the religion of either Greece or

Rome, in the days of their youth and vigor. The gods of all nations had met and mingled at the Capitol; Isis and Anubis claimed more worshippers at Rome than the Capitolean Jupiter. Strange rites of expiation, the Taurobolium and the Criobolium, were invented to appease the growing sense of human guilt and misery. Soothsayers, astronomers, and magicians, swarmed in every corner of the empire; and whilst philosophy itself became mixed up with Theurgy, tales abounded of the gods appearing once more to their worshippers. The unconsciousness and the gayety of the pagan world had deserted it and left but a sense of sin without knowledge of any certain means of atonement, and a desire for happiness without the hope either of liberty in this world or of bliss in another.

M. Döllinger concludes his account of heathendom with an estimate of the moral results flowing from Pagan life and institutions. The picture he draws is a dark one. All the intellect of Greece gradually sank

into cunning, and the countrymen of Socrates and Thucydides became the basest of sycophants to Roman masters. Rome herself fell nearly as low as the races she had conquered. Bravery degenerated into brutality, and combats of gladiators occupied citizens who had ceased to do battle for the state. Slavery ate up the vitals of the people, and the grossest immorality, whilst it degraded both men and women, made marriage an intolerable burden, and the increase of the population an impossibility. On the 19th of December, B.C. 69, the Roman capital was consumed by fire, kindled by Roman hands. When, ten months later, the Temple at Jerusalem was also reduced to ashes, if Romans and Jews of the first century saw but a spark of the hatred of heaven to man, modern writers may be pardoned for perceiving the sign, as it were, that the days of heathenism were numbered, and "that ground was to be cleared for the worship of God in spirit and in truth."

THE MONOGRAM.—The monogram on the sacred standard of Constantine became for a long time conspicuous on Christian monuments in the East and West, and is now carved on most of the sepulchral tablets of modern Italy. Yet there is a mystery about what it really means, without a pretence of anything miraculous as to the way in which it came to be used. It is doubtful whether any one besides the Emperor himself can have known whether he took its upper part to represent the Latin letter P, or the Greek one for R. The great comparative prominence of the said upper part on early monuments, joined to Constantine's ignorance of Greek, inclines us to the former opinion, and perhaps Eusebius as an enthusiastic Oriental gave rise to the latter. There is some evidence that the Roman Emperor Probus brought the monogram, or something like it, from Egypt in the third century. His name and virtues perhaps suggested the appropriation of a sign which had long before been attached to representations of the more popular members of the Ptolemaic dynasty.—*Once a Week.*

SHIP-MAKING IN ENGLAND FOR THE REBELS.—The model of the fixed cupola and armor-plated ship, invented by Mr. Turner, master shipwright of Woolwich dockyard, has been inspected and approved by numbers of the

leading private firms. A few days ago, some of the most eminent ship-builders of Liverpool waited on Mr. Turner with a desire of negotiating permission to adopt his principle in ships which they are about to construct for the purposes of the American war. The single cupola to be fitted on the deck of Mr. Turner's new ship will require no turn-table or other machinery, and will contain twenty-six guns, capable of being fired at any required point or deflection, with sufficient space for the free circulation of the gunners. It is two hundred and thirty feet in length, ten feet in depth, and fifty feet in breadth. The armor-proof plates will be applied by a patent invention of Mr. Turner, requiring neither grooves nor tongues, and will be removable singly in case of fracture or damage, and also easily replaced. The Board of Admiralty, who inspected the model on their visit to the dockyard a few days ago, have called on Mr. Turner to furnish specifications of his method for their consideration. His royal highness Prince Adalbert, Admiral of the Prussian fleet, has also ordered draughts of the model to be transmitted to him for the service of his own country. The ship to be built after Mr. Turner's design will carry 8,700 displacement burden, and will be a most formidable ram, having a powerful weapon of eight feet in length projecting three feet under the water-line. Precautions are adopted to have her rudder, stern-post, and propeller thoroughly immersed, and, consequently, out of the reach of damage from without.—*Liverpool Times.*

From Once a Week.

MEDUSA AND HER LOCKS.

ALONG the sandy shores at low water may be seen in the summer months numbers of round, flattish, gelatinous-looking bodies, scientifically called *Medusæ*, going popularly by the expressive though scarcely euphemious titles of slobs, slobbers, stingers, and stangers, and called jelly fishes by the inland public, though the creatures are not fishes at all, and have no jelly in their composition.

As these *Medusæ* lie on the beach they present anything but agreeable spectacles to the casual observer; and, as a general fact, rather excite disgust than admiration: and it is not until they are swimming, in the free enjoyment of liberty, that they are viewed with any degree of complacency by an unpractised eye. Yet, even in their present helpless and apparently lifeless condition, sunken partially in the sand, and without a movement to show that animation still holds its place in the tissues, there is something worthy of observation and by no means devoid of interest.

In the first place, be it noted that all the *Medusæ* lie in their normal attitudes; and, in spite of their apparently helpless nature, which causes them to be carried about almost at random by the waves or currents, they, in so far, bid defiance to the powers of the sea, that they are not tossed about in all sorts of positions as is usually the case with creatures that are thrown upon the beach, but die, like Cæsar, decently, with their mantles wrapped round them.

Looking closer at the *Medusæ*, the observer will find that the substance is by no means homogeneous, but that it is traversed by numerous veinings something like the nervures of a leaf. These marks indicate the almost inconceivably delicate tissues of which the real animated portion of the creature is composed, and which form a network of cells, that enclose a vast proportionate amount of sea-water. If, for example, a *Medusa* weighing some three or four pounds be laid in the sun, the whole animal seems to evaporate, leaving in its place nothing but a little gathering of dry fibres, which hardly weigh as many grains as the original mass weighed pounds. The enclosed water has been examined by competent analysts, and has been found to differ in no perceptible degree from

the water of the sea whence the animal was taken.

Though the cells appear at first sight to be disposed almost at random, a closer investigation will show that a regular arrangement prevails among them, and that they can all be referred to a legitimate organization. So invariably is this the case, that the shape and order of these cells afford valuable characteristics in the classification of these strange beings.

Just below the upper and convex surface may be seen four elliptical marks, arranged so as to form a Maltese cross, and differently colored in the various specimens, carmine, pink, or white. These show the attachments of the curious organization by which food is taken into the system, and may be better examined by taking up the creature, and looking at its under surface.

Now, take one of the *Medusæ*, choosing a specimen that lies near low-water mark, and place it in a tolerably large rock pool, where the water is clear, and where it can be watched for some time without the interruption of the advancing tide.

The apparently inanimate mass straightway becomes instinct with life, its disc contracts in places, and successive undulations roll round its margin, like the wind waves on a cornfield. By degrees the movements become more and more rhythmical; the creature begins to pulsate throughout its whole substance, and before very long it rights itself like a submerged lifeboat, and passes slowly and gracefully through the water, throwing off a thousand iridescent tints from its surface, and trailing after it the appendages which form the Maltese cross above mentioned, together with a vast array of delicate fibres, that take their origin from the edge of the disc, or umbrella, as that wonderful organ is popularly called.

Words cannot express the exceeding beauty and grace of the *Medusa*, as it slowly pulsates its way through the water, rotating, revolving, rising, and sinking with slow and easy undulations, and its surface radiant with rich and changeful hues, like fragments of submarine rainbows. It is often possible, when the water is particularly clear, to stand at the extremity of a pier or jetty, and watch the *Medusæ* as they float past in long processions, carried along by the prevailing cur-

rents, but withal maintaining their position by the exertion of their will.

The reader is doubtlessly aware that the title of Medusa is given to these creatures on account of the trailing fibres that surround the disc, just as the snaky locks of the mythological heroine surrounded her dreadful visage. Many species deserve the name by reason of the exceeding venom of their tresses, which are every whit as terrible to a human being as if they were the veritable vipers of the ancient allegory.

Fortunately for ourselves, the generality of those Medusæ which visit our shores are almost, if not wholly, harmless; but there are some species which are to be avoided as carefully as if each animal were a mass of angry wasps, and cannot safely be approached within a considerable distance. The most common of these venomous beings is the stinger, or stanger, and it is to put sea-bathers on their guard that this article is written, with a sincere hope that none of its readers may meet with the ill-fate of its author.

If the bather, or shore wanderer, should happen to see, either tossing on the waves, or thrown upon the beach, a loose, roundish mass of tawny membranes and fibres, something like a very large handful of lion's mane and silver paper, let him beware of the object, and sacrificing curiosity to discretion, give it as wide a berth as possible. For this is the fearful stinger, scientifically called *Cyanea capillata*, the most plentiful and most redoubtable of our venomous Medusæ.

My first introduction to this creature was a very disastrous one, though I could but reflect afterwards that it might have been even more so. It took place as follows.

One morning towards the end of June, while swimming off the Margate coast, I saw at a distance something that looked like a patch of sand occasionally visible, and occasionally covered, as it were, by the waves, which were then running high in consequence of a lengthened gale which had not long gone down. Knowing the coast pretty well, and thinking that no sand ought to be in such a locality, I swam towards the strange object, and had got within some eight or ten yards of it before finding that it was composed of animal substance. I naturally thought that it must be the refuse of some

animal that had been thrown overboard, and swam away from it, not being anxious to come in contact with so unpleasant a substance.

While still approaching it, I had noticed a slight tingling in the toes of the left foot, but as I invariably suffer from cramp in those regions while swimming, I took the "pins-and-needles" sensation for a symptom of the accustomed cramp, and thought nothing of it. As I swam on, however, the tingling extended further and further, and began to feel very much like the sting of an old nettle. Suddenly, the truth flashed across me, and I made for the shore as fast as I could.

On turning round for that purpose, I raised my right arm out of the water, and found that dozens of slender and transparent threads were hanging from it, and evidently still attached to the Medusa, now some forty or fifty feet away. The filaments were slight and delicate as those of a spider's web, but there the similitude ceased, for each was armed with a myriad poisoned darts that worked their way into the tissues, and affected the nervous system like the stings of wasps.

Before I reached shore the pain had become fearfully severe, and on quitting the cool waves it was absolute torture. Wherever one of the multitudinous threads had come in contact with the skin was a light scarlet line, which, on closer examination, was resolvable into minute dots or pustules, and the sensation was much as if each dot were charged with a red hot needle, gradually making its way through the nerves. The slightest touch of the clothes was agony, and as I had to walk more than two miles before reaching my lodgings, the sufferings endured may be better imagined than described.

Severe, however, as was this pain, it was the least part of the torture inflicted by these apparently insignificant weapons. Both the respiration and the action of the heart became affected, while at short intervals sharp pangs shot through the chest, as if a bullet had passed through the heart and lungs, causing me to stagger as if struck by a leaden missile. Then the pulsation of the heart would cease for a time that seemed an age, and then it would give six or seven leaps as if it would force its way through the chest. Then the lungs would refuse to act, and I stood gasping in vain for breath, as if the arm of a garroter were round my neck. Then the sharp pang would shoot through the chest, and so *da capo*.

After a journey lasting, so far as my feel-

ings went, about two years, I got to my lodgings, and instinctively sought for the salad oil flask. As always happens under such circumstances, it was empty, and I had to wait while another could be purchased. A copious friction with the oil had a sensible effect in alleviating the suffering, though when I happened to catch a glance of my own face in the mirror I hardly knew it—all white, wrinkled, and shrivelled, with cold perspiration standing in large drops over the surface.

How much brandy was administered to me I almost fear to mention, excepting to say that within half an hour I drank as much alcohol as would have intoxicated me over and over again, and yet was no more affected by it than if it had been so much fair water. Several days elapsed before I could walk with any degree of comfort, and for more than three months afterwards the shooting pang would occasionally dart through the chest.

Yet, as before mentioned, the result might have been more disastrous than was the case. Severe as were the effects of the poisoned filaments, their range was extremely limited, extending just above the knee of one leg, the greater part of the right arm, and a few lines on the face, where the water had been splashed by the curling waves. If the injuries had extended to the chest, or over the epigastrium, where so large a mass of nervous matter is collected, I doubt whether I should have been able to reach the shore, or, being there, whether I should have been able to ascend the cutting through the cliffs before the flowing tide had dashed its waves against the white rocks.

It may be easily imagined that so severe a lesson was not lost upon me, and that ever afterwards I looked out very carefully for the tawny mass of fibre and membrane that once had worked me such woe.

On one occasion, after just such a gale as had brought the unwelcome visitant to our shores, I was in a rowing boat with several companions, and came across two more specimens of *Cyanea capillata*, quietly floating along as if they were the most harmless beings that the ocean ever produced. My dearly bought experience was then serviceable to at least one of my companions, who was going to pick up the Medusa as it drifted past us, and was only deterred by a threat of having his wrist damaged by a blow of the stroke oar.

Despite, however, of all precautions, I again fell a victim to the *Cyanea* in the very next season. After taking my usual half-mile swim I turned towards shore, and in due course of time arrived within a reasonable distance of soundings. As all swimmers are

in the habit of doing on such occasions, I dropped my feet to feel for sand or rock, and at the same moment touched something soft, and experienced the well-known tingling sensation in the toes. Off I set to shore, and this time escaped with a tolerably sharp netting about one foot and ankle that rendered boots a torture, but had little further effect. Even this slight attack, however, brought back the spasmodic affection of the heart; and although nearly fourteen months have elapsed since the last time that Medusa shook her venomous locks at me, the shooting pang now and then reminds me of my entanglement with her direful tresses.

For the comfort of intending sea-bathers, it may be remarked that although the effects of the *Cyanea's* trailing filaments were so terrible in the present instance, they might be greatly mitigated in those individuals who are blessed with a stouter epidermis, and less sensitive organization than have fallen to the lot of the afflicted narrator. How different, for example, are the effects of a wasp or bee sting on different individuals, being borne with comparative impunity by one, while another is laid up for days by a precisely similar injury. And it may perchance happen that whereas the contact of the *Cyanea's* trailing filaments may affect one person with almost unendurable pangs, another may be entangled within their folds with comparative impunity.

As, however, the comparative degree is in this case to be avoided with the utmost care, I repeat the advice given in the earlier portion of this narrative, and earnestly counsel the reader to look out carefully for the stinger, and, above all things, *never to swim across its track*, no matter how distant the animal may be, for the creature can cast forth its envenomed filaments to an almost interminable length, and even when separated from the parent body, each filament, or each fragment thereof, will sting just as fiercely as if still attached to the creature whence it issued. It will be seen, therefore, that the safest plan will always be to keep well in front of any tawny mass that may be seen floating on the waves, and to allow at least a hundred yards before venturing to cross its course. Perhaps this advice may be thought overstrained by the inexperienced.

"Those jest at scars who never felt a wound;"

but he who has purchased a painful knowledge at the cost of many wounds, will deem his courage in nowise diminished if he does his best to keep out of the way of a foe who cares nothing for assaults, who may be cut into a thousand pieces without losing one jot of his offensive powers, and who never can be met on equal terms. J. G. WOOD.

From The Spectator.

MORE WELLINGTON DESPATCHES.*

THIS bulky volume, the ninth of the series of *Supplementary Despatches*, contains six hundred and thirty-eight pages. The despatches and documents signed "Wellington" number one hundred and four, some few of which appeared in the second edition; and the rest of the volume is made up of letters and documents from a great variety of persons; so that Wellington's own writings, as in previous volumes, appear at intervals in the solitary grandeur of larger type, about as thickly as captains of companies in a line of infantry. To the public, therefore, these pages are what a very juvenile critic termed "uneasy reading;" but the student of military and still more of political history will not complain, and it is for their behoof that this extended edition is published. The time covered by these documents is exactly a year from April, 1814, to March, 1815. The first set of papers spring from the consequences of the capture of Paris and the defeat of Soult at Toulouse; the last to the measures adopted in consequence of Napoleon's final throw for empire. We begin with the temporary destruction of his power; we break off on the threshold of its temporary revival. The interval is filled up with the dispersion of Wellington's splendid little army to the four winds of heaven, with the first occupation of Paris, with the complicated negotiations at Paris, and subsequently at Vienna, with the great quarrels for the spoils of victory, the schemes of Prussia on Saxony, and of Alexander upon Poland, and of France and Austria in Italy, with the painful disputes arising out of the American war, and its termination at the peace of Ghent, too late to save Pakenham from his repulse at New Orleans; and with an infinite variety of lesser subjects which disturbed the serenity of the first year of peace since the establishment of the first empire. The despatches of Liverpool, Castlereagh, Goulburn, Bathurst, and men of inferior position, are thickly sown throughout these pages; and hardly a single paper can fail to be of interest to some one desirous of studying the details of special or general questions. Although so few, in com-

parison with the setting in which they are embedded, Wellington's hitherto unpublished papers will be found to possess very great interest, while the writings of his colleagues and the context of events show how rapidly he, without special direct effort, was increasing his influence as a statesman, and gradually and solidly acquiring that position as foremost man of a political party which he held until he died. Nor was his influence confined to his own country. He was a great power upon the continent. No Englishman since the days of Marlborough had achieved such a position abroad, and no Englishman whatever was so much esteemed, trusted, and respected. For he had what Marlborough had not—an unimpeachable character, and although differing from him in so many respects, Wellington in this resembled George Washington more than any other man who has attained the front rank during the last century and a half.

Although in 1810 the prince regent ridiculed the victor of Talavera, although in 1813 Lord Melville was allowed to write to him impertinent despatches, although the poor old king alone in a lucid interval was willing to give him the amplest powers for the conduct of the war in the Peninsula; yet in 1814 the regent was glad to shelter his unpopular person under the shadow of the victorious general, and the ministry trembled lest anything should happen to a man who had made their military fortune, and whose political views were so moderate, sagacious, and practical. In the autumn of 1814 disaffection in Paris and the fear of it were visible to all men except the Bourbons. In October, General Macaulay was of opinion that an outbreak would occur within a few weeks. Wellington, who thought that it "might occur any night," deprecated alarm. But General Macaulay coming to England so frightened the ministry by the picture he drew of "the combustible state of Paris," and the duke's liability to sudden arrest, that Lord Liverpool was most solicitous for the instant departure of the duke, lest the revolution should succeed, and the duke should be detained in spite of his character as ambassador. Would the duke go to Vienna on some pretext of aiding Castlereagh; would he return to England to give evidence on Sir John Murray's court-martial; would he even, for the sake of appear-

* *Supplementary Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington*. Edited by his Son. Vol. 9. John Murray.

ances, agree to go to America as commander-in-chief — anything to get him rapidly and safely out of Paris? Wellington, as usual, was willing to obey orders. Mischief might occur on any night, and he would not be allowed to depart. "I have heard so frequently, and I am inclined to believe it. But I confess I don't like to depart from Paris, and I wish the government would leave the time and mode at my own discretion." While he was of opinion that he "*must* not be lost," he pointed out that he was bound to withdraw with dignity and without haste. "I think," he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, "government are rather in a hurry, and though I feel no particular wish to remain here, I don't like to be frightened away." The ministry were not calmed. "We shall not feel easy till we hear of your having landed at Dover," wrote Lord Liverpool in November; and while they left him to retire at discretion, they earnestly entreated him not to delay. A rumor of this delicate negotiation got into the papers, and the duke was a little angry. "No man is judge of his own case; but I confess I don't see the necessity of being in a hurry to remove me from this place," he wrote on the 16th, and on the 18th of November he put it more strongly, "I declare it appears to me that we are proceeding on this occasion with a precipitation that circumstances do not at all justify, and that we shall get into disgrace and difficulties which a little patience would enable us to avoid. I must say I feel my own character a little concerned in this transaction." "However," he added, "there is no doubt that I ought to be withdrawn, and I'll go, as soon as I think I can with credit to the government and myself." Of course his colleague could not resist language like this from their general, and he had his own way, staying in Paris until a real necessity carried him to Vienna. This incident illustrates both the character of the duke and the extent of his influence. He had become a necessity, and he knew it.

The position of the duke gave immense weight to his opinions. He was always ready to obey orders; but he was always ready to state what he thought should be said or done in any given case where he had full cognizance of the facts. And he wrote

with effect upon the vital questions agitating the councils of kings and emperors, and threatening a new war. Nothing can be more reasonable or moderate than his view of the American negotiations, on the settlement of the Netherlands, and the more dangerous question of the future of Poland and Saxony. On all these points, too complicated for criticism and too extensive for exposition here, the student will find ample material for reflection in this volume. Let us turn from the graver topics and select a few personal sketches of remarkable men.

There are some curious letters from Colonel Campbell, who was a sort of British agent at Elba. Of course they are taken up mainly with pictures of Napoleon and reports of his conversations. In one of these Colonel Campbell describes Napoleon as ridiculing the alarm which General Stahremberg, then commanding in Tuscany, felt or affected to feel at the presence of some Corsican officers in Elba. It was the policy of Napoleon to soothe the English and represent himself as dead to the world. "He was very happy that I remained here," writes Colonel Campbell, "*Pour rompre la chimère. Je ne pense pas de rien dehors de ma petite île. Je pouvais avoir soutenu la guerre pendant vingt années si j'ai voulu cela. Je n'existe plus pour le monde. Je suis un homme mort. Je ne m'occupe que de ma famille, et ma retraite, ma maison, mes vaches et mes poulets.*" Charming picture had it been true! But Napoleon really dreamed of nothing but the restoration of his empire. Still more interest attaches to the following extract, which gives us a glimpse of a child who has grown to be one of the eminent men of the second empire.

"About three weeks ago," writes Colonel Campbell, on the 17th of September, "a lady with a male child, five or six years of age, arrived here from Leghorn; was received by Napoleon with great attention, a great degree of concealment, and accompanied him immediately to a very retired house in the most remote part of the island, where, after remaining two days, she re-embarked, and, it is said, has gone to Naples. It is universally believed in the island that it is Marie Louise and her child, and it is very generally credited on the opposite coast; but my information leads me to believe that it is a *Polish* lady from Warsaw, who bore a child to Napoleon a few years ago."

If so, the lady must have been no other than the Countess Walewski, and the child none other than Count Walewski, whose physiognomy bewrays his origin. All the real Bonapartes have some stamp of their race except Napoleon III.

Lord Liverpool had a very smart correspondent at Vienna, Mr. Cooke, and his letters are full of piquant gossip, trenchant sketches of character, some scandal, and very decided political views. They are animated, frank, and most entertaining reading. Here is a very decided sketch of Humboldt as a politician.

"The person most efficient against us is Humboldt. He has talents and industry and perseverance, knows society, and is without principles; and knowing his master's feelings for the Emperor of Russia plays that game to second his own personal views. The King [of Prussia] is not fond of him, but every man likes the person who falls in with his inclinations. His constant policy is to keep the management of things in a small committee of four, trying to govern Hardenberg, and caballing with Nesselrode and Metternich, studiously combating every idea of an assembly of Congress or a public appeal. His early conduct inspired me with distrust, and that distrust is becoming general; and I hope means may be found to expose and defeat him, which are beginning."

Mr. Cooke may have been unjust to Humboldt; but he was a man of sagacity and saw through Alexander. Here is a striking prophecy of what that monarch would do with Poland.

"I have no doubt the emperor will establish something of a vice-regal Government at Warsaw, possibly a Polish Treasury, possibly a judicial appeal to the Warsaw tribunals; and he may raise a mere Polish army, with which he will garrison St. Petersburg and Moscow, whilst he garrisons Warsaw with Russians. But that the emperor will give the Poles a constitution which will put them out of his absolute control is itself in-

credible, even if he had made no declaration on the subject. On arguing, I think, with Lord Stewart, who hinted the dangers from a separate kingdom, he said, 'he ought to know him too well to suppose that he should allow the Poles to be ever out of his control.' No; his aim is not to give constitutions, but to gain power and territory; and if any persons give him credit for a sincere good design, they do him ample injustice. When Prince Hardenberg yields to him from deference to his master, he states the emperor to be the most perfidious, treacherous, usurping character, and infinitely more dangerous than Bonaparte."

Lord Liverpool figures in these volumes as an anxious, sensible, but somewhat timid man. Here are confessions confided in the Christmas of 1814 by Lord Liverpool to the bosom of the Duke of Wellington.

"The more I hear and see of the different courts of Europe, the more I am convinced that the King of France is (amongst the Great Powers) the only sovereign in whom we can have any real confidence. [Imagine that!] The Emperor of Russia is profligate from vanity and self-sufficiency, if not from principle. The King of Prussia may be a well-meaning man, but he is the dupe of the Emperor of Russia. The Emperor of Austria I believe to be an honest man, but he has a minister in whom no one can trust; who considers all policy as consisting in *finesse* and trick; and who has got his Government and himself into more difficulties by his devices than could have occurred from a plain course of dealing."

Here is a gallery of famous men sketched by "eminent hands." It is a pity that some one does not reveal what the ministers of England really thought of their own sovereign George, Prince Regent, so that our gallery might not lack the authentic portrait of any one of the Great Powers. The reader can go to this ninth volume of the *Supplementary Despatches* with the certainty that he will find not only entertainment, but the rough materials of history in abundance.

CHAPTER VII.

AUTUMN soon lapsed into winter; Christmas came and went, bringing, not Ascott, as they hoped, and he had promised, but a very serious evil in the shape of sundry bills of his, which, he confessed in a most piteous letter to his Aunt Hilary, were absolutely unpayable out of his godfather's allowance. They were not large; or would not have seemed so to rich people; and they were for no more blamable luxuries than horse-hire, and a dinner or two to friends out in the country—but they looked serious to a household which rarely was more than five pounds beforehand with the world.

He had begged Aunt Hilary to keep his secret—but that was evidently impossible; so on the day the school-accounts were being written out and sent in, and their amount anxiously reckoned, she laid before her sisters the lad's letter, full of penitence and promises:—

"I will be careful—I will indeed—if you will help me this once, dear Aunt Hilary; and don't think too ill of me. I have done nothing wicked. And you don't know London—you don't know, with a lot of young fellows about one, how very hard it is to say No."

At that unlucky postscript the Misses Leaf sorrowfully exchanged looks. Little the lad thought about it—but these few words were the very sharpest pang Ascott had ever given to his aunts.

"What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." "Like father like son." "The sins of the parents shall be visited on the children." So runs many a proverb; so confirms the unerring decree of a just God, who would not be a just God did he allow himself to break his own righteous laws for the government of the universe; did he falsify the requirements of his own holy and pure being, by permitting any other wages for sin than death. And though, through his mercy, sin forsaken escapes sin's penalty, and every human being has it in his power to modify, if not to conquer, any hereditary moral as well as physical disease, thereby avoiding the doom and alleviating the curse,—still the original law remains in force, and ought to remain, an example and a warning. As true as that every individual sin which a man commits breeds multitudes more, is it that every individual sinner may transmit

his own peculiar type of weakness or wickedness to a whole race, disappearing in one generation, re-appearing in another, exactly the same as physical peculiarities do, requiring the utmost caution of education to counteract the terrible tendencies of nature—the "something in the blood" which is so difficult to eradicate; which may even make the third and fourth generations execrate the memory of him or her who was its origin.

The long life-curse of Henry Leaf the elder, and Henry Leaf the younger, had been—the women of the family well knew—that they were men "who couldn't say No." So keenly were the three sisters alive to this fault—it could hardly be called a crime, and yet in its consequences it was so—so sickening the terror of it which their own wretched experience had implanted in their minds, that during Ascott's childhood and youth, his very fractiousness and roughness, his little selfishness, and his persistence in his own will against theirs, had been hailed by his aunts as a good omen that he would grow up "so unlike his poor father."

If the two unhappy Henry Leafs—father and son—could have come out of their graves that night, and beheld these three women—daughters and sisters—sitting with Ascott's letter on the table, planning how the household's small expenses could be contracted, its smaller luxuries relinquished, in order that the boy might honorably pay for pleasures he might so easily have done without! If they could have seen the weight of apprehension which then sank like a stone on these long-tried hearts, never to be afterwards quite removed, lightened sometimes, but always—however Ascott might promise and amend—always there! On such a discovery, surely, these two "poor ghosts" would have fled away moaning, wishing they had died childless, or that during their mortal lives any amount of self-restraint and self-compulsion had purged from their natures the accursed thing—the sin which had worked itself out in sorrow upon every one belonging to them, years after their own heads were laid in the quiet dust.

"We must do it," was the conclusion the Misses Leaf unanimously came to—even Selina; who, with all her faults, had a fair share of good feeling and of that close clinging to kindred which is found in fallen households, or households whom the sacred

bond of common poverty has drawn together in a way that large, well-to-do home circles can never quite understand. "We must not let the boy remain in debt; it would be such a disgrace to the family."

"It is not the remaining in debt, but the incurring of it, which is the real disgrace to Ascott and the family."

"Hush, Hilary," said Johanna, pointing to the opening door; but it was too late.

Elizabeth, coming suddenly in,—or else the ladies had been so engrossed with their conversation, that they had not noticed her,—had evidently heard every word of the last sentence. Her conscious face showed it; more especially the bright scarlet which covered both her cheeks when Miss Leaf said "Hush!" She stood, apparently irresolute as to whether she should run away again; and then her native honesty got the upper hand, and she advanced into the room.

"If you please, missis, I didn't mean to—but I've heard——"

"What have you heard—that is, how much?"

"Just what Miss Hilary said. Don't be afeard. I sha'n't tell. I never chatter about the family. Mother told me not."

"You owe a great deal, Elizabeth, to your good mother. Now go away."

"And another time," said Miss Selina, "knock at the door."

This was Elizabeth's first initiation into what many a servant has to share—the secret burden of the family. After that day, though they did not actually confide in her, her mistresses used no effort to conceal that they had cares; that the domestic economies must, this winter, be especially studied; there must be no extra fires, no candles left burning to waste; and once a week or so, a few butterless breakfasts or meatless dinners must be partaken of cheerfully, in both parlor and kitchen. The Misses Leaf never stinted their servant in anything in which they did not stint themselves.

Strange to say, in spite of Miss Selina's prophecies, the girl's respectful conduct did not abate; on the contrary, it seemed to increase. The nearer she was lifted to her mistresses' level the more her mind grew, so that she could better understand her mistresses' cares, and the deeper became her consciousness of the only thing which gives

one human being any real authority over another—personal character.

Therefore, though the family means were narrowed, and the family luxuries few, Elizabeth cheerfully put up with all; she even felt a sort of pride in wasting nothing and in making the best of everything as the others did. Perhaps, it may be said, she was an exceptional servant: and yet I would not do her class the wrong to believe so—I would rather believe that there are many such among it; many good, honest, faithful girls, who only need good mistresses unto whom to be honest and faithful, and they would be no less so than Elizabeth Hand.

The months went by—heavy and anxious months; for the school gradually dwindled away, and Ascott's letter—now almost the only connection his aunts had with the outer world, for poverty necessarily diminished even their small Stowbury society—became more and more unsatisfactory; and the want of information in them was not supplied by those other letters, which had once kept Johanna's heart easy concerning the boy.

Mr. Lyon had written once before sailing, nay, after sailing, for he had sent it home by the pilot from the English Channel: then there was, of course, silence. October, November, December, January, February, March—how often did Hilary count the months, and wonder how soon a letter could come, whether a letter ever would come again! And sometimes—the sharp present stinging her with its small daily pains, the future looking dark before her and them all—she felt so forlorn, so forsaken, that but for a certain tiny wellspring of hope, which rarely dries up till long after three-and-twenty, she could have sat down and sighed, "My good days are done."

Rich people break their hearts much sooner than poor people; that is, they more easily get into that morbid state which is glorified by the term, "a broken heart." Poor people cannot afford it. Their constant labor "physics pain." Their few and narrow pleasures seldom pall. Holy poverty! black as its dark side is, it has its bright side too, that is, when it is honest, fearless, free from selfishness, wastefulness, and bickerings; above all, free from the terror of debt.

"We'll starve—we'll go into the work-house rather than we'll go into debt!" cried Hilary once, in a passion of tears, when she

was in sore want of a shawl, and Selina urged her to get it, and wait till she could pay for it. "Yes;—the workhouse! It would be less shame to be honorably indebted to the laws of the land than to be meanly indebted, under false pretences, to any individual in it."

And when, in payment for some accidental lessons, she got next month enough money to buy a shawl, and a bonnet too—nay, by great ingenuity, another bonnet for Johanna—Hilary could have danced and sung,—sung, in the gladness and relief of her heart, the glorious euthanasia of poverty.

But these things happened only occasionally; the daily life was hard still, ay, very hard, even though at last came the letter from "foreign parts;" and following it, at regular intervals, other letters. They were full of facts rather than feelings,—simple, straightforward; worth little as literary compositions; schoolmaster and learned man as he was, there was nothing literary or poetical about Mr. Lyon; but what he wrote was like what he spoke, the accurate reflection of his own clear original mind and honest tender heart.

His letters gave none the less comfort because, nominally, they were addressed to Johanna. This might have been from some crotchet of over-reserve, or delicacy, or honor—the same which made him part from her for years, with no other word than, "You must trust me, Hilary;" but whatever it was she respected it, and she did trust him. And whether Johanna answered his letters or not, month by month they unfailingly came, keeping her completely informed of all his proceedings, and letting out, as epistles written from over the seas often do, much more of himself and his character than he was probably aware he betrayed.

And Hilary, whose sole experience of mankind had been the scarcely remembered father, the too-well-remembered brother, and the anxiously watched nephew, thanked God that there seemed to be one man in the world whom a woman could lean her heart upon, and not feel the support break like a reed beneath her—one man whom she could entirely believe in, and safely and sacredly trust.

CHAPTER VIII.

TIME slipped by. Robert Lyon had been away more than three years. But in the mo-

notonous life of the three sisters at Stowbury nothing was changed:—except, perhaps, Elizabeth, who had grown quite a woman; might have passed almost for thirty; so solidly old-fashioned were her figure and her manners.

Ascott Leaf had finished his walking the hospitals and his examinations, and was now fitted to commence practice for himself. His godfather had still continued his allowance, though once or twice, when he came down to Stowbury, he had asked his aunts to help him in some small debts—the last time in one a little more serious; when, after some sad and sore consultation, it had been resolved to tell him he must contrive to live within his own allowance. For they were poorer than they used to be; many more schools had arisen in the town, and theirs had dwindled away. It was becoming a source of serious anxiety whether they could possibly make ends meet; and when, the next Christmas, Ascott sent them a five-pound note—an actual five-pound note, together with a fond, grateful letter that was worth it all—the aunts were deeply thankful, and very happy.

But still the school declined. One night they were speculating upon the causes of this, and Hilary was declaring, in a half-jocular, half-earnest way, that it must be because a prophet is never a prophet in his own country.

"The Stowbury people will never believe how clever I am. Only, it is a useless sort of cleverness, I fear. Greek, Latin, and mathematics are no good to infants under seven, such as Stowbury persists in sending to us."

"They think I am only fit to teach little children—and perhaps it is true," said Miss Leaf.

"I wish you had not to teach at all. I wish I was a daily governess—I might be, and earn enough to keep the whole family; only, not here."

"I wonder," said Johanna thoughtfully, "if we shall have to make a change."

"A change!" It almost pained the elder sister to see how the younger brightened up at the word. "Where to—London? Oh, I have so longed to go and live in London! But I thought you would not like it, Johanna."

That was true. Miss Leaf, whom feeble

health had made prematurely old, would willingly have ended her days in the familiar town;—but Hilary was young and strong. Johanna called to mind the days when she too had felt that rest was only another name for dulness; and when the most difficult thing possible to her was what seemed now so easy—to sit down and endure.

Besides, unlike herself, Hilary had her life all before her. It might be a happy life, safe in a good man's tender keeping: those un-failing letters from India seemed to prophesy that it would. But no one could say. Miss Leaf's own experience had not led her to place much faith in either men or happiness.

Still, whatever Hilary's future might be, it would likely be a very different one from that quiet, colorless life of hers. And as she looked at her young sister, with the twilight glow on her face—they were taking an evening stroll up and down the terrace—Johanna hoped and prayed it might be so. Her own lot seemed easy enough for herself; but for Hilary—she would like to see Hilary something better than a poor schoolmistress at Stowbury.

No more was said at that time, but Johanna had the deep, still, Mary-like nature, which “kept” things, and “pondered them in her heart;” so that when the subject came up again she was able to meet it with that sweet calmness which was her especial characteristic—the unruffled peace of a soul which no worldly storms could disturb over-much, for it had long since cast anchor in the world unseen.

The chance which revived the question of the Great Metropolitan Hegira, as Hilary called it, was a letter from Mr. Ascott, as follows:—

“MISS LEAF.

“MADAM,—I shall be obliged by your informing me if it is your wish, as it seems to be your nephew's, that instead of returning to Stowbury, he should settle in London as a surgeon and general practitioner?

“His education complete, I consider that I have done my duty by him: but I may assist him occasionally still, unless he turns out—as his father did before him—a young man who prefers being helped to helping himself, in which case I shall have nothing more to do with him. I remain, madam, your obedient servant,

“PETER ASCOTT.”

The sisters read this letter, passing it

round the table, none of them apparently liking to be the first to comment upon it. At length Hilary said,—

“I think that reference to poor Henry is perfectly brutal.”

“And yet he was very kind to Henry. And if it had not been for his common sense in sending poor little Ascott and the nurse down to Stowbury, the baby might have died. But you don't remember anything of that time, my dear,” said Johanna, sighing.

“He has been kind enough, though he has done it in such a patronizing way,” observed Selina. “I suppose that's the real reason of his doing it. He thinks it fine to patronize us, and show kindness to our family; he, the stout, bullet-headed grocer's boy, who used to sit and stare at us all church-time.”

“At you, you mean. Wasn't he called your beau?” said Hilary, mischievously, upon which Selina drew herself up in great indignation.

And then they fell to talking of that anxious question—Ascott's future. A little they reproached themselves that they had left the lad so long in London—so long out of the influence that might have counter-acted the evil, sharply hinted in his god-father's letter. But once away—to lure him back to their poor home was impossible.

“Suppose we were to go to him,” suggested Hilary.

The poor and friendless possess one great advantage—they have nobody to ask advice of; nobody to whom it matters much what they do or where they go. The family mind has but to make itself up, and act accordingly. Thus within an hour or two of the receipt of Mr. Ascott's letter, Hilary went into the kitchen, and told Elizabeth that as soon as her work was done, Miss Leaf wished to have a little talk with her.

“Eh! what's wrong? Has Miss Selina been a-grumbling at me?”

Elizabeth was in one of her bad humors, which, though of course they never ought to have, servants do have as well as their superiors. Hilary perceived this, by the way she threw the coals on, and tossed the chairs about. But to-day her heart was full of far more serious cares than Elizabeth's ill-temper. She replied composedly,—

“I have not heard that either of my sisters is displeased with you. What they

want to talk to you about is for your own good. We are thinking of making a great change. We intend leaving Stowbury, and going to live in London."

"Going to live in London!"

Now, quick as her tact and observation were—her heart taught her these things—Elizabeth's head was a thorough Saxon one, slow to receive impressions. It was a family saying, that nothing was so hard as to put a new idea into Elizabeth, except to get it out again.

For this reason Hilary preferred paving the way quietly; before startling her with the sudden intelligence of their contemplated change.

"Well, what do you say to the plan?" asked she, good-humoredly.

"I dunnot like it at all," was the brief gruff answer of Elizabeth Hand.

Now it was one of Miss Hilary's doctrines, that no human being is good for much unless he or she has what is called "a will of one's own." Perhaps this, like many another creed, was with her the result of circumstances. But she held it firmly. With that exaggerated one-sidedness of feeling which any bitter family or personal experience is sure to leave behind—a strong will was her first attraction to everybody. It had been so in the case of Robert Lyon: and not less in Elizabeth's.

But this quality has its inconveniences. When the maid began sweeping up her hearth with a noisy angry gesture, the mistress did the wisest and most dignified thing a mistress could do under the circumstances, and which she knew was the sharpest rebuke she could administer to the sensitive Elizabeth—she immediately quitted the kitchen.

For an hour after, the parlor bell did not ring; and though it was washing-day, no Miss Hilary appeared to help in folding up the clothes. Elizabeth, subdued and wretched, waited till she could wait no longer; then knocked at the door, and asked humbly if she should bring in supper.

The extreme kindness of the answer—to the effect that she must come in, as they wanted to speak to her, crushed the lingering fragments of ill-humor out of the girl.

"Miss Hilary has told you our future plans, Elizabeth; now we wish to have a little talk with you about yours."

"Eh?"

"We conclude you will not wish to go with us to London; and it would be hardly advisable you should. You can get higher wages now than any we can afford to give you; indeed, we have more than once thought of telling you so, and offering you your choice of trying for a better place."

"You're very kind," was the answer, stolid rather than grateful.

"No; I think we are merely honest. We should never think of keeping a girl upon lower wages than she was worth. Hitherto, however, the arrangement has been quite fair—you know, Elizabeth, you have given us a deal of trouble in the teaching of you." And Miss Leaf smiled, half sadly, as if this, the first of the coming changes, hurt her more than she liked to express. "Come, my girl," she added, "you needn't look so serious. We are not in the least vexed with you; we shall be very sorry to lose you, and we will give you the best of characters when you leave."

"I dunnot—mean—to leave."

Elizabeth threw out the words like pellets, in a choked fashion, and disappeared suddenly from the parlor.

"Who would have thought it!" exclaimed Selina; "I declare the girl was crying."

No mistake about that; though when, a few minutes after, Miss Hilary entered the kitchen, Elizabeth tried in a hurried, shame-faced way to hide her tears by being very busy over something. Her mistress took no notice, but began, as usual on washing-days, to assist in various domestic matters, in the midst of which she said quietly,—

"And so, Elizabeth, you would really like to go to London?"

"No! I shouldn't like it at all; never said I should. But if you go, I shall go too; though missis is so ready to get shut o' me."

"It was for your own good, you know."

"You always said it was for a girl's good to stop in one place; and if you think I'm going to another—I aren't, that's all."

Rude as the form of the speech was—almost the first rude speech that Elizabeth had ever made to Miss Hilary, and which under other circumstances she would have felt bound severely to reprove, the mistress passed it over. That which lay beneath it, the sharpness of wounded love, touched her heart. She felt that for all the girl's rough

manner, it would have been hard to go into her London kitchen, and meet a strange London face, instead of that fond homely one of Elizabeth.

Still, she thought it right to explain to her, that London life might have many difficulties, that, for the present at least, her wages could not be raised, and the family might at first be in even more straitened circumstances than they were at Stowbury.

"Only at first, though, for I hope to find plenty of pupils. And by and by our nephew will get into practice."

"Is it on account of him you're going, Miss Hilary?"

"Chiefly."

Elizabeth gave a grunt, which said as plainly as words could say, "I thought so," and relapsed into what she, no doubt, believed to be virtuous indignation, but which, as it was testified against the wrong parties, was open to the less favorable interpretation of ill-humor—a small injustice not uncommon with us all.

I do not pretend to paint this young woman as a perfect character. She had her fierce dislikes, as well as her strong fidelities; her faults within and without, which had to be struggled with—as all of us have to struggle to the very end of our days. Oftentimes not till the battle is nigh over—sometimes not till it is quite over—does God give us the victory.

Without more discussion on either side, it was agreed that Elizabeth should accompany her mistresses. Even Mrs. Hand seemed to be pleased thereat, her only doubt being lest her daughter should meet and be led astray by that bad woman Mrs. Cliffe, Tommy Cliffe's mother—who was reported to have gone to London. But Miss Hilary explained that this meeting was about as probable as the rencontre of two needles in a hayrick; and besides, Elizabeth was not the sort of girl to be easily "led astray" by anybody.

"No, no; her's a good wench, though I says it," replied the mother, who was too hard worked to have much sentiment to spare. "I wish the little 'uns may take pattern by our Elizabeth. You'll send her home, maybe, in two or three years' time, to let us have a look at her?"

Miss Hilary promised, and then took her way back through the familiar old town—so

soon to be familiar no more—thinking anxiously, in spite of herself, upon those two or three years, and what they might bring.

It happened to be a notable day—that sunshiny 28th of June—when the little, round-cheeked damsel, who is a grandmother now, had the crown of three kingdoms first set upon her youthful head; and Stowbury, like every other town in the land, was a perfect bower of green arches, garlands, banners; white-covered tables were spread in the open air, down almost every street, where poor men dined, or poor women drank tea; and everybody was out and abroad, looking at or sharing in the holiday-making, wild with merriment, and brimming over with passionate loyalty to the Maiden Queen.

That day is now twenty-four years ago; but all those who remember it must own there never has been a day like it, when all over the country, every man's heart throbbed with chivalrous devotion, every woman's with womanly tenderness, towards this one royal girl, who—God bless her!—has lived to retain and deserve it all.

Hilary called for, and protected through the crowd, the little, timid, widow lady who had taken off the Misses Leaf's hands their house and furniture, and whom they had made very happy—as the poor often can make those still poorer than themselves—by refusing to accept anything for the "good-will" of the school. Then she was fetched by Elizabeth, who had been given a whole afternoon's holiday; and mistress and maid went together home, watching the last of the festivities, the chattering groups that still lingered in the twilight streets, and listening to the merry notes of the "Triumph" which came down through the lighted windows of the Town Hall, where the open-air tea-drinkers had adjourned to dance country dances, by civic permission, and in perfectly respectable jollity.

"I wonder," said Hilary—while, despite some natural regret, her spirit stretched itself out eagerly from the narrowness of the place where she was born into the great, wide world; the world where so many grand things were thought and written and done; the world Robert Lyon had so long fought with, and was fighting bravely still—"I wonder, Elizabeth, what sort of place London is, and what our life will be in it?"

Elizabeth said nothing. For the moment her face seemed to catch the reflected glow of her mistress', and then it settled down into that look of mingled resistance and resolution which was habitual to her. For the life that was to be, which neither knew—oh, if they had known!—she also was prepared.

CHAPTER IX.

THE day of the Grand Hegira came.

"I remember," said Miss Leaf, as they rumbled for the last time through the empty morning streets of poor old Stowbury, "I remember my grandmother telling me that when my grandfather was courting her, and she out of coquetry refused him, he set off on horseback to London, and she was so wretched to think of all the dangers he ran on the journey, and in London itself, that she never rested till she got him back, and then immediately married him."

"No such catastrophe is likely to happen to any of us, except perhaps to Elizabeth," said Miss Hilary, trying to get up a little feeble mirth, anything to pass away the time and lessen the pain of parting, which was almost too much for Johanna. "What do you say? Do you mean to get married in London, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth could make no answer, even to kind Miss Hilary. They had not imagined she felt the leaving her native place so much. She had watched intently the last glimpse of Stowbury church tower, and now sat with reddened eyes, staring blankly out of the carriage window—

"Silent as a stone."

Once or twice a large slow tear gathered on each of her eyes, but it was shaken off angrily from the high cheek-bones, and never settled into absolute crying. They thought it best to take no notice of her. Only, when reaching the new small station, where the "resonant steam-eagles" were, for the first time, beheld by the innocent Stowbury ladies, there arose a discussion as to the manner of travelling. Miss Leaf said decidedly—"Second class,—and then we can keep Elizabeth with us." Upon which Elizabeth's mouth melted into something between a quiver and a smile.

Soon it was all over, and the little household was compressed into the humble second-class carriage, cheerless and cushionless,

whirling through indefinite England in a way that confounded all their geography and topography. Gradually as the day darkened into heavy chilly July rain, the scarcely kept-up spirits of the four passengers began to sink. Johanna grew very white and worn, Selina became, to use Ascott's phrase, "as cross as two sticks," and even Hilary, turning her eyes from the gray sodden-looking landscape without, could find no spot of comfort to rest on within the carriage, except that round rosy face of Elizabeth Hand.

Whether it was from the spirit of contradiction existing in most such natures, which, especially in youth, are more strong than sweet, or from a bitter feeling, the fact was noticeable, that when every one else's spirits went down Elizabeth's went up. Nothing could bring her out of a "grumpy" fit so satisfactorily as her mistresses' falling into one. When Miss Selina now began to fidget hither and thither, each tone of her fretful voice seeming to go through her elder sister's every nerve, till even Hilary said, impatiently, "O Selina, can't you be quiet?" then Elizabeth rose from her depth of gloomy discontent up to the surface immediately.

She was only a servant; but Nature bestows that strange vague thing that we term "force of character" independently of position. Hilary often remembered afterwards how much more comfortable the end of the journey was than she had expected—how Johanna lay at ease, with her feet on Elizabeth's lap, wrapped in Elizabeth's best woollen shawl; and how, when Selina's whole attention was turned to an ingenious contrivance with a towel and fork and Elizabeth's basket, for stopping the rain out of the carriage-roof—she became far less disagreeable, and even a little proud of her own cleverness. And so there was a temporary lull in Hilary's cares, and she could sit quiet, with her eyes fixed on the rainy landscape, which she did not see, and her thoughts wandering towards that unknown place and unknown life into which they were sweeping, as we all sweep, ignorantly, unresistingly, almost unconsciously, into new destinies. Hilary, for the first time, began to doubt of theirs. Anxious as she had been to go to London, and wise as the proceeding appeared, now that the die was cast and the cable cut, the old

simple peaceful life at Stowbury grew strangely dear.

"I wonder if we shall ever go back again, or what is to happen to us before we do go back," she thought, and turned with a half-defined fear, towards her elder sister, who looked so old and fragile beside that sturdy healthy servant-girl;—"Elizabeth!" and Elizabeth, rubbing Miss Leaf's feet, started at the unwonted sharpness of Miss Hilary's tone—"there; I'll do that for my sister. Go and look out of the window at London."

For the great smoky cloud which began to rise in the rainy horizon was indeed London. Soon through the thickening nebula of houses they converged to what was then the nucleus of all railway travelling, the Euston Terminus, and were hustled on to the platform, and jostled helplessly to and fro—these poor country ladies! Anxiously they scanned the crowd of strange faces for the one only face they knew in the great metropolis—which did not appear.

"It is very strange—very wrong of Ascott. Hilary, you surely told him the hour correctly? For once, at least, he might have been in time."

So chafed Miss Selina, while Elizabeth, who, by some miraculous effort of intuitive genius, had succeeded in collecting the luggage, was now engaged in defending it from all comers, especially porters, and making of it a comfortable seat for Miss Leaf.

"Nay, have patience, Selina. We will give him just five minutes more, Hilary."

And Johanna set down, with her sweet, calm, long-suffering face turned upwards to that younger one, which was, as youth is apt to be, hot and worried and angry. And so they waited till the terminus was almost deserted, and the last cab had driven off, when, suddenly, dashing up the station-yard out of another, came Ascott.

He was so sorry, so very sorry, downright grieved, at having kept his aunts waiting. But his watch was wrong—some fellows at dinner detained him—the train was before its time surely. In fact, his aunts never quite made out what the excuse was; but they looked into his bright handsome face, and their wrath melted like clouds before the sun. He was so gentlemanly, so well dressed—much better dressed than even at Stowbury—and he seemed so unfeignedly

glad to see them. He handed them all into the cab—even Elizabeth, though whispering meanwhile to his Aunt Hilary, "What on earth did you bring her for?"—and then was just going to leap on to the box himself, when he stopped to ask, "Where he should tell cabby to drive to?"

"Where to?" repeated his aunts in undisguised astonishment. They had never thought of anything but of being taken home at once by their boy.

"You see," Ascott said, in a little confusion, "you wouldn't be comfortable with me. A young fellow's lodgings are not like a house of one's own, and, besides——"

"Besides, when a young fellow is ashamed of his old aunts, he can easily find reasons."

"Hush, Selina," interposed Miss Leaf. "My dear boy, your old aunts would never let you inconvenience yourself for them. Take us to an inn for the night, and to-morrow we will find lodgings for ourselves."

Ascott looked greatly relieved.

"And you are not vexed with me, Aunt Johanna?" said he, with something of his old childish tone of compunction, as he saw—he could not help seeing—the utter weariness which Johanna tried so hard to hide.

"No, my dear, not vexed. Only I wish we had known this a little sooner, that we might have made arrangements. Now, where shall we go?"

Ascott mentioned a dozen hotels, but they found he only knew them by name. At last Miss Leaf remembered one, which her father used to go to, on his frequent journeys to London, and whence, indeed, he had been brought home to die. And though all the recollections about it were sad enough, still it felt less strange than the rest, in this dreariness of London. So she proposed going to the "Old Bell," Holborn.

"A capital place!" exclaimed Ascott eagerly. "And I'll take and settle you there; and we'll order supper, and make a jolly night of it. All right! Drive on, cabby!"

He jumped on the box, and then looked in mischievously, flourishing his lit cigar, and shaking his long hair—his Aunt Selina's two great abominations—right in her indignant face: but withal looking so merry and good-tempered, that she shortly softened into a smile.

"How handsome the boy is growing!"

"Yes," said Johanna, with a slight sigh; "and did you notice? how exceedingly like his——"

The sentence was left unfinished. Alas! if every young man, who believes his faults and follies injure himself alone, could feel what it must be, years afterwards, to have his nearest kindred shrink from saying, as the saddest, most ominous thing they could say of his son, that the lad is growing "so like his father!"

It might have been—they assured each other that it was—only the incessant roll, roll of the street sounds below their windows which kept the Misses Leaf awake half the night of this their first night in London. And when they sat down to breakfast—having waited an hour vainly for their nephew—it might have been only the gloom of the little parlor which cast a slight shadow over them all. Still, the shadow was there.

It deepened, despite the sunshiny morning into which the last night's rain had brightened, till Holborn Bars looked cheerful, and Holborn pavement actually clean, so that, as Elizabeth said, "you might eat your dinner off it," which was the one only thing she condescended to approve in London. She had sat all evening mute in her corner, for Miss Leaf would not send her away into the *terra incognita* of a London hotel. Ascott, at first considerably annoyed at the presence of what he called a "skeleton at the feast," had afterwards got over it, and run on with a mixture of childish glee and mannish pomposity about his plans and intentions—how he meant to take a house, he thought, in one of the squares, or a street leading out of them; how he would put up the biggest of brass plates, with "Mr. Leaf, surgeon," and soon get an extensive practice, and have all his aunts to live with him. And his aunts had smiled and listened, forgetting all about the silent figure in the corner, who perhaps had gone to sleep, or had also listened.

"Elizabeth, come and look out at London."

So she and Miss Hilary whiled away another three-quarters of an hour watching and commenting on the incessantly shifting crowd which swept past Holborn Bars. Miss Selina sometimes looked out too, but more often sat fidgeting and wondering why Ascott did not come; while Miss Leaf who

never fidgeted, became gradually more and more silent. Her eyes were fixed on the door, with an expression which, if Hilary could have remembered so far back, would have been to her something, not painfully new, but still more painfully old—a look branded into her face by many an hour's anxious listening for the footstep that never came, or only came to bring distress. It was the ineffaceable token of that long, long struggle between affection and conscience, pity and scarcely repressible contempt, which for more than one generation, had been the appointed burden of this family—at least, the women of it—till sometimes it seemed to hang over them almost like a fate.

About noon, Miss Leaf proposed calling for the hotel bill. Its length so alarmed the country ladies, that Hilary suggested not staying to dine, but going immediately in search of lodgings.

"What, without a gentleman! Impossible! I always understood ladies could go nowhere in London without a gentleman!"

"We shall come very ill off then, Selina. But anyhow, I mean to try. You know the region where, we have heard, lodgings are cheapest and best—that is, best for us. It cannot be far from here. Suppose I start at once?"

"What, alone?" cried Johanna, anxiously.

"No, dear. I'll take the map with me, and Elizabeth. She is not afraid."

Elizabeth smiled, and rose, with that air of dogged devotedness with which she would have prepared to follow Miss Hilary to the North Pole, if necessary. So, after a few minutes of arguing with Selina, who did not press her point overmuch, since she herself had not to commit the impropriety of the expedition. After a few minutes more of hopeless lingering about—till even Miss Leaf said they had better wait no longer—mistress and maid took a farewell nearly as pathetic as if they had been in reality Arctic voyagers, and plunged right into the dusty glare and hurrying crowd of the "sunny side" of Holborn in July.

A strange sensation, and yet there was something exhilarating in it. The intense solitude that there is in a London crowd, these country girls—for Miss Hilary herself was no more than a girl—could not as yet realize. They only felt the life of it; stir-

ring, active, incessantly moving life—even though it was of a kind that they knew as little of it as the crowd did of them. Nothing struck Hilary more than the self-absorbed look of passers-by; each so busy on his own affairs, that, in spite of Selina's alarm, for all notice taken of them, they might as well be walking among the cows and horses in Stowbury field.

Poor old Stowbury! They felt how far away they were from it, when a ragged, dirty, vicious-looking girl offered them a moss rose-bud for "one penny, only one penny," which Elizabeth, lagging behind, bought, and found it only a broken-off bud stuck on to a bit of wire.

"That's London ways, I suppose," said she, severely, and became so misanthropic that she would hardly vouchsafe a glance to the handsome square they turned into, and merely observed of the tall houses, taller than any Hilary had ever seen, that she "wouldn't fancy running up and down them stairs."

But Hilary was cheerful in spite of all. She was glad to be in this region, which, theoretically, she knew by heart—glad to find herself in the body, where in the spirit she had come so many a time. The mere consciousness of this seemed to refresh her. She thought she would be much happier in London; that in the long years to come that must be borne, it would be good for her to have something to do as well as to hope for; something to fight with as well as to endure. Now more than ever came pulsing in and out of her memory a line once repeated in her hearing, with an observation of how "true" it was. And though originally it was applied by a man to a woman, and she smiled sometimes to think how "unfeminine" some people—Selina, for instance—would consider her turning it the other way; still she did so. She believed, that, for woman as for man, that is the purest and noblest love which is the most self-existent, most independent of love returned, and which can say, each to the other, equally on both sides, that the whole solemn purpose of life is, under God's service,—

"If not to win, to feel more worthy thee."

Such thoughts made her step firmer and her heart lighter, so that she hardly noticed the distance they must have walked, till the

close London air began to oppress her, and the smooth glaring London pavements made her Stowbury feet ache sorely.

"Are you tired, Elizabeth? Well, we'll rest soon. There must be lodgings near here. Only I can't quite make out——"

As Miss Hilary looked up to the name of the street, the maid noticed what a glow came into her mistress' face, pale and tired as it was. Just then a church clock struck the quarter-hour.

"That must be St. Pancras. And this—yes, this is Burton Street, Burton Crescent."

"I'm sure missis wouldn't like to live there," observed Elizabeth, eying uneasily the gloomy *rez-de-chaussée*, familiar to many a generation of struggling respectability, where, in the decadence of the season, every second house bore the announcement, "Apartments furnished."

"No," Miss Hilary replied, absently. Yet she continued to walk up and down, the whole length of the street; then passed out into the dreary, deserted-looking Crescent, where the trees were already beginning to fade; not, however, into the bright autumn tint of country woods, but into a premature withering, ugly and sad to behold.

"I am glad he is not here—glad, glad!" thought Hilary, as she realized the unutterable dreariness of those years, when Robert Lyon lived and studied in his garret from month's end to month's end—these few dusty trees being the sole memento of the green country life in which he had been brought up, and which she knew he so passionately loved. Now, she could understand that "calenture" which he had sometimes jestingly alluded to as coming upon him at times, when he felt literally sick for the sight of a green field or a hedge full of birds. She wondered whether the same feeling would ever come upon her, in this strange desert of London, the vastness of which grew upon her every hour.

She was glad he was away; yes, heart-glad! And yet, if, this minute, she could only have seen him coming round the Crescent, have met his smile, and the firm, warm clasp of his hand——

For an instant there rose up in her one of those wild, rebellious outcries against fate, when to have to waste years of this brief life of ours in the sort of semi-existence that living is, apart from the treasure of the heart.

and delight of the eyes, seems so cruelly, cruelly hard!

"Miss Hilary."

She started, and "put herself under lock and key" immediately.

"Miss Hilary; you do look so tired!"

"Do I? Then we will go and sit down in this baker's shop, and get rested and fed. We cannot afford to wear ourselves out, you know. We have a great deal to do to-day."

More indeed than she calculated, for they walked up one street and down another, investigating at least twenty lodgings before any appeared which seemed fit for them. Yet some place must be found where Johanna's poor, tired head could rest that night. At last, completely exhausted, with that oppressive exhaustion which seems to crush mind as well as body after a day's wandering in London, Hilary's courage began to ebb. Oh, for an arm to lean on, a voice to listen for, a brave heart to come to her side, saying, "Do not be afraid, there are two of us!" And she yearned, with an absolutely sick yearning such as only a woman who now and then feels the utter helplessness of her womanhood, can know, for the only arm she cared to lean on, the only voice dear enough to bring her comfort, the only heart that she felt she could trust.

Poor Hilary! And yet why pity her? To her three alternatives could but happen: were Robert Lyon true to her, she would be his, entirely and devotedly, to the end of her days; did he forsake her, she would forgive him; should he die, she would be faithful to him eternally. Love of this kind may know anguish, but not the sort of anguish that lesser and weaker loves do. If it is certain of nothing else, it can always be certain of itself.

"Its will is strong:

It suffers; but it cannot suffer long."

And even in its utmost pangs is an underlying peace which often approaches to absolute joy.

Hilary roused herself, and bent her mind steadily on lodgings till she discovered one, from the parlor of which you could see the trees of Burton Crescent, and hear the sound of Saint Pancras clock.

"I think we may do here—at least for a while," said she cheerfully; and then Eliza-

beth heard her inquiring if an extra bedroom could be had if necessary.

There was only one small attic. "Ascott never could put up with that," said Hilary, half to herself. Then suddenly—"I think I will go and see Ascott before I decide. Elizabeth, will you go with me, or remain here?"

"I'll go with you, if you please, Miss Hilary." ("If *you* please," sounded not unlike "if *I* please," and Elizabeth had gloomed over a little.) "Is Mr. Ascott to live with us?"

"I suppose so."

No more words were interchanged till they reached Gower Street, when Miss Hilary observed, with evident surprise, what a handsome street it was.

"I must have made some mistake. Still we will find out Mr. Ascott's number, and inquire."

No, there was no mistake. Mr. Ascott Leaf had lodged there for three months, but had given up his rooms that very morning.

"Where had he gone to?"

The servant—a London lodging-house servant all over—didn't know; but she fetched the landlady, who was after the same pattern of the dozen London landladies with whom Hilary had that day made acquaintance, only a little more Cockney, smirking, dirty, and tawdrily fine.

"Yes, Mr. Leaf had gone, and he hadn't left no address. Young college gentlemen often found it convenient to leave no address. P'raps he would, if he'd known there would be a young lady a calling to see him."

"I am Mr. Leaf's aunt," said Hilary, turning as hot as fire.

"Oh, in-deed," was the answer, with civil incredulousness.

But the woman was sharp of perception—as often-cheated London landladies learn to be. After looking keenly at mistress and maid, she changed her tone; nay, even launched out into praises of her late lodger; what a pleasant gentleman he was; what good company he kept, and how he had promised to recommend her apartments to his friends.

"And as for the little some'at of rent, miss—tell him it makes no matter, he can pay me when he likes. If he don't call soon, p'raps I might make bold to send his trunk and his books over to Mr. Ascott's of

—dear me, I forget the number and the square—”

Hilary unsuspectingly supplied both.

“Yes, that’s it—the old gentleman as Mr. Leaf went to dine with every other Sunday, a very rich old gentleman, who, he says, is to leave him all his money. Maybe a relation of yours, miss?”

“No,” said Hilary; and adding something about the landlady’s hearing from Mr. Leaf very soon, she hurried out of the house, Elizabeth following.

“Wont you be tired if you walk so fast, Miss Hilary?”

Hilary stopped, choking. Helplessly she looked up and down the forlorn, wide, glaring, dusty street; now sinking into the dull shadow of a London afternoon.

“Let us go home!” And at the word, a sob burst out—just one passionate pent-up sob. No more. She could not afford to waste strength in crying.

“As you say, Elizabeth, I am getting tired; and that will not do. Let me see; something must be decided.” And she stood still, passing her hand over her hot brow and eyes. “I will go back and take the lodgings, leave you there to make all comfortable, and then fetch my sisters from the hotel. But stay first, I have forgotten something.”

She returned to the house in Gower Street, and wrote on one of her cards an address—the only permanent address she could think of—that of the city broker who was in the habit of paying them their yearly income of £50.

“If any creditors inquire for Mr. Leaf,

give them this. His friends may always hear of him at the London University.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” replied the now civil landlady. “Indeed, I wasn’t afraid of the young gentleman giving us the slip. For though he was careless in his bills, he was every inch the gentleman. And I wouldn’t object to take him in again. Or p’raps you yourself, ma’am, might be a-wanting rooms.”

“No, I thank you. Good-morning.” And Hilary hurried away.

Not a word did she say to Elizabeth, or Elizabeth to her, till they got into the dull, dingy parlor—henceforth to be their sole apology for “home:” and then she only talked about domestic arrangements: talked fast and eagerly, and tried to escape the affectionate eyes which she knew were so sharp and keen. Only to escape them—not to blind them; she had long ago found out that Elizabeth was too quick-witted for that, especially in anything that concerned “the family.” She felt convinced the girl had heard every syllable that passed at Ascott’s lodgings; that she knew all that was to be known, and guessed what was to be feared, as well as Hilary herself.

“Elizabeth”—she hesitated long, and doubted whether she should say the thing, before she did say it—“remember we are all strangers in London, and family matters are best kept within the family. Do not mention either in writing home, or to anybody hereabout—about——”

She could not name Ascott; she felt so horribly ashamed.

A CURRENCY CAROL.

AIR — “Gaily the Troubadour.”

HURRAH for letter-stamps,
Down with the mints.

Henceforward change shall be
Called by its tints,

“Reds,” “browns,” “greens,” “yellows,”
“blues,”

Send us in showers,
Leaves, ’stead of solid fruit,
Henceforth be ours.

Silver, the jingling stuff,
Vanishes quick;
Stamps less erratic, when
Pocketed, stick.

Dimes, halves, and quarters go
Swift as they come.

Post-office cash we keep,
Longer, by Gum!

Funny the colloquies

Heard in all trades,
Since all our shiners went
Down to the shades.

Barkeepers charge for drinks
Solely by hue;

Lord! how the “greens” mount up
If you get blue!

All business done in stamps
Clearly is fair,

Seeing the payments made
Needs must be square.

Keep then the game alive,
Add to the batch,
Into “the current” throw
Nothing but Patch.

—Vanity Fair.

From London Society.

A LADY'S DRESS.

DRESS DURING THE LAST TEN YEARS—PRESENT FASHIONS—HINTS ON THE HARMONY OF COLOR.

PART I.

"DRESS," says a lively writer some twelve or fourteen years ago (referring to female attire), "is a kind of personal glossary—a species of body phrenology, the study of which it would be madness to neglect."

This last assertion is rather strong; still, viewed in the light of a guide-book for the quiet observer of character—as an index to the tastes, habits of life, and condition of a people—a certain value must be conceded to the subject, even by those who denounce it as a frivolous topic, unworthy of any attention. But it assumes real importance, when we recognize it as the spring that moves the many hands of industry, and see in its wants and demands the stimulants that work upon man's fancy, taste, and inventive powers—exercise his skill and patience, and even impel him to study and scientific research. What knowledge and calculation were necessary, for instance, before the machinery that has brought calico-printing to its present perfection could be produced! What experiments were essayed in the laboratory before a new shade of color could be procured to meet the taste for novelty, and, when procured, before it could be fixed and made permanently available!

During the last few years, we have had the hue of the fuchsia, the tender shade of the Chinese primrose, reproduced on silk or muslin, and delicate greens, seen before in nature only, rendered as lasting as in our climate a delicate color can be. In looking at the rich array of shades and hues employed in our present manufactures, we begin to question whether the use of the three primary colors in the earlier stages of society is to stand, as some writers on color are fond of assuming, the evidence of a purer taste, or simply the result of necessity. We cannot think that any people possessing the means we now do, of robbing Nature of all her exquisite coloring, would have contented themselves with simple red, blue, and yellow. However effective and valuable, combinations of these with black or white are, for architectural and decorative purposes, for costume the *neutrals* and *hues* are peculiarly adapted, and only fail in pleasing as

they ought, because injudiciously used or improperly combined. Dress should be to the person what the frame is to the picture, *subordinate*—the setting that enhances the beauty of the gem, but does not overwhelm it.

Do not let it be supposed, however, that we are advocates of the sober browns, the grays, fawns, etc., the *quiet* colors that some people think the garb of propriety, to the exclusion of bright color. No! we dearly love and duly appreciate color; we have hailed with delight the resumption of the scarlet cloak this winter by our fair countrywomen, especially at a time of public mourning, when our streets have worn so monotonous and sombre an aspect. The eye has been gladdened and refreshed by the warm bright red, set off by the black dress beneath; and the welcome effect it produced, proved to our minds how much pleasure we insensibly derive from the presence of color. We are hardly aware of it until we lose it: the aspect of our crowded thoroughfares lately enables us to form some idea of what we should feel, if, by some freak of fashion, the fair sex were to adopt a costume as unvaried and hideous as the present masculine attire; and if our shops, that now display all that is lovely in color and exquisite in design, had nothing more attractive to offer than broadcloth or black stuff. We should feel depressed. The eye needs the stimulant of color and variety to keep it from fatigue; and beneath our gray and colorless sky we want more color not less. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago, color was certainly at a discount in dress as well as in architecture and decoration. That there has been a revival in its favor no one will deny.

For dress the palest of shades were then preferred; a full color was pronounced vulgar, and brunettes were content to look ill in silver gray and faded pink, whilst blondes appeared in the most ethereal of blues. Well! fashion has changed to more advantage in this respect than in others; for although the material for a lady's dress was then inferior in design and color to what it now is, we think the general effect was preferable, more simple, more graceful, less extravagant in every sense of the word. But then a well-dressed woman was rather the exception than the rule, and we must allow

that now the reverse is the case. Englishwomen are less *fagoté*—to use an untranslatable French word—than they were. They buy their bonnet with reference to the dress or cloak it is destined to accompany; they have ceased to think that they can furbish up a faded garment by a bow of ribbon here, or a bunch of flowers there; they are particular about their gloves and their shoes; they have added the finish of neatness to their dress, and rival the Frenchwoman in a point once peculiarly her own. But then, if our countrywoman's taste has improved, we fear her expenses have progressed also, for luxury and extravagance in dress have vastly increased during the last ten years. How is this to be accounted for? to what is it owing? To French influence! cries a chorus of angry fathers and husbands with Christmas bills fresh in their recollections. Well, Paris, it is true, has long held undisputed sway over the fashions of the fair and fickle sex, and never was homage more willingly paid to any sovereign, than that which has been rendered during the last eight years by ladies of every land to the imperial Eugénie, as the Queen of Fashion in that gay city; but is the fair despot solely responsible for the very *enlarged* view now held as to the requirements of a lady's toilette? And if the empress is to be charged with this, pray who, Messieurs les maris, is to blame for your extravagance in dinners, horses, and expensive furniture? Is it the emperor's example? has it anything to do with the centralizing influences of railroads? or is it in France the result of reaction? Let us look back a little.

The events of 1840 left most of the European States in an uncomfortable, unsettled condition more than a twelvemonth afterwards. The winter of 1849–50 saw the greater part of Germany, however, tranquilized and re-assured. The nobles flocked to the capitals, and those who visited any of the large towns of Southern Germany then, will remember that the carnival of 1850 was the gayest, the most brilliant, that had been known for years. The petty mediatised princes who had resigned to the crowns of Austria and Bavaria the little remnants of sovereign power so long jealously preserved by them, and the numerous counts and barons who had given up also the feudal rights they had retained over their tenantry,

and the payments in kind often oppressively enforced, found their dignity and importance shorn of their former proportions in their native towns, and their pockets well filled, owing to the money compensation received in lieu of these rights: they therefore closed their old Schlosses, bade farewell to their former grand dulness, and repaired to Vienna or Munich, to dance away regret, spend their money, display their hereditary diamonds and pearls, and receive with gratification the attentions of a court anxious to conciliate and console.

"Society," as the word is understood in Southern Germany, comprises a very limited circle. That wondrous dovetailing in of all classes that we have in England, and which makes our society consequently the most varied and intellectual in the world, is yet unknown there; and ten years ago the old nobility resented any attempt to introduce a new element into their world as an infringement upon their peculiar privileges. The ruling families of most of the German States were, in this respect, in advance of their subjects. The man of letters, the artist, the poet, found readier admittance into his sovereign's palace than the noble's house; and the effort of the accomplished Maximilian of Bavaria to bring together, for mutual advantage, the aristocracy and the learned professors and savants of his capital met with no encouragement and little success. They stood aloof from each other, even under the royal roof; and the beautiful wife of a mediatised prince only spoke the sentiments of her class when she declared "that it was becoming quite disagreeable to go to court, for you met such very *odd* people there." It can be imagined how welcome an increase to their numbers, therefore, were the numerous families who had hitherto been content to keep petty state in the country, and who now flocked into the capitals eager for pleasure, and provided with means for the sudden increase in luxury and expense of all kinds that marked the return to tranquillity after the movements of 1848. The grand dame, who had no longer her one or two *dames de compagnie* (lady companions) to pay, devoted herself to her toilette as another means of maintaining a prominent position, or achieving distinction. She sent to Paris for her flowers, to Lyons for her silks; she could scarcely be seen twice

in the same dress, and, in short, the taste for extravagance in dress which began in Germany then, and which has since been maintained by French example and other causes, was originally due, not to Eugénie's fair face, but to a political movement, which had the effect of concentrating wealth in the capital at a time when France was still uneasy under a president whose intentions she mistrusted.

With regard to France, the ruin that had followed upon the Revolution, and the want of confidence in their successive governments, had taught the French to be careful, and the example of the Citizen King and his family strengthened this disposition. Fifteen or twenty years ago it was the aim of most French families to live, not *within*, but *below* their income. The *dot* for the daughter was the result of yearly saving, and if there were no children to save for, the same yearly amount was spared and put by, for a rainy day. Their habit was to abjure all credit, and to take such pleasure as they could afford; and whilst we are fond of stigmatizing them as light-hearted and careless, they were in reality far more careful than we, who, making no provision for the expense of recreation, are seldom able to indulge in it without an uneasy feeling that we are hardly justified in so doing.

We English are in the main a conscientious people; we do not wish to incur debt we cannot pay; but we start in life with a notion that a certain mode of living is necessary for respectability, and that, therefore, any sacrifice must be made to obtain it. When we find the means of compassing our ideas on this subject fall short, we too often have not the moral courage to adopt a less pretentious style of living, and, conscious that the foundations of our house are insecure, and that a storm would find us unprepared to meet it, we carry throughout our daily life, into society, as at home, a secret care which prevents our being light-hearted like the more careful, more provident French, as we knew them fifteen, or twenty years ago.

We say, as we knew them; for the visitor to Paris now, will find the Parisian brow less serene, the Parisian sky less clear, the latter owing to the almost universal use of coal, which they have adopted, and with it many of our ways of living. They live more

at home, less abroad. The solitary *femme de ménage* who managed all the household work for many a small family (the heads of the house dining abroad or having their dinner sent in from some neighboring restaurateur) has been replaced by two or more servants; and these "domestic comforts" have proved to them (as the present meaning of their name implies) the cause of many domestic troubles and many domestic difficulties. They have undertaken to keep more people at a time when wages are higher and provisions dearer: as the consequence of one piece of a folly is generally another, so one piece of extravagance begets a second, and expensive dinners are taking the place of the once easy mode of seeing your friends. In no particular is there stronger evidence of increased luxury and expense, than in that of dress.

Formerly the French lady of rank was easily satisfied, if her fortune was not large, with two silk dresses, one, either of black or some dark color, for walking, the other for her evening visiting, or receptions, and the latter she was content to vary by a change of headdress or some exquisite lace. Instead of discarding it as she does now, when it has become known to her friends, she piqued herself upon its durability, and received, as a compliment to its original value, the remarks of her friends that "it had lasted well." With her the purchase of a new gown was an event—a subject of grave consideration. A good price was given, a good article expected. The accompaniments were selected in the same spirit: the lace was real and costly, the mantles and gloves accorded in color and quality, and the French lady, *when dressed* was consequently well dressed, suitably to her position, becomingly to herself.

Whilst the Frenchwoman was thus simply elegant, the majority of what we call the middle classes in England were decidedly dowdy, and the higher classes far less expensive in their attire than they are now. An English lady of rank who had been eight years absent from London, returned there in the spring of 1850, after having passed the winter at the courts of Vienna and Munich. She expressed surprise at the comparative simplicity of dress at the court of St. James. A few jewels, or a spray of flowers at the back of the head, was orna-

ment enough then for the Englishwoman, whilst the Viennese or Bavarian noble lady was overloaded with flowers and diamonds. But this state of affairs was not destined to last long. We jog on in England contentedly enough in our old ways, until some one suggests a new idea for us, which we are some time comprehending, and then we go mad upon the subject. For the last ten years, we and France have certainly been playing the game of "follow my leader," whether in the organization of our army, the improvement of our towns, the reconstruction of our navy, or in the developments of dress. Yes,—to answer the question asked a little way back,—it is to French influence, French example, we must ascribe the increased luxury and expense of dress in England. The Germans have never been so much led by Paris as we have: the Viennese long had, and maintained their own fashions; and we have seen that after 1848 the change there, in this respect, was one of the several results of bringing together the wealthy and the great. But we, who have always plenty of money to spend upon new projects, found one agreeable mode of disposing of it, was buying largely the costly productions from the looms of Lyons, Lille, etc., and all the articles of luxury for which the manufactures of France are renowned, and which the establishment of the empire seemed to rouse from stagnation and depression.

Whatever the world may think of Louis Napoleon's celebrated *coup-d'état*, to France it at once restored confidence. The people instinctively felt that whatever the empire might be to Europe, to them it meant peace—peace at home, peace amongst themselves. "L'empire c'est la paix," was susceptible of many readings, but that most agreeable to France was, no more revolutions, no more ideal governments. The empire is a fact. This feeling of confidence infused new life into every branch of trade; and the first care of the emperor was to strengthen this spirit of activity, and to keep down the restless spirits of the manufacturing towns by promoting employment for them.

He found a most efficient ally in the empress; and the richest brocades and costliest *moirés*, which had hitherto been sparingly manufactured for a few of the wealthy only, were soon lavishly displayed in every shop

window in Paris, and, ere long, worn by people, who a few years before, would have considered such materials beyond their means and unsuited to their station.

If dress may be considered as an index of the taste of the age, it is not in error now, when it marks an increase of luxury and expenditure in all classes.

So much for the cost and material of modern costume: the causes that influence the cut and fashion of a dress are less easily determined, or reviewed. The bright-colored petticoats of the present day are easily accounted for by their convenience and warmth. The hats worn in summer came originally from Germany and Switzerland. Although now sadly shorn of their sheltering proportions, and altered from their ugly but useful mushroom shapes, they recommend themselves for various reasons; they are becoming, more durable and cooler in summer than bonnets: their adoption is therefore easily understood, and the burnous, the Spanish mantilla, carry their own history with them. But how is it that we have one year a tight sleeve like a man's coat, and another a hanging one like that of a Chinese mandarin? Who lengthens the cloaks of the fair sex until they almost touch the ground one year, and the following season cuts them off below the waist?

This is a mysterious subject. We are in the habit, when we don't exactly know what a man's occupation is, of saying, "Oh, he has something to do in the City." In the same way, all we know about these changes is that they are effected in Paris. We have heard that there are individuals there whose sole occupation it is, to devise a new pattern, invent a new trimming; but on what principles they proceed we know not. Every now and then we discover that some great novelty is only what our grandmothers wore before us. The adoption or rejection of a fashion, however, depends very much upon the taste and character of individuals who, from their rank or wealth, exercise an influence in society. Accordingly, in the present day, the empress has been made responsible for much.

When Eugénie de Montijo espoused Napoleon III., envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness were arrayed against her. She was not royal; she was not French; she rode on horseback; she had English

blood in her veins, an English complexion, and most probably English tastes. When she returned from Notre Dame after the marriage ceremony, the vast crowds assembled near the Tuileries to view her entry there, gave her no welcome, received their empress in silence; yet in a few months France unanimously pronounced her *charming*. She had none of the conventional manner prescribed to royalty; she laughed when she should have been grave, and wept when she should have been composed; she wore fancy dresses, offensive to court etiquette, yet in spite of all this, in spite of her being as natural as Frenchwomen are generally artificial, she was pronounced *charming*. Her beauty and grace captivated the other sex; but we have no hesitation in saying that one cause of her popularity with her own, was her being beyond all comparison the best-dressed woman in the empire.

The French look upon the toilette as a work of art, and pay the same tribute to it that we do to any other artistic production. They accepted and valued her success as another proof of the supremacy of France in this as in other matters.

We really think it very hard, however, that the empress should be charged with the present monstrosities of dress, the hideous bonnets, the heavy wreaths loading the brows and lengthening the face so as to give some women—as a man in the pit of the Opera last year remarked—"the appearance of unicorns." The exaggerated hoops, too,—are these purely French? We have always had a liking for hoops in England, and some of our most decorous periods of costume have been those when the hoop was worn. We half think this is a fashion for which we are as much responsible as our neighbors across the water.

HOLIDAY HEXAMETERS.

PURPLE autumn is here once more, and the days of recess:

Gaily the Whigs depart, and forget the sight of the House,

Weary no doubt of the place where so often they got in a mess—

Heartily glad to hear the swift wild whirr of the grouse.

Russell to Ireland is off, and wont write a single despatch:

Wood will try to forget his ridiculous quarrel with Laing:

Full felicity surely will come to the whole of the batch,

Far from Cobden's invective and Osborne's laughable slang.

Learned Lewis away in Wales will study the stars:

Wherefore does he not teach us a little astrology too—

Tell us if Italy's fields will be reddened by dominant Mars—

Tell us what in the world McClellan is going to do?

Peel, that "broth of a boy," to Ireland surely will go,

Making a progress there, with speeches very polite:

Carlisle's Earl will be glad to see him, we all of us know—

And the O'Donoghue too, who is rather fond of a fight.

Gladstone will festival hold in the sombre city of coal,

Boast of his famous finance, safe from Sir Stafford's reply—

Prove the Income-tax a capital thing on the whole—

Also that acid Bordeaux is the cheapest liquor to buy.

As for the jolly Premier—his vagaries who shall foresee?

Sheffield has tried the blade: Dover's expecting him soon.

Never did any one play the Harlequin better than he;

Though he is old enough quite for the part of the Pantaloon. C.

—The Press.

THE other day a little Frenchman, just arrived, who had been taking English lessons, on the voyage, from a fellow-passenger, complained much of the difficulty of our grammar, especially the *irregular verbs*.

For instance, says he, "Ze verb *to go*. Did you ever see one such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper: I go; Thou departest; He clears out; We cut stick; Ye or you make track; They absquatulate. "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! What *disregular verbs* you have in your language!"

COME !

O MEN and brothers ! wherever ye are,
In our country's need—stand fast !
Come *now*, to our aid—we suffer afar—
Our strength has weakened at last !

We have struggled, shoulder to shoulder, here.
And many of us have died,
For the sake of the land we hold most dear ;—
Come now, with help to our side !

We know you could not sit there at your ease,
If you knew, what we have, here—
This moment of grace—up, brothers, and *seize* !
For oh ! the danger is near !

Quit ye like men, in the daily strife—
New strength in your souls be born—
For what is the use of saving your life,
Friends—if your country is gone ?

Boy heads, with a mother's blessing, their seal,
I've watched fall low at my side—
With only a prayer for their country's weal,
While their brows shone glorified !

Bearded men—(on the hot roadside, one day,
Their faces grew soft—and smiled,
Because some poor woman sat there at play,
With a little blue-eyed child)—

Those men, with a tender place in their hearts,
Where in dreams some small hands clung—
In the thickest fights they have borne their parts,
Great Souls ! unknown, unsung !

O men and brothers ! be ye not appalled
With the cruel way we've trod—
“Let every man wherein he is called,
Therein—abide with God !”

And ye are called ! To come here in your might.
Stout-hearted, and brave, and strong !
Come, loving Christ, your Country, and *Right*,
And to conquer, this great wrong !

First, save the Country ! Ay, at any cost.
Do ye mind those gone before ?
Ah ! can *we* stand by, while their blood is lost ?
Can they watch us from *that* shore,

And wonder perhaps that we waste the time,
Feel their trust in us misplaced ?
O brother, the heights that we yet can climb,
So our Flag be not disgraced !

O men and brothers ! wherever ye are,
In our Country's need—stand fast !
And to every State, with a fallen star,
Restore it, undimmed, at last !

Come, with new courage, fresh aid, and brave
cheer,
Ah ! hark !—the roll of the drum !
The battle's din even now in our ear—
For God, and our Country, *come* !

—*Transcript.*

EARL CANNING.

[We insert the following verses rather for their literary force than because we think they have grasped accurately either the strength or the weakness of Lord Canning's powerful character.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

Come home at last !
From the half royal crown which whoso wears
Aches both in head and heart—the weight so
vast ;
From scathing suns, and still more scathing
cares ;
From that far grave so fresh, 'tis still un-
gras'd,
Where the bright lady of his love doth lie,
Come home at last to die.

We had scarce time,
To welcome him with sword and star of state,
With voiceful banquet, and with lofty rhyme ;
Yet not the blossoms make the forest great,
Not the reward—the work makes man sublime.
What matter now ? Methinks, 'twere overbold,
To give a martyr gold.

One gift we have,
Not misbecoming our much love, nor him
Who saved the Indies for our sons—a grave !
Bury him in the Abbey, in the dim
Religious light among our wise and brave,
Among our saints and senators, and men
Of golden thought and pen.

Not like his sire,
With torchlike words, with flowers and lights
of speech,
Hearts could he finely win, or greatly fire ;
With drums and trappings, through the deadly
breach
He never marched ; or wrote and tuned the
lyre,
Like him, the gentlest of immortals, who
Sleeps next his Montagu.

O truer tongue
Whose eloquence was that great word—forgive !
O braver warrior by loud fame unsung,
O nobler pages worthier far to live,
Stamped with the rights of those who did as
wrong !
O England's calm uncanonized saint
Enskied by self-restraint.

At last come home.
Welcome, high welcome with the organs grieving,
Majestic through the glory and the gloom ;
Welcome with tears that tell the undecieving
Of life-long dreams at last beside the tomb.
Welcome, for here where England's mightiest rest
There comes no nobler guest.

Come home at last !
Childless and crownless, weary and heart
wounded,
A better name than sons can give thou hast,
And that deep weariness is aye surrounded
By the sweet arms of Christ around thee cast,
And from thy crown of thorns, and heartache
freed,
Thou art at home, indeed. W. A.

AN HOUR OF PRAYER.

Just after the sunset yesterday,
When the last of the crowd had passed away,
I went to the little church to pray.

My spirit was clouded with discontent,
And the faith I had was nearly spent,
When I came, like a thief impenitent,

Weary and foiled in the weary race,
To hide myself from my own disgrace,
And steal some comfort from the place.

Nothing for naught in the world they say,
And little they get who have little to pay:
But the chapel was open all the day.

The choir was as free as the aisles of a wood,
And I found, when under its shade I stood,
That the air of the church was doing me good.

In the silence, after the city's smoke,
My spirit grew calmer and thoughts awoke
From sleep that I fancied dead—I spoke:

"Perhaps they were not unwisely bold,
Who called this God's House—the men of old—
Does the shepherd wait within the fold?"

So up the choir, with footsteps faint,
In the fading light of each shining saint,
I wondered if He would hear my plaint.

There was something surely in kneeling where
A thousand hearts had left their care
That helped to contradict despair.

"No hope remains in the world," I cried,
"So far have I wandered, so much denied,
Is there any way left as yet untried?"

"I love, but it only makes death more drear
And truth more distant; I love in fear,
'Tis not with the love that seeth clear.

"I toil, but the range of my restless glance,
Still stretches afar; an aimless dance
I see, and name it the work of chance.

"They are blown together, like dust in the wind,
The feeble frame and the lordly mind,
And only their ashes are left behind.

"My words are bitter; what proof remains
To prove them false; are a prisoner's chains
Lighter because he forgets his pains?"

"Hear me, for mine is a soul in need:
On the cold damp ground I sink and bleed,
Hear me, and show thou art God indeed.

"The lamp of my spirit was lit in vain,
The light went out long since in the rain,
Can faith once lost be found again?"

"'Tis dark without it, but how can we,
When the night is starless, pretend to see
Across the darkness an image of Thee?"

Here the crucifix shone o'er the altar stair,
And its dim light made me at last aware
Of the Lamp that was burning faintly there.

There are notes of music and tones of love,
Memories and sights that have power to move
The soul to communion with things above.

So I fixed my gaze on the steadfast ray,
Till it seemed as if earth and its troubles lay
In the valley of restlessness far away.

A dreamlike procession of early years
Swept through my spirit; the frost that sears
Our life fell from me in tranquil tears.

The riddle of doubt was solved at last,
As the growing and glimmering lustre cast
A light on the labyrinth of my past.

God makes each heart a cathedral dim,
With its vaults where gloomy vapors swim,
And its altar burning still for him.

I woke from my trance in the church alone,
And the church bell marked that an hour had
 flown,
As it pealed in a sombre monotone.

Like a deep voice singing a noble song,
It bade me arise and bear along
My lamp still bright, my courage strong.

Biarritz, May, 1861.

J. N.

—Spectator.

LUCERNE.

THE lake beneath, and the city,
And the quiet glorious hills,
Bending beneath the sunset,
With strong submissive wills.

The mound above and the rampart,
And the river that swiftly flows,
Between the walls to the meadows,
In the evening's deep repose.

Three towers are set in the sunlight,
And gleaming in burnished gold;
Over one the twilight is creeping,
It stands in the shadow cold.

Four stages of life recalling,
Our birth, our love, our toil,
And the last that lies in the shadow,
And waits to receive the spoil.

—Spectator.

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PART VIII.—CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Vincent was set down in the darkness and silence of the Sunday night in the Dover railway station, stunned as he was by all that he had heard and seen, and worn out with fatigue and want of rest, his faculties were not at his command, as they ought to have been at the command of a man in such desperate straits, and with such a matter in his hands. When his fellow-passengers trooped away with all the bustle and excitement of travellers who had then only completed the first stage of their journey to the pier, and the night-boat which waited to carry them across the Channel, he, left behind, after being vainly stimulated by various porters and attendants with adjurations to make haste, and warnings that he would be too late, stumbled out at length into the unknown place—into the gloom of night—only half aware of the immediate occupation that lay before him. The image of Susan grew hazy before her brother's eyes. Mary's revelation did not move him now with the quickening thrill of anguish and rage which had at first stirred him when he heard it. He had no longer his wits about him; anxiety, fear, the impulse of revenge, were all obliterated by the utter weariness which dulled all his senses, and made the necessity of throwing down his wearied limbs in some corner, and somehow dropping to sleep, more imperative than any other need. He had not energy enough to ask where the hotel was to which Mary had directed him, but wandered along in the darkness with the sound of the sea booming in his ears—sounding all the more thundery and tempestuous because it was unseen. This heavy unaccustomed cadence aided the dull effect of weariness. His own thoughts left him altogether—he was scarcely conscious of anything but the measured roll of the sea and the languor of his own worn-out frame, as he went on mechanically towards the lights before him. When he came into the brighter street, and began to encounter other wayfarers, his mind returned to him so far that he became dimly aware of what he had to do. The hotel of which Mary had told him was directly in his way, and the sight of it roused him still farther. He went in and asked first for Mr. Fordham, and then for Colonel Mildmay, without any success. Then he described the party—a tall

man with light thin hair and mustache, two ladies, one with a blue veil. With a pang which penetrated through the cloud of fatigue which enveloped him, he did his best to describe Susan as he had seen her last, and repeated with melancholy mechanical iteration the one circumstance he knew about the other companion of her flight—the blue veil. This dreadful piece of female drapery seemed to float through the occurrences of the past week, visible through the feverish haze which obliterated all distinctions of day and night, and made a kind of dull eternity, broken by no divisions of time, of this terrible crisis in Vincent's history. The description, however, gained him some information, though not what he sought. The party had left the inn an hour or two before—suddenly, as if upon some sudden news or unexpected necessity—where, nobody could tell. Vincent received the account of their departure dimly, scarcely able to follow its details; but he understood that it was most probable they must have gone across the Channel, and had consciousness enough left to rush as fast as his wearied limbs would carry him to the pier. Had he been in time enough, he would have leaped on board the boat without further question, and gone hopelessly far away from poor Susan and her terrible fate; but the colored lamp on the mast of the steamer was just gliding out of the shelter of the harbor as he stumbled down through the darkness into the midst of the dispersing lookers-on. Nobody there could tell him anything about that blue veil; there was no other boat till morning—and whether the party he pursued had gone in this one, he could get no information. It was very late, very dark and cold, and the ominous moan of the sea again bewildered all the confused powers he had left. He took his troubled way back again to the inn, possessed above everything with an overwhelming desire to throw himself down somewhere and rest. When he had got into a room there, he summoned once more the waiter who had first identified the fugitives. He wanted to hear over again, if perhaps he could understand a little more clearly this time the particulars of their departure.

"It's my opinion they've not gone off yet," said the man: "just afore you come in, sir, going the opposite way from the pier,

I see the man-servant passing by. It was he as took off the boxes; but they hadn't no boxes—what am I thinking of? that was the wonderfulest thing about them; the bags and the wraps, and them things. I don't believe they have gone off—not after seeing the man.”

“Then where do you think they are?” said Vincent, getting up wearily. He threw on again the coat he had just taken off with a sigh of fatigue and exhaustion: as long as anything could be done he must not rest; but rest was the thing which of all others appeared at that moment most desirable in his eyes.

“That's just what I can't say; but if I was you, sir, I'd make some more inquiries afore going off in the boat,” said the man. “I'd send and ask at the railway, and—and at the livery stables, if they've hired any carriages—or anywhere else as could be thought upon. There's an up train as is just off; shall I send to the station and make inquiries if they've been seen there?”

“Do,” said Vincent, dropping back again into his chair. He threw himself on the sofa when the waiter left him, and was so deep asleep when that functionary returned, that, stranger though he was, he had not the heart to wake the worn-out young man. It was morning before the young minister awoke out of that profound slumber—woke chilled and aching and confused, in the dark, with the untouched meal, which he had ordered the previous night, still on the table, the candle flaring in its socket, and he himself totally unaware how long he had lain there. He stumbled up making an effort to recover himself, but only to find, when he looked at his watch by the expiring light of the candle, that it was still early morning—too early to do anything—and that he must have slept for hours. In the interval that elapsed before the first sounds of awakening life in the house, he had time to go over all the succession of events which had made this last week more important than many past years. Of all that had happened, two particulars remained most deeply impressed upon Vincent's mind—Mrs. Hilyard's face in that railway carriage looking out upon him, calm, deadly, conscious of its terrible purpose—and poor Mary's burst of inconsolable weeping, expressive beyond all power of words, when he had asked her for

Susan. Such thoughts made the daylight hideous as it crept chill and slow upon the awakening house. Pale, grim, and ghastly was the face which the unhappy young man saw in the glass as he attempted a hasty toilette. No news of the fugitives had been heard at the railway. They had not left by the morning boat—so the waiter informed him when he went down-stairs; the rest was in his own hands.

But a man, accustomed only to the habits of an honorable and virtuous life, is sadly at a loss when he has to contend with the devices of guilt and cunning. Vincent went to inquire at the other hotels—went to the pier, the railway, the livery stables, as his friend the waiter suggested, without hearing anything of the party of which he was in search. He spent all the morning so, always baffled and growing hopeless. Another steamer sailed at midday, by which, if he obtained no information in the mean time, he had resolved to cross over to Calais, and try whether any clue were to be obtained there. With this thought in his mind, he was making his way through a back street towards the hotel, where already the prompt curiosity and interest of the common mind in anything mysterious had made him almost a person of consequence. Round one of the houses in the street a little crowd had congregated. As Vincent approached, a policeman darted forth from the throng, jumped into a passing cab, and drove off at a noisy pace, making more demonstration than speed. “He'll get her, sure enough,” said one of the bystanders, as Vincent came up. “Murder will out. He'll run her down afore she's far from here. She aint got such a start, but that Jim will soon be on her heels; and I shouldn't wonder if there was a good reward. He's a gentleman, though he's a bad 'un—that's clear.”

“Yes,” said a woman; “it's only them as calls themselves gentlefolks as ever do put a poor girl crazed o' that way. Poor soul! They say she aint no more than twenty or so by her looks; and if it wasn't murder, and law, and the crowner, and all that, oh, wouldn't it be served him right, the villain, to drive a poor thing out o' her senses, and ruin her, and bring her to shame! It's him as Jim should ha' been after, and not her as is drove out o' her wits, and don't know what's she a-doing of; and I hope

she'll get clear out o' his hands, and get off, if she *has* killed the man. He's done worse nor kill *her*."

"What is it?" asked Vincent, with a warning thrill in his breast.

"O sir, it's a poor thing as has been ruined and betrayed, and she's been and took a pistol and shot him, and the police is after her. I see them come in last night. There come three in a cab, though this aint no place for gentlefolks. I said to my master, says I, they aint no good, folks like that a-coming to the Swan; and look ye here, what's come of it? There was one on 'em was lovely—that one in the blue veil."

"Make way!" said Vincent, with a stifled cry. He pressed in through the crowd, conscious of nothing round him, putting aside with mechanical care the women and babies who clustered closest to the door. His visible excitement was irresistible, and could not be set aside. The policeman at the door suffered him to enter in the whirlwind of passion which enveloped him. He sprang up the stairs in two or three steps, pressed to a half-open door, within which he saw some people assembled, and, unawares thrusting aside a man who stopped him, went into that chamber of death. Several people were round the bed—one a surgeon, occupied with the prostrate figure there. Vincent, over the heads of the spectators, gazed with burning eyes at that horrible spectacle. No thought of Susan was in his mind, as with haggard face and horror-stricken soul he gazed at the shattered head bound up in bloody bandages, scarce recognizable, except by sharp eyes of love or hate, which lay on that mean pillow. "She has kept her word," he said to himself, with a groan of horror. He did not observe the start and rustle round him, which proved that he had spoken aloud. He was far too deeply absorbed to think of himself, or to remember that he had any interest in the matter. She had kept her word. There he lay, no longer capable of harm, that villain, without ruth or mercy, whom the young priest would not curse at her bidding, yet whom he had cursed in the anguish of his heart. Murdered! Vincent's heart stood still; his pulses refused to beat; his very life forsook him at the sight. He stood there, gazing with the fascination of horror, unaware of the curiosity that now centred upon himself. Either his own eyes

were dizzy with the spectacle, or some feeble power of movement still remained in the murdered body, but his mind was too much stunned to consider which it was.

"You must come out of here," said the man at the door, grasping him rudely by the arm. "Nobody's allowed in here but the doctors and the police. Who is it that's kept her word—eh? What do you mean? You'll speak to the inspector, you shall, before you get out o' here."

"Where is she?" said Vincent, as he yielded mechanically to the touch, and followed the guardian of the death-room into another apartment.

"Maybe you can tell us?" said the suspicious policeman. "She's kept her word, eh, has she? I'll put down them words. You'll wait for the inspector before you get out of here."

"And the others," said Vincent, waking slowly out of that trance of horror; "where are those unhappy girls? they have nothing to do with it. One of them is my sister; let me see her. I have come after that—that accursed villain there. God forgive me; he has gone to his account—I have followed him to rescue my sister. Call the people of the house; they will know where she is. What do you mean by keeping your hand on me?"

"'Cause o' what you said. She's kep her word," said the policeman. "You just give an account of yourself afore you leave here. I don't know about no girls; there was one with him—light-haired, twenty year old or so, pretty looking, as is the one as has done the deed. Jim Daly's gone after her. He'll bring her back, I reckon, to-night, and then you'll see whether she's kep her word or not."

Vincent sat down mechanically, and gazed at the speaker with uncomprehending eyes. The fact that he himself was detained did not strike him at first, for Susan must be here; neither was his intelligence sufficiently disengaged to understand that his sister was accused. Close by him was a bell; he rung it violently, as the first means that occurred to him of throwing light on the matter. The sound brought up the terrified mistress of the house, attended half-way up the stair by a throng of curious women. The landlady was only too glad to be permitted to speak. She poured out upon him the tragic

history of the night and morning. As Vincent listened—often breaking in upon her at first with questions, but at length, as the horrible truth dawned upon him, suddenly regaining his self-command, and following the tale with breathless dismay and terror—the true state of the case became dreadfully apparent. Susan, and no other, appeared against that lurid firmament. It was she who, when the sharp report of the pistol startled the house, was met on the stair, ghastly and pallid, escaping from the scene of the murder. The people of the house were profuse in regrets that they had suffered her to escape; but “when she came she was that innocent and distressed-looking, sir,” said the apologetic landlady. “She kind o’ clung to me, sir, and said as they were a-going to be married; for I could tell as they weren’t married, and something was wrong. She kept close by the t’other miss, the poor soul did; and how he got her by herself I couldn’t tell nobody. I reckon he druv her to it with some bad usage or other; that’s all as I can tell. I think, for my part, as she snatched up the pistol to save herself. I don’t believe as it was wilful. My man says as it’s no worse nor manslaughter at the most, and that isn’t hanging,” cried the compassionate woman. Vincent started with the sudden force of passionate dismay and indignation as this horrible truth burst upon him. He thrust away the alarmed policeman, who was off his guard. “Where is *she*!” cried the young man. “*She*! Don’t you understand me? the woman who followed him, tracked him, vowed to kill him—have none of you seen her? Fools! do you think an innocent girl could do it? Where is that woman? Has she come into the house like a ghost without being seen? I tell you she vowed to kill him, and she has done it. Search the house; perhaps she is still here.”

“Lord bless us! the poor young gentleman’s gone out o’ his senses. There’s been nobody here but the young woman,” cried the landlady. “Not a soul, sir, you may take my word; it was nobody else as done it. O Lord! what’s the good of struggling? Let him go through all the house, if that’s what he wants, p’liceman. There aint nothing to conceal in my house. I feel for him, I do. He’s welcome to search all through, he is. There aint no woman a-hiding here.”

At this crisis, while Vincent, half-crazed with the intolerable horror of this new blow, struggled fiercely with the man who had mounted guard upon him, the inspector, a cool and wary Scotchman, made his appearance. The sight of a person endowed with some authority recalled the unhappy young man to himself. Before this new judge the whole case was stated, and Vincent eagerly described Mrs. Hilyard, whom in other circumstances he might have tried to screen and cover, but whom now he was feverishly anxious to have identified, as having been at least seen by somebody in the house. But his little audience looked at him with incredulous faces, the policeman suspicious, the woman compassionate, the inspector attentive and taking notes. Nobody had seen her; nothing had occurred to direct attention from Susan; no passing figure or suspicious footstep had complicated the direct unbroken evidence which seemed to connect the unhappy girl with this crime. The inspector, however, who was sufficiently experienced to know that the clearest apparent conclusion is not always the true one, yielded to Vincent’s entreaties so far as to have the house searched. No one, of course was to be found. Up-stairs, in one of the bedrooms, lay a flimsy piece of gauze, which excited Vincent almost beyond the possibility of self-control. It was *the blue veil*—fatal ensign of misery; he seized it in his hands, and would have torn it like a maniac. Then a wiser suggestion came to his disturbed mind. Where was the girl? She had disappeared stealthily and unseen. She had not gone with Susan, who had left the house alone, as all the people about could prove. Who had conveyed away this helpless, beautiful child, for whom the disguise of the veil was no longer needed? Even the inspector was roused by this thickening of the mystery. It began to appear probable that some other secret agent had been somehow involved. The suggestion, however, made the people of the house indignant. The landlady’s sympathy for Susan turned into hot resentment and indignation. She began to feel her own character involved in the proof of her statement, that nobody else had entered the house. Affairs were still in this state, when Vincent, having satisfactorily proved that he arrived only the night before, and

could not possibly have anything to do with the murder, was permitted to go away to hasten to his distressed mother at Carlingford. He went, tortured with the most horrible apprehensions as was natural, afraid to hope that Susan had gone to her mother, — fearing sudden death, madness, or suicide, for the unhappy girl thus suddenly reft out of the peacefulness of her youth into circumstances so desperate. When he entered Carlingford late at night, it was with insupportable pangs of suspense and alarm that he looked into the faces he met on the lighted streets. Were they looking at him with a consciousness of some horrible shadow which enveloped him? Tozer's shop was already shut — earlier than usual, surely; and two or three people stood talking at the open door, clearly visible against the gaslight, which still burned bright within, pointing, as Vincent thought, across the street. Farther up, opposite his own house — ah, there was no mistaking that little throng of excited spectators looking up at the lighted windows. The young man rushed upon them with an impulse of unreasoning rage. "What are you doing there?" he shouted hoarsely to the nearest group. The bystanders gave way before him, half alarmed, half ashamed, and slunk off into the shadows, only, as his eyes, sharpened with passion, could divine, to return again as soon as he was gone. The door opened at the sound of his voice. Several people were in the hall, all in an excited condition. Common life, with its quiet summonses and answers, was over. Wild confusion, agitation, breathless expectancy, surrounded him. His landlady came forward immediately to lament her own misfortune, and upbraid him with the wrong he had done her. "I took in the pastor for a lodger, because he was sure to be respectable and steady," cried the hysterical woman, "and this is what he has brought upon me!"

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Vincent, looking round him with wild fury; but he did not wait for an answer. He went up to his rooms to know the worst. As he rushed breathless up-stairs, loud outcries of delirium reached him. In his horror and anguish he could not recognize the voice — was it his mother who had given away under the terrible burden? He dashed open the

door of the sitting-room in which he had spent so many quiet hours. Neither mother nor sister were there; instead of them, a rough-featured man in a blue travelling-coat, and Tozer, flushed and argumentative, standing by the table. What the controversy was that was going on between them, the unhappy minister could not pause to think. He went up to the stranger, seized him violently, and ordered him out of the room. He did not understand the explanation that followed, nor Tozer's remonstrances. He forced the fellow to the door, only to be overpowered there by the intervention of the deacon, who grasped him firmly with arms less passionate but stronger than his own. "He has the law on his side," said Tozer; "it aint for nothing he's here: for the sake of them poor women, keep quiet, and try and come to yourself. I'm your friend, Mr. Vincent—I always was; I'm not one as will desert a man in trouble. Take time, sir, and consider, and come to yourself—there aint none but friends here."

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN Vincent came to himself, and began to see clearly as they were, without any mists of excitement to obscure them, the true horrors of his position, his mind, driven to its last stronghold, rallied convulsively to meet the worst. It was Susan who was raving close by. In his own chair sat the officer of justice, with a warrant in his hands for the arrest of the unhappy girl; and opposite to himself sat Tozer the representative of "the connection"—of Salem — of all that gave character and bread to the dissenting minister—fully aware of the horrible circumstances by which he was now surrounded. Vincent recovered himself slowly, and looked his dreadful position in the face; no concealment was possible now—no preserving of appearances, hard though the widow had fought for it. Already all Carlingford believed that the minister's sister was a murderess—already their innocent honorable name was held up to public odium. The young man raised himself up from the sofa on which he had thrown himself, and faced his position, collecting all his forces. He turned his eyes away from the stranger, and turned them upon Tozer. While all was wild, unnatural, and desperate—while he was among

people who knew nothing of him nor his antecedents, it was more bearable, but the eyes of the buttermilk bent upon him, brought other aggravations to the misery. All the proprieties of his past life—the honor of his profession, the spotless reputation of his youth—stared upon him in horrible contrast out of Tozer's dull gray eyes. Not his sister's danger or disgrace alone, but his own ruin—the loss of all his training, the shipwreck of his life, flashed upon the mind of the young minister. This had to be faced as well as the darker and more frightful wretchedness.

"If there's anything as can be done," said Tozer, "it's best not to lose no time in doing of it. I'd speak to Mr. Brown in the High Street, if I was you. She's young, and was aggravated awful—so the man tells me. She might be got off."

"I am not afraid for my sister—she has nothing to do with *that*," said Vincent, waving his hand towards the stranger. "She has suffered enough already—we have all suffered. But this is folly. It may kill her, but it can never stand examination. I have been on the spot, and know that."

"If you've been on the spot, maybe you can tell what the crowner's verdict was," said the policeman, with a sneer.

Vincent made no answer. He rose up and approached Tozer, whose friendly looks went to his heart. "Must I endure him here?" said the poor minister, "because of this horrible, false, accursed accusation, must I bear him here?"

"Mr. Vincent, sir, you mustn't swear. I'm as sorry for you as a man can be; but you're a minister, and you mustn't give way," said Tozer. "I've been a-trying of him if bail could be took, but they say bail can't be took in a case of murder, and—not meaning to say nothing to vex you—he tells me as the evidence is clear again her. Well, I wont say no more—to think as a young creature, and a minister's daughter, and a mother like what she's got, could go and do anything like that, it aint what a man can believe, Mr. Vincent, whatever anybody says; and your own father, if he was living couldn't be more sorry nor me. But my advice is, keep him here quiet, and don't let nothing get out no more nor can be helped; and if it aint true, it'll be found out and settled afore the young lady's able

to be moved. It's a dispensation o' Providence that she's took so bad now. Hear to her, poor soul!—but, Mr. Vincent," said Tozer, drawing him close, and confiding his doubt in a whisper, "what she says is best not to be listened to, if you'll take my advice. It aint to be built upon what a poor creature says in a fever, but them sort of words and screechings don't come out of nothing but a troubled mind. She might be under great temptation, and do it in a moment unawares. Well, I'll not say no more; but my advice is, as you keep the man quiet here, and don't say nothing about it as can be helped. If it could be kept private from the Salem folks," said Tozer, not without some anxiety in his face, "it would be for the best. Them women do make such a talk about everything. I wouldn't undertake to say but there might be some unpleasantness about it, Mr. Vincent," added the worthy deacon, looking up at him with troubled eyes, "though how anybody could go for to blame you. But there's pretty sure to be some unpleasantness, and the only way as I can see is just to put up with it, and stand your ground, and do your duty all the same. And I for one will stand by you, sir," said Tozer, rising to his feet with a little glow of conscious generosity and valor, and shaking the hand of the poor young minister with cordial kindness—"I'll stand by you, sir, for one, whatever happens; and we'll tide it out, Mr. Vincent, that's what we'll do, sir, if you can but hold on."

"Thank you," said poor Vincent, moved to the heart—"thank you. I dare not think how it is all to end, but thank you all the same; I shall not forget what you say."

"And tell your mother," continued Tozer, swelling to a little triumph in his own magnanimity—"tell your mother as I said so; tell her as I'll stand by you through thick and thin; and we'll pull through, we'll pull through!" said the buttermilk, slowly disappearing, with a face radiant with conscious bounty and patronage, through the open door.

Vincent had followed him with an instinct of civility and gratitude. Just as Tozer withdrew, a fresh burst of outcry came from the sick-room, ringing through the excited house. The deacon turned round half-way down the stair, held up his hands, listened,

and made a movement of wondering pity towards the closed door which hid Susan, but did not keep in her cries. The wretched minister drew back from that compassionate gesture as if some one had struck him a blow. He went back and threw himself down on the sofa, and covered his face with his hands. The pity and the patronage were the last drop of humiliation in his bitter cup. Hot tears came to his eyes; and there, beside him, was Susan's pursuer, watchful and silent, spying upon his misery. It seemed to him more than flesh and blood could bear.

Some time elapsed, however, before Vincent had the courage to meet his mother. When those dreadful outcries sank into exhaustion, and all for the moment was quiet in the sick-room, he sent to tell her he had arrived, and went to the dreadful door which she kept closed so jealously. He was afraid to meet her eye when she came to him, and noiselessly drew him within. Judging by himself, he had not ventured to think what his mother's horror and despair would be. But Mrs. Vincent put her arms round her son with an exclamation of thanksgiving. "O Arthur, thank God you are come! Now I shall be able to bear it," cried his mother. She cried a little upon his breast, and then wiped her eyes and looked up at him with quivering lips. "O Arthur, what my poor darling must have come through!" said Mrs. Vincent, with a wistful appeal to him in her tender eyes. She said nothing of the darker horror. It lay upon her soul a frightful, inarticulate shadow; but in the mean time she could only think of Susan and her fever—that fever which afforded a kind of comfort to the mother—a proof that her child had not lost her innocence lightly, but that the shock had been to Susan a horrible convulsion, shaking earth and heaven. The mother and son went together to the bedside to look at the unhappy cause of all their sorrows—she clinging with her tender hand to his arm, wistful now, and afraid in the depths of her heart lest Arthur, who was only a man, might be hard upon Susan in her terrible abasement. It was more than a year since Vincent had seen his sister. Was it Susan? The grandeur of the stricken form, the features sublimed and elevated, the majestic proportions into which this awful crisis of fate had devel-

oped the fair-haired girl of Lonsdale, struck her brother with unspeakable awe and pity. Pity and awe; but yet another feeling mingled in the wonder with which he gazed upon her. A thrill of terror came over him. That frightful, tropical blaze of passion, anguish, and woe which had produced this sudden development, had it developed no unknown qualities in Susan's heart? As she lay there in the majesty of unconsciousness, she resembled more a woman who could avenge herself, than a soft girl, the sudden victim of a bad man. Vincent turned away from the bed with an involuntary shudder. He would not, could not, look at her again: he left his mother to her unceasing vigil, and himself went to his own room, to try if rest were possible. Rest, with his sister accused of murder, a prisoner in the hands of justice—with that rude sentinel of the law watching lest his prisoner should escape him, making an impromptu couch of Vincent's sofa—with Susan herself so strangely changed, turned to another creature, suggesting to her brother's mind awful involuntary visions of passionate self-defence, self-horror, revenge, at the suggestion of which his very heart failed within him—but weariness is omnipotent with youth. He did sleep by snatches, in utter fatigue and exhaustion—slept long enough to secure for himself the unspeakable torture of waking to the renewed horror of a new day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

To find Susan's pursuer in the parlor when he entered it next morning—to see this man seated at breakfast, in horrible composure and cheerfulness, within hearing of his sister's ravings, was almost more than Vincent could bear. He had to subdue himself by every argument of necessity before he could bring his mind to tolerate the presence of the man who, after all, was compassionate enough, and as unobtrusive, as a man could be, whose presence alone was the most unbearable of all intrusions. The minister wasted no time in that desecrated room. When he had seen his mother, who whispered to him accounts of Susan's illness which his brain was too much excited to take in, he went away immediately to the railway, and hastened to town, where he went to consult a lawyer, and to secure the

attention of the detective police, in whose miracles of skill he had, like other inexperienced people, the most perfect confidence, to Mrs. Hilyard and his own suspicions. Vincent was not rich—all that he had in the world would scarcely be enough to retain a fit defender for his unhappy sister, if she had to undergo that frightful ordeal. Would it not be better if she died, and escaped that last crowning misery? He took up the papers as the thought entered his mind, while he was still waiting in the lawyer's office. There he found the whole terrible tale made into a romance of real life, with details which made him half mad. As he stood wiping the heavy dew from his forehead, almost frantic with rage and despair, the quick eye of his misery caught a couple of clerks in another corner of the office, over another newspaper, full of lively interest and excitement. It was Susan's story that interested them; the compiler of it had heightened with romantic details those hideous bare facts which had changed all his life, and made the entire world a chaos to Vincent; and all over the country, by this time, newspaper readers were waking up into excitement about this new case of love, revenge, and crime. The minister dashed the paper from his hands, and trod on it with an insane impulse; not enough to be rent asunder in heart and life—not enough to have every hope quenched out of his firmament, and every possibility of honor or happiness extinguished from his existence; but the whole public of England must be amused with his agonies, and find the excitement of a romance in the worse than ruin which was overwhelming his humble house. To go to the cool lawyer just then, to subdue the fever of powerless resentment against the world, and rebellion against his own fate, and to enter into all the particulars of his business with sufficient calmness to be understood, was a hard matter; but perhaps it was well for Vincent that he had to do it. To be obliged to talk of this frightful tragedy as a matter of business, was good for him; it brought him down to necessary fact, and calmed the passion which had almost overmastered his powers. When he had secured the service of the solicitor who would manage Susan's case, if it must come to that, and described Mrs. Hilyard, her appearance at the railway, the disap-

pearance of the girl of whom he knew her to be in search, and all the suspicious circumstances involved, to the keen detective, who was to set out upon the track instantly, the Nonconformist returned to Carlingford with a mind somewhat calmed out of its first horror. The story did not convulse the nerves of the calm lawyer with shivers of wonder or pain; he entered into it quietly, without any particular expression of feeling; the detective officer was not shocked; altogether, this episode calmed Vincent, and enabled him to regard the whole matter with less excited eyes. He went back again by the train, deeply depressed and anxious, but not so susceptible to every glance and word as he had been an hour or two before. He tried to take a certain gloomy satisfaction from the fact that now everything was known. Fear of discovery could no longer appall the stricken household; and to meet the horror in the face was less dreadful than to feel themselves skulking under a secret shadow which might at any moment be found out. He set his face sternly, and looked everybody full in the eyes who looked at him, as he once more alighted at the familiar station. He accepted the fact that people were talking of him, pitying him, contemplating him with wonder and fright, as somehow involved in an atmosphere of tragedy and crime. With this feeling he went slowly along George Street on his homeward way, with no susceptibility left in him, so far as he was aware, except as concerned this sudden calamity which had swallowed up his life.

When suddenly the sound of a carriage stopping came dully upon his ears; he would not have noted or heard it but for the sound that followed of some one calling his own name, and the soft rush of footsteps on the pavement; even then he did not turn round to see who called him. It was accordingly with a thrill of strange emotion—a strange, sudden, guilty suffusion of delight over all his tingling frame and aching heart, even in the midst of his suffering, that he felt the light touch of Lady Western's hand first laid on his arm, then softly stealing within it in the sudden sympathy which possessed her as she looked up into his colorless face. It was pity and natural kindness which prompted the young Dowager to this unwonted familiar touch. She was sorry for

him to the bottom of her heart—she would fain have made him amends somehow for the terrible evil which had come upon him. With the natural impulse of a woman to caress or soothe, or cheat a man anyhow out of that look of suffering which it is intolerable to her to see on his face, Lady Western acted instinctively, without thinking what she did. She slid her beautiful hand into his arm, clung to him, looked up with her lovely appealing face and eyes full of tears to the pale face of the minister, which that touch moved beyond all expression. If he did not stop and take her into his arms, and lean his great anguish upon her in a sweetness of relief unspeakable and measureless, it was only because ordinary rule and custom are stronger than even passion. He was as much deceived as if he had done it, the poor young deluded soul. Out of the thunder and storm, all at once, without prelude or warning, he thought it was the light of love that broke upon him all radiant and glorious. With that he could brave all, overcome all; for that he could be content to fathom any depths of wretchedness. So he thought as he looked down from those sudden heights of un hoped-for tremulous blessedness into that lovely face, and saw it trembling with divine compassion and tenderness. So he thought, the ice breaking, the depths stirring in his own soul. Hope, deliverance, happiness, a delight more exquisite still, that consolation of love which makes anguish itself sweet, breathed over the poor young Nonconformist as that hand slid within his arm. His very brain grew dizzy with the sweetness of relief, the sudden ease that possessed his soul.

“O Mr. Vincent, my heart is breaking; what shall we do—what shall we do?” cried Lady Western. “If it is true, I shall never dare speak to you again, and I feel for you to the bottom of my heart, O Mr. Vincent, you don’t think she did it? I am sure she did not do it—*your* sister! It was bad enough before,” cried the lovely creature, crying without restraint, but still holding his arm and gazing up into his face, “but now my heart is broken. Oh, will you tell me what I must do? I will not go to *him*, for he has been a bad man, and I dare not go to your dear mother as I should like to go; and I feel for you, oh, to the very bottom of my heart!”

“Then I can bear it,” said Vincent. Though he did not speak another word, the sound of his voice, the expression of his face, betrayed him. He put his hand involuntarily upon the little hand that rested on his arm. It was all so sudden that his self-command forsook him. A smile trembled upon his face as he looked down at her with all his heart in his eyes. “Then I can bear it,” said the poor young minister, overwhelmed and penetrated by that exquisite consolation. Lady Western gave a little start of alarm as she read the unmistakable meaning in his face. She withdrew her hand hastily with a flush of radiant color and downcast look of fright and shame. What had she done? Her confusion, her agitation, her sudden withdrawal did but increase the spell. To Vincent’s charmed soul it seemed that *she* had betrayed herself, and that womanly reserve alone drew her back. He attended her to her carriage with a tender devotion which could not express itself in words. When he had put her in, he lingered, gazing at the face, now so troubled and downcast, with a delicious feeling that he had a right to gaze at her. “You have made me strong to bear all things,” he said, in the low tone of passion and secret joy. In the depth of his delusion he saw no other meaning but sudden timidity and womanly reticence in her confused and alarmed looks. When the carriage drove off he stood looking after it with eyes full of dreamy light. Darkness surrounded him on every side, darkness more hideous than a nightmare. The poor young soul believed for that delicious moment that superlative and ineffable, like his misery, was to be his joy.

Harder thoughts regained the mastery when he got within his own house again. It was no longer the orderly, calm, well-regulated house which had taken in the minister of Salem by way of adding yet a finer touch to its own profound respectability. Susan’s unhappy presence pervaded the place. Boxes of other lodgers going away encumbered the hall, where the landlady hovered weeping, and admitted the pastor sullenly with an audible sob. Though he had now armor of light against all these petty assaults, Vincent was not strong enough, even in the fictitious strength given by Lady Western, to encounter once more in his sitting-room the odious presence of

that watcher who sat there intent upon his duty, near enough to hear any commotion that might arise in the sick-room. The man was seated by the window with a newspaper in his hand, a sight which roused Vincent into unreasonable exasperation. He went up to him with uncontrollable passion.

"Why must you stay here?" he cried. "You know, the doctor has assured you, that she cannot be removed. Do you think we could steal *her* away," said the excited young man, pointing to the room from which poor Susan's voice was now and then audible, "without all the world knowing? Stay outside, and I will give you anything in the world. Can't you understand that it is maddening to see you here? and that I daren't turn you out by force," said Vincent, involuntarily, with menacing looks, advancing upon the alarmed policeman, "for—for her sake——"

"You're as safe not to try that," cried the man. "I can soon get assistance wherever I am. I'm sorry for you, but it aint no use speaking. I must do my duty. If you apply to the magistrates, they wont do you no good. I've got to look after my prisoner. If I was you, I'd smuggle her away somehow, ravin' or not ravin'; and I wont trust no man's word where I wouldn't trust myself. Besides, I aint got no choice—it's my duty. No, sir, I can't go outside—I must stop here."

Vincent stood looking at his opponent for a moment with burning eyes. If he turned this man out of the house, pitched him out of the window, threw him down-stairs as impulse suggested, it could only give a momentary relief to his passion—it could do nothing but harm to Susan and Susan's cause. He restrained himself as best he could, half-conscious that it was the petulance of misery which moved him. He had already made up his mind to have patience until his solicitor had examined the whole matter, and used every means that were possible to relieve them of this odious watch; but patience was hard when he found himself in actual presence of the sentinel. As he paced about the room making vain efforts at self-restraint, the man, who had already showed many symptoms of good-nature, made an effort to console him.

"You see the good news, sir, I dare say,

in the paper?" he said tapping it with his hand.

"Good news! There is no good news possible to me," said Vincent. "It may be your duty to remain here; but to insult our misery will do no good even to you."

"I don't mean no offence," said the fellow, with good-tempered tolerance. "I mean somethin' as may be a comfort to you, be as high as you will. The gen'lman aint dead, that's all. I see it in the paper. It beat me how as I never heard the crowner's verdict, nor what she was brought in—wilful, or what else; but here it is clear enough. He aint dead—that's the news as I wanted you to know."

"Not dead!" Vincent put up his hands to his head to deaden out from his half-stupefied senses all the distracting sounds about, and to realize, if he could, what it was he had just heard. What was it? Susan in the next room, sometimes moaning, sometimes crying aloud, adjuring her mother to come, come! to save her—to take her home; sometimes sighing out heart-breaking entreaties, appeals, remonstrances, incoherent as the shattered mind that produced them? Not dead! who was not dead? his sister, poor wreck of youth and hope—oh, would to God she could but die! Not dead! He could not make it out—perhaps he too had seen it in the paper. As he tried to collect his thoughts and follow out the clue, everything seemed to return to him but this one thing, which was good news. Fordham—Mrs. Hilyard—the girl with the blue veil—with the thought of that blue veil, frightful emblem of all confusion and misery, his mind went off to the spot where he had last seen it lying on the sordid floor in the mean Dover inn: then sudden light broke upon him. Not dead! He began to recall the dreadful scene into which he had burst when he first entered that house. The figure on the bed, the shattered head, the spasmodic movement which he thought was in his own eyes. Not dead! It did not seem like good news to Vincent. "The cursed villain!" he said through his clenched teeth. The earth, then, was not rid of that pitiless wretch. He did not connect it anyhow with possible relief or deliverance for Susan. He received it as strange information, unexpected, and raising in his own bosom all

the resentment and rage which had been quenched by the supposed death. "He shall render me an account," said Vincent fiercely to himself. "Not dead! He shall answer for it to me. God help me, what am I saying?" When he looked up, he found the eyes of the officer fixed upon him, watchful and on the alert. These words, which he had uttered unawares, were already recorded in the ready memory which treasured up every jot of evidence. The young man looked at him with a certain helpless wonder, almost awe. He forgot to be angry. This perpetual watchfulness began to thrill him with a superstitious alarm.

"What is your name?" he asked in a low tone.

"James Daly, at your service—known by more nor one byname in our way of business. What they call a *nom-de-ger*," said the man, in a propitiatory tone. "Don't be afeard of me: what a gen'leman says in the fulness of his heart I don't take down again him—not unless he's the person accused," added Daly, with a penetrating significant glance. Vincent got up hastily, with a sensation of almost trembling. He emptied out of his purse with nervous fingers the two or three gold pieces remaining in it, and humbly slid them into the hard hand of his strange companion. "Thank you. I dare say they will soon send for you to go away," said Vincent. He hastened out of the room after he had done this. He went and shut himself up in his own sleeping-room, and tried to consider the matter. Then, as consideration was impossible, he went to Susan's room to see his mother, whom he had not seen since he returned; but Mrs. Vincent was deaf and insensible to everything but her child, whose need and danger were too urgent to permit more distinct spectres, however terrible, to be visible in her sick-chamber. Mary, already worn out with fatigue, had gone to bed with a headache, with the liveliest conviction in her mind that she had taken the fever too. The widow, who had lived for the past week as though she had no physical frame at all, sat sleepless, with hot eyes and pallid face, by her daughter's bed. She could still smile—smiles more heartbreaking than any outcry of anguish—and leaned her poor head upon her son, as he came near to her, with a tender pressure of her arms and

strain of absolute dependence which went to his heart. She could not speak, or say, as she had said so often, that her boy must take care of his sister—that Susan had no one else to stand by her. Leaning upon him in an unspeakable appeal of love and weakness, smiling on him with her wistful quivering lips, was all the poor mother could do now.

All; for in that room no one could speak. One voice filled its silence. The restless movement of the head on that pillow, turning from side to side in search of the rest which was nowhere to be found, stilled every other motion. Not even fever could flush the marble whiteness of her face. Awfully alone, in her mother's anxious presence, with her brother by her bedside, Susan went on unconscious through the wild distracted world of her own thoughts—through what had been her own thoughts before horror and anguish cast them all astray. Vincent stood aside in breathless attention like the rest, before he had been many minutes in the room. We say to each other how strange it is that no heart can ever fully communicate itself to another; but when that revelation does take place, awful is the spectacle. All unawares, in her dread abstraction, Susan opened up her heart.

"What does it matter what they will say?" said Susan; "I will never see them again. Unless—yes, put down her veil; she is pretty, very pretty; but what has Herbert to do with her? He said it was me he wanted; and why did he bring me away if he did not love me? Love me! and deceived me, and told me lies. O God, O God, is it not Carlingford? Where is it? I am taking God's name in vain. I was not thinking of him; I was thinking— His name is Fordham, Herbert Fordham,—do you hear? What do you mean by Mildmay? I know no Mildmay. Stop, and let me think. Herbert—Herbert! Oh, where are you—where are you? Do you think it never could be him, but only a lie? Well! if he did not love me, I could bear it; but why, why did he cheat me, and bring me away? The door is locked; they will not let me get out. Herbert! was there never, never any Herbert in the world? Oh, come back, even if you are only a dream! Locked! If they would only kill me! What do they mean to do with me? O

God, O God! but I must marry him if he says so. I must, *must* marry him, though he has told me lies. I must, whatever he does. Even if I could get through the window and escape; for they will call me wicked. Oh, mamma, mamma! and Arthur a minister, and to bring disgrace on *him*. But I am not disgraced. Oh, no, no; never, never!—I will die first—I will kill him first. Open the door; oh, open the door! Let me go!”

She struggled up in one of her wilder paroxysms. She had thrown herself half out of bed, rising up wildly, and tossing her arms into the air, before her startled brother could rush forward to control her. But as the voice of the unhappy girl rose into frenzy, some unseen attendants stole in and took her out of his unskilful hands. The sight was too painful for unaccustomed eyes—for eyes of love, which could scarcely bear, even for her own sake, to see such means of restraint employed upon Susan. Mrs. Vincent stood by, uttering unconscious cries, imploring the two strong women who held her daughter, oh, not to hurt her, not to grasp her so tightly; while Susan herself beat the air in vain, and entreated, with passionate outcries, to be set free—to be let go. When she was again subdued, and sank into the quiet of exhaustion, Vincent withdrew from this saddest scene of all, utterly depressed and broken-spirited. The wretch lived who had wrought this dread wreck and ruin. What did it matter? Within that room it gave no relief, eased no heart, to say that he was not dead. Forms more terrific still than those of law and public vengeance,—madness and death,—stood on either side of Susan's bed; till they had fought out the desperate quarrel, what matter to those most immediately concerned who kept watch close by, or whether a greater or a lesser penalty lowered over her head? The minister went back to his own retirement with an aching heart, utterly dejected and depressed. He threw himself into a chair to think it all over, as he said to himself; but as he sat there, hopeless and solitary, his mind strayed from Susan. Could any one blame him? Who does not know what it is to have one sweet spot of personal consolation to fly to in the midst of trouble? Vincent betook

himself there in the utter darkness of everything around. Once more he seemed to feel that sudden touch which took away half his burden. No words could have spoken to his heart like that fairy hand upon his arm. He brooded over it, not thinking, only living over again the moment which had made so great a difference in the world. He forgot Fordham; he forgot everything; he took neither reason nor likelihood with him in his self-delusion. A sudden rosy mist suffused once more the cruel earth upon which he was standing; whatever came, he had something of his own to fall back upon, an ineffable secret sweetness, which stanchd every wound before it was made. The young minister, out of the very depths of his calamity, escaped into this garden of delights; he put aside the intolerable misery of the house; he thrust away from him all the lesser troubles which bristled thick in front of him in the very name of Salem. He fled to that one spot of joy which he thought remained to him in the middle of the waste, doubly sweet and precious. It gave him strength to hold out through his trouble, without being overwhelmed. He escaped to that delicious resting-place almost against his will, not able to resist the charm of the indescribable solace he found there. He alone, of all concerned, had that footbreadth of personal happiness to take refuge in amid the bitter storm. He did not know it was all delusion, self-deception, a woful, miserable blunder. He hugged it to his heart in secret, and took a comfort not to be spoken from the thought. Vanity of vanities; but nothing else in the world could have stolen with such fairy balms of consolation and strength to the heart of the poor minister. It was not long till he was called to face his fate again, and all the heavy front of battle set in array against him; but it was with a feeling of sweet guilt that he started up in the winter twilight, and left his room to see Tozer, who waited for him below. That room henceforward was inhabited by the fairy vision. When he went back to it, Love, the consolatrix, met him again, stealing that visionary hand within his arm. Blank darkness dwelt all around; here, falsest, fairest mirage of imagination, palpitated one delicious gleam of light.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOMEHOW the heavy week stole round without any other fluctuations but those terrible ones of Susan's fever. Dreadful consolation and terrible doubt breathed forth in those heartrending revelations which her poor unconscious soul was continually pouring forth. The unhappy girl showed her heart all naked and undisguised to the watchers round her—a heart bewildered, alarmed, desperate, but not overwhelmed with guilty passion. Through the dreadful haze which enveloped her mind, flashes of indignation, bursts of hope, shone tragical and fierce; but she was not a disgraced creature who lay there, arguing pitifully with herself what she must do; not disgraced—but in an agony of self-preservation could she have snatched up the ready pistol—could it be true? When Vincent went into that room, it was always to withdraw with a shuddering dread. Had she escaped one horror to fall into another yet more horrible? That evidence of which, with Mrs. Hilyard's face before his eyes, he had been half contemptuous at first, returned upon him with ever-growing probability. Driven to bay, driven mad, reason and self-control scared by the horrible emergency, had the desperate creature resorted to the first wild expedient within her reach to save herself at last? With this hideous likelihood growing in his mind, Vincent had to face the Sunday, which came upon him like a new calamity. He would fain have withdrawn, and, regardless of anything else which might happen, have sent once more for Beecher. To confront the people of Salem, to look down upon those familiar rows of faces, all of them bearing a consciousness of the story in the newspapers, of the inmate who had possession of poor Vincent's sitting-room, of his landlady's despair, and the terrible misfortune which had befallen his family, seemed more than flesh and blood could bear. He was sitting alone in a little room down-stairs, in which he had found refuge from the dreadful society of James Daly, with a letter which he had commenced to write to Beecher before him, when Tozer, who was now his constant visitor, came in. There could be no doubt of the buttermilk's honest and genuine sympathy, but, unfortunately, there was just as little doubt that Tozer took a

pleasure in managing the minister's affairs at this crisis, and piloting him through the troubled waters. Tozer did all but neglect his business to meet the emergency: he carried matters with rather a high hand in the meetings of the managing committee; he took absolute control, or wished to do so, of Vincent's proceedings. "We'll tide it over, we'll tide it over," he said, rubbing his hands. To go in, in this state of mind, secure in his own resources and in the skill with which he could guide the wavering mind of Salem, fluctuating as it did between horror and sympathy, doubtful whether to take up the minister's cause with zeal, or to cast him off and disown him, and to find the minister himself giving in, deserting his post at the most critical moment, and making useless all that his patron was doing for him, was too much for the deacon's patience. He sat down in indignant surprise opposite Vincent, and struck his stick against the floor involuntarily, by way of emphasis to his words. "Mr. Vincent, sir, this aint the thing to do, I tell you it aint the thing to do. Salem has a right to expect different," cried Tozer, in the warmth of his disappointment; "a congregation as has never said a word, and office-bearers as have stuck to you and stood up for you whatever folks liked to say! I'm a man as will never desert my pastor in trouble; but I'd like to know what you call this Mr. Vincent, but a deserting of *me*. What's the good of fighting for the minister, if he gives in and sends for another man, and wont face nothing for himself? It's next Sunday as is all the battle. Get that over, and things will come straight. When they see you in the pulpit in your old way, and all things as they was, bless you, they'll get used to it, and wont mind the papers no more nor—I do. I tell you, sir, it's next Sunday as is the battle. I don't undertake to answer for the consequences, not if you gives in, and has Mr. Beecher down for next Sunday. It aint the thing to do, Mr. Vincent; Salem folks wont put up with that. Your good mother, poor thing would-n't say no different. If you mean to stay and keep things straight in Carlingford, you'll go into that pulpit, and look as if nothing had happened. It's next Sunday as is the battle."

"Look as if nothing had happened! and

why should I wish to stay in Carlingford, or—or anywhere?" cried Vincent, in a fantastic outbreak of dejection. But he threw down his pen, and closed his blotting-book over the half-written letter. He was too wretched to have much resolution one way or another. To argue the matter was worse than to suffer any consequences, however hard they might be.

"I don't deny it's natural as you should feel strange," admitted Tozer. "I do myself, as am only your friend, Mr. Vincent, when folks are a-talking in the shop, and going over one thing and another—what relation she is to the minister, and how she come to be left all alone, and how a minister's daughter ever come to know the likes of him——"

"For Heaven's sake, no more, no more!—you will drive me mad!" cried Vincent, springing to his feet. Tozer, thus suddenly interrupted, stared a little, and then changed the subject, though without quite finding out how it was that he had startled his sensitive companion into such sudden impatience. "When I was only telling him the common talk!" as he said to his wife in the privacy of their own parlor. In the meantime he had other subjects equally interesting.

"If you'll take my advice, you'll begin your coorse all the same," said Tozer; "it would have a good effect, that would. When folks are in a state of excitement, and a-looking for something, to come down upon them as before, and accordin' to intimation, would have a wonderful effect, Mr. Vincent. You take my word, it would be very telling—would that. Don't lose no time, but begin your coorse as was intimated. It's a providence, is the intimation. I wouldn't say nothing about what's happened—not plain out; but if you could bring in a kind of an inference like, nothing as had anything to do with your sister, but just as might be understood——"

The butterman sat quite calmly and at his ease, but really anxious and interested, making his sober suggestions. The unfortunate minister, unable otherwise to subdue his impatience and wretchedness, fell to walking up and down the room, as was natural. When he could bear it no longer, he came back to the table at which Tozer sat in all the pomp of advice and management. He

took his unfinished letter and tore it in little pieces, then stopped the calm flow of the deacon's counsel by a sudden, agitated outburst.

"I will preach," cried the young man, scattering the bits of paper out of his hand unawares. "Is not that enough? don't tell me what I am to do—the evil is sufficient without that. I tell you I will preach. I would rather cut off my right hand, if that would do as well. I am speaking like a child or a fool: who cares for my right hand, I wonder, or my life, or my senses? No more of this; I will preach—don't speak of it again. It will not matter a hundred years hence," muttered the minister, with that sudden adoption of the philosophy of recklessness which misery sometimes plays with. He threw himself into his chair again, and covered his face with his hands. He was thinking of Salem, and all those rows of gazing eyes. He could see them all in their pews; imagination, with a cruel freak like a mocking spirit, depicting all the finery of Mrs. Pigeon and Mrs. Brown upon that vivid canvas. The minister groaned at the thought of them; but to put it down on paper, and record the pang of exasperation and intolerable wretchedness which was thus connected with the fine winter bonnets of the poulterer's wife and the dairywoman would make a picture rather grotesque than terrible to unconcerned eyes. It was dreadful earnest to poor Vincent, thinking how he should stand before them on that inexorable Sunday, and preach "as if nothing had happened;" reading all the while, in case his own mind would let him forget them, the vulgarest horrors of all that had happened in all that crowd of eyes.

"And you'll find a great consolation, take my word, sir, in the thought that you're a-doing of your duty," said Tozer, shaking his head solemnly, as he rose to go away; "that's a wonderful consolation, Mr. Vincent, to all of us; and specially to a minister that knows he's a-serving his Master and saving souls."

Heaven help him! the words rang in his ears like mocking echoes long after the butterman had settled into his arm-chair, and confided to his wife and Phœbe that the pastor was a-coming to himself and taking to his duties, and that we'll tide it over yet. "Saving souls!" the words came back and

back to Vincent's bewildered mind. They formed a measure and cadence in their constant repetition, haunting him like some spiritual suggestion as he looked over, with senses confused and dizzy, his little stock of sermons to make preparation for the duty which he could not escape. At last he tossed them all away in a heap, seized his pen, and poured forth his heart. Saving souls! what did it mean? He was not writing a sermon. Out of the depths of his troubled heart poured all the chaos of thought and wonder, which leapt into fiery life under that quickening touch of personal misery and unrest. He forgot the bounds of orthodox speculation—all bounds save those of that drear mortal curtain of death, on the other side of which that great question is solved. He set forth the dark secrets of life with exaggerated touches of his own passion and anguish. He painted out of his own aching fancy a soul innocent, yet stained with the heaviest of mortal crimes: he turned his wild light aside and poured it upon another, foul to the core, yet unassailable by man. Saving souls!—which was the criminal? which was the innocent? A wild chaos of sin and sorrow, of dreadful human complications, misconceptions, of all incomprehensible, intolerable thoughts, surged round and round him as he wrote. Were the words folly that haunted him with such echoes? Could he, and such as he, unwitting of half the mysteries of life, do anything to that prodigious work? Could words help it?—vain syllables of exhortation or appeal? God knows. The end of it all was a confused recognition of the One half known, half identified, who, if any hope were to be had, held that hope in his hands. The preacher, who had but dim acquaintance with that name, paused in the half idiocy of his awakened genius, to wonder, like a child, if perhaps his simple mother knew a little more of that far-off wondrous figure—recognized it wildly by the confused lights as the only hope in earth or heaven—and so rose up, trembling with excitement and exhaustion, to find that he had spent the entire night in this sudden inspiration, and that the wintry dawn, cold and piercing to the heart, was stealing over the opposite roofs, and another day had begun.

That was the sermon which startled half the population of Carlingford on that won-

derful Sunday. Salem had never been so full before. Every individual of the chapel-folks was there who could by any means come out, and many other curious inhabitants full of natural wonder, to see how a man looked, and what he would preach about, whose sister was accused of murder. The wondering congregation thrilled like one soul under that touch of passion. Faces grew pale, long sobs of emotion burst here and there from the half-terrified, excited audience who seemed to see around them, instead of the every-day familiar world—a throng of those souls whom the preacher disrobed of everything but passion and consciousness and immortality. Just before the conclusion, when he came to a sudden pause all at once and made a movement forward, as if to lay hold of something he saw, the effect was almost greater than the deacons could approve of in chapel. One woman screamed aloud, another fainted, some people started to their feet—all waited with suspended breath for the next words, electrified by the real *life* which palpitated there before them, where life so seldom appears, in the decorous pulpit. When he went on again the people were almost too much excited to perceive the plain meaning of his words, if any plain meaning had ever been in that passionate outcry of a wounded and bewildered soul. When the services were over, many of them watched the precipitate rush which the young preacher made through the crowd into his vestry. He could not wait the dispersion of the flock, as was the usual custom. It was with a buzz of excitement that the congregation did disperse slowly, in groups, asking each other had such a sermon ever been preached before in Carlingford. Some shook their heads, audibly expressing their alarm lest Mr. Vincent should go too far, and unsettle his mind; some pitied and commented on his looks—women these. He sent them all away in a flutter of excitement, which obliterated all other objects of talk for the moment, even his sister, and left himself in a gloomy splendor of eloquence and uncertainty, the only object of possible comment until the fumes of his wild oration should have died away.

"I said we'd tide it over," said Tozer, in a triumphant whisper to his wife. "That's what he can do when he's well kep' up to it,

and put on his mettle. The man as says he ever heard anything as was finer, or had more mind in it," added the worthy buttermilk man to his fellow-deacons, "has had more opportunities nor me; and though I say it, I've heard the best preachers in our connection. That's philosophical, that is—there aint a man in the church as I ever heard of as could match that, and not a many as comes out o' 'Omerton. We're not a-going to quarrel with a pastor as can preach a sermon like that, not because he's had a misfortune in his family. Come into the vestry, Pigeon, and say a kind word—as you're sorry, and we'll stand by him. He wants to be kep' up, that's what he wants. Mind like that always does. It aint equal to doing for itself, like most. Come along with me, and say what's kind, and cheer him up, as has exerted hisself and done his best."

"It *was* rousing up," said Pigeon, with a little reluctance; "even the misses didn't go again that; but where he's weak is in the application, I don't mind just shaking hands——"

"If we was all to go, he might take it kind," suggested Brown, the dairyman, who had little to say, and not much confidence in his own opinion; and pride and kindness combined won the day. The deacons who were in attendance went in, in a body, to shake hands with the pastor, and express their sympathy, and congratulate him on his sermon, the latter particular being an established point of deacon's duty in every well-regulated and harmonious community. They went in rather pleased with themselves, and full of the gratification they were about to confer. But the open door of the vestry revealed an empty room, with the preacher's black gown lying tossed upon the floor, as if it had been thrown down recklessly in his sudden exit. The little congratulating procession came to a halt, and stared in each other's faces. Their futile good intentions flashed into exasperation. They had come to bestow their favor upon him, to make him happy, and behold he had fled in contemptuous haste, without waiting for their approval; even Tozer felt the shock of the failure. So far as the oligarchs of Salem were concerned, the sermon might never have been preached, and the pastor sunk deeper than ever into the bad opinion of Mr. Pigeon and Mr. Brown.

In the mean time Vincent had rushed from his pulpit, thrown on his coat, and rushed out again into the cold midday, tingling in

every limb with the desperate effort of self-restraint, which alone had enabled him to preserve the gravity of the pulpit, and conclude the services with due steadiness and propriety. When he made that sudden pause, it was not for naught. Effective though it was, it was no trick of oratory which caught the breath at his lips, and transfixed him for the moment. There, among the crowded pews of Salem, deep in the further end of the Chapel, half lost in the throng of listeners, suddenly, all at once, had flashed upon him a face—a face, unchanged from its old expression, intent as if no deluge had descended, no earthquake fallen; listening, as of old, with gleaming keen eyes and close-shut emphatic mouth. The whole building reeled in Vincent's eyes, as he caught sight of that thin head, dark and silent, gleaming out in all its expressive refinement and intelligence from the common faces round. How he kept still and went on was to himself a kind of miracle. Had she moved or left the place, he could not have restrained himself. But she did not move. He watched her, even while he prayed, with a profanity of which he was conscious to the heart. He watched her with her frightful composure finding the hymn, standing up with the rest to sing. When she disappeared, he rushed from the pulpit—rushed out—pursued her. She was not to be seen anywhere when he got outside, and the first stream of the throng of dispersing worshippers, which fortunately, however, included none of the leading people of Salem, beheld with amazed eyes the minister who darted through them, and took his hurried way to Back Grove Street. Could she have gone there? He debated the question vainly with himself as he hastened on the familiar road. The door was open as of old, the children playing upon the crowded pavement. He flew up the staircase, which creaked under his hasty foot, and knocked again at the well-known door, instinctively pausing before it, though he had meant to burst in and satisfy himself. Such a violence was unnecessary—as if the world had stood still, Mrs. Hilyard opened the door and stood before him, with her little kerchief on her head, her fingers still marked with blue. "Mr. Vincent," said this incomprehensible woman, admitting him without a moment's hesitation, pointing him to a chair as of old, and regarding him with the old steady look of half-amused observation, "you have never come to see me on a Sunday before. It is the best day for conversation for people who have work to do. Sit down, take breath; I have leisure, and there is time now for everything we can have to say."

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

My pipe is lit, my glass is mixed,
 My curtains drawn, and all is snug,
 Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
 And Tray is sitting on the rug.
 Last night I had a curious dream,
 Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,
 I could but woo, and she was won;
 Myself in blue, the bride in white,
 The ring was placed, the deed was done!
 Away we went in chaise-and-four,
 As fast as grinning boys could flog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving *tete-a-tetes* to come!
 What *tete-a-tetes* must still defer!
 When Susan came to live with me,
 Her mother came to live with her!
 With sister Belle she couldn't part,
 But all my ties had leave to jog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
 A monkey, too, what work he made!
 The sister introduced a beau—
 My Susan brought a favorite maid,
 She had a Tabby of her own—
 A snappish mongrel, christened Gog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit, the parrot screamed,
 All day the sister strummed and sung;
 The petted maid was such a scold!
 My Susan learned to use her tongue;
 Her mother had such wretched health,
 She sat and croaked like any frog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,
 I soon came down to simple "M!"
 The very servants crossed my wish,
 My Susan let me down to them.
 The poker hardly seemed my own,
 I might as well have been a log—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
 Such coats and hats she never met!
 My ways, they were the oddest ways?
 My friends were such a vulgar set!
 Poor Tompkinson was snubbed and huffed,
 She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
 Mamma must mingle in the song—
 The sister took a sister's part—
 The maid declared her master wrong—
 The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"
 My life was like a London fog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
 As proved by bills that had no end;
 I never had a decent coat—
 I never had a coin to spend!
 She forced me to resign my club,
 Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout,
 To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
 And when I tried to steal away,
 I found my study full of whist!
 Then first to come, and last to go,
 There always was a Captain Hogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
 For one who single is and snug—
 With Pussy in the elbow-chair,
 And Tray reposing on the rug?—
 If I must totter down the hill,
 'Tis safest done without a clog—
 What d'ye think of that, my cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my dog?

WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF LERICI.

SHE left me at the silent time
 When the moon had ceased to climb
 The azure path of heaven's steep,
 And, like an albatross asleep,
 Balanced on her wings of light,
 Hovered in the purple night,
 Ere she sought her ocean nest
 In the chambers of the West.
 She left me, and I stayed alone,
 Thinking over every tone,
 Which, though silent to the ear,
 The enchanted heart could hear,
 Like notes which die when born, but still
 Haunt the echoes of the hill,
 And feeling ever—oh, too much!—
 The soft vibration of her touch,
 As if her gentle hand even now
 Lightly trembled on my brow,
 And thus, although she absent were,
 Memory gave me all of her
 That even Fancy dares to claim.

SHELLEY.

From The Saturday Review.
ST. CLEMENT'S EVE.*

NEARLY thirty years have passed since Mr. Henry Taylor published a work which, in some respects, stands alone in modern English literature. Although the interest of the story is rather epic than dramatic, *Philip Van Artevelde* is the best historical play of the last two centuries, and the best historical romance since the days of Scott. The subject was selected with admirable judgment, and the story is told with a felicitous clearness which successfully conceals the skilful treatment of the narrative. Not one reader in a hundred is familiar with the Flemish history of the fourteenth century, and yet the drama from beginning to end requires neither commentary nor explanation. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the age which he reproduces, the dramatist nevertheless keeps himself wholly free from the affectation of mediæval simplicity. His characters, while they belong to their own time, are on the intellectual level of the present day, and, consequently, they act and speak like rational beings in the midst of feudal revolutions and wars. The difficulty and the merit of avoiding in historical fiction an intrusive display of the author's consciousness is best illustrated by the partial failure of many considerable writers. Fouqué's impressive romances are uniformly disfigured by an ostentatious earnestness on the part of the narrator, which provokes incredulity, like the fraud of a conjuror when he pretends to be a medium or a magician. In *Notre Dame de Paris*, Victor Hugo is above assuming the mask of a contemporary chronicler, but he falls into the opposite error of betraying his real character as a sombre moral satirist. Sir E. B. Lytton in his early English romance is too much of a professor or antiquarian. Mr. Taylor, in *Philip Van Artevelde*, keeps the machinery of composition out of sight with an instinctive taste which would not have been unworthy of Sir Walter Scott. The same excellence has been not less perfectly attained in Vitet's dramas on French history in the last days of the house of Valois; but the *Barricades* and the *States of Blois* are written in prose, while Mr. Taylor is not only a powerful writer of fiction, but an original poet of a

high order. The lasting popularity of *Philip Van Artevelde* is as much owing to its pure and vigorous style as to the fusion of historical interest and creative ingenuity in the construction of the plot.

During a long interval, mainly occupied by official labors, Mr. Taylor has produced two or three dramas which have not become generally popular. Although his composition is always manly, scholar-like, and thoughtful, his invention seems to require the stimulus of a history which is in itself picturesque and exciting. It was useless to seek inspiration in the hopelessly dull annals of England before the Conquest. Mr. Kemble's learned and unreadable work on Anglo-Saxon history, with its average of one proper name in fifty pages, represents the romantic capabilities of England in its embryo condition. Grave historians report that the national language and laws were formed by some mysterious process during the obscure period of indigenous dulness; but life and movement, as far as the careless and ordinary reader can discern, came in with the Normans, and experience at least teaches that Adelgithas, Ediths, and Ethelreds, are not attractive personages in fiction. On the whole, perhaps, French feuds, conspiracies, and murders are more exciting even than legitimate English history. Although Michelet asserts that in the mediæval drama, the gentle and pious kings of France played the part of "*Le Bon Dieu*" to the devil as performed by their fierce Norman and Plantagenet neighbors, the Valois Princes at least were not remarkably distinguished by that Christian simplicity which may have adorned the gentle Philip Augustus, and the unambitious Philip the Fair. In *St. Clement's Eve*, Mr. Taylor has sagaciously discerned the dramatic elements of one of the darkest periods in the history of the ill-omened dynasty. Charles VI., the gay and careless boy-king of *Philip Van Artevelde*, has become in the present story an object of pity and reverence to his countrymen, under the infliction of insanity, with lucid intervals which alone relieve by glimpses of hope the public anarchy and misery. It was on St. Clement's Eve that his brother, Louis, Duke of Orleans, was murdered by John the Fearless, of Burgundy. The subsequent assassination of the criminal in the presence of the dauphin at the Bridge of Montereau, was a principal

* *St. Clement's Eve*. A Play. By Henry Taylor. Chapman and Hall.

cause of the English conquest of France by Henry V., and of the long foreign and civil war which reduced the country to the lowest pitch of wretchedness. The commencement of the cycle of crime and misfortune has furnished Mr. Taylor with the subject of a play which deserves to be placed on a level with *Philip Van Artevelde*. His long interruption of poetical activity has in no degree weakened his powers of dramatic construction, and mature experience seems even to have enlarged his command of language, and to have refined still further a style which was always idiomatic, simple, and masculine.

Although it is, perhaps, more difficult to adapt history to the purposes of fiction than to invent a story, the advantage of a subject not altogether imaginary is as great as that which a landscape gardener derives from natural wood and from an undulating surface. Elaborate plantations, and little hills excavated from artificial lakes produce a comparatively imperfect illusion. The motives and incidents which suit the scheme of the poet are more readily taken for granted when it is undeniable that the hero and the assassin at some time existed, and that the murder was actually committed. The manager who formerly advertised the "real water" with which his nautical effects were produced, understood the natural sources of human interest. If he could further have alleged that his lake or his cataract connected itself with the current of the Thames, he would have made the spectacle still more attractive. A portion of history, even when it has been taken to pieces and re-adjusted into a tragedy or a novel, stands out in stronger relief than any fanciful composition. Nothing can seem more unaccountably capricious than the alteration and inversion of events in *Quentin Durward*, and yet Scott has reproduced, with curious fidelity, the very spirit of Philip of Comines. His personages and their adventures might perhaps command attention if they had been fabulous princes and knights of Arcadia; but Louis XI., in the castle of Charles the Bold not only rouses the imagination, but renders a portion of history intelligible, however little the dates and circumstances may coincide with the researches of the conscientious antiquary. Poets are better portrait-painters than mere annalists, although some great

historians have displayed a high order of creative genius. Fiction also gives opportunities, by the aid of episodes and underplots, for illustrating characteristic peculiarities which find no place in a sustained narrative of great events.

St. Clement's Eve is more dramatic in its form than *Philip Van Artevelde*, and it even approaches to an observance of the unities of place and time. The story occupies only two or three days, and it is entirely transacted inside the walls of Paris. Even the murder, which is the catastrophe of the plot, is accounted for by relations and events which begin and end within the compass of the drama. At the outset, Burgundy is supposed not to have formed any design on the life of Orleans, although the feud of the rival princes has, during the king's illness, reduced France to the lowest state of misery. The anarchy of the kingdom is described with extraordinary force and eloquence by a religious enthusiast, Robert the Hermit, in an address to the Council, where Charles himself is presiding during a lucid interval. The chivalrous Duke of Orleans, moved by the hermit's appeal, proposes a reconciliation, and the Duke of Burgundy accepts the offer. In the mean time, the mob, at the instigation of two rascally monks, is proceeding to burn Passac, the king's barber, on the charge of having caused his master's derangement by his sorceries. The rescue of the victim by the Duke of Orleans prepares the way for a subsequent plot of the villainous Bastard of Montargis, who is preparing, with the aid of the monks, to carry off the novice, Iolande de Saint Remy, from the convent of the Celestines. In defeating the attempt of Montargis, Orleans incurs his enmity, and at the same time, in violation of his duty to his wife, he falls in love with Iolande, who returns his affection until she discovers his name and rank. Subdued by her purity and by the devotional excitement of her language, the duke withdraws his suit, and only entreats her to cure his brother by the application of a relic which required the ministry of a sinless maiden. Montargis, after his discomfiture, prepares an ambush of armed men to murder his enemy, and he also suborns the monks to accuse Orleans of sorcery, threatening them with the duke's vengeance, which they might be supposed to have incurred in the matter of

the rescued barber. The monks, on preferring the charge before the king and council, are summarily gagged and hanged; but Montargis persuades Burgundy that Orleans will hold his ancient rival responsible for a calumny which he had in fact never devised. With more successful cunning the villain of the story leads his patron to believe that the Duke of Orleans has intrigued with the Duchess of Burgundy, and on this provocation the long-prepared murder of St. Clement's Eve is sanctioned, and afterwards carried out by Montargis and his accomplices. In a striking and beautiful scene Iolande attempts to complete the cure of the king, but the immediate recurrence of his malady brings her within the purview of a decree of the council, by which Burgundy had provided that any unsuccessful experiment on the king's health should be punished by death at the stake. Attributing her failure to the guilt of her transient feeling towards the Duke of Orleans, Iolande is disposed to recognize the justice of a sentence which the mob of Paris seems likely to anticipate. Orleans, on his way to defend her at the council, is murdered by Montargis in the old Street of the Temple. The Duke of Burgundy, in accordance with the true history of the time, avows his guilt at the council board, and then rides in defiant security out of Paris. Montargis is slain by a private enemy, and Iolande by a chance arrow from the crowd, and Robert the Hermit winds up the cycle of horrors in a speech of prophetic gloom, after the manner of the chorus of an old Athenian tragedy.

It would be unfair to delineate the mere skeleton of a story which is filled up with extraordinary art, except for the purpose of showing how skilfully every incident is subordinated to the general design of the play. The historical groundwork is laid out at the commencement with masterly brevity, and with striking effect, and the subsidiary events are at once appropriate to the time, and indispensable to the full development of the plot. It may be doubted whether, in the absence of any marked and pre-eminent character, the drama would be adapted for the modern theatre. Mr. Macready, as Philip Van Artevelde, by his constant presence on the stage, gave a certain harmony to a composition which was undeniably wanting in dramatic union of construction. A

leading actor would scarcely be satisfied with the courtly grace of Orleans or with the poetical eloquence of his speeches. Iolande, with her Madonna-like enthusiasm and sadness, might have found an admirable representative if she had come into existence before Miss Helen Faucit retired from the stage. Whatever may in this respect be the destiny of his work, Mr. Henry Taylor has surpassed all contemporary rivals as a true dramatic poet. With a genius of equally high order, and notwithstanding an extraordinary power of representing various personalities, Mr. Browning, despite his remarkable faculty of creating distinct character, has always hitherto indulged himself in obscurities which mar the perfection of his art. From the beginning of *St. Clement's Eve* to the end there is not a single puzzle, and there is also not a single interruption of the absorbing interest of the story.

If the drama had been less remarkable in its construction, it would well deserve popularity as a poem. Mr. Taylor's command over language and metre is always completer in dialogue than either in descriptive and reflective poetry, or even in speeches which are in the nature of soliloquies. His poetical rhetoric, with its picturesque plainness, and its preference of the shortest words and the simplest phrases, is the very opposite of the stilted style of composition which may be called rhetorical poetry or verse. His interlocutors speak persuasively, eloquently, or simply, as the occasion requires. In all cases, they attain the object of their discourse by speaking intelligibly. The speech of Robert the Hermit is in itself a singularly poetical passage, but the images and language are primarily adapted to rouse the attention of the delinquent princes, and not to excite the admiration of the modern reader. In a vision at sea, the hermit saw the body of a woman lying on the waters, representing France in the contending clutches of Orleans and Burgundy:—

“Thereupon were perched
Two birds, a falcon and a kite, whose heads
Bore each a crown, and each [both ?] had bloody
beaks,
And blood was on the claws of each, which
clasped
This the right breast, and that the left, and each
Fought with the other, nor for that they ceased
To tear the body. Then there came a cry
Piercing the storm—‘Woe, woe for France;
woe, woe,

Thy mother, France, how excellently fair,
And in how foul a clutch.' Then silence, then
'Robert of Menuot, thou shalt surely live,
For God hath work to give thee. Be of good
cheer;

Nail thou two planks in figure of a cross,
And lash thee to that cross, and leap, and live!
Thou shalt be cast upon the coast of France,
Then take thy way to Paris; on the road
See, hear, and when thou com'st to Paris, speak.'
'To whom?' quoth I. Was answer made,
'The King.'

I questioned, 'What?' 'That thou shalt see,
declare,
And what God puts it in thy head to speak,
That on the peril of thy soul deliver.'"

His story of the horrors which he saw as
he travelled to Paris in obedience to the
command, is told with singular art and
beauty of language. The falcon and kite
have become a pine and an ash when in the
climax of desolation a thunder-storm comes
on:—

"Thunder shook the wood,
And lightning smote and splintered two tall
trees

That towered above the rest. The one a pine,
An ash the other. Then I knew the doom
Of those accursed men who sport with war,
And tear the body of their mother France.
Trembling, though guiltless, did I hear that
doom.

Trembling, though guiltless, I. For then I
quaked

Of whom it spake. O Princes, tremble ye,
For ye are they! O hearken to that voice,
O cruel, cruel, cruel Princes, hear!
For ye are they that tear your mother's flesh;
Oh, flee the wrath to come! Depart and live!
Else know your doom which God declares
through me.

Perdition and the pit hereafter; here
Short life and shameful death." [Exit.

The rapidity of association which properly
accompanies imaginative excitement is hap-
pily exemplified in the transition from the
narrative to the concluding appeal. The
hermit trembled when he saw a pine and an
ash struck by lightning, "for ye are they;"
and yet the thunder-stricken trees are not
the symbols which he recalls, as he uncon-
sciously recurs to the earlier vision of the
falcon and the kite: "For ye are they that

tear your mother's flesh!" and both images
are finally dismissed for the direct and literal
exhortation—"Oh, flee the wrath to come.
Repent and live!" No modern poet has
more successfully idealized that kind of ora-
tory which can properly be represented in
verse.

The effective simplicity of Mr. Taylor's
language may furnish a useful lesson to stu-
dents, and to maturer critics. In thirty-five
lines, quoted above, if the compound ad-
verbs "hereafter" and "thereupon", are
omitted, there are only four words of more
than two syllables, and the monosyllables
exceed the dissyllables in the proportion of
seven or eight to one. The most familiar
and elementary forms of the English lan-
guage are best suited to the expression of
earnest feeling, especially in a popular ad-
dress. In calmer passages, Mr. Taylor uses
simple polysyllables less sparingly; but he
never admits a merely bookish word, and
there are, perhaps, not a dozen abstract
terms to be found in the entire drama. The
accumulation of sesquipedalian circumlocu-
tions in fiction, in rhetoric, and in verse, is
characteristic of Americans, of Scotchmen
who pride themselves on cultivating provin-
cial pedantry, and more especially of half-
educated literary Londoners. In argumen-
tative treatises long words of foreign extrac-
tion sometimes furnish the most condensed
expression of complex notions or generaliza-
tions. Abstract reasoning requires corre-
sponding phrases, while untaught nature
and consummate refinement concur in using
the plainest forms of speech in giving vent
to excitement and to passion. The language
of Robert the Hermit, and of Iolande, is as
free from affectation of simplicity as from
vulgar and tawdry amplification. Many
portions of the *Eve of St. Clement* might be
selected as specimens of poetic feeling and
expression, and yet their highest value con-
sists in the dramatic fitness which is dis-
turbed when any passage is displaced from
its natural position. Among living English
poets Mr. Taylor stands alone in the power
of constructing a story.

From London Society.

A LADY'S DRESS.

PART II.

It is not ten years ago since the Englishwoman was laughed at in Paris for the fulness of her gown. Whilst the fair Parisian would cleverly gather up her plain and simple walking dress in one hand, and traverse the muddy streets and roads without a spot upon her white petticoat, or well-made boot, our countrywoman could only manage her more ample robes with both hands, holding them up in so strange and awkward a manner, as it appeared to the French, that the *gamins*, as they passed, would not unfrequently inquire whether "Madame was going to dance?" Nevertheless, in spite of ridicule and fashion, the Englishwoman held to her full skirt. She could meekly resign her head to the French coiffeur, could view her last new bonnet with abhorrence, beside the light and becoming French structure, but the extra breadth of her dress she could not and would not give up; and as determination generally gains the day, she carried her point. Before long the Frenchwoman began to question whether, when beside her fair rival, she had not the air of having been dragged through a pond. The idea once admitted, she ceased to talk of the bad taste of the English in persisting in such "fulness and flounces;" and although the dressmakers still maintained that a circumference of four yards was the extent that could be permitted to a skirt, certain contrivances were made to give massiveness to the folds of the rich silk, and to prevent any lighter material from clinging to the figure, until the Frenchwoman from starch progressed to crinoline, from crinoline to hoops of as "monstrous size" as those of "Madame Blaize," and which promise at present, in spite of much outcry against them, to maintain their place in ladies' favor. We confess to a predilection for a *small* hoop; it sets off the dress, gives dignity to the person, and keeps the long and heavy petticoats from clinging inconveniently about the feet; but then, it should be small, so as to admit of plenty of drapery over it, and preserve an effect of softness; it should, too, be very pliable and elastic, so as to take any shape and yet return to its own; and, more than that, it should be so disposed as to avoid the swinging from side to side that we so constantly

observe. The hoops worn at the present moment, are most ungraceful, frightful, and inconvenient. No modern dinner-table is now large enough. Some ladies seem clothed in cast iron, so unyielding are their robes. A man is never now able to get his legs under the table, for an impenetrable barrier, draped in silk or satin, stops the way. Let us hope good taste will modify the present fashion in this respect, without running into the opposite extreme, that our grandmothers remember fifty or sixty years ago. We do not think this very likely, for when Louis Napoleon first assumed the imperial dignity, a feeble attempt was made by the French milliners and those mysterious individuals who, in their little dark rooms, in some quiet court, do so much damage to Paterfamilias' purse, by every year devising a new cut for a sleeve, or a fresh design for a mantle—a feeble attempt was made by these inventive powers, to flatter him by returning to the costume of the first imperial era: waists (to speak technically) were made shorter, and classic draperies, called *à l'Impératrice*, were for a time adopted, but the skirt of many folds remained. In the nineteenth century, modesty refused to adopt a costume which, if it covered, did not clothe the frame. The scanty, gauzy textures closely fitting to the shape, in which the Empress Josephine, Madame Récamier, and others are handed down to us in their pictures, might suit the perfect form of a Princess Pauline, who, according to Madame Junot, had but one personal defect, a strangely ill-shaped ear—or the well-rounded proportions of Caroline of Naples, who, like many of her family, inclined to embonpoint, but they were fatal to a thin woman, and were at once rejected by the slight and graceful Eugénie, who comprehended the dignity of a full and flowing robe, and its use also, in a levelling age, as a class distinction between people of condition and the working population, whose vocations forbid so expensive and inconvenient a style of dress.

The greatest class distinction in this country is bad taste; every one aspires to be in the fashion, to dress like their neighbor; and everything that is objectionable or exaggerated is at once adopted by those deficient in refinement, uneducated in taste. Thus, when we see before us a figure like a

diving-bell, wearing a sort of long coat, narrow at the shoulders, and descending in a hard, ugly line over the immense hoop, a small hat perched on the top of the head, with a little black veil over the face, and the hair in a net spotted with gold, we are perfectly certain, ere we behold the face of the wearer, that it has the word "vulgar" written on it. We care not what the rank of the individual be, and we had better explain at once, that we take vulgarity to mean nothing more nor less than pretension; a plowboy, a laborer's wife, are not vulgar unless the one apes the fine lady and the other the squire.

In no country in Europe is there so much of this vulgarity in dress as in England. The hideous imitations of expensive materials manufactured here would find no market in France. The Frenchwoman's instinctive good taste recoils from the frightful combinations of color, or the wretched attempts to simulate rich materials which find favor with us.

A lady once accompanied her French maid, who could speak no English, to a well-known shop in London for the purchase of a dress. The price intended to be given was named, and dress after dress was brought forward. "It is impossible, madame," exclaimed the maid, "that I could wear any of these." Finally, finding her purse did not admit of her procuring what she considered, in good taste, suitable to a lady's-maid's position, she purchased a black dress, as the only unobjectionable color her means allowed of. The same scene was repeated when selecting a shawl, and finally a Scotch tweed, in the natural color of the wool, was chosen. At present our manufacturers keep their best patterns for the best materials; but we hope, now that schools of design have been established everywhere, this practice will cease to be necessary—that when patterns and arrangements of color are more studied, we shall have so large a choice of good designs that all classes may obtain them, and the taste of the public be thus insensibly improved.

We can give no stronger illustration of the good pattern, carrying value with it, independent of its material, than by comparing English and French imitation jewelry. The French may be, and is, worn by the

lady of any rank, whilst the English mock rubies and emeralds, in gorgeous gilt settings, are only fit for fairs and toyshops, where alone they are salable.

If pretension of any kind in dress is vulgar and in bad taste, affectation of singularity is equally so. It presupposes, either fancied superiority on the part of the wearer to the views of the majority, or an absurd desire to excite notice. It would seem to say, "Look at me! I am a character," or, "I am superior to the weaknesses and prejudices of the age." The most objectionable of this most impertinent class are those who assume a manly style of costume: happily they are few in number. We have no objection to a strong-minded woman in her proper place, unless she becomes strong-minded in her dress also, when the sooner an extinguisher is put on her the better. The elderly may, however, be allowed some peculiarity in dress, and they often adopt a style which is more becoming and suitable to them than the prevailing fashion would be.

Many people are dowdy and ill dressed, because they are really too indifferent, too idle, or too careless to attend to themselves, but there are others who are dowdy upon principle. According to their religious notions, to look pleasing is wrong, to be well dressed is wicked. They take no thought of the millions to whom the superfluities of dress are bread. Whilst advocating loudly the necessity of providing women with employment, they would in practice deprive thousands of the honest means of subsistence. They wish you to understand by their appearance, that *their* vocation is goodness; the aim and object of *their* dress is to show the world that *they* have chosen "the better part;" and with a view, perhaps, of keeping their numbers select, they contrive to make propriety so unattractive, that the young, and those who are sensitive to external impressions, are at constant war with what natural instinct leads them to admire, and what these individuals practically assert is only associated with sin and worldliness. Ever since St. Anthony threw so much discredit on woman's beauty, by representing it as a snare, the aim of education seems to have been, to keep beauty at a discount, instead of teaching that it is a gift, a talent given to some, as rank or fortune is to

others; an instrument for good, quite as much as for evil, to be accounted for in its occupation like any other talent.

Surely, too, if the "mind's expression" may be read in the face, we are at liberty to suppose that a lovely smile may bespeak a gracious mind; a refinement of manner, a purity of character; and signs of good taste, a cultivated intellect.

"But what has woman's beauty," exclaims our reader, "to do with the art of dress?"

Simply this, that if woman is Nature's masterpiece, and the poet says—

"Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, oh!"

she is worthy to be treated and studied like any other masterpiece, framed in the best frame, and shown in as good a light as the man of taste selects for his treasures of art, his pictures, his bronzes. Influenced as we all are by the external, who can say how much happiness may be insensibly added to man's daily life, by his finding his home treasures the most attractive objects upon which to rest his eyes? or who can say how much inward irritation is experienced by those, who, loving harmony in form and color, see the beings dearest to him constantly outraging its laws. Every action of our daily lives may as well be done in a manner agreeable to others as not; and the art of dress, as one part of the art of giving pleasure, is worth the while of every Christian woman to study.

To return to present fashions. Although confessing to a predilection for a small hoop in full dress, we have found the present large hoops inconvenient at the dinner-table, and undesirable in the streets; but, there is one place more, where they are positively objectionable; namely, in the ball-room. In the ball-room! exclaims our reader, why our grandmothers danced in hoops and trains too. Very true! but the dance was a stately minuet, or a sober country dance, not the giddy waltz, or swift polka, where, the couples whirling round, out flies the hoop, knocking this person and twisting round the other; so that a lady who witnessed a scene of this kind at a ball last year, described her sensations as being much the same as those of her little girl, who, on being taken to the opera, and seeing a ballet for the first time, was enchanted, until the

first dancer executed a series of pirouettes, when she shrank back astonished, disconcerted, and unable to control her feelings any longer, she exclaimed, "O mamma; I feel so ashamed!"

The mode of dressing the hair of the last few years is perhaps as becoming and natural, as dressing of hair, an artificial process after all, can be. The "flowing lock" and "sunny curl" that poets and painters delight in, are not convenient for the practical ends of daily life, and, therefore, unsuited to any age but that of innocent, careless childhood. A profusion of rich, dark hair is shown to as much advantage, and is more becoming to the owner, when disposed in braids, or massive plaits, than it would be floating over the shoulders. We should miss in it the sunny glow, that makes the long hair of children so lovely, seldom if ever seen after the earliest years; and the impression conveyed, would be of neglect or carelessness, inconsistent with the character of a true gentlewoman.

We like, therefore, the present fashion of wearing Nature's ornament, whether gathered together in a knot behind and rolled forward on the cheek of those from whom Time has stolen the line of beauty, or throwing a soft shadow on that of the young girl; or when falling in long loops and rolled back from some fair, candid brow. This latter style belongs essentially to the young and happy.

We remember well the first time we saw this re-introduction, or modification of a fashion painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which succeeded to the period of powder. We were threading our way through the crowded rooms of the Emperor Napoleon's second ball in 1853, trying to find a pretty face that did *not* belong to an English-woman, when we observed one, whose whole appearance, whilst it was peculiar and different from that of any one else, was at once so harmonious and graceful, that criticism was disarmed, and no one thought of looking at the details of a dress which, in this case was accessory to, not the cause of the general effect.

"She is English also," we at first exclaimed, "from her fair skin and hair, her fresh color, and her deep blue eyes." Yet there was something not English in her style and manner. Was she Russian? German?

Swedish? To which of the fair-haired races could she belong? Her smooth, glossy hair, instead of being frizzed into large puffs at the side—the prevailing mode then, which we have since happily discarded—was turned or rolled back from the broad, clear brow, and fell low upon the neck behind; a few diamond stars glittered in it, and were her sole ornament.

The next day all Paris was talking of the emperor's *Spanish* bride, and in the description of Mademoiselle de Montijo we recognized our unknown beauty. The offer had been made that night and we were not surprised.

This mode of dressing the hair which she was the first to adopt, in defiance of Lord Chesterfield's advice "not to dress in advance of the fashion," has been named after her, à l'Impératrice, and is very becoming to a well-rounded, youthful face, to blondes especially, and those whose features are small and piquant: but as English features are more generally long and large, it is not to be recommended for general adoption; and although becoming to the full face it rather spoils the appearance of a classical or well-shaped head. The latest French fashion, however, of dressing the hair very high and forward on the forehead, can be still less recommended; and we hope our countrywomen will not be persuaded to frizz their soft and glossy braids into the untidy puffs or bands now worn in Paris.

The powdered and cushioned head of our grandmother's day was a style becoming to those whose attractions were of the showy kind. Powder has the effect of refining features that verge on coarseness: the skin looks clearer, the color fresher, in contrast with the white. But to beauty of a soft and delicate character it is unfavorable. The "sweet pale face" is made so pale by the dead white near it, as to need a touch of rouge to redeem it from an appearance of ghastliness. The rouge gives a light and brilliancy to the eye which, when at variance with the natural expression and not in keeping with the rest of the features, destroys nature's harmony, and gives a false balance to the tones of her coloring. Women are wise, therefore, in the present day to eschew all powder, whether white, brown, or gold color, and to be satisfied with their natural perfections or imperfections, whichever, they

may be; or at least only to employ the legitimate means they possess of brightening the one, or improving the other, and this is; after all, the secret of dressing well.

But it is chiefly in the choice and arrangement of color that a woman's taste in dress is displayed. In the make or fashion of her garments she must, to a certain extent, be led by others, and the material is generally decided for her also by the nature of her means; but for the patterns and colors she may be considered wholly responsible. The first point, therefore, that she has to consider is, which are the colors she must avoid, and which are those that will harmonize with her complexion or hair; in other words, she must study "the becoming." It is impossible to offer any theory or lay down any rules for direction in this important point; the eye is the only guide. It ought to be a good one, and yet how wonderfully few women arrive at the agreeable result produced by a harmonious combination of color. Beyond the general principle that blue suits fair people, and red, brunettes, they seem to know little or nothing on the subject; and although, as we have said before, no rules can be laid down, still we think a little knowledge as to what colors agree, or contrast harmoniously, would be of immense use to a lady when choosing her dress, her flowers, etc., and save her the mortification often experienced of finding that the beautiful silk or "bewitching bonnet" she has purchased, are charming *anywhere* but on their wearer; to say nothing of the time and patience saved in shopping, if she knew at once what to reject or what to select.

The blonde has much less difficulty in ascertaining what becomes her than the brunette; almost all colors, provided she keep to the lighter shades of some, so as to preserve the balance of tone in her own and the artificial color, may be worn by her. The neutrals, the irregular colors, many of which her dark-haired sister cannot wear, harmonize or contrast agreeably with her own delicate tints. In every shade of blue she is charming; black makes her look fairer, and white does not eclipse her.

The brunette (to apply the term, inapt as it is, to all who have dark hair and eyes) has greater trouble in the choice of her colors. There are dark brunettes and fair brunettes, brunettes with color and pale brunettes.

The pale yet clear dark skin is often coup-

led with velvety eyes of soft hazel, and brown hair, which redeem the face from hardness, whilst to the pale, fair skin, Nature gives the raven hair and dark eyes, which harmonize so well with red cerise and most warm colors, except pink and some hues of the same intensity. Mauve, and blue of the turquoise hue should not be worn by them, as these have a tendency to make pale people look sallow, from contrast to the yellow tones of the complexion; and yet how many women consented to look still more sallow than they naturally were, simply because the former color was the fashion!

Pink, and the crimson shades of red are more becoming than scarlet and yellow reds to the brunette with color, and the turquoise blue is as becoming to her also, as to the blonde.

Whilst Nature contrasts a fair skin with raven hair and dark eyes, she not unfrequently adds a gray or deep blue eye to her richer warmer coloring: and taking her as a guide, the brunette of this class will find a cold, bright color harmonize charmingly with her own rich tones. The cold color softens the general effect, whilst from contrast, it, at the same time, renders the warm coloring more brilliant. The pale brunette, on the contrary, should avoid all hues that, like blue, make the general effect colder: in her case a warm tone will give softness. The light blue, it is true, is not a discordant addition to black and white, but by increasing the coldness, it gives greater hardness to the outline of the features, and if there is a shade of sallowness in the complexion, heightens this yellow tone by contrast with it.

Pink has much the same effect upon the pale by daylight, but, like blue, is often becoming by candle-light.

Experience, after all, is the best guide for those who have any eye for color at all, and a little quiet observation upon their friends' dresses during a morning or evening assembly, will teach them more than whole chapters on the subject. They will thus observe how much the effect of a color depends upon that which is in proximity with it. Some colors heighten each other, others neutralize each other, and others borrow so much from each other, as to deceive the eye altogether. Red and black have this effect, and we have seen a red pattern running over a black ground make the black look brown. White

dresses have the best general effect in large parties, even when not so becoming as bright hues to their wearer; for white gains in brilliancy by the neighborhood of warm and bright colors.

There are conditions, however, when even white changes color. We observed such an effect in a ball-room where the walls, painted in a light key, became so brilliant by candle-light, that near them every white dress, but that of satin, which reflected the light, looked soiled and dark. Those, however, who had an opportunity of observing this effect before had taken care, by adding a trimming of a full bright color, to preserve by this contrast the freshness and purity of their white dresses.

To achieve success in evening dress, there should be a knowledge of the room in which that dress is to be worn, the color of the hangings, the quantity of light, etc. Some colors, brilliant with space and light, are heavy and overpowering in a small room. As an instance of this, a Russian lady of great personal attractions appeared at a court ball in Germany, in a dress of the bluish green, the color of copper ore, lately worn in London. Her fair skin, dark hair, and brilliant color, somewhat softened by the green, were so effective in this dress, to which with excellent taste she had added no ornaments, but a band round the head and armlets of plain gold engraved in a Greek pattern, that she was the queen of the room. The same costume a few nights later in the dark, ill-lighted rooms of one of the foreign ministers, was heavy, unbecoming, and a complete failure. Light, therefore, being so essential to color, the light shades are best for evening wear; and of those most used, the warm hues, maize and pink, are more effective when uncombined with other colors. White impoverishes them, and black, although an agreeable, is so positive a contrast, as to savor somewhat of the theatre; and a pink dress is therefore more elegant when worn with flowers, etc., of its own color, whether in darker or lighter shades. The rose, the queen of flowers, has been instanced as a proof that green and pink are an agreeable combination; but the leaves of the rose abound in light and shadow, and being in larger proportion, form as it were a ground to the rose, in which character green is admissible. Here the success of the combination depends upon

the proportion of one color to the other, one of the chief things to be borne in mind when selecting colored designs for dress. Take, for instance, a wreath of green leaves with a few rosebuds, or a stray rose only, intertwined, the effect is good; but a wreath of roses with an equal proportion of green leaves is offensive and glaring.

When a warm and cold color are combined in costume, the latter should always predominate: thus a small quantity of pink with blue is good; the reverse is disagreeable; gray and pink also harmonize when the latter is merely the accessory. In silk and muslin materials for dress, where two or more colors are combined, the same intensity of tone should be preserved, and the effect may be lightened or deepened by the addition of white or black; for in dress broad and striking effects are seldom desirable, because they tend to overwhelm the individual. Whilst white may be in a larger proportion than the colors it is to be combined with, and is good in equal quantity, black should be only used in smaller or equal proportions. As a ground it is bad, the bright-colored designs upon it having a broken or spotty effect at a little distance, however beautiful they may appear in detail; and the point to be considered in choosing a dress, shawl, etc., is the effect the design will present to the eye at a little distance, and when arranged in drapery.

Simplicity of pattern is therefore to be sought for, so that confusion or uncertainty may be avoided. The *chiné* or *chintz* silks, so rich in design and color, and exquisite when closely examined, have often the fault when made up, of presenting a vague, unsatisfactory effect.

Freshness of color is another point of great consequence in this murky climate of ours, and is to be obtained by what we may call harmonious contrasts. Black and white, combined with other colors, assist also to preserve it—the one by keeping the colors distinct from each other, and the other by lighting them up. For instance, red and blue, although strong contrasts, would look heavy and even dull in a dress unless combined with a large proportion of white; when the colors are kept distinct, do not blend, or present a purple hue if viewed at a distance, and are lighted up by the white so as to preserve their brilliancy, at the same time that

the general effect is relieved from being too striking. The French have been very successful in their designs of red, blue, and white for ribbons and silks. Two or three shades of color have often an excellent effect used together; but for grounds, the neutral and what people term quiet colors are the best. A light green or slaty blue often throws up a good design, as well, however, as a drab or fawn; but no warm or very bright color is desirable for this purpose: pink, maize, mauve, are particularly objectionable. Not long ago when ladies wore flounces, some dresses might be seen in the shop windows, that attracted universal admiration, from the richness and beauty of the pattern and hues on the flounce. They were to be seen in all colors, and in the shop looked all equally beautiful, but when made up the bright design, against the pink and maize ground had a gaudy and disjointed effect. The eye was distracted from the pink of the dress to the white ground and gay colors of the flounce, as if they were parts of a separate costume. The same design was, however, admirable, with a gray or light shade of fawn. The general effect was harmonious, and the gay colors of the pattern appeared as they were intended, like a rich and brilliant bordering.

Of late years, however, there has been so great an improvement in the designs for dresses, etc., that the fair sex are less likely to err in making their purchases, than they are afterwards in wearing them, when the putting together the different portions of modern costume is left to their unassisted taste, or, worse still, to that of the lady's maid. We once heard a story of a lady, who being in want of a maid, was told by one who presented herself for the situation, "That she had been *combination* maid to the Duchess of —." The lady, in surprise, asked in what her duties consisted? "Oh!" replied the woman, "if her Grace, for instance, wore a blue dress, it was my duty to select the bonnet, mantle, etc., to wear with it." We believe, that practically, too many ladies allow their maids to be "combination maids," and leave to the unrefined taste and uneducated eye of a servant, a selection which should always be their own. It is only thus we can explain such a combination, as a green shawl over a chocolate-colored dress; a black hat and blue veil in which an exalted

personage appeared one hot summer's day ; or a blue dress, yellow shawl, and pink bonnet in which we saw a lady of rank attired.

Even women who have studied "the becoming" with success, are sometimes very unsuccessful in arranging the whole dress ; and it is perhaps the difficulty they find in combining colors, that makes so many take refuge in the quiet shades, and causes gray, black, and white, worn for half-mourning, to be so favorite a combination at all times. They feel safe, that they are not offending good taste, because "they are so quiet in their dress." But why should the bright, cheerful color be banished from costume ? It is true, that the white jerkins and blue satin vests worn by the gallants of old, when we had no tall chimneys emitting volumes of smoke, and when wood was still the fuel in the noble's house, would now in a day look nearly as black as the universal cloth of man's attire, and are therefore well discarded by the workers of life ; but woman's apparel is still susceptible of lively variety, and we think if a little more attention was paid to the building up of the fabric, upon the dress itself as the keystone of the whole, she would find out that bright colors, often wear as well as the useful browns, slates, etc., and that an appearance of freshness may be long kept up by attention to that which is added.

The general rules, we adopt for the decoration or furnishing of our rooms, may be applied to costume. There, we reserve the darker, heavier color for the ground or lower part of the room, keeping the light, transparent color for the upper portions ; and if our chintz and hangings are gay and varied, we select a carpet that is unobtrusive in design and color. Now the dress may be considered the groundwork of the whole toilette. If, therefore, it is of a neutral or sober hue, the rest of the design may be a contrast in brighter colors ; if, on the contrary, this groundwork is of a warm tone, or full color, the rest of the composition should be subservient to it, either modifying it by the addition of some neutralizing color, or harmonizing with it in lighter shades, either of its own, or some concordant hue ; for it is not necessary to preserve the same intensity of tone in the different parts of dress ; generally speaking the reverse has the best effect.

A dark-blue dress and a black mantle is lighted up by a pink bonnet, when a red would be heavy and ugly.

In walking costume, the bonnet, as the highest point, should also be the lightest ; it is the place where a bit of bright color may be introduced with the greatest success. If it repeats the hue of the dress some other color should be introduced into the shawl or mantle. From the extreme of half a dozen colors, people of late have rushed into the other, of only employing one. We sometimes see figures all *blue*, all *brown*, all *mauve*. No artist would paint his draperies of one unbroken hue. To say nothing of the poverty of such a composition, he knows that the eye, missing the relief of variety, would be wearied and offended ; the result is equally disagreeable in dress. Any one of these three colors, however, mixed with black or white become agreeable, without the uniqueness of the costume, the point probably aimed at, being disturbed. The delicate color called *mauve* especially requires to be enlivened by a little white near it : without this contrast to heighten its color when in a large mass, it is apt to look languid, or faded.

It is impossible to say how many colors may with propriety be used in a costume, for so much depends upon the harmonious arrangement of them ; but as a general rule two, with or without the addition of black or white, are sufficient.

We cannot, in conclusion, think that a little study of the harmony of color in dress is beneath any woman's notice, or that it is fair to stigmatize those who have successfully given some attention to it, as vain. "Whether we eat or drink," says St. Paul, "we may do it to the glory of God ;" and George Herbert declares that sweeping the room may be done in the same spirit. Surely, then, the necessary adornment and care of his fairest work may be carried out in the same view ; and if man's companion, whilst striving to be the comfort of his home, should at the same time desire and succeed in becoming, literally speaking, the "Delight of his eyes," she need not deem that time quite misspent, which she dedicated to the study of the art of dress.

CHAPTER X.

LIVING in lodgings, not temporarily, but permanently, sitting down to make one's only "home" in Mrs. Jones' parlor or Mrs. Smith's first-floor, of which not a stick or a stone that one looks at is one's own, and whence one may be evicted or evade, with a week's notice or a week's rent, any day—this sort of life is natural and even delightful to some people. There are those who, like strawberry plants, are of such an errant disposition, that grow them where you will, they will soon absorb all the pleasantness of their habitat, and begin casting out runners elsewhere; nay, if not frequently transplanted, would actually wither and die. Of such are the pioneers of society,—the emigrants, the tourists, the travellers round the world: and great is the advantage the world derives from them, active, energetic, impulsive as they are. Unless, indeed, their talent for incessant locomotion degenerates into rootless restlessness, and they remain forever rolling stones, gathering no moss, and acquiring gradually a smooth, hard surface, which adheres to nothing, and to which nobody dare venture to adhere.

But there are others possessing in a painful degree this said quality of adhesiveness, to whom the smallest change is obnoxious; who like drinking out of a particular cup, and sitting in a particular chair; to whom even a variation in the position of furniture is unpleasant. Of course, this peculiarity has its bad side, and yet it is not in itself mean or ignoble. For is not adhesiveness, faithfulness, constancy—call it what you will—at the root of all citizenship, clanship, and family love? Is it not the same feeling which, granting they remain at all, makes old friendships dearer than any new? Nay, to go to the very sacredest and closest bond, is it not that which makes an old man see to the last in his old wife's faded face the beauty which perhaps nobody ever saw except himself, but which he sees and delights in still, simply because it is familiar, and his own?

To people who possess a large share of this rare—shall I say fatal?—characteristic of adhesiveness, living in lodgings is about the saddest life under the sun. Whether some dim foreboding of this fact crossed Elizabeth's mind, as she stood at the win-

dow watching for her mistresses' first arrival at "home," it is impossible to say. She could feel, though she was not accustomed to analyze her feelings. But she looked dull and sad, not cross, even Ascott could not have accused her of "savageness."

And yet she had been somewhat tried. First, in going out what she termed "marketing," she had traversed a waste of streets, got lost several times, and returned with light weight in her butter, and sand in her moist sugar; also with the conviction that London tradesmen were the greatest rogues alive. Secondly, a pottle of strawberries, which she had bought with her own money, to grace the tea-table with the only fruit Miss Leaf cared for, had turned out a large delusion, big and beautiful at top, and all below small, crushed, and stale. She had thrown it indignantly, pottle and all, into the kitchen fire.

Thirdly, she had a war with the landlady, partly on the subject of their fire, which, with her Stowbury notions on the subject of coals, seemed wretchedly mean and small, and partly on the question of table-cloths at tea, which Mrs. Jones had "never heard of," especially when the use of plate and linen was included in the rent. And the dinginess of the article produced at last out of an omnium-gatherum sort of kitchen cupboard, made an ominous impression upon the country girl, accustomed to clean tidy country ways,—where the kitchen was kept as neat as the parlor, and the bedrooms were not a whit behind the sitting-rooms in comfort and orderliness. Here, it seemed as if, supposing people could show a few respectable living-rooms, they were content to sleep anywhere, and cook anyhow, out of anything, in the midst of any quantity of confusion and dirt. Elizabeth set all this down as "London," and hated it accordingly.

She had tried to ease her mind by arranging and re-arranging the furniture—regular lodging-house furniture—table, six chairs, horse-hair sofa, a what-not, and the chiffonnière, with a tea-caddy upon it, of which the respective keys had been solemnly presented to Miss Hilary. But still the parlor looked homeless and bare; and the yellowish paper on the walls, the large-patterned, many-colored Kidderminster on the floor, gave an involuntary sense of discomfort and

dreariness. Besides, No 15 was on the shady side of the street,—cheap lodgings always are; and no one who has not lived in the like lodgings—not a house—can imagine what it is to inhabit perpetually one room where the sunshine just peeps in for an hour a day, and vanishes by eleven A.M., leaving behind in winter a chill dampness, and in summer a heavy dusty atmosphere, that weighs like lead on the spirits in spite of one's self. No wonder that, as is statistically known and proved, cholera stalks, fever rages, and the registrar's list is always swelled, along the shady side of a London street.

Elizabeth felt this, though she had not the dimmest idea why. She stood watching the sunset light fade out of the topmost windows of the opposite house,—ghostly reflection of some sunset over fields and trees far away; and she listened to the long monotonous cry melting away round the Crescent, and beginning again at the other end of the street—"Straw-berries—straw-berries." Also, with an eye to to-morrow's Sunday dinner, she investigated the cart of the tired costermonger, who crawled along beside his equally tired donkey, reiterating at times, in tones hoarse with a day's bawling, his dreary "Cauli-flow-er! Cauli-flow-er!—fine new peas, sixpence peck."

But, alas! the peas were neither fine nor new; and the cauliflowers were regular Saturday night's cauliflowers. Besides, Elizabeth suddenly doubted whether she had any right, unordered, to buy these things, which, from being common garden necessities, had become luxuries. This thought, with some others that it occasioned, her unwonted state of idleness, and the dulness of everything about her—what is so dull as a "quiet" London street on a summer evening?—actually made Elizabeth stand, motionless and meditative, for a quarter of an hour.

Then she started to hear two cabs drive up to the door; the "family" had at length arrived.

Ascott was there too. Two new portmantaus and a splendid hat-box, cast either ignominy or glory upon the poor Stowbury luggage; and—Elizabeth's sharp eyes noticed—there was also his trunk which she had seen lying detained for rent, in his Gower Street lodgings. But he looked quite easy and comfortable; handed out his Aunt

Johanna, commanded the luggage about, and paid the cabmen with such a magnificent air, that they touched their hats to him, and winked at one another as much as to say, "That's a real gentleman!"

In which statement the landlady evidently coincided, and courtesied low, when Miss Leaf, introducing him as "my nephew," hoped that a room could be found for him. Which at last there was, by his appropriating Miss Leaf's, while she and Hilary took that at the top of the house. But they agreed Ascott must have a good airy room to study in.

"You know, my dear boy," said his Aunt Johanna to him—and at her tender tone he looked a little downcast, as when he was a small fellow and had been forgiven something—"you know you will have to work very hard."

"All right, aunt! I'm your man for that! This will be a jolly room; and I can smoke up the chimney capitally."

So they came down-stairs quite cheerfully, and Ascott applied himself with the best of appetites to what he called a "hungry" tea. True, the ham, which Elizabeth had to fetch from an eating-house some streets off, cost two shillings a pound, and the eggs, which caused her another war below over the relighting of a fire to boil them, were dismissed by the young gentleman as "horrid stale." Still, woman-like, when there is a man in the question, his aunts let him have his way. It seemed as if they had resolved to try their utmost to make the new home to which he came, or rather was driven, a pleasant home, and to bind him to it with cords of love, the only cords worth anything, though sometimes—Heaven knows why—even they fail, and are snapped and thrown aside like straws.

Whenever Elizabeth went in and out of the parlor, she always heard lively talk going on among the family: Ascott making his jokes, telling about his college life, and planning his life to come, as a surgeon in full practice, on the most extensive scale. And when she brought in the chamber candles, she saw him kiss his aunts affectionately, and even help his Aunt Johanna—who looked frightfully pale and tired, but smiling still—to her bedroom door.

"You'll not sit up long, my dear? No reading to-night?" said she anxiously.

"Not a bit of it. And I'll be up with the lark to-morrow morning. I really will, auntie. I'm going to turn over a new leaf, you know."

She smiled again at the immemorial joke, kissed and blessed him, and the door shut upon her and Hilary.

Ascott descended to the parlor, threw himself on the sofa with an air of great relief, and an exclamation of satisfaction, that "the women" were all gone. He did not perceive Elizabeth, who, hidden behind, was kneeling to arrange something in the chiffonnière, till she rose up and proceeded to fasten the parlor shutters.

"Hollo! are you there? Come, I'll do that when I go to bed. You may 'slope,' if you like."

"Eh, sir?"

"Slope, mizzle, cut your stick; don't you understand? Anyhow, don't stop here bothering me."

"I don't mean to," replied Elizabeth; gravely, rather than gruffly, as if she had made up her mind to things as they were, and was determined to be a belligerent party no longer. Besides, she was older now: too old to have things forgiven to her that might be overlooked in a child; and she had received a long lecture from Miss Hilary on the necessity of showing respect to Mr. Ascott, or Mr. Leaf, as it was now decided he was to be called, in his dignity and responsibility as the only masculine head of the family.

As he lay and lounged there, with his eyes lazily shut, Elizabeth stood a minute gazing at him. Then, steadfast in her good behavior, she inquired "if he wanted anything more to-night?"

"Confound you! no! Yes; stop." And the young man took a furtive investigation of the plain honest face, and not over-graceful, ultra-provincial figure, which still characterized his aunt's "South Sea Islander."

"I say, Elizabeth, I want you to do something for me." He spoke so civilly, almost coaxingly, that Elizabeth turned round surprised. "Would you just go and ask the landlady if she has got such a thing as a latch-key?"

"A what, sir?"

"A latch-key—a—oh, she knows. Every

London house has it. Tell her I'll take care of it, and lock the front-door all right. She needn't be afraid of thieves."

"Very well, sir."

Elizabeth went, but shortly re-appeared with the information that Mrs. Jones had gone to bed: in the kitchen, she supposed, as she could not get in. But she laid on the table the large street-door key.

"Perhaps that's what you wanted, Mr. Leaf. Though I think you needn't be the least afraid of robbers, for there's three bolts, and a chain besides."

"All right," cried Ascott, smothering down a laugh. "Thank you! That's for you," throwing a half-crown across the table.

Elizabeth took it up demurely, and put it down again. Perhaps she did not like him enough to receive presents from him; perhaps she thought, being an honest-minded girl, that a young man who could not pay his rent had no business to be giving away half-crowns; or else she herself had not been, so much as many servants are, in the habit of taking them. For Miss Hilary had put into Elizabeth some of her own feeling as to this habit of paying an inferior with money for any little civility or kindness which, from an equal, would be accepted simply as kindness, and only requited with thanks. Anyhow, the coin remained on the table, and the door was just shutting upon Elizabeth, when the young gentleman turned round again.

"I say, since my aunts are so horridly timid of robbers and such like, you'd better not tell them anything about the latch-key."

Elizabeth stood a minute perplexed, and then replied briefly, "Miss Hilary isn't a bit timid; and I always tells Miss Hilary everything."

Nevertheless, though she was so ignorant as never to have heard of a latch-key, she had the wit to see that all was not right. She even lay awake, in her closet off Miss Leaf's room, whence she could hear the murmur of her two mistresses talking together, long after they retired—lay broad awake for an hour or more, trying to put things together—the sad things that she felt certain must have happened that day, and wondering what Mr. Ascott could possibly want with the key. Also, why he had asked her about it, instead of telling

his aunts at once; and why he had treated her in the matter with such astonishing civility.

It may be said a servant had no business to think about these things, to criticise her young master's proceedings, or wonder why her mistresses were sad: that she had only to go about her work like an automaton, and take no interest in anything. I can only answer to those who like such service, let them have it! and as they sow they will assuredly reap.

But long after Elizabeth, young and hearty, was soundly snoring on her hard, cramped bed, Johanna and Hilary Leaf, after a brief mutual pretence of sleep, soon discovered by both, lay consulting together over ways and means. How could the family expenses, beginning with twenty-five shillings per week as rent, possibly be met by the only actual certain family income, their £50 per annum from a mortgage? For the Misses Leaf were of that old-fashioned stamp which believed that to reckon an income by mere probabilities is either insanity or dishonesty.

Common arithmetic soon proved that this £50 a year could not maintain them; in fact they must soon draw on the little sum—already dipped into to-day, for Ascott—which had been produced by the sale of the Stowbury furniture. That sale, they now found had been a mistake: and they half feared whether the whole change from Stowbury to London had not been a mistake,—one of those sad errors in judgment which we all commit sometimes, and have to abide by, and make the best of, and learn from if we can. Happy those to whom “*Dinna greet ower spilt milk*”—a proverb wise as cheerful, which Hilary, knowing well whom it came from, repeated to Johanna to comfort her—teaches a second brave lesson, how to avoid spilling the milk a second time.

And then they consulted anxiously about what was to be done to earn money.

Teaching presented itself as the only resource. In those days women's work and women's rights had not been discussed so freely as at present. There was a strong feeling that the principal thing required was our duties—owed to ourselves, our home, our family and friends. There was a deep conviction—now, alas! slowly disap-

pearing—that a woman, single or married, should never throw herself out of the safe circle of domestic life, till the last extremity of necessity; that it is wiser to keep or help to keep a home, by learning how to expend its income, cook its dinners, make and mend its clothes, and by the law that “*precaution is better than cure*,” studying all those preservative means of holding a family together—as women, and women alone, can, than to dash into men's sphere of trades and professions, thereby, in most instances, fighting an unequal battle, and coming out of it maimed, broken, unsexed; turned into beings that are neither men nor women, with the faults and corresponding sufferings of both, and the compensations of neither.

“I don't see,” said poor Hilary, “what I can do but teach. And oh, if I could only get daily pupils, so that I might come home of nights, and creep into the fireside; and have time to mend the stockings and look after Ascott's linen, so that he need not be so awfully extravagant.”

“It is Ascott who ought to earn the family-income, and have his aunt to keep house for him,” observed Johanna. “That was the way in my time; and I believe it is the right way. The man ought to go out into the world and earn the money; the woman ought to stay at home and wisely expend it.”

“And yet that way is not always possible. We know, of ourselves, instances where it was not.”

“Ah, yes!” assented Johanna, sighing. For she, far more than Hilary, viewed the family circumstances in the light of its past history—a light too sad almost to bear looking at. “But in ours, as in most similar cases, was something not right, something which forced men and women out of their natural places. It is a thing that may be sometimes a mournful inevitable necessity, but I never can believe it a right thing, or a thing to be voluntarily imitated, that women should go knocking about the world like men—and—”

“And I am not meaning to do any such thing,” said Hilary, half laughing. “I am only going to try every rational means of earning a little money to keep the family going till such time as Ascott can decide on his future, and find a suitable opportunity for establishing himself in practice. In

some of the new neighborhoods about London he says he has a capital chance; he will immediately set about inquiries. A good idea, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Johanna, briefly. But they did not discuss this as they had discussed their own plans; and, it was noticeable, they never even referred to, as a portion of the family finances, that pound a week which, with many regrets that it was so small, Ascott had insisted on paying to his aunts, as his contribution to the expenses of the household.

And now the dawn was beginning to break, and the lively London sparrows to chirp in the chimneys. So Hilary insisted on their talking no more, but going to sleep like Christians.

"Very well. Good-night, my blessing!" said Johanna, softly. And perhaps, indeed, her "blessing," with that strange, bright courage of her own—years after, when Hilary looked back upon her old self, how utterly mad this courage seemed!—had taken the weight of care from the elder and feebler heart, so that Johanna turned round and soon slept.

But long after, till the dawn melted into perfect daylight, did Hilary lie, open-eyed, listening to quarter after quarter of the loud St. Pancras clock. Brave she was, this little woman, fully as brave and cheerful-hearted as, for Johanna's sake, she made herself out to be; and now that the paralyzed monotony of her Stowbury life was gone, and that she was in the midst of the whirl of London, where *he* used to work and struggle, she felt doubly bright and brave. The sense of resistance, of dogged perseverance, of "fighting it out" to the last, was strong in her, stronger than in most women, or else it was the reflection in her own of that nature which was her ideal of everything great and good.

"No," she said to herself, after thinking over for the hundredth time every difficulty that lay before them all,—meeting and looking in the face every wild beast in the way, even that terrible beast which, happily, had often approached but never yet visited the Leaf family, "the wolf at the door,"—"No, I don't think I am afraid. I think I shall never be afraid of anything in this world, if only—only——"

"If only he loves me." That was it,

which broke off, unspoken; the helpless woman's cry—the cruel craving for the one deepest want of a woman's life,—deeper than the same want in man's, or in most men's, because it is more individual,—not "If only I am loved," but "if only *he* loves me." And as Hilary resolutely shut her eyes, and forced her aching head into total stillness, sharper than ever, as always was the case when she felt weary, mentally or physically, came her longing for the hand to cling to, the breast to lean against,—the heart at once strong and tender, which even the bravest woman feels at times she piteously needs. A heart which can comfort and uphold her, with the strength not of another woman like herself, but of a man, encouraging her, as perhaps her very weakness encourages him, to "fight it out," the sore battle of life, a little longer. But this support, in any shape, from any man, the women of the Leaf family had never known.

The nearest approach to it were those letters from India, which had become, Johanna sometimes jestingly said, a family institution. For they were family letters; there was no mystery about them; they were passed from one to the other, and commented on in perfect freedom,—so freely, indeed, that Selina had never penetrated into the secret of them at all. But their punctuality, their faithful remembrance of the smallest things concerning the past, their strong interest in anything and everything belonging to the present of these his old friends, were to the other two sisters confirmation enough as to how they might believe in Robert Lyon.

Hilary did believe, and in her perfect trust was perfect rest. Whether he ever married her or not, she felt sure, surer and surer every day, that to her had been sent that best blessing—the lot of so few women—a thoroughly good man to love her, and to love.

So with his face in her memory, and the sound of his voice in her ear, as distinctly as if it had been only yesterday that he said, "You must trust me, Hilary," she whispered to herself, "I do, Robert, I do!" and went to sleep peacefully as a child.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH a sublime indifference to popular superstition, or rather because they did not

think of it till all their arrangements were completed, the Misses Leaf had accomplished their grand Hegira on a Friday. Consequently, their first day at No. 15, was Sunday.

Sunday in London always strikes a provincial person considerably. It has two such distinct sides. First, the eminently respectable, decorous, religious side, which Hilary and Selina observed, when, about eleven A.M., they joined the stream of well-dressed, well-to-do looking people, solitary or in families, who poured forth from handsome houses in streets or squares, to form the crowded congregation of St. Pancras' Church. The opposite side Hilary also saw, when Ascott, who, in spite of his declaration, had not risen in time for breakfast, penitently coaxed his "pretty aunt" to let him take her to the afternoon service in Westminster Abbey. They wended their way through Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and across the Park, finding shops open, or half-open, vehicles plying, and people streaming down each side of the streets.

Hilary did not quite like it, and yet her heart was tender over the poor, hardworked-looking Cockneys, who seemed so excessively to enjoy their Sunday stroll, their Sunday mouthful of fresh air; or the small Sunday treat their sickly, under-sized children had in lying on the grass, and feeding the ducks in St. James' Park.

She tried to talk the matter out with Ascott, but though he listened politely for a minute or two, he evidently took no interest in such things. Nor did he even in the grand old Abbey, with its treelike, arched avenues of immemorial stone, its painted windows, through which the colored sunshine made a sort of heavenly mist of light, and its innumerable graves of generations below. Hilary woke from her trance of solemn delight to find her nephew amusing himself with staring at the people about him, making *sotto voce* quizzical remarks upon them, in the intervals of the service, and, finally, the instant it was ended, starting up in extreme satisfaction, evidently feeling that he had done his duty, and that it had been, to use his own phrase, "a confounded bore."

Yet he meant to be kind to his pretty aunt—told her he liked to walk with her,

because she was so pretty, praised her dress, so neat and tasteful, though a little old-fashioned. But he would soon alter that, he said; he would dress all his aunts in silk and satin, and give them a carriage to ride in; there should be no end to their honor and prosperity. Nay, coming home, he took her a long way round—or she thought so, being tired—to show her the sort of house he meant to have. Very grand it seemed to her Stowbury eyes, with pillars and a flight of steps up to the door, more fit, she ventured to suggest, for a retired merchant than a struggling young surgeon.

"Oh, but we dare not show the struggle, or nobody would ever trust us," said Ascott, with a knowing look. "Bless you, many a young fellow sets up a house, and even a carriage, on tick, and drives and drives about till he drives himself into a practice. The world's all a make-believe, and you must meet humbug with humbug. That's the way, I assure you, Aunt Hilary."

Aunt Hilary fixed her honest eyes on the lad's face—the lad, so little younger than herself, and yet who at times, when he let out sayings such as this, seemed so awfully, so pitifully old; and she felt thankful that, at all risks and costs, they had come to London to be beside him, to help him, to save him, if he needed saving, as women only can. For, after all, he was but a boy. And though, as he walked by her side, stalwart and manly, the thought smote her painfully that many a young fellow of his age was the stay and bread-winner of some widowed mother or sister, nay, even of wife and child, still she repeated, cheerfully, "What can one expect from him? He is only a boy."

God help the women who, for those belonging to them—husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, sons—have, ever so tenderly, to *apologize*.

When they came in sight of St. Pancras' Church, Ascott said, suddenly, "I think you'll know your way now, Aunt Hilary."

"Certainly. Why?"

"Because—you wouldn't be vexed if I left you? I have an engagement—some fellows that I dine with, out at Hampstead or Richmond or Blackwall, every Sunday. Nothing wicked, I assure you. And you know it's capital for one's health to get a Sunday in fresh air."

"Yes; but Aunt Johanna will be sorry to miss you."

"Will she? Oh, you'll smooth her down. Stay! Tell her I shall be back to tea."

"We shall be having tea directly."

"I declare I had quite forgotten. Aunt Hilary, you must change your hours. They don't suit me at all. No men can ever stand early dinners. Bye, bye! You are the very prettiest auntie. Be sure you get home safe. Hollo, there! That's my omnibus."

He jumped on the top of it, and was off.

Aunt Hilary stood, quite confounded, and with one of those strange sinkings of the heart which had come over her several times this day. It was not that Ascott showed any unkindness—that there was any actual badness in his bright and handsome young face. Still there was a want there—want of earnestness, steadfastness, truthfulness, a something more discoverable as the lack of something else, than as aught in itself tangibly and perceptibly wrong. It made her sad; it caused her to look forward to his future with an anxious heart. It was so different from the kind of anxiety, and yet settled repose, with which she thought of the only other man in whose future she felt the smallest interest. Of Robert Lyon she was certain that whatever misfortune visited him he would bear it in the best way it could be borne; whatever temptation assailed him he would fight against it, as a brave and good Christian should fight. But Ascott?

Ascott's life was as yet an unanswered query. She could but leave it in Omnipotent hands.

So she found her way home, asking it once or twice of civil policemen, and going a little distance round—dare I make this romantic confession about so sensible and practical a little woman?—that she might walk once up Burton Street and down again. But nobody knew the fact, and it did nobody any harm.

Meantime at No. 15 the afternoon had passed heavily enough. Miss Selina had gone to lie down—she always did of Sundays; and Elizabeth, after making her comfortable, by the little attentions the lady always required, had descended to the dreary wash-house, which had been appropriated to herself, under the name of a "private kitchen," in the which, after all the cleanings and improvements she could achieve,

she sat like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, and sighed for the tidy bright house-place at Stowbury. Already, from her brief experience, she had decided that London people were horrid shams, because they did not in the least care to have their kitchens comfortable. She wondered how she should ever exist in this one, and might have carried her sad and sullen face up-stairs, if Miss Leaf had not come down-stairs, and glancing about, with that ever-gentle smile of hers, said kindly, "Well, it is not very pleasant, but you have made the best of it, Elizabeth. We must all put up with something, you know. Now, as my eyes are not very good to-day, suppose you come up and read me a chapter."

So, in the quiet parlor, the maid sat down opposite her mistress, and read aloud out of that Book which says distinctly—

"Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ: knowing, that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."

And yet says immediately after:—

"Ye masters, do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening: knowing that your Master also is in heaven; neither is there respect of persons with him."

And I think that Master whom Paul served, not in preaching only, but also in practice, when he sent back the slave Onesimus to Philemon, praying that he might be received, "not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved," that Divine Master must have looked tenderly upon these two women—both women, though of such different age and position, and taught them through his Spirit in his word, as only he can teach.

The reading was disturbed by a carriage driving up to the door, and a knock, a tremendously grand and forcible footman's knock, which made Miss Leaf start in her easy-chair.

"But it can't be visitors to us. We know nobody. Sit still, Elizabeth."

It was a visitor, however, though by what ingenuity he found them out, remained, when they came to think of it, a great puzzle. A card was sent in by the dirty servant of Mrs. Jones, speedily followed by a stout, bald-headed, round-faced man,—I suppose I

ought to write "gentleman,"—in whom, though she had not seen him for years, Miss Leaf found no difficulty in recognizing the grocer's 'prentice boy, now Mr. Peter Ascott of Russell Square.

She rose to receive him; there was always a stateliness in Miss Leaf's reception of strangers; a slight formality belonging to her own past generation, and to the time when the Leafs were a "county family." Perhaps this extra dignity, graceful as it was, overpowered the little man; or else, being a bachelor, he was unaccustomed to ladies' society: but he grew red in the face, twiddled his hat, and then cast a sharp inquisitive glance towards her.

"Miss Leaf, I presume, ma'am. The eldest?"

"I am the eldest Miss Leaf, and very glad to have an opportunity of thanking you for your long kindness to my nephew. Elizabeth, give Mr. Ascott a chair."

While doing so, and before her disappearance, Elizabeth took a rapid observation of the visitor, whose name and history were perfectly familiar to her. Most small towns have their hero, and Stowbury's was Peter Ascott, the grocer's boy, the little fellow who had gone up to London to seek his fortune, and had, strange to say, found it. Whether by industry or luck—except that industry is luck, and luck is only another word for industry—he had gradually risen to be a large city merchant, a drysalter I conclude it would be called, with a handsome house, carriage, etc. He had never revisited his native place, which indeed could not be expected of him, as he had no relations, but, when asked, as was not seldom of course, he subscribed liberally to its charities.

Altogether he was a decided hero in the place, and though people really knew very little about him, the less they knew the more they gossiped; holding him up to the rising generation as a modern Dick Whittington, and reverencing him extremely as one who had shed glory on his native town. Even Elizabeth had conceived a great notion of Peter Ascott. When she saw this little fat man, coarse and common-looking in spite of his good clothes and diamond ring, and in manner a curious mixture of pomposity and awkwardness, she laughed to herself, thinking what a very uninteresting in-

dividual it was about whom Stowbury had told so many interesting stories.

However, she went up to inform Miss Selina, and prevent her making her appearance before him in the usual Sunday *deshabille* in which she indulged when no visitors were expected.

After the first awkwardness, Mr. Peter Ascott became quite at his ease with Miss Leaf. He began to talk—not of Stowbury, that was tacitly ignored by both—but of London, and then of "my house in Russell Square," "my carriage," "my servants,"—the inconvenience of keeping coachmen who would drink, and footmen who would not clean the plate properly; ending by what was a favorite moral axiom of his, that "wealth and position are heavy responsibilities."

He himself seemed, however, not to have been quite overwhelmed by them; he was fat and flourishing—with an acuteness and power in the upper half of his face which accounted for his having attained his present position. The lower half—somehow Miss Leaf did not like it, she hardly knew why, though a physiognomist might have known. For Peter Ascott had the under-hanging, obstinate, sensual lip, the large throat—bull-necked, as it has been called; indications of that essentially coarse nature which may be born with the nobleman as with the clown; which no education can refine, and no talent, though it may co-exist with it, can ever entirely remove. He reminded one, perforce, of the rough old proverb: "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Still, Mr. Ascott was not a bad man, though something deeper than his glorious indifference to grammar, and his dropped h's—which, to steal some one's joke, might have been swept up in bushels from Miss Leaf's parlor—made it impossible for him ever to be, by any culture whatever, a gentleman.

They talked of Ascott, as being the most convenient mutual subject; and Miss Leaf expressed the gratitude which her nephew felt, and she earnestly hoped would ever show, towards his kind godfather.

Mr. Ascott looked pleased.

"Um—yes, Ascott's not a bad fellow—believe he means well: but weak, ma'am, I'm afraid he's weak. Knows nothing of busi-

ness—has no business habits whatever. However, we must make the best of him; I don't repent anything I've done for him."

"I hope not," said Miss Leaf, gravely.

And then there ensued an uncomfortable pause, which was happily broken by the opening of the door, and the sweeping in of a large, goodly figure.

"My sister, Mr. Ascott; my sister Selina."

The little stout man actually started, and, as he bowed, blushed up to the eyes.

Miss Selina was, as I have stated, the beauty of the family, and had once been an acknowledged Stowbury belle. Even now, though nigh upon forty, when carefully and becomingly dressed, her tall figure, and her well-featured, fair complexioned, unwrinkled face, made her still appear a very personable woman. At any rate, she was not faded enough, nor the city magnate's heart cold enough, to prevent a sudden revival of the vision which—in what now seemed an almost antediluvian stage of existence—had dazzled, Sunday after Sunday, the eyes of the grocer's lad. If there is one pure spot in a man's heart—even the very worldliest of men—it is usually his boyish first love.

So Peter Ascott looked hard at Miss Selina, then into his hat, then, as good luck would have it, out of the window, where he caught sight of his carriage and horses. These revived his spirits, and made him recognize what he was—Mr. Ascott of Russell Square, addressing himself in the character of a benevolent patron to the fallen Leaf family.

"Glad to see you, miss. Long time since we met—neither of us so young as we have been—but you do wear well, I must say."

Miss Selina drew back; she was within an inch of being highly offended, when she too happened to catch a glimpse of the carriage and horses. So she sat down and entered into conversation with him; and, when she liked, nobody could be more polite and agreeable than Miss Selina.

So it happened that the handsome equipage crawled round and round the Crescent, or stood pawing the silent Sunday street before No. 15, for very nearly an hour, even till Hilary came home.

It was vexatious to have to make excuses for Ascott; particularly as his godfather said with a laugh that "young fellows would be young fellows," they needn't expect to

see the lad till midnight, or till to-morrow morning.

But though in this, and other things, he somewhat annoyed the ladies from Stowbury, no one could say he was not civil to them—exceedingly civil. He offered them Botanical Garden tickets—Zoölogical Garden tickets; he even, after some meditation and knitting of his shaggy gray eyebrows, bolted out an invitation for the whole family to dinner at Russell Square the following Sunday.

"I always give my dinners on Sunday. I've no time any other day," said he, when Miss Leaf gently hesitated. "Come or not, just as you like."

Miss Selina, to whom the remark was chiefly addressed, bowed the most gracious acceptance.

The visitor took very little notice of Miss Hilary. Probably, if asked, he would have described her as a small, shabbily dressed person, looking very like a governess. Indeed, the fact of her governess-ship seemed suddenly to recur to him; he asked her if she meant to set up another school, and being informed that she rather wished private pupils, promised largely that she should have the full benefit of his "patronage" among his friends. Then he departed, leaving a message for Ascott to call next day, as he wished to speak to him.

"For you must be aware, Miss Leaf, that though your nephew's allowance is nothing—a mere drop in the bucket out of my large income—still, when it comes year after year, and no chance of his shifting for himself, the most benevolent man in the world feels inclined to stop the supplies. Not that I shall do that—at least not immediately: he is a fine young fellow, whom I'm rather proud to have helped a step up the ladder, and I've a great respect"—here he bowed to Miss Selina—"a great respect for your family. Still there must come a time when I shall be obliged to shut up my purse-strings. You understand, ma'am?"

"I do," Miss Leaf answered, trying to speak with dignity, and yet patience, for she saw Hilary's face beginning to flame. "And I trust, Mr. Ascott, my nephew will soon cease to be an expense to you. It was your own voluntary kindness that brought it upon yourself, and I hope you have not found, never will find, either him or us ungrateful."

"Oh, as to that, ma'am, I don't look for gratitude. Still, if Ascott does work his way into a good position—and he'll be the first of his family that ever did, I reckon—but I beg your pardon, Miss Leaf. Ladies, I'll bid you good-day. Will your servant call my carriage?"

The instant he was gone, Hilary burst forth,—

"If I were Ascott, I'd rather starve in a garret, break stones in the high-road, or buy a broom and sweep a crossing, than I'd be dependent on this man, this pompous, purse-proud, illiterate fool!"

"No, not a fool," reproved Johanna. "An acute, clear-headed, nor, I think, bad-hearted man. Coarse and common, certainly; but if we were to hate everything coarse or common, we should find plenty to hate. Besides, though he does his kindness in an unpleasant way, think how very, very kind he has been to Ascott."

"Johanna, I think you would find a good word for the de'il himself, as we used to say," cried Hilary, laughing. "Well, Selina, and what is your opinion of our stout friend?"

Miss Selina, bristling a little, declared that she did not see so much to complain of in Mr. Ascott. He was not educated certainly, but he was a most respectable person. And his calling upon them so soon was most civil and attentive. She thought, considering his present position, they should forget—indeed, as Christians they were bound to forget—that he was once their grocer's boy, and go to dine with him next Sunday.

"For my part, I shall go, though it is Sunday. I consider it quite a religious duty—my duty towards my neighbor."

"Which is to love him as yourself. I am sure, Selina, I have no objection. It would be a grand romantic wind-up to the story which Stowbury used to tell—of how the 'prentice boy stared his eyes out at the beautiful young lady; and you would get the advantage of 'my house in Russell Square,' 'my carriage and servants,' and be able to

elevate your whole family. Do, now! set your cap at Peter Ascott."

Here Hilary, breaking out into one of her childish fits of irrepressible laughter, was startled to see Selina's face in one blaze of indignation.

"Hold your tongue, you silly chit, and don't chatter about things you don't understand."

And she swept majestically from the room.

"What have I done? Why, she is really vexed. If I had thought she would have taken it in earnest, I would never have said a word."

But Miss Selina's fits of annoyance were so common, that the sisters rarely troubled themselves long on the matter. And when, at tea-time, she came down in the best of spirits, they met her half-way, as they always did, thankful for these brief calms in the family atmosphere, which never lasted too long.

It was a somewhat heavy evening. They waited supper till after ten; and yet Ascott did not appear. Miss Leaf read the chapter as usual; and Elizabeth was sent to bed, but still no sign of the absentee.

"I will sit up for him. He cannot be many minutes now," said his Aunt Hilary, and settled herself in the solitary parlor, which one candle and no fire made as cheerless as could possibly be.

There she waited till midnight, before the young man came in. Perhaps he was struck with compunction by her weary white face—by her silent lighting of his candle, for he made her a thousand apologies.

"'Pon my honor, Aunt Hilary, I'll never keep you up so late again. Poor dear auntie, how tired she looks!" and he kissed her affectionately. "But if you were a young fellow, and got among other young fellows, and they over-persuaded you."

"You should learn to say, No."

"Ah"—with a sigh, "so I ought, if I were as good as my Aunt Hilary."

From The London Review.
THE LUGGIE.*

THIS little volume derives its main interest and pathos from the biography with which it opens. Never is the rule which enjoins respectful mention of the dead more strictly applicable than in the case of those whose very abilities are akin to disease, whose energetic spirits and daring designs over-tax and imperil a feeble frame, and who are cut off in the midst of some ambitious endeavor, before experience has taught them the real nature of their powers, or criticism pruned away the too luxuriant growth of a youthful imagination. Genius, courage, an enterprising temperament, and a resolute will, must have secured for David Gray, had his life reached its natural limits, an honorable position among the writers of his age. He died, however, while still a mere boy, and the few verses which he has left behind him must be regarded less as finished pieces of literary workmanship than as the first rude essays of a really poetical nature, goaded into exertion by the consciousness of strength, seizing with avidity on the material which most readily presented itself for composition, forcing its way against difficulties and discouragements, which would have crushed a less determined purpose, and struck down by death at the very outset of a career, of which the earliest and most difficult stages had just been successfully achieved. The deep melancholy which breathes in almost every line of Gray's poems is natural enough in a man who, longing for reputation, and instinct with energy, found his bodily powers daily decreasing, and a fatal disease coming slowly but surely upon him. It is natural, too, that a clever lad, born of laboring parents in a Scotch cottage, and deprived of most of those educational appliances by which men are able to gauge their powers, should often use language which good sense, humility, and refinement would alike condemn. Such a man is almost certain to miscalculate his resources. He is conscious of tastes, sentiments, and wishes, to which those amongst whom he lives are perfect strangers; he is certain that he can rise, but to what precise point neither he nor his instructors can say. He has great aspirations, and magnificent schemes, which,

* The Luggie and other Poems. By David Gray. Macmillan and Co. 1862.

until they are justified by success, sound simply vain and ridiculous. He has a lofty idea, which he knows not how to realize. "Such minds," says Mr. Monckton Milnes, in an introduction with which he has prefaced the work, "feel themselves to be, as it were, exceptional creatures in the moral world in which they happen to be placed; and it is as unreasonable to expect from them a just appreciation of their own powers, as it would be to require an accurate notion of distance from a being freshly gifted with sight." When David Gray accordingly talked of being buried in Westminster Abbey, and ranged himself with the leaders of English literature, the foolish bombast should be regarded rather with pity and consideration than with the sarcasm which it at first sight seems to merit. Such friendly consideration the young poet was fortunate enough to find. During the latter portion of his boyhood he supported himself by tuition, and contrived at the same time to attend the lectures of the Glasgow University. For some time he seems to have thought of the Church as a profession, but his tastes soon drew him towards purely literary pursuits. Scotch theology has little to attract a sentimentalist, and some verses written later in life attest the young poet's distaste for the controversial metaphysics with which religion north of the Tweed seems so inseparably allied.

"From this entangling labyrinthine maze
Of doctrine, creed, and theory; from vague,
Vain speculations; the detested plague
Of spiritual pride, and vile affrays
Sectarian,—good Lord, deliver me."

He had several good advisers, but his means were feeble, and he began to feel the necessity of a patron; he applied accordingly, with characteristic eccentricity, to Mr. Sydney Dobell, who appears to have been struck with his productions, and to have given him the "precious balms" of some very sound and not particularly flattering criticism. Gray's inordinate vanity was soon rebuked: "I tell you," he said, "that if I live, my name and fame shall be second to few of any age, and to none of my own." Mr. Dobell replied with a letter of which the words "mad," "drunk," "idiot," and "saddest paroxysm," alone remain to us, and they are sufficient to assure us of the nature of its contents. Gray instantly

assumed an humbler attitude, explained away his boastful language, and Mr. Dobell began to be encouraging. Livelihood in Scotland was meantime a matter of difficulty, and, in the spring of 1860, Gray and another young writer started suddenly for London. Here the usual disappointments awaited him. He began that painful and discouraging search for employment which has tried the spirits of so many a literary aspirant. Gray, however, refused to despair, and fortune threw a good friend in his way. Mr. Monckton Milnes heard the young man's story, read his verses, convinced himself of his powers, and determined to assist him. Mr. Gray's biographer has retaliated by describing Mr. Milnes as "occupying a place among those who add the grace of letters to the dignity of statesmanship," and by other unctuous expressions of compliment, which, in a book prefaced by Mr. Milnes himself, it would have been perhaps more graceful to omit. Neither advice, however, nor assistance could avail against the enemy, whose approach, before many weeks, became alarmingly perceptible. A violent cold was succeeded by distinct pulmonary disease, and medical opinions only confirmed the alarm which Gray and his friends had begun to feel. The remainder of his life is merely the familiar melancholy story of hopes against hope, fruitless experiments, the weary restlessness of compulsory inactivity, the slow but certain ebb of strength, that invest consumptive maladies with so especial a melancholy. Some of the most touching of Gray's poems were written with a view to his rapidly approaching end, and of the ruined hopes which it entailed:—

"Is it not sad—is it not sad—my heart,
To smother young ambition, and depart
Unhonored and unwilling, like Death's slave?
No rare immortal remnant of my thoughts,
Embalms my life: no poem firmly reared
Against the shock of time, ignobly feared,
And all my life's progression brought to
naught."

The same idea is still more elaborated in another sonnet:—

"I must die!
Poor meagre life is mine, meagre and poor,
Rather a piece of childhood thrown away,
An adumbration faint; the overture
To stifled music, year that ends in May,

The sweet beginning of a tale unknown,
A dream unspoken, promise unfulfilled,
A morning with no noon, a rose unblown,
All its deep rich vermilion crushed and killed
I' th' bud by frost."

Gray had come home to die, and, though a Scotch winter is, of course, unfavorable for a pulmonary malady, his friends agreed that the evils of any other residence would be too serious to encounter. He began to long for spring with all the natural impatience of an invalid:—

"O winter! wilt thou never, never go;
O summer! but I weary for thy coming,
Longing once more to hear the Luggie flow,
And frugal bees industriously humming.
Now the east wind diseases the infirm,
And I must crouch in corners from rough
weather——"

Meantime, feeling his days numbered, he began to press eagerly for the publication of his work. Several of his friends interested themselves about it, and the day before his death a portion of it reached him. He said that it was "good news," and accepted it for his appearance in print as the realization of all his hopes. His friends do not seem to have felt the same anxiety with grateful fervor, and Mr. Dobell seems to have actually discouraged it. The present poems present, however, such unmistakable evidence of ability that, with all their imperfections, they deserve preservation. Thomson and Wordsworth appear to be the models which most attracted the young writer's fancy, and upon which he endeavored to form his own style. His principal poem on "The Luggie," a stream on whose banks he lived, contains several descriptions of rural scenery which show that he studied both his masters to good effect. There is an account of a ploughing match, and of an expedition undertaken by the poet and a friend to court two neighboring beauties, which are remarkably graphic and spirited. He had a quick eye for little natural details, and his careful observation gives a great air of truthfulness to his country scenes. A long description of a snow fall is extremely good in this respect:—

"Softly, with delicate softness—as the light
Quickens the undawned east—and silently—
With definite silence—as the stealing dawn
Dapples the floating clouds, slow fall, slow fall,

With indecisive motion eddying down,
The white-winged flakes, calm as the sleep of
 sound,
Dim as a dream."

Here, again, is a careful painting of a winter evening :—

"When the shortened day
Dejected dies in the low streaky west,
The rising moon displays a cold blue night,
And keen as steel the east wind sprinkles ice.
Thicker than bees about the waxing moon
Gather the punctual stars : huge, whitened hills
Rise glimmering to the blue verge of the night,
Ghostlike, and striped with narrow glens of firs
Black-waving solemn."

A single passage in David Gray's writings assures that he had a full share of animal sensibility, and that, had a chastened taste and pure feeling not guided his pencil, he could easily have delineated any of those lower phases of passion with which amatory poets are frequently content. His mind, however, seems to have been singularly pure and delicate, and if his intercourse with his friends sometimes displays him as self-con-

ceited or over-aspiring, it attracts us by the uniform honor, refinement, and simplicity which characterized every phase of his career. Once, when he wanders further than usual into the region of material pleasures, he checks himself as if conscious of approaching danger, and resolves in the language of a noble passion, to regard physical charms as the mere expression of a moral loveliness :—

"And as the rose, that opens to the sun
Its downy leaves, scents sweetest at the core,
So all thy loveliness is but the robe
That clothes a maiden chastity of soul."

Such is not the language of a disordered, gross, or intemperate attachment; and it is not among the least of Gray's claims to our regard, that, writing at an age when extravagant language or conduct would meet with the readiest excuse, he has left behind him no line that offends against the dictates of the strictest good taste or the most delicate sobriety.

SHOOTING STARS.—M Quételet has lately read some instructive observations on the origin of shooting stars before the Brussels Academy. Formerly the illustrious secretary of the Belgian Academy believed that these so-called meteors were external to the earth's atmosphere and were projected from lunar volcanoes; now he is inclined to an opinion which makes these shooting stars a meteoric phenomenon difficult to reconcile with the received ideas of the weight and nature of our atmosphere. Mr. Ed. Herrick, of New Haven (U.S.), on the contrary, does not hesitate to admit that these, the bolides and aerolites, are of an astronomical nature, identical in their origin, but variable in their chemical constitution and modes of aggregation. He does not consider it likely that the shooting stars exercise any influence on the climate of our globe, as the collective number of them seen every day in our atmosphere, with the naked eye, probably exceeds two millions.—*London Review*.

PERSECUTION OF MR. PEABODY.—Mr. Peabody is literally persecuted with beggars. His noble deed of charity to the poor of London has sent a thrill through the ranks of the unfortu-

nate, and the whole army of needy, dissolute, improvident, and rapacious people—deserving and undeserving alike—throng around the man, and deafen him with their clamor for gifts. His privacy is invaded, his business interrupted, his peace disturbed, his very means of enjoying life and doing good made, in some measure, a discomfort to him; he is the well-fed and well-disposed house dog, who fell into the company of a pack of hungry wolves, and the howling of the pack warns him that he is to be torn to pieces. The only means of replying to applicants for charitable assistance is by a printed circular, in which Mr. Peabody says, "The immense number of letters daily arriving at his address renders it difficult for him to read them even partially; and a written reply to each would take up the time of a dozen persons. To those who ask pecuniary relief Mr. Peabody will say that if his means would allow him to assist all in adversity nothing would give him more pleasure; but as they are not, applicants must take the will for the deed. To give one-tenth that ask would deprive Mr. Peabody of the means of support in one month." We venture to say that this is the most curious of all the curiosities of benevolence, and we do earnestly hope there will be no occasion to inscribe on Mr. Peabody's tomb the short epitaph, "Worried to death."—*City Press (London)*.

From The Spectator.

MADAME DE MORNAY.*

THIS notice of a very remarkable French woman of the latter part of the fifteenth century, is a reprint of a "Discours" by Adolphe Scheffer, brother of the two celebrated French artists, Ary and Henri Scheffer. It was drawn up for reading at a meeting of L'Assemblée Générale de la Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français, 1854. It is brief and very incomplete, having more the character of an *éloge* than of a memoir. Of course, what it tells of Madame de Mornay is, so far as it goes, indisputably true; but it says nothing but what must be familiar to very cursory readers; it gives us few particulars of her varying life in her dutiful attempts to make a home for her husband wherever his employments called him; it says nothing of her English friends; of the birth of her children, one of whom, born in London, was named after Queen Elizabeth by her special desire, and had Sir Philip Sydney for godfather; it does not once mention her faithful friendship for the excellent Lauguet, and her nursing him in his last illness at Antwerp: and it makes no allusion to her characteristic difference with the Consistoire at Montauban. There exist, we feel persuaded, materials for a far more extended and interesting account of Madame de Mornay than this, or, indeed, than any that has yet been written, either in her own country or ours. The De Mornay papers, still in the hands of one of the descendants of Duplessis Mornay (the Marquis Jules de Mornay), form a very voluminous collection. From these many extracts have been made. The letters and many scattered papers have been published in twelve octavo volumes, in a Paris edition of 1824; and several of De Mornay's theological works are also well known. But among those which remain unedited, surely some valuable letters from the pen of his wife might be found which would repay the trouble of collection. We cannot indeed quite agree with M. Guizot, who in one of his best "*Etudes Biographiques sur la Revolution d'Angleterre*" (that on Lucy Hutchinson), overrates Madame de Mornay, we think, intellectually if not morally. We do not suppose her mental powers or their

cultivation were equal to those of Mrs. Hutchinson; but, by what she has written, Madame de Mornay strongly excites our desire to know more. She was, at all events, a woman of great energy and decision, courageous and faithful in affection; truly religious, yet not inclined to give way to religious pretension: singularly simple and truthful in all her aims. In the memoir of her husband, drawn up for the use of her only son, there is a marked absence of egotism. *His father's* example; the manner in which De Mornay conducted himself in various emergencies—is all in all with her.

The outlines of Madame de Mornay's life may soon be given. She was the daughter of a Catholic gentleman, Gui Arbaleste, Mons. de la Borde, who held honorable appointments at Paris in 1550, the year of her birth. He afterwards became a Protestant, but not so soon as his daughter, who in early youth embraced the Calvinistic faith. She married very young, a M. Feuquieres, likewise a reformer, but was left a widow, with one daughter, in 1569, when only nineteen. Five years afterwards she became the wife of Duplessis Mornay, who was about two years older than herself. Both of them had narrowly escaped death on the day of St. Bartholomew, both being in Paris, though each at that time unknown to each other. Through their connections with the noblest of the Huguenot party and some of the best of the Catholic, both were happily spared for long, useful, and consistent service, never, for an hour of after life, as it appears, shrinking from the toilsome duties before them through fear or through favor. It is really worth remarking what an abundance of practical talent is displayed in the records which remain of the great men and women of France of that day. De Mornay's own writings, when they are not on the subject of abstruse theology, are clear, concise, and to the point; and his wife, though few specimens of her authorship remain, is memorable among women for the closeness with which she adheres to the task she imposes on herself in no instance wasting unnecessary words, though there is abundant proof of the strong and even passionate character of her feelings. Her sojourn in England during her husband's first embassy to the court of Elizabeth from that of Navarre extended from about May, 1577, to July, 1578.

* *Madame Duplessis Mornay, née Charlotte Arbaleste. Par Adolphe Scheffer. Paris: Cherbuliez.*

There her eldest daughter by De Mornay was born, soon after her arrival. Her second, the Elizabeth of whom we have spoken, was also born in England just before her departure for the Low Countries. Of course the friendships formed in our country were numerous. The daughters of Anthony Cooke, the Walsinghams, Philip Sydney, and many others, chiefly, if not entirely, chosen among the more serious Church party, were her intimate friends. After the first embassy to England, Madame de Mornay chiefly lived in Antwerp for some years. Here her beloved son, the source of so much joy, pride, and sorrow, was born. De Mornay had again to visit the English court, and was employed on business both for the State and the Huguenot cause incessantly. At last, wearied by continual absence from home he established her in Gascony, where, at Montauban, at Nerac, and at La Rochelle, they resided for more than four years. The reformed religion numbering many friends in this part of France, they gave and received sympathy; but it was at Montauban that Madame de Mornay, in the absence of her husband, became entangled in an annoying dispute with the narrowest section of the Consistoire, led on by the principal minister, M. Beraut. According to a contemporary account, this minister had already signalized himself, and troubled the Church at Montauban by an exaggerated application of one of the acts of the National Synod against extravagant dress; and Madame de Mornay, who had passed unscathed through the religious ordeals of England, the Low Countries, and other places, had the misfortune to displease this scrupulous man by the manner of dressing her hair. In his high indignation, and abetted by others of his party, he refused, not to her only but to all the members of her family, servants included, tickets for the Holy Sacrament. He declined to examine their spiritual fitness, and put them practically under the ban of the Church. A paper drawn up, if not by Madame de Mornay, at least under her direction (which may be found in the second volume of the *Œuvres*, edition of 1824), details the particulars of this affair. A high-spirited and probably a tenacious woman, she did not choose to alter her style of dress in obedience to the commands of a minister or a small section of the Church. "I declare

before God," she says, "that I esteem this matter of the hair of no value, and that if I believed there was any authoritative command I would obey directly." She objects to the imitation of the worst point in the Romish Church—that of setting up the authority of the priest instead of God's commands. The end of it was that, being unable to obtain admission to the Sacrament at Montauban, and determined not to yield the point, she went to another church and ministers at about three leagues distant, and was there received willingly.

Some light is let upon character by an incident like this. Madame de Mornay, revered and beloved as she was by her family and intimate friends, had a decision and a talent for independent management which could not always make her agreeable in the less intimate intercourse of life. We cannot penetrate the mysteries of manner; we have not her own letters, as we have those of Lady Anne Bacon, the widow of Sir Nicolas, before us, or we might find some points of resemblance, in the midst of her occupation in much larger matters. "Uncompromising" is the word we are inclined to use with reference to both these gifted women, while both, in things great and little, seem to have loved power. It would not be historically just if we were to suppress the fact of Madame de Mornay having offended, not her minister only, but a younger and probably much abler man, in Anthony Bacon, the brother of Francis. Residing for a time at Montauban, he, of course, was commended by Walsingham, and by his mother, Lady Bacon, to the good offices of De Mornay and his wife, and at first appears to have enjoyed their society; but he fancied or believed in a project for entangling him in a courtship with Mademoiselle Du Pas, the daughter by her first marriage of Madame de Mornay. It is our belief, derived from all we read of young Anthony, that he was much to be trusted in all matters of statecraft, and that he had no desire to falsify or misrepresent a case; but that he was irritable, unhealthy, intensely jealous of his independence, particularly disinclined to marriage, which was often pressed upon him by his mother in vain—that he was extravagant also, and would resent any attempt to curb him in the matter of expense; perhaps he was also by no means smitten with the rigid

life of the Huguenots. However it might be, he certainly turned against Madame de Mornay, and whether from his own pique, or more sensible reasons, took the part of her minister. It may be and probably was the old story of a clever managing matron failing in her attempt to fulfil the wishes of his own maternal friends, and giving rise to a bitter feeling in a young man's mind. It is just the case, in fact, in which we think Lucy Hutchinson, with her greater lightness of spirit, her brilliancy, and general aptitude for sympathy, would have succeeded where Madame de Mornay failed. But we always feel we have got into a higher court, and to a more severe standard of judgment, when we turn to the grave Frenchwoman.

This brings us to the subject of her maternal relations. There seems to have been nothing injudicious in her domestic rule. The manner in which her daughters cling to her in affliction, and the constant confidence of her only son, prove this irresistibly. He was nobly endowed by nature and education. His mother's last words, in writing of him after his early, chivalrous end, are these, "It is almost beyond belief how everywhere where he has lived he is regretted; so completely was his ready, obliging temper, offensive to no one, recognized even in his short life—nearly indeed from infancy. It seems as if all this should soften our sorrows—yet they are as yet increased thereby . . . For a long time," she adds (after hearing of the event which took place in a most gallant enterprise of young De Mornay at Gueldres), "we scarcely knew what to say to each other. Next to God he was ever in our thoughts and words. Our daughters happily married and sent from us, not without grief, he alone remained, and in him all our lines met." This touching lamentation for a blow which soon after terminated her own enfeebled existence is a part of the conclusion of her memoir of his father. "And here," she says, "it is proper that this, my book, should end,—with him, as it was only undertaken for him; to describe

to him our pilgrimage in this life, since it has pleased God that his own has been more speedily and more happily closed—so well, indeed, that if I did not dread the grief of M. Duplessis, who, in proportion to the increase of my sorrow has given me more and more of his affection, it would weary me extremely to survive him."

She received the fatal news on the 24th of November, 1605, and died on the 15th of May in the following year. The 7th of that month found her performing her religious duties in the Church of Saumur; and though looking the picture of woe, it was not deemed that her end was so near.

De Mornay survived her for seventeen years. It is painful to think that the church built by his wife, and in which her body and that of her son were interred, was assailed long before his own death by the renewed hostility of the Catholic party, which obliged the aged man to frame a codicil to his will, directing that their remains and his own should be transferred to another burial-place near his own Chateau de la Forrest in Poitou, and "there," he adds, "I desire to be placed with them, and with any of my family who may also wish it, all with the least possible parade, to wait there together for the blessed Resurrection."

How quickly after that period (1623) did the darkest clouds of religious persecution almost that ever shrouded a country in gloom gather over that sad land of France! Who could have foreseen that a granddaughter of De Mornay's old companion in arms, Agrippa d'Aubigny, was to be the bitterest of the foes of their faith! But was not even a Condé among those who broke up their places of worship, forbade their ministers even to live *as* ministers, and hunted their women and children from rock to rock in the "desert," where alone they could attempt to meet? So the "lost leaders" of a great cause sometimes turn into its most implacable foes, and so does worldliness eat out the heart of what is noblest among men!

From The Spectator.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE fortunate heir to the English crown is, in one respect, the most unfortunate man of the age. His royal highness Prince Albert Edward of Great Britain is young, accomplished, well looking, thoroughly well educated, generally beloved, and in the prospective possession of one of the most glittering diadems in the world; and yet, in the plenitude of all these earthly and heavenly gifts, can only select his partner through life from among seven fair damsels. Tom Brown, the city clerk, who tries to be a gentleman upon sixty pounds a year, would not tolerate for a moment the idea of having his matrimonial horizon narrowed to such dimensions; nor would even John Styles, the plowman, who works for board wages six days in the week, and on the seventh courts all the girls of the parish, bear the restriction. Both Tom and John would certainly think themselves hardly used if, in this era of liberty, when locomotion is cheap and girls are plenty as blackberries, they should not be allowed to pick their spouses, at least, among a hundred fair ones, so as to be able to thoroughly investigate the comparative merits of black and blue eyes, plump and slender forms. They would feel aggrieved the more, as they are fully aware that the human flower-garden through which they are roving has far more than a hundred queens-of-hearts, being practically of almost unlimited dimensions, and expanding with every step downwards in the social scale. It is only on the pinnacle of the pyramid that the space is contracted until, as in the case of a live prince of the blood royal, the matrimonial field is circumscribed by the fatal number Seven. The land on this elevated ground is measured out and registered by a royal Domesday-book more formidable than the one preserved at the Chapter-house of Westminster Abbey. The book is well known and deeply revered as the *Almanach de Gotha*.

The great modern Domesday-book, the *Almanach de Gotha*, divides all mankind—and womankind, of course—into the three classes of princes, nobles, and plebeians. The boundary between each of these classes, is laid down and most markedly and distinctly making trespass all but impossible.

Sharpest in outline and best fenced off is the topmost division, comprising the various members of the royal families of Europe. It is laid down as a law, more stringent than any in the *Codex Justinianus*, that all these members are *ebenbürtigs*, or equal by right of birth, whatever may be their political or other position. Thus, the Czar of all the Russias, who rules a territory of nearly eight millions of square miles, being one-seventh of the land of the whole earth, stands, according to the *Almanach de Gotha*, exactly on the same level with the sovereign prince of Lichtenstein, whose realm extends over a few bogs in the Tyrolese mountains, and who furnishes seventeen men and a drummer to the army of the German Confederation. So well, however, is the *Codex* of Gotha acknowledged among the royal class, that the great Czar never for a moment hesitates to recognize the little prince, and all his little kith and kin, as *ebenbürtig*; and should the youngest son of Lichtenstein demand the hand of the autocrat's only daughter, the offer would not in the least be held presumptuous, but perfectly *en règle*. In epistolary intercourse, the Czar addresses the prince as "Monsieur mon frère," and in every other respect the brotherhood is carried into the smallest item of royal etiquette. But great as is the equality on the high table-land of royalty, immense also is the gulf which severs it from the terrace below, containing the second division of Gotha humanity. There are barons in Hungary and Bohemia a thousand times as rich and powerful as the sovereign prince of Lichtenstein, but woe to them if they should aspire to the hand of one of Lichtenstein's daughters! An ignominious refusal would be the least for them to expect in return for such impudent daring; and, even should they succeed in their matrimonial aspirations, the dreadful *Almanach* would brand the union as "morganatic." Equally detestable, from the Gotha standpoint, yet on the whole attended with lesser punishment, are breaches of the barrier separating the class of nobles from the vulgar herd, which are held up to public scorn under the name of *mésalliances*. But the law, in this point, has lost much of its rigor of late, and the execution of it is found to be attended with great difficulties. The more serious, therefore, has been the attention directed by the *Almanach* to the

royal class, and in order that contamination should become quite impossible the name of every member is carefully registered, together with all particulars, and published annually forth to the world. It is in this list, and nowhere else on the habitable globe, that his royal highness the Prince of Wales must look for a wife.

The catalogue of princes and princesses is a tolerably long one, extending over near a hundred pages of the royal Doomsday-book; and it seems rather extraordinary that there should be no more than seven fair ones in the list eligible for the selection of the heir-apparent to the crown of England. The fact is owing to some general and some particular causes. There are about eight hundred members of royalty in Europe, all *ebenbürtig* and legitimate; but the vast majority of them are in the sere and yellow leaf, past marrying and being married. Like English law lords and bishops, princes and princesses, as a rule, attain to a good old age, far above the average of vulgar humanity. The King of Wurtemberg, the Landgraf of Hesse-Homburg, and several other members of reigning families, are past eighty; the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen has sat on the throne for nigh sixty years; the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt has ruled his happy subjects since 1807; and Fürst George of Schaumburg-Lippe ever since 1787. The greater number of sovereigns of Europe and their families are above fifty years of age; and the case is not at all rare of four generations basking together in the sunny atmosphere of a throne. There are two emperors and three empresses in Austria, two kings in Bavaria, and two queens in Saxony, not to speak of a multitude of retired and reigning sovereigns in the minor realms of the world. Many a page of the *Almanach de Gotha* has to be turned over before the eye alights, in a maze of venerable *sexa*, *septa*, and *octogenarians*, on a name fit to match, in point of age, with that of the young heir-expectant of the British Isles. But the search becomes still more difficult from the fact that it is not only age, but religion which has to be looked after. The consort whom England wants for her future king, must be not merely young and comely, and scion of a sovereign princely family, but must be, above all, a believer in the

Protestant faith. But it happens, curiously enough that though the majority of European sovereigns are Protestant—thanks to the mosaic constitution of the German empire—there are, nevertheless, considerably more young princes and princesses brought up in the Roman Catholic creed, than after the tenets of the Reformed Church. The Catholic princes, it seems, multiply more than their Protestant brethren, although, as a rule, they do not arrive at quite so old an age. The largest of all the royal houses of Europe, are the families of Hapsburg and of Lichtenstein, *ubi supra*, both Roman Catholic, and including within their sacred circle more matrimonial eligibilities than a dozen ordinary Protestant households. The house of Hohenzollern is itself far more productive in its two Catholic branches, of Hechingen and Sigmaringen, than in the younger line which has given kings to Prussia. The handsomest and, it is believed, most accomplished princess of Europe at the present moment, is Fürstinn Maria of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, born November 17, 1845, and therefore exactly four years younger than the Prince of Wales. But, owing to the difference of creed, the radiant Fürstinn is *noli-me-tangere* to his royal highness. Somebody in Russia, where people are more accommodating in matrimonial religion than in this country, is said already to be looking out for this paragon of princesses.

After sifting and distilling the contents of the royal Doomsday-book with the utmost care, the sad fact remains at the bottom, that, as already said, there are really no more than seven eligible ladies in the world to whom the eldest son of Queen Victoria may offer his hand. The list being so extremely circumscribed, it seems worth while to set forth the names of this galaxy of beauteous candidates for the throne of Great Britain and the Indies. First on the list, according to rank, stands Princess Alexandrine of Prussia, born February 1, 1842, the youngest daughter of Prince Albert, brother of the king by Princess Marianne of the Netherlands. It is unfortunate for this young princess that from an early age she had to be the involuntary spectator of domestic dissensions, which ultimately led to a judicial divorce of her parents, pro-

nounced by judgment of the Consistory of Berlin in March, 1849. A happier home was that of the second princess on our list, Wilhelmina of Wurtemberg, born July 11, 1844, the daughter of Prince Eugene by a princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. Prince Eugene died some five years ago, and his children are known to be all well educated; but the formidable Domsday-book reveals that there is much "morganatic" blood in this family, and the fact that the mother of Princess Wilhelmina is related to Admiral Sir George Seymour would probably act as an obstacle to a union with the royal house of Great Britain. The third candidate is Princess Anna of Hesse, born May 25, 1843, the eldest daughter of Duke Charles of Hesse-Darmstadt, and sister of Prince Ludwig, who lately married our own Princess Alice. Little is known of this young royal lady; but she is said to be very amiable, though not invested by nature with the "fatal gift of beauty." Princess Marie of Saxe-Altenburg, youngest daughter of the late Duke Edward, by a princess of Reuss-Greiz, is the fourth candidate. She was born June 28, 1845, and her father dying when she was only seven years of age; she was brought up in great seclusion. The fifth princess in the list is Catharine of Oldenburg, born September 21, 1846, daughter of Prince Peter of Oldenburg, "doctor honoris juris civilis" of the University of St. Petersburg, and President of the Civil and Clerical Department in the Cabinet of his majesty Alexander II. of Russia. Though probably the British public would not much object to the doctorate of the father of this royal lady, the office in the Czar's ministry might prove a stumbling-block. Princess Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, born February 27, 1844, the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg Glücksburg stands sixth on the list. The princess is known to be very amiable and of charming manners; but her father unfortunately, is mixed up greatly in that never-ending, still-beginning Schleswig-Holstein embroglio over which the Teutonic night-

mares have been hovering these thirty years and longer. With Ireland on our hands, and the spirit-rappings of the ghostly "Eastern question," the Schleswig-Holstein connection certainly appears undesirable. There then remains only one more candidate to complete the list of the sacred seven princesses. This last royal lady is the one whom rumor points out as the destined consort of our future king, Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Her royal highness was born December 1, 1844, and is the second child and eldest daughter of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, heir-expectant to the throne of Denmark, and of Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel. She is described as very accomplished, as well as gifted with no inconsiderable share of physical beauty, standing second only in the latter respect to the far-famed princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. The union seems desirable in all respects, except the one that Prince Christian is as deeply involved in the Schleswig-Holstein maze as his elder brother Frederick. He has shown, however, either more wisdom or more ambition by taking the Danish side, and as recompense has been elected, in 1853, to be the successor of King Frederick VII. The friends of Prince Christian assert that he is aiming at something far higher than even the throne of Denmark, and that it is not unlikely he will one day bear on his brow the triple crown of a new empire of Scandinavia. But these are matters not needed to recommend fair Princess Alexandra to the notice of the British public, though the rumor of her selection as the bride of the Prince of Wales has already put the diplomacy of one-half of Europe in movement, created immense excitement at Berlin and St. Petersburg, and caused a panic among the Jews of Hamburg, who have been speculating in Schleswig-Holstein scrip. Here we only ask that our future queen should be a Protestant, her husband's own free choice, and not entangled with burdensome political obligations,—and all these recommendations, with beauty superadded, seem to meet in the princess.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 959.—18 October, 1862.

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MY TRIBUTE.

THE thrilling bugles ring,
And the vibrant drums are beat;
The glory of our flag
Illumes the narrow street;
The eager folk throng thick,
Great cheers oppress the air;
Our parting breaks my heart—
Yet I'm proud to think he's there.

The drums sound long, swift rolls,
The bugles blow fierce cries,
And marshalling fiery hosts
Our flaming banner flies.
The regiments sweep down
Into battle's smoke and glare:
A terror chills my heart—
Yet I'm proud to think he's there.

The bugle shrill recalls,
Accordant rings the drum,
The stars flash victory
From flags that flaunting come.
Pæans and bays await
The brave who thus can dare;
With welcome yearns my heart—
Yet I'm proud to think he's there.

The bugle's breath is faint,
The muffled drums speak slow,
And over arms reversed
Our blood-dimmed flag droops low.
To a patriot-soldier's grave
The valiant dead they bear;
Thy hopes are slain, my heart—
Yet oh! be proud he's there.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

GARIBALDI'S FALL.

Now on the fettered neck of Italy
Napoleon's grasp of iron will grow stricter;
And you, who fondly deemed your people free,
Have lost and gained an enemy, King Victor.

Rebel or hero, call him which you will,
He is the same as in those days Sicilian
When his wild war-cry made the people thrill,
When his name brought you subjects by the million.

What then was right can hardly now be wrong:
But the deed's done—its memory cannot pass wholly—

Done by the will of one who is far too strong
For you, Cavour, Rattazzi, or Ricasoli.

More safely you may wear your crown, perchance,

Review your troops at Turin with genteeler ease;

Yet all the while be the mere slave of France,—
The puppet of the plotter at the Tuileries.

—Press.

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers—
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born,—
The hearts that blossom like her flowers
And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies!

Oh, give to us her finer ear!
Above this stormy din,
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
Ring peace and freedom in!

—Atlantic Monthly.

FAREWELL, my son! Oh, blessed thought,
He cannot go where God is not—
And where He is there goodness reigns,
And Love fulfills what Love ordains.

On Northern hills, on Southern plains,
In wintry chills, in summer rains,
In deadly conflict—blessed thought,
He cannot be where God is not. T.

Aug. 24th, 1862.

—Transcript.

From The Spectator.
LORD MACAULAY'S POLITICAL CAREER.*

MACAULAY was never unknown. Before he had ceased to be a boy, his friends and teachers had noted his astonishing talents, his tutor found him the most agreeable of companions for a ramble on a Saturday afternoon, and Hannah More longed for the day when "Tom might be in Parliament and beat them all." Thus at eighteen he began life with a reputation greater than most men attain at the end of a successful career. Nor were his friends mistaken in their hopes and anticipations. Throughout his whole university career he was felt to be a man destined for great things. A few extracts from his speeches while at Cambridge fully justify the admiration of his companions. He was, in his tutor's words, "an extraordinary young man," and addressed the Union in language which has all the beauties and merits which gained for him the ear of Parliament. He remains, indeed, the last and greatest of the men for whom fame gained at the university has opened the doors of the House of Commons. To pass from the Union to Westminster, to address real members of Parliament, to bow to the decision of a real speaker, to influence by their eloquence divisions which may affect the fate of the nation, is the secret ambition which stirs the soul of the enthusiastic partisans who week by week parody all the formalities of Parliament, in addresses directed to the president and cheered by "the honorable members of the Oxford or Cambridge Unions." But they well know their ambition to be but a day-dream, and that the admiration of a London vestry is more likely to lead to a seat in the House of Commons than the enthusiastic applause of all the undergraduates of all the universities in England. The real peculiarity of Macaulay's position is that he was enabled by the force of his own genius, and by the favor of peculiar circumstances, to achieve exactly that success of which other undergraduates dream and dream in vain. His brilliant essays were precisely what they would write, could they attain the power. His university reputation is the distinction which, of all other distinctions, they covet; and, above all his

fortune in stepping almost at one stride from eminence in the Union to triumphs in the House of Commons, is the actual realization of the most dazzling hopes which their wildest fancy can suggest. The feat he accomplished will never be achieved again. No university rhetorician will ever again, under the present condition of English society, turn into a parliamentary orator, and Macaulay will be known as at once the most brilliant and the last of those men of genius whose university reputation opens for them the career of political life. Other men had, before his time, gained a seat in Parliament on the strength of their youthful reputation; but not many stood the rough test of being tried by the peculiar taste of the House of Commons. Macaulay vindicated the judgment of the men who applauded his harangues at the Union. No one can say that, as an orator, he failed. A foreigner, whose testimony cannot be suspected of partiality, bears witness to the extraordinary effect produced by his speeches in favor of Reform, and tells how even the Opposition "joined in the roar of applause," and "the House rung for many minutes with peal on peal of approbation, as the Speaker resumed his seat." Time and experience added to his skill, and not long before his death, Mr. Whitty saw "English gentlemen, collected to hear the celebrated orator, as wild with delight as an opera house after Grisi at ten." The Cambridge Union may look with unchecked pride on the greatest orator it has ever produced. But though Macaulay succeeded as an orator, though his reputation enabled him to overcome the bars which keep most Englishmen of the middle classes out of office, though his literary fame gained for him honors never before conceded to success in literature, every one feels that as a politician he failed. Canning and Palmerston, Peel or Lord John Russell will be known to posterity as political leaders; no one will ever care to remember that Macaulay occupied a seat in the Cabinet. The fact of the failure is undoubted; its causes are not at first sight easy to discover. But though it will long remain a puzzle to historians how it came to pass that the most popular political writer of his day, and one of the most successful orators who have ever charmed Parliament, with a character pure from all blemish, and almost free even from the at-

* *The Public Life of Lord Macaulay.* By the Rev. Frederick Arnold, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford. Tinsley Brothers.

tacks of slander, should have failed in achieving an amount of political eminence which has often been attained by men of far less talent and of damaged reputation, a careful investigation into the circumstances of Macaulay's public life and the peculiarity of his genius accounts for his want of success, and throws some curious light on the difficulties which beset the career of an English politician who attempts to rise to power from the ranks of the middle classes.

Some minor obstacles stood in his way. A certain want of tact is apparent in many of his most trifling acts. This deficiency caused him to date his address to the Edinburgh electors from Windsor Castle, led him into a scrape at his first introduction to the society of Calcutta, and probably was the cause of a kind of personal unpopularity which his kindness of heart and freedom from petty faults would otherwise make unaccountable. His rugged independence, whilst almost the most admirable feature in his career, was not calculated to win popularity. As a young man, though burning to enter public life, he risked his election at Leeds rather than court applause by giving his approval to a Bill which he conceived to embody, under a show of humanity, a plan little calculated to do good, and absolutely refused to give an account to the electors of his religious opinions. Men respect but do not love those who treat them with something like disdain; and the conduct of Edinburgh, which first disgraced itself by making its most distinguished representative the victim of a party of whom one-half were fanatics and the other half hypocrites, and, later, sought by something like servility to regain the glory of being represented by the greatest of English writers, is an exact example of the caprice with which the mass of mankind treat leaders whose honesty and want of pliancy prevent them from bending their principles so as to suit the popular cry of the moment. Still other statesmen have known how to rise in spite of faults in manner and without sacrificing the most punctilious independence, and no account of Macaulay's career is satisfactory which does not give some deeper cause for his want of success than those minor defects which, though not without influence, are never the ruling power in a great man's life. Some critics would be disposed to point to the tenacity

with which he held to one political creed as the error of his career. This solution of his failure is, however, untenable. Whether the doctrines of the Whig school of politicians are true or false, they have undoubtedly been adopted by the mass of the English people. Almost every reform which the Edinburgh reviewers advocated has been carried out, and where they stopped short in the course of improvement there the nation too has halted. Macaulay's principles differed so little from those of the politicians of his day that they can have been but a slight obstacle, if they were an obstacle at all, in the path of his progress. Two or three causes acted, we believe, in combination to hinder his political triumph. He possessed talent, reputation, and high character. One thing he lacked, in that he did not possess either rank or wealth. This want was his first and greatest hindrance. The middle class respects high birth and worships property. For talent it has no respect, or rather, it has a respect closely allied with envy. Hence a politician who attempts to rise without money or connections, is exposed at once to the envy of his equals and to the jealousy of his superiors. The former give him at any rate no help, the latter dislike him as an intruder. Literary men have, it is true, risen to power; but it has been in spite of their literary reputation. Disraeli has been more hampered by his novels than by his disgraceful attacks on England's last great minister. Bulwer, though he is a baronet, is looked on with some suspicion because he is an author; and Macaulay was attacked as "Babble-tongue" by the *Times*, with a discourteous vehemence which would never have been employed towards a statesman guiltless of having written epigrammatic sentences. The existence of the popular prejudice against a writer who was not rich enough to live without using his pen, told we cannot but think unfortunately on Macaulay's conduct. He wished apparently to succeed in political life, to gain a fortune, and to obtain a lasting literary reputation. To achieve any one of these objects of his ambition would have tasked the energy and talent of most men. With his powers he might have accomplished two out of the three, and he was perhaps right in thinking that if he were to become a statesman, the possession of

wealth was a necessity. Chance placed fortune within his reach, and when three years in India were sufficient to give him all the wealth which he desired no one could wonder that he should consent to leave home almost at the crisis of his political life. Natural as was the course which he pursued, it was, in our opinion, a mistaken one. If indeed he had been willing to devote his whole energies to statesmanship, the absolute necessity for obtaining an independence might have vindicated his retirement from the field of politics, even though this retirement threatened fatally to injure his position. But he was not prepared to surrender all his political success. Desire for literary fame was at bottom his ruling passion. To gain this the wealth gathered by his three years of exile was not needed. He went to India poor. He came back rich, but the golden opportunity for forcing his way to the vanguard of the Liberal party had been let slip. The lost ground might, indeed, have been recovered, but the labor required to do this would have entailed the sacrifice of his best prospects of literary fame. His efforts to gain a political name became languid, and on the first rebuff he gave up the game of politics and retired with a noble dignity to the cultivation of letters.

Something more, however, than the mere force of external circumstances is required to explain the way in which these circumstances acted on Macaulay's mind. His character was better adapted to the study of literature than for the achievement of success in public life. All political leaders have one common characteristic—an intense thirst for power. "To starve if they do not rule" has been the source of at once the weakness and the strength of every person who, from the days of Periander to those of Lord Palmerston, has been a leader among men. This hunger for rule is found in minds of the most different capacity. It tormented the imbecility of George the Third, no less than the heaven-born genius of his minister. It is not in itself any qualification for the exercise of authority, but no one not under its influence ever for long held power. Many men of more than average talent have none of this true ambition. To aspire to dignity,

to long for renown, to wish for the trappings and the ornaments of place, is common enough, but the number of those who really wish to incur the trouble of governing others is much smaller than moralists who constantly warn their readers against ambition, which is, after all the rarest of vices, are willing to believe. To the number of these lovers of power Macaulay did not belong. He wished for fame; we doubt much whether he ever really wished to bear rule. Connected with this want of genuine political enthusiasm is his apparent lack of administrative capacity, and possibly also his inability to originate any new idea. He could discern what was true in the thoughts of others, and could illustrate the truths which other men had pointed out with a copious supply of felicitous examples, but he never suggested a new reform, or worked out a single legislative improvement. An age which saw its greatest minister in Peel, admired but could not find employment for the genius and rhetoric of Macaulay. At moments a reader of Macaulay's works is tempted to regret that labor, which did not lead to adequate success in the domain of politics, should have been withdrawn from the field of literature, but the regret is useless and grounded on an erroneous view of the great historian's character. Had he never entered Parliament he might have left behind him two or three brilliant essays, or some volumes of his "History" which will now never delight the public; but, though he might have written more, complete literary leisure would have deprived his works of half their charm. No one could have written of English politics as he has written, without having himself been a politician. His experience as a statesman taught him how to tell the history of the statesmen of former ages. More and more literature and politics are becoming disconnected. Macaulay is the last type of the men who brought to the government of the country all the feelings, the education, and the dignity conferred by the culture of our universities; and as we read his political life we seem to see a feature of a special kind of greatness which is rapidly passing away from English society.

From The Athenæum.

Letters of Mrs. Piozzi to William Augustus Conway. (Unpublished.)

As Mrs. Thrale and as Mrs. Piozzi, the friend of Johnson, the rival of Burney, will never cease to retain a certain kind of interest. Her life was a busy and a bright one. She moved for a time in the very best circles, and though she was herself, with all her wit and learning, a weak, fickle, foolish creature, she knew some of the great men, in whose lives the curiosity of mankind will never die. Her story is familiar to every one who reads. In her lifetime she had only scant justice done to her; her offence against the world being her exercise of that one woman's right which would never be disputed in Utopia—the right to give her love and her hand to the man she preferred. Society thought otherwise. Her first husband was a brewer, her second a musician. Beer, with a house in the Borough and a villa at Streatham, was respectable. But if the men and women of her own set—including Johnson—ridiculed or resented her marriage with Piozzi, they never breathed against her name the accusation of female frailty. This scandal has been reserved for our own day. The “Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi” contains allusions to her correspondence with a young actor, Mr. Conway, at a very advanced period of her life. No reliable publication has ever been made of any portion of this correspondence. A thin volume purporting to contain seven “Love Letters of Mrs. Piozzi” was published many years ago; the seven letters were not, however, proper copies of the originals, but were so garbled and distorted as to change their character.

Mrs. Ellet, the American lady who possesses the whole mass of Mrs. Piozzi's correspondence with Conway, has been good enough to place the letters in our hands. We are, therefore, in a position to tell the exact truth about this pretended passion of the aged lady for the young actor.

No greater contrast can be imagined than that between the lives of Mrs. Piozzi and Conway. In her youth the pet and admiration of her Welsh relations, and enjoying the most absolute freedom in the indulgence of her tastes, she married to become the star and queen of a brilliant circle, where wit, beauty, and gayety kept perpetual holiday

around her. She had wealth to any heart's desire; the most distinguished men of the century offered her the homage of their admiration, and the choicest treasures of literature were added for her pleasure to the delights of society. Her cherished friends were fond and faithful, her domestic relations were happy, and the world, abroad and at home, did her honor. Her second marriage gratified the dearest affections of her heart. Her old age, to the verge of existence, still retained influence and commanded respect, though “the love of many had waxed cold.” On the other hand, the whole career of the actor was marked by disappointment and vexation of spirit. His birth was obscure; he had no success in his profession; he was persecuted by the press with gibes and sneers as one who had mistaken his vocation; he had no friends; the lady of his love proved faithless; fortune mocked him; bitter poverty was his portion; the world scorned his pretensions and refused him even the meed his talents and labors had fairly won. His life of struggle and suffering ended in a suicide's death. The editor of the pretended “Love Letters of Mrs. Piozzi” assumes that this aged and respectable lady fell into an absurd passion for this woe-begone hero of the sock and buskin. But on comparing the correspondence as Mrs. Piozzi wrote it with the correspondence as the editor published it, we find that the suggestion of sexual love is made by an abominable misrepresentation of two passages in her letters, which we shall reproduce. They are both taken from the same letter, dated Feb. 3, 1820, and numbered in the printed copy No. VI. The printed copy quotes these words: “—Written at three, four, and five o'clock [in the morning] by an Octogenary pen; a Heart (as Mrs. Lee says) twenty-six years old, and, as H. L. P. feels it to be, ALL YOUR OWN.” The proper text runs thus: “And now, dear sir, let me request of you—to love yourself—and to reflect on the necessity of not dwelling on any *particular subject* too long or too intensely. It is really very dangerous to the health of body and of soul. Besides that our time here is but short: a mere Preface to the great Book of Eternity;—and 'tis scarce worthy of a reasonable being not to keep the end of human existence *so far* in view, that we may tend

to it either directly or obliquely in every step. This is preaching— —but remember how the sermon is written; at three, four and five o'clock, by an *octogenary* pen—a heart (as Mrs. Lee says) twenty-six years old; and as H. L. P. *feels* it to be— —all your own." The true text contains a religious exhortation; the printed text is made to suggest an immoral communication. The word *octogenary* is emphasized by Mrs. Piozzi, not by her editor; "all your own" has no emphasis in the letter, and is put in capital letters by the printer.

The second case is dealt with still less honestly. Conway was in love with a young lady, Miss Stratton, who jilted him. Mrs. Piozzi wrote, as most friends would do under like circumstances, saying, in effect, the lady was unworthy of him, and that he ought to look higher. These are the very commonplaces of consolation, old as time itself, and daily renewed in the great moil of life. These were her words: "Exalt thy love-dejected heart— —and rise superior to such narrow minds. Do not, however, fancy she will ever be punished in the way you mention. No, no; she'll wither on the thorny stem, dropping the faded and ungathered leaves." The editor of the letter has changed the sense of the passage, printing it so: "EXALT THY LOVE: DEJECTED HEART— — and rise superior to such narrow minds. Do not however fancy she will ever be punished in the way you mention: no, no; she'll wither on the thorny stem, dropping the faded and ungathered leaves."

The true relations of Mrs. Piozzi to Conway were at first those of patroness and protégé: afterwards it became more affectionate: almost that of grandmother and grandson. The melancholy of a blighted youth weighed heavily upon Conway at the time he first heard of Mrs. Piozzi, and he eagerly sought her acquaintance, hoping, no doubt, to find sympathy in her love for art and the drama, with unprejudiced judgment of his own efforts. She was then at Bath, the centre of an agreeable literary circle, and her patronage might aid him in securing the success which had hitherto eluded his attempts to grasp it. As every reader of her memoir and letters must know, she was of an impulsive nature, and generous to a fault. Her quiet home was the resort of

chosen friends, but those who had the nearest claim had disappointed her affection. Of her daughters she says, the eldest writes once a year, "an Annual Register;" the other three, "A Quarterly Review, once in three months." The birthday of "dear cruel Lady Keith," her eldest, only brought despondency.

Sir John Salusbury, the creature of her bounty, her nephew by marriage, and adopted son, to whom she had given rank and estate, appears to have neglected her, at least to have yielded none of the warm affection which was her due. Having it in her power yet to confer benefits, with a heart full of the richest milk of human kindness, it was but natural that it should overflow on any worthy object presenting itself. It is the nature of most women to have pets. The melancholy young man, whose position was so isolated, whose need of a friend was so urgent, whose fortune was so hard, who sought her aid so appealingly, found a welcome and encouragement to pour out his griefs and difficulties; sure of sympathy and assistance. Mrs. Piozzi formed an intimate friendship with Mr. Conway's mother, Mrs. Rudd. The ladies passed much of their time together, and consulted each other how to help the young actor in his schemes, and how to secure for him the fame they were sure he deserved. Mr. Conway soon regarded Mrs. Piozzi as his best, his only friend; and to be "the destitute's sole friend" is a distinction gratifying to any benevolent heart. The story of his love for Miss Stratton was confided to Mrs. Piozzi, who approved of the attachment and cultivated the acquaintance of the lady's relatives for Conway's sake. When he was jilted by the fair one, and suffered a severe illness in consequence, "his more than mother," as he called Mrs. Piozzi, showed herself indignant at the wrong, and poured into his wound the balm of her disinterested friendship. What rational person could imagine her soothing expressions dictated by an unbecoming passion for the unhappy lover! If her language is warm and flattering, such was hers usually to all her intimate friends; and at her extreme age, precluding the possibility of misconstruction, it was surely natural that she should write affectionately to her favorite, the son of her friend; and one whose misfortunes claimed solace from

her pitying regard. How could she have thought of being on her guard while writing to the grateful young man who could not have misunderstood his benefactress?

In a letter dated "Bath, June 3d, 1819," Mrs. Piozzi says:—

"I wonder how you really like Johnson's and my letters! I wonder if you recollect asking me once if I should like to lead my life over again; such a *happy* one, as you then thought it. Poor H.L.P.! a *happy* life! Yet few, if any, have been more so, I believe; and the moments which gave comfort to three unequalled creatures—he and the Siddons and yourself, will come smiling to my heart while its last pulse is beating. Of the three, *she* was most immediately benefited; and I am glad she has not forgotten me. Naughty lady! how they whistled her away from me, after—but no matter—try again, you see. What are hearts made for? The cook would reply, to be *minced*; but my *last* friend will defend it."

On other occasions she contrasts Conway's gratitude with the coldness shown by the two favorites who had stood on the same level with him in her esteem.

Mrs. Piozzi mentions Conway in one of her letters, noticed in "Piozziana," dated May 4, 1818. Mrs. Siddons speaks of him in a letter, written a few days later, which, as it has never been published, we transcribe:—

"27 Upper Baker Street, Regent's Park,
"May, 18, 1818.

"You can never doubt, my dearest Mrs. Piozzi, of the happiness it must always give me to see any testimony of your continued kindness. I only wish you would oftener 'take the opportunity.' I saw Mr. Conway only for a few minutes, and those in company with many talkers, but long enough to satisfy me that you are as young and gay both in mind and person as in those never-to-be-forgotten days of felicity which your kindness allowed me to enjoy at dear, dear Streatham Park. Many and happy returns of that day, which I wish I could participate with Mr. Conway and Susan; but I dare not promise myself so much happiness. But wherever I may be *I will rejoice*, and be assured, my beloved friend, that till I forget myself I never can cease to love and admire you with all the faculties of my heart and mind. Remember me most affectionately to my dear Dr. Whalley. Present my kind compliments to his lady and to Miss Sharpe. My dear Cecy and Miss Wilkinson desire

me to offer you their best wishes, and I remain,

"Your ever faithfully affectionate,

"S. SIDDONS.

"Our friends seem to enjoy their accession of health with all the hilarity of five-and-twenty. I am to dine with them to-morrow, and shall make them happy by my report of you, dear soul! for they love you dearly; 'but who is not Alonzo's friend?'"

The above sufficiently refutes the calumny that Mrs. Piozzi practised reserve with her friends in speaking of her favorites. It shows, too, the demonstrative style then prevalent. She writes to Conway:—

"You have been a luckless wight, my admirable friend, but amends will one day be made to you, even in *this* world; I know, I feel it will. Dear Piozzi considered himself as cruelly treated, and so he was, by his own friends, as the world perversely calls our relations, who shut their door in *his* face, because his love of music led him to face the public eye and ear. He was brought up to the church; but 'Ah! Gabriel,' said his uncle, 'thou wilt never get nearer the altar than the organ loft.' His disinclination to celibacy, however, kept him from the black gown, and their ill-humor drove him to Paris and *London*, where he was the first *tenor* singer who had £50 a night for two songs. And Queen Marie Antoinette gave him a hundred louis-d'ors with her own fair hand for singing a buffo-song over and over again, one evening, till she learned it. Her cruel death half broke his tender heart. You will not wait as he did for fortune and for fame. We were both of us past thirty-five years old when we first met in *society* at Dr. Burney's (grandfather to Mrs. Bourdois and her sisters), where I coldly confessed his uncommon beauty and talents; but my heart was not at home. Mr. Thrall's broken health and complicated affairs demanded and possessed all my attention, and vainly did my future husband endeavor to attract my attention. So runs the world away."

The postscript reveals her own opinion of the affection of her heirs:—

"The Admiral and Lady Baynton are come tearing home from France, having heard of Mr. L.'s illness. Run, neighbors, run!! Oh! how a man must be flattered, sure, to see *long distant, suddenly dutiful* relations arrive, breathless with haste, too! O, my dear sir! pray for me that I may 'scape the vultures by swift, if not sudden, dismissal."

These letters, like her books, are thickly sown with classical and historical allusions, in which Mrs. Piozzi's unimpaired memory loved to revel:—

“Apropos to notes [she writes, in May, 1819], as dear Mr. Conway says, ‘when do you find time to write so much, Mrs. Piozzi?’ But the annotations to Wraxall don’t distress me with fears of falling into improper hands, as Johnson’s letters did—because of those old confidential stories; and as your fancy in a happy hour prompted you to court acquaintance with Thrale’s wife more than with Piozzi’s widow, I shall leave marking and margining my ‘Travels’ till the last. May all of them but contribute to amuse you, and keep me alive in your remembrance; a place I can’t give up. To keep you in *ours*, no need of such a contrast as little Mr. Booth exhibits, surely; the Triton of the minnows; and Miss Willoughby talks of some new man—nobody knows who. Miss Williams says that if you ever go to Chester by any accident, she could be useful to you. You will want none of us; and in two years it will be *virtue* in you to name our names with kindness. Farewell, then, and adieu! To these synonyms the Latin word *Vale* is univocal. Romans often at the end of their letters say, ‘Jubeo te bene valere,’ you may observe,—‘I command thee to be well,’ or ‘to keep well;’ but *Vale*, in the imperative mood, is neuter, and Frenchmen best translate it, ‘Portez-vous bien.’ *Vales* to servants sprung from this old Latin way or idiom; meaning a gracious farewell; little as the word was understood to have so classical an origin. ‘Yes,’ says Juliet, ‘but all this did I know before;’ yet *thus* and *thus* do I beguile the time—ay, and the thing I am, by seeming otherwise.”

Mrs. Piozzi seems to have been at this time domesticated with Conway’s mother. Mrs. Stratton was the grandmother of the young lady he loved,—“his Charlotte,” as Mrs. Piozzi called her.

The following letter is characteristic:—

“Fryday, June 4th.

“And now, whilst all the world is preparing in some way to celebrate our old king’s birthday, my dear friend is rehearsing Bassanio for the evening, having first read his letter from No. 13. It must ever be a matter of curiosity to think that so strange a tale as Shakspeare founded his ‘Merchant of Venice’ on—should be familiarly related in three kingdoms. I have read it in Gregorio Leti’s ‘Life of Sextus Quintus,’ and again in Spanish, where Portia’s contrivance is called *milagio d’ingenio*—a miracle of ingenuity.

We have it likewise in Percy’s collection of old ballads; but, *perhaps*, for I have not the book, it may be told there as an Italian story. Have you a good Launcelot? Shakspeare did certainly know more of the colloquial language and manners of Italy than his commentators are aware of. I cannot *help* knowing that if a gentleman in past days saw an old humpbacked man he would call after him, ‘Gobbo, che ora è?’ or ‘Cieco, cosa fai tu là?’—‘Hunchback, what’s o’clock?’ or, ‘Blind man, what are you doing there?’ Footmen, too, if favorites, would seldom be called by their names; but ‘Here, you, Biondello,’ little fair-face, or ‘Morettino,’ little brown-face; as we find Shakspeare does in the ‘Taming of the Shrew.’ Nay, but as Johnson’s letters say, let us hear something about *Bolt Court*. Why, then, *this* you shall hear, that I felt delighted to think I came in your head as sitting—for so I used—kicking my heels in the carriage waiting for the good doctor who would not be hurried, but who would be angry enough, and Mr. Thrale still more so, if the dinner was spoiled by our being so late home. And what a morning I once had when carrying Sir Luca Pepys to attend him in a dirty room—with one uncleaned window—my companion cried out, ‘Let us get him to Streatham Park directly; why, *life would go out here of its own accord!*’ Ah, *si vous pouviez comprendre*, how I do wish, and hope and try, to make you feel an interest in all this old stuff! But here comes our clever Mr. Mangin, from Paris, and you shall not escape hearing how your *oldest*, at once, and *newest* and truest friend is esteemed in that capital for having written your favorite book, ‘British Synonymy.’ And there is a portrait prefixed to the work, and the people asked Mr. Mangin if it was like, and came round him, he said, and cried ‘Vit-elle encore!’ ‘Vit-elle encore!’ Comical enough! I had no notion on’t. He tells me that the abhorrence of these strange fellows to the Bourbons extends not up to the king; and that *he* knows very competently well how to manage them. The stage he describes as polluted with libellous representations, ridiculing our country, our customs and our government; but they showed him an imitation of my ‘Three Warnings,’ *en vers libres*, very well done. And now, if you do feel rejoiced that the last morsel of paper will soon be covered, it will vex me. So it will if you fancy I require answers to all this *congerie* of sense and nonsense. Indeed, I am not *exigeante*; all I wish, all I *beg*, at least, are the three words I used to teize Salusbury for when he was at Oxford; *safe—well and happy*; but let me have those magical words sent me soon; or how shall I again be a *funny little*

thing? as page 56 of the 2d volume calls me. The history of that last appellation was as follows: some arrival was announced; a man with a new name; so I began imitating him before he appeared; and made him describe all the friends he found at Streatham Park in a letter he was to write in the evening. 'Ay,' added Johnson, 'and there was the gay mistress of the house, who I expected to see a fine lady; but soon found she was a funny little thing.'"

An anecdote of Johnson's social wit is given in a letter dated some months later:—

"While there was so much talk about the town concerning mal-administrations, some of the Streatham coterie, in a quibbling humor, professed themselves weary of *Male*-administration, as they pronounced it emphatically,—and proposing a *Female* one, called on Dr. Johnson to arrange it.—'Well then,' said he, 'we will have,—

Carter—for Archbishop of Canterbury.

Montague—First Lord of the Treasury.

Hon. Sophia Byron—Head of the Admiralty.

Herald's Office—under care of *Miss Owen*.

Manager of the House of Commons—Mrs. Crewe.

Mrs. Wedderburne—Lord Chancellor.

Mrs. Wallace—Attorney General.

Preceptor to the Princes—Mrs. Chapone.

Poet Laureate—Hannah More.'

—'And no place for *me*, Dr. Johnson?' cried your friend.—'No, no! you will get into Parliament by your little silver tongue, and then rise by your own merit.'—'And what shall I do?' exclaims Fanny Burney.—'Oh, we will send you out for a *spy*,—and perhaps you will get *hanged*! Ha, ha, ha!'—with a loud laugh."

"Mrs. Pennington and I," says Mrs. Piozzi, in another letter to her "youngest adopted child," as she calls Mr. Conway, "are your Hephestion and Parmenio;" and by another example she describes her relation to her friend:—

"When Atterbury presented Pope, the poet, with a Bible—'Does your Lordship abide by it yourself?' said he.—'We have not time to talk now,' replied the bishop; 'but I do certainly, and ever will abide by it. Accept my book: I consider it as a legacy.' Pope's letter to him afterwards, just as poor Rochester set out for the Continent, is very tender, very touching; and I am always wishing when I read it that such may be dearest Mr. Conway's sentiments towards *me*. 'I shall never suffer to be forgotten—nay, to be only faintly remembered—the pleasure and pride which I must ever have in reflecting how frequently you have enter-

tained me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me. In conversation I shall wish for you; in study I shall want you; in my most lively and most thoughtful hours I shall equally bear about me the *impressions of you*; and perhaps it may *not be in this life only* that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.'—Alex. Pope *loquitur*. Will you subscribe to them as your sentiments for poor H.L.P.! abating the ideas of dignity annexed to Atterbury's superior station and superior learning? More desire of your temporal and eternal welfare could not have animated *his* gentle bosom, had he known and conversed with you as I have done."

It is manifest in all these letters that the regard of Mrs. Piozzi prompted her to impart without craving reciprocated benefits. She asks only from Mr. Conway the assurance of his welfare, and that her kind efforts to serve him are efficient. Such is the nature of true benevolence, which warms the heart it fills. She could not but feel "the maternal touch" towards one who was so much indebted to her. What a pretty, fanciful way of expressing her kindness is the following close of a letter, written in February, 1820:—

"Here are the Pennington sermons in folio, and my answer to her last letter. Read and put it in the post, and go to the rehearsal and eclipse them all, and dine with me and Sharpina and Miss Willoughby; a mere fasting dinner for six intimates, only including your mother, sister, daughter, friend. 'Have you lodgings here,' cried a postilion in the night, 'for Don Manuel de Medina Sidonia, y Commandante e Vittorio Emmanuel de Terriera y Souza?'—'Oh, Lord, no, sir!' replies the landlord; 'here are *too many* of the nobility!'—'Prythee, fellow,' returns for answer *l'avant courier*, 'there is but one person in the chaise.' So that person, however designated, is

"H. L. P."

As early as June, 1819, Mr. Conway appears to have consulted Mrs. Piozzi on the subject of his matrimonial project, for she writes about that time:—

"Your friendship is my boast, and your felicity my truest wish; my unfeigned approval follows your every step. But how can I advise in such a case? *I dare not*! Oh, but too well does dear Mr. Conway know that *I think* no fortune good enough—no applause loud enough for his talents and merit; well does he know, too, that I felt

ready to promote a more splendid scheme of happiness than this, although my heart knew that its completion would certainly have estranged us from each other. But to decide against one's self is a trick played by delicate minds perpetually; and Johnson always warned me to beware of it. 'Scrupulous tempers make few people good,' said he, 'and many people miserable.' "

Changing the subject to criticise Miss O'Neil's acting, Mrs. Piozzi adds:—

"Dr. Gray, the prebendary of Durham, came in while I was writing this. He saw Siddons at a great quality dinner, and she looked well, he said; but scarce spoke to *him* six days ago in London; 'and we were so intimate, you know,' said he, 'when we both lived so much with you and Mr. Piozzi at dear Streatham Park!' 'Suivez,' says Rousseau, 'la chaîne de tout cela;' it would have led only to *chains*. Connection with humbler-sized abilities is safer; for though the disproportionate features of arrogance offend me at the first, a flexible mind like mine easily yields to the predominance of a higher spirit, assimilating itself to false appearances of virtue; as some bodies by taking poison in small quantities find it at length almost necessary to their existence. . . . This moment and not before—Wednesday, June 9th—blows Sir James Fellowes hither. He will not share my solitary dinner; . . . but he felt my pulse—pronounced me quite well. . . . 'And how,' says he, 'is Conway? He is your favorite!' 'Ay,' replied I. 'We went to the play last night—the dear Strattons and myself—for the first time since he left us.' 'Stratton! Stratton! oh, that's the pretty girl that has a likeness of Catalina, and is in love with Conway.' 'Mercy on me, my dear Sir James! why do you say such strange things?' 'Nay—nay; I never saw her or him but one day, you know; one Spanish proverb, though, comes in one's head of course: Love and a cough can never long lie hid.' 'He has,' replied I, 'a return of that vile sore throat.' 'Merely an affection of the membrane,' was his answer, 'caused by perpetual irritation. You and Miss Stratton will hear his voice ne'er the worse for it.' 'Thank God for that,' was my reply."

Mr. Conway's affair of the heart was most unfortunate, and it was the office of his faithful friend to sympathize with him and alleviate his distress. Mrs. Piozzi afterwards writes, in allusion to what she thought a release for him "from tyranny and slavery of the worst kind,"—

"Mezentius tied a living *body* to a dead

one; but marriage chains a soul aspiring to a spirit grovelling, when ill-assorted minds meet, as we sometimes see; and the superior creature, like a wounded bird, flapping his wings in vain, dies of vexation on the ground he scorns."

Mrs. Piozzi's poetical fancy is continually having its outlet in verses which do her no great credit as a poet. "The Marine Voices" speak comfort to her in the remote place chosen for her summer retreat; and she adds:—

"Assure yourself, dear sir, these are the only *solid* consolations at eighty years old, when our conscience *must* become either a throne or a scaffold to us; make it the *first* I conjure you; and pardon my solicitude, which *can* proceed but from the purest motives—the fondest friendship—the best-placed esteem—the truest admiration. . . . You never will have a better correspondent, a more competent monitress, a kinder friend, or more disinterested, than is poor

"H. L. P."

Another allusion to one of Conway's loves:—

"So, charming Siddons is charming Siddons still, you see. How have I idolized *that* wondrous creature, till she, like —, was weary of my praises! Cecy will win hearts of Cantabs by hundreds, I suppose; but if she ever *did* give you *her own*, the conquests won't delight her."

The following extract is from a letter dated Weston-super-Mare, August 21:—

"Ah, if I was indeed the good creature your partial friendship leads you to fancy me, you would be well—I wonder how soon! for the prayers of a righteous person, we are told, *availeth much*, and sure, I think, you have not wanted mine. When we meet, I will tell you an odd thing, a superstitious thing, bred by

"'Fancy, whose delusions vain
Sport themselves in human brain,'

—though I love not to shut her out, because with her death dies every charm of our existence, yet dare not let her in, lest she should seize on Reason's throne, and throw the grave good lady down the steps. What a pretty allegory is that of Gaspar Gozzi, in my Synonymy of the blind man and handsome woman on the Rialto! I never remember under which article anything is to be found; but you are a living index to my books. Whilst we were living here at the hotel, the waiter, with a grin upon his naturally sullen countenance, said, 'Here's a man

inquires for Mrs. Piozzi.' 'Bid him come in;' and, seeing the strange visitant, 'Be pleased to call my maid.' Both entered. 'What's all this,' cried L. 'Edwards!'—'Yes, sure!'—'Why, the poor fellow is half dead, I vow, in a smock frock, and dirty!'—'Yes, sure!'—'And hungry, too! and mind what he says, Bessy; he says he walked hither from Dymarchion, two hundred and twenty-eight miles; and slept in the streets of Bath last night, and walked here to-day! For what! in the name of Heaven! Ask him.' 'He is stone deaf. He came to see you, he says.' 'See me! why he is blind, high gravel blind at least, and one eye quite extinguished.' 'I must get him some meat,' says Bessy; so she did; and set what we call a Benjamin's mess before him, which a dapper post-boy snatched away, and left my countryman a living study for Liston, a statue of dirt and despair, reversing Neddy Bray's distress, who ate up other people's food, and this fool lost his own. On close inquiry, the poor witless wanderer had gone to Brynbella upon Midsummer-day, it seems, to claim £2, which as a superannuated laborer he tells me I used to pay him annually. Salisbury drove him from the door. 'Ah, Sir John, your good aunt, God bless her! would not have served me so. Where is the lady that was *Mistress* of this house?'—with a Welsh howl that naturally enough provoked the present *Master*. 'Why, she is at Bath; go look for her, you dog!' And the wretched creature took him literally. So I had to ship him off for Cardiffe, which though the wrong end of our Principality, was better for him to be lost in than England, and I hope he got safe home somehow. 'Tis of such mortals that these mobs are formed, and no wiser, as it appears by their stupidity in facing disciplined troops with no other arms than one pistol and a few brickbats. Has the heat wholly exhaled the common instinctive sense of danger from their heads? I like not, however, the threatening placards set up at London. God keep the metropolis quiet, and these county meetings will soon be extinguished. The dear newspapers came to my hand while I was writing. Oh, thank you, thank you for it a thousand times! And which of the Conrads known to historic truth is dramatized, I wonder! The elder was proclaimed King of the Romans about the year 1220 or 30; but would absolutely be *Emperor* in spite of the Pope; to annoy whose Italian dominions he drove into the Peninsula, and committed famous cruelties at Naples, Capua, etc., after having behaved beautifully the early part of his life; and so they compared him to *Nero*. He was poisoned by his brother Manfred, but left a son whom the Neapolitans called Conradino

—the little Conrad; who had a great soul, however; set an army on foot at sixteen years of age, in order to recover some of his father's conquests, possessed by Charles of Anjou, who defeated him and his martial cousin, Frederick, at Lago Fucino—and as they crossed a river to escape, caught both the fugitives; and hapless Conrad lost his short life on a scaffold at Naples, when only eighteen years old. He was a youth of quite consummate beauty; which was the reason our King William the Third used to laugh when German friends and flatterers compared them; because, otherwise, the parallel ran happily enough; the same ardor in battle, the same hostility to Popes; and all at so unripe an age too! But, as Dr. Johnson said to Mr. Thrale, 'O sir, stop my mistress! if once she begins naming her favorite heroes round, we are undone! I hate historic talk, and when Charles Fox said something to me once about Catiline's conspiracy, I withdrew my attention, and thought about Tom Thumb.' Poor dear Doctor Collier loved it no better. 'My sweet child,' he used to say, 'leave thy historians to moulder on the shelf; I have no hooks in my brains to hang their stories on.' And yet their adoring pupil distracts her latest found friend with it in the year 1819—and all out of her own head, as the children say; for ne'er a book have I. Send me the tragedy if 'tis good for anything, and you can do it without inconvenience. Once again, I wonder much who wrote it! Who acted it last night you have told me; and it was very kindly done; and I am now more easy about *your* health, and more careful of *my own*—that I may the longer enjoy the comfort of being considered as dear Mr. Conway's admiring and faithful friend,

"H. L. P."

Such letters as the above show vigor of the intellectual faculties at the age of fourscore, with a singular capacity for receiving enjoyment, not only from passing occurrences, but reminiscences of the past. A happy and fortunate old lady, *certainly*, was Mrs. Piozzi, and not the least in finding a ready listener to her stories of bygone ages and of her contemporaries; a listener to whom she felt that she was doing good while she rattled on in her amusing vein. Of her kind anxiety for her suffering friend's health she tells Mr. Conway, "you will feel something of it yourself forty years hence for a favorite son or daughter." In another letter from Weston, in August, after repeating somebody's jokes about the painters, she retails a few of a past generation:—

"When our Artist's Exhibition first began, in 1758 or thereabouts, he (a Mr. Thornton) set up a sign-painter's collection to be stared at. A great pair of thick *legs*, and written under 'The Irish *arms*,' was one joke. 'Fresh eggs every day—new laid by me—Mary Simpson,' was another. A man struggling through the world as the Brahmins in India, I remember among others; and when the wit and the waggery was applauded, 'Why, sir,' says some one, 'Mr. Thornton could make—aye, I dare say he could make, threescore *jeux-de-mots* in a minute.' 'Indeed,' replies my father, 'they must be puns at *second-hand*, then, I fancy.' Well, we have forgotten the comet, and you forgot to buy a sixteenth and to let us go shares in the lottery, though I do assure you £2,000 apiece would—oh, but it was only £1,000 apiece! and so we disdained it; we will wait for *better luck* another year, in January, for example, the time of our nativity! But gold's poor, India's insolvent. We must seek true treasure where *you* are sure to find it.

"Look in your soul's bright mirror, *there* it shines,

A Being so descended, formed, endowed,
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning man,
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!

... Did I ever tell you how, when we were all choosing flowers—we women—at old Streatham Park,—how Montague drew the rose, of course; Sophia Sheffield the carnation; and a broad, staring sunflower was *my* lot. I pouted. 'Nay,' exclaimed Johnson, 'does my mistress scorn Apollo's emblem'—Clytra—so famous for fidelity in affection that even the appearance of neglect could never shake it. I was glad when a little, insignificant lady drew the daisy, and put a change on the conversation. Flowers, however, remind me of bees, and bees of honey: I hope you eat honey for breakfast, 'tis so deterrent in its nature, so truly amical to the constitution. We make a liquor of it in Wales, called mead by English people, metheglin by the natives. 'It doth, nevertheless, make such a *humming* in the mead,' says some old writer, 'if you drink too much on't; belike not forgetting the house in which it was born'—the hive, I suppose. ... Tuesday night—and may God bless and *preserve* my excellent, my all-accomplished friend, even from *himself* and his own apprehensions. Come now, be well persuaded as *I* am, of your advance towards recovery, and be careful while in this state of irritability not to let *any* cares come near you; least of all thoughts of *my* displeasure about your not writing. Write *when* you can and *how* you can. My whole desire is to do you *good* in *some* way, *any* way. May it but be in my power! ... That,—

"Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own injustice, Or *frame* excuses when his heart condemns him,'

—was a favorite sentiment of Dr. Johnson's; and noble 'tis, and worthy the son of Achilles; worthy Sam Johnson and Augustus Conway! But it is not Ambrose Phillips has the merit. I have read it in *Racine*, and shrewdly suspect 'tis in the old French play, but I must trust to memory. I think 'tis a great wonder that you ventured on Jane Shore in these democratic days, 'when like a matron butchered by her sons,' etc. But I read in your newspaper of a large pike eaten by tadpoles. So, perhaps, Britannia is to be devoured by — and Co."

A few days later she calls his attention to the wonder of

"a woman of my years endeavoring to divert dismal thoughts by turning an ode in Horace. Yet sure, when all criminal levity is kept at an immeasurable distance, there can be no great harm,—can there?—in reading old Latin poets in the house, or in swimming away from Bessy in the Dipper, when once flung upon these majestic waves, whenever the prudent firm of Messrs. Rhubarb, Aloes, and Laudanum detained me but too long! All is well over now, however, and by my own prescriptions merely; for I *do* know more concerning *Materia Medica* than an apothecary's boy. Johnson said he could teach me anything but law; and dear Mr. Conway *would* press for the reversion of his honored mistress."

"Monday, 13th September, 1819,
Weston-Super-Mare.

"My dearest friend,—I am going on the sea—a party of pleasure; and lest the vessel should upset and I should be lost, I leave *your* money—£50—and *your* watch—a gold repeater—safe in the box; which if Bessy fails to deliver by any accident, dear Mr. Conway must claim from the executors of his truly-attached

"HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI."

About the last week in October of this year Mrs. Piozzi was again in her old quarters at Bath, whence she writes cheerily to the friend who is still suffering from an injured leg, "hurt in the mad scene of *Conrad*," the cold and fever that followed the accident having "made a deposite, bringing on temporary lameness." Astley Cooper is Mr. Conway's physician. Mrs. Piozzi is met at Bath by shocking reports of the amputation of the leg in London; but she knows the truth, and writes to console and amuse—mentioning "the wonder and sorrow of society" for "the strange swiftness of

Col. Rogers' death, together with his family's frightful danger of extirpation in the loss of both son and daughter."

The aristocratic lady is very severe, in one of her letters, on Conway's commercial admirers at Birmingham:—

"They would have paid their pelf to see Conway, but not a penny to serve him; and for his illness caused by serving them, what cared they? Swift's projector, who endeavored to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, was not more hopelessly employed than one who tries to soften hearts in the evening which have been all the morning pressed against a counting-house desk."

Speaking of her "attempting a little spot of work," she adds:—

"Silly! at my age to hope for approbation! but 'even in our ashes live their wonted fires;'—and Lizard, the well-known war-horse who carried Duke William over the plains of Culloden, and is immortalized in Johnson's letters, *would* do his exercise between the pillars every day when thirty years old, and apparently enjoyed the praises of his master, Mr. Carter. We had an attempt at a meeting yesterday, but all proved abortive; so we make an address. 'Lord, sir!' said I to Archdeacon Thomas—'why, England will be divided soon, like the Hebrew alphabet—into *radicals* and *serviles*!' Oh, how that joke was applauded!"

Poor Conway's illness and melancholy kept his lady friends at Bath and Clifton in distress about him for months; but in Janu-

ary he was sufficiently recovered to come and answer for himself. Mrs. Piozzi, however, will not think him careful enough of his health. She writes:—

"Do not be wholly thinking of *your* Charlotte [the young lady at Bath who was the object of his affections], but condescend to care a little for Mrs. Pennington and for me, and for *our* Conway. Here is a gentler thaw than I could have hoped for, and I trust no trace of the little cough remains. The tuneful nine, as I call the string of asses who come braying to our doors in a morning, will keep all right about the region of the lungs; for the *heart* we shall know more on Tuesday; but keep a warm corner, come what will, for your H. L. P."

It was about this time that the rupture took place between Conway and his lady-love—probably his betrothed, as Mrs. Piozzi afterwards speaks of her seeming "quite happy in her emancipation,"—which was so severe a blow to him, and perhaps darkened his future life. It may be gathered from these Letters that he was cast off on account of some whim about inequality of birth, though his "monitress" says his was "superior to hers on *both* sides." The young man's only consolation was found in the sympathy of his adopted mother, to whom he seems to have spoken and written fully and freely at all times; while she, of course, espoused his cause as that of a son. "As if you were indeed my child," is frequently her affectionate expression.

THERE is a quiet panic in the city about Bank of England notes. The great security of the Bank against fraud has hitherto been its paper, which was nearly inimitable. A great quantity of this paper has been stolen, engraved with notes of various denominations, and put into circulation, principally, it is suspected, on the Continent. So admirably is the forgery executed that the clerks only detected it after the notes had been cashed, and the Bank parlour is at its wits' end for new checks. It is a question whether the Bank is not legally liable, and at all events refusal to pay would shake the confidence of a public who have always regarded their notes as rather more useful than gold. The occurrence will be a serious inconvenience to travellers, as foreign bankers are very easily alarmed.—*Spectator*, 23 August.

IMPROVEMENT IN LIGHTHOUSES. — Sir Jos. Senhouse has suggested, in the *Naval Chronicle* for November, 1808, two material improvements in Light Houses. First, that every reflecting light should have a different color, by which it would be immediately identified, as soon as seen. Secondly, that, fifty, sixty, or one hundred feet below the great light, there should be four or five others of a smaller size, to be seen a few leagues off at sea. When these were not perceivable, the seaman would know he was far from land. When any one of them was in view, he need only take the angle of altitude between it and the greater one, and in a table, calculated beforehand, he would find his distance from the lighthouse by a very easy and expeditious method, sufficiently exact for his purpose.

CHAPTER XII.

MONTHS slipped by; the trees in Burton Crescent had long been all bare; the summer cries of itinerant vegetable dealers and flower sellers had vanished out of the quiet street. The three sisters almost missed them, sitting in that one dull parlor from morning till night, in the intense solitude of people who, having neither heart nor money to spend in gayeties, live forlorn in London lodgings, and knowing nobody, have nobody to visit, nobody to visit them.

Except Mr. Ascott, who still called, and occasionally stayed to tea. The hospitalities, however, were all on their side. The first entertainment—to which Selina insisted upon going, and Johanna thought Hilary and Ascott had better go too—was splendid enough, but they were the only ladies present; and though Mr. Ascott did the honors with great magnificence, putting Miss Selina at the head of his table, where she looked exceedingly well, still the sisters agreed it was better that all further invitations to Russell Square should be declined. Miss Selina herself said it would be more dignified and decorous.

Other visitors they had none. Ascott never offered to bring any of his friends; and gradually they saw very little of him. He was frequently out, especially at meal times, so that his aunts gave up the struggle to make the humble dinners better and more to his liking, and would even have hesitated to take the money which he was understood to pay for his board, had he ever offered it,—which he did not. Yet still, whenever he did happen to remain with them a day, or an evening, he was good and affectionate, and always entertained them with descriptions of all he would do as soon as he got into practice.

Meantime they kept house as economically as possible upon the little ready money they had, hoping that more would come in—that Hilary would get pupils.

But Hilary never did. To anybody who knows London this will not be surprising. The wonder was in the Misses Leaf being so simple as to imagine that a young country lady, settling herself in lodgings in an obscure metropolitan street, without friends or introduction, could ever expect such a thing. Nothing but her own daring, and the irrepressible well-spring of hope that was in her healthy youth, could have sustained her in

what, ten years after, would have appeared to her, as it certainly was, downright insanity. But Heaven takes care of the mad—the righteously and unselfishly mad, and Heaven took care of poor Hilary.

The hundred labors she went through—weariness of body and travail of soul; the risks she ran; the pitfalls she escaped—what need to record here? Many have recorded the like, many more have known them, and acknowledged that when such histories are reproduced in books imagination is nothing compared with reality. Hilary never looked back upon that time herself without a shuddering wonder how she could have dared all and gone through all! Possibly she never could, but for the sweet old face, growing older yet sweeter every day, which smiled upon her the minute she opened the door of that dull parlor, and made even No. 15 look like home.

When she told, sometimes gayly, sometimes with burning bursting tears, the tale of her day's efforts and day's failures, it was always comfort to feel Johanna's hand on her hair, Johanna's voice whispering over her, "Never mind, my child, all will come right in time. All happens for good."

And the face, withered and worn, yet calm as a summer sea, full of the "peace which passeth all understanding," was a living comment on the truth of these words.

Another comfort Hilary had—Elizabeth. During her long days of absence, wandering from one end of London to the other, after advertisements that she had answered, or governess institutions that she had applied to, the domestic affairs fell almost entirely into the hands of Elizabeth. It was she who bought in, and kept a jealous eye, not unneeded, over provisions; she who cooked and waited, and sometimes even put a helping hand, coarse, but willing, into the family sewing and mending. This had now become so vital a necessity that it was fortunate Miss Leaf had no other occupation, and Miss Selina no other entertainment, than stitch, stitch, at the ever-beginning, never-ending wardrobe wants which assail decent poverty everywhere, especially in London.

"Clothes seem to wear out frightfully fast," said Hilary one day, as she was putting on her oldest gown, to suit a damp, foggy day, when the streets were slippery with the mud of settled rain.

"I saw such beautiful merino dresses in a shop in Southampton Row," insinuated Elizabeth; but her mistress shook her head.

"No, no; my old black silk will do capitally, and I can easily put on two shawls. Nobody knows me; and people may wear what they like in London. Don't look so grave, Elizabeth. What does it signify if I can but keep myself warm? Now run away."

Elizabeth obeyed, but shortly re-appeared, with a bundle—a large old-fashioned thick shawl.

"Mother gave it me—her mistress gave it her; but we've never worn it, and never shall. If only you didn't mind putting it on, just this once—this terrible soaking day?"

The scarlet face, the entreating tones—there was no resisting them. One natural pang Hilary felt—that in her sharp poverty she had fallen so low as to be indebted to her servant, and then she too blushed, less for shame at accepting the kindness than for her own pride that could not at once receive it as such.

"Thank you, Elizabeth," she said, gravely and gently, and let herself be wrapped in the thick shawl. Its gorgeous reds and yellows would, she knew, make her noticeable, even though "people might wear anything in London." Still, she put it on with a good grace; and all through her peregrinations that day, it warmed, not only her shoulders, but her heart.

Coming home, she paused wistfully before a glittering shoe-shop—her poor little feet were so soaked and cold. Could she possibly afford a new pair of boots? It was not a matter of vanity—she had passed that. She did not care now how ugly and shabby looked the "wee feet" that had once been praised; but she felt it might be a matter of health and prudence. Suppose she caught cold—fell ill—died:—died, leaving Johanna to struggle alone,—died before Robert Lyon came home. Both thoughts struck sharp. She was too young still, or had not suffered enough, calmly to think of death and dying.

"It will do no harm to inquire the price. I might stop it out in omnibuses."

For this was the way every new article of dress had to be procured—"stopping it out" of something else.

After trying several pairs,—with a fierce, bitter blush at a small hole which the day's walking had worn in her well-darned stockings, and which she was sure the shopman saw, as well as an old lady who sat opposite,—Hilary bought the stoutest and plainest of boots. The bill overstepped her purse by sixpence, which she promised on delivery, and paid the rest. She had got into a nervous horror of letting any account stand over for a single day.

Look tenderly, reader, on this picture of struggles so small, of sufferings so uninteresting and mean. I paint it not because it is original, but because it is so awfully true. Thousands of women, well born, well reared, know it to be true—burnt into them by the cruel conflict of their youth; happy they if it ended in their youth, while mind and body had still enough vitality and elasticity to endure! I paint it, because it accounts for the accusation sometimes made—especially by men—that women are naturally "stingy." Possibly so: but in many instances, may it not have been this petty struggle with petty wants, this pitiful calculating of penny against penny, how best to save here and spend there, which narrows a woman's nature in spite of herself? It sometimes takes years of comparative ease and freedom from pecuniary cares to counteract the grinding, lowering effects of a youth of poverty.

And I paint this picture, too, literally, and not on its picturesque side—if indeed poverty has a picturesque side—in order to show another side which it really has,—high, heroic, made up of dauntless endurance, self-sacrifice, and self-control. Also to indicate the blessing which narrow circumstances alone bestow, the habit of looking more to the realities than to the shows of things, and of finding pleasure in enjoyments, mental rather than sensuous, inward rather than external. When people can truly recognize this, they cease either to be afraid or ashamed of poverty.

Hilary was not ashamed—not even now, when hers smote sharper and harder than it had ever done at Stowbury. She felt it a sore thing enough; but it never humiliated nor angered her. Either she was too proud or not proud enough; but her low estate always to her seemed too simply external a thing to affect her relations with the world

outside. She never thought of being annoyed with the shopkeeper, who, though he trusted her with the sixpence, carefully took down her name and address: still less of suspecting the old lady opposite, who sat and listened to the transaction—apparently a well-to-do customer, clad in a rich black silk, and handsome sable furs—of looking down upon her, and despising her. She herself never despised anybody, except for wickedness.

So she waited contentedly, neither thinking of herself, nor of what others thought of her; but with her mind quietly occupied by the two thoughts, which in any brief space of rest always recurred, calming down all annoyances, and raising her above the level of petty pains—Johanna and Robert Lyon. Under the influence of these her tired face grew composed, and there was a wishful, far-away, fond look in her eyes, which made it not wonderful that the said old lady—apparently an acute old soul in her way—should watch her, as we do occasionally watch strangers in whom we have become suddenly interested.

There is no accounting for these interests or for the events to which they give rise. Sometimes they are pooh-poohed as “romantic,” “unnatural,” “like a bit in a novel;” and yet they are facts continually occurring, especially to people of quick intuition, observation, and sympathy. Nay, even the most ordinary people have known or heard of such, resulting in mysterious, life-long loves, firm friendships, strange yet often wonderfully happy marriages, sudden revolutions of fortune and destiny: things utterly unaccountable for, except by the belief in that inscrutable Providence which

“Shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will.”

When Hilary left the shop, she was startled by a voice at her elbow.

“I beg your pardon, but if your way lies up Southampton Row, would you object to give an old woman a share of that capital umbrella of yours?”

“With pleasure,” Hilary answered, though the oddness of the request amused her. And it was granted really with pleasure; for the old lady spoke with those “accents of the mountain tongue” which this foolish Hilary never recognized without a thrill at the heart.

“Maybe you think an old woman ought to take a cab, and not be intruding upon strangers; but I am hale and hearty, and being only a street’s length from my own door, I dislike to waste unnecessary shillings.”

“Certainly,” acquiesced Hilary, with a half-sigh: shillings were only too precious to her.

“I saw you in the boot-shop, and you seemed the sort of young lady who would do a kindness to an old body; so I said to myself, ‘I’ll ask her.’”

“I am glad you did.” Poor girl! she felt unconsciously pleased at finding herself still able to show a kindness to anybody.

They walked on and on—it was certainly a long street’s length—to the stranger’s door, and it took Hilary a good way round from hers; but she said nothing of this, concluding, of course, that her companion was unaware of where she lived—in which she was mistaken. They stopped at last before a respectable house near Brunswick Square, bearing a brass plate, with the words “Miss Balquidder.”

“That is my name, and very much obliged to you, my dear. How it rains! Ye’re just droukit.”

Hilary smiled, and shook her damp shawl. “I shall take no harm. I am used to go out in all weathers.”

“Are you a governess?” The question was so direct and kindly, that it hardly seemed an impertinence.

“Yes; but I have no pupils, and fear I shall never get any.”

“Why not?”

“I suppose, because I know nobody here. It seems so very hard to get teaching in London. But I beg your pardon.”

“I beg yours,” said Miss Balquidder—not without a certain dignity—“for asking questions of a stranger. But I was once a stranger here myself, and had a ‘sair fecht,’ as we say in Scotland, before I could earn even my daily bread. Though I wasn’t a governess, still I know pretty well what the sort of life is, and if I had daughters who must work for their bread, the one thing I would urge upon them should be, ‘Never become a governess.’”

“Indeed! For what reason?”

“I’ll not tell you now, my dear, standing

with all your wet clothes on ; but as I said, if you will do me the favor to call——”

“Thank you,” said Hilary, not sufficiently initiated in London caution to dread making a new acquaintance. Besides, she liked the rough-hewn, good-natured face, and the Scotch accent was sweet to her ear.

Yet when she reached home she was half shy of telling her sisters the engagement she had made. Selina was extremely shocked ; and considered it quite necessary that the London Directory, the nearest clergyman—or perhaps Mr. Ascott, who, living in the parish, must know—should be consulted as to Miss Balquidder’s respectability.

“She has much more reason to question ours,” recollected Hilary, with some amusement, “for I never told her my name or address. She does not know a single thing about me.”

Which fact, arguing the matter energetically two days after, the young lady might not have been so sure of, could she have penetrated the ceiling overhead. In truth, Miss Balquidder, a prudent person, who never did things by halves, and, like most truly generous people, was cautious even in her extremest fits of generosity, at that very moment was sitting in Mrs. Jones’ first-floor, deliberately discovering every single thing possible to be learned about the Leaf family.

Nevertheless, owing to Selina’s indignant pertinacity, Hilary’s own hesitation, and a dim hope of a pupil which rose up, and faded like the rest, the possible acquaintance lay dormant for two or three weeks : till, alas ! the fabulous wolf actually came to the door, and the sisters, after paying their week’s rent, looked aghast at one another, not knowing where in the wide world the next week’s rent was to come from.

“Thank God we don’t owe anything ! not a penny,” gasped Hilary.

“No ; there is comfort in that,” said Johanna. And the expression of her folded hands and upward face was not despairing, even though that of the poor widow, when her barrel of meal was gone, and her cruse of oil spent, could hardly have been sadder.

“I am sure we have wasted nothing, and cheated nobody—surely God will help us.”

“I know he will, my child.”

And the two sisters, elder and younger,

kissed one another, cried a little, and then sat down to consider what was to be done.

Ascott must be told how hard things were with them. Hitherto they had not troubled him much with their affairs : indeed, he was so little at home. And after some private consultation, both Johanna and Hilary decided that it was wisest to let the lad come and go as he liked ; not attempting—as he once indignantly expressed it—“to tie him to their apron-strings.” For instinctively these maiden ladies felt that with men, and, above all, young men, the only way to blind the wandering heart was to leave it free, except by trying their utmost to make home always a pleasant home.

It was touching to see their efforts when Ascott came in of evenings, to enliven, for his sake, the dull parlor at No. 15 : how Johanna put away her mending, and Selina ceased to grumble, and Hilary began her lively chat, that never failed to brighten and amuse the household. Her nephew even sometimes acknowledged that wherever he went, he met nobody so “clever” as Aunt Hilary.

So, presuming upon her influence with him, on this night, after the rest were gone to bed, she—being always the boldest to do any unpleasant thing—said to him,—

“Ascott, how are your business affairs progressing ? When do you think you will be able to get into practice ?”

“Oh, presently. There’s no hurry.”

“I am not so sure of that. Do you know, my dear boy,”—and she opened her purse which contained a few shillings,—“this is all the money we have in the world !”

“Nonsense,” said Ascott, laughing. “I beg your pardon,” he added, seeing it was with her no laughing matter, “but I am so accustomed to be hard up, that I don’t seem to care. It always comes right somehow ; at least with me.”

“How ?”

“Oh, I don’t exactly know ; but it does. Don’t fret, Aunt Hilary. I’ll lend you a pound or two.”

She drew back. These poor, proud, fond women, who, if their boy, instead of a fine gentleman, had been a helpless invalid, would have tended him, worked for him, nay, begged for him—cheerfully, oh, how cheerfully ! wanting nothing in the whole world but his love—they could not ask him

for his money. Even now, offered thus, Hilary felt as if to take it would be intolerable.

Still, the thing must be done.

"I wish, Ascott,"—and she nerved herself to say what somebody *ought* to say to him,—“I wish you would not lend, but pay us the pound a week you said you could so easily spare.”

“To be sure I will; what a thoughtless fellow I have been; but—but—I fancied you would have asked me if you wanted it. Never mind, you’ll get it all in a lump. Let me see; how much will it come to? You are the best head going for arithmetic, Aunt Hilary. Do reckon it all up.”

She did so; and the sum-total made Ascott open his eyes wide.

“Upon my soul! I had no idea it was so much. I’m very sorry, but I seem fairly cleaned out this quarter—only a few sovereigns left to kept the mill going. But you shall have them, or half of them, and I’ll owe you the rest. Here!”

He emptied on the table, without counting, four or five pounds. Hilary took two, asking him gravely, “If he was sure he could spare so much? She did not wish to inconvenience him.”

“Oh, not at all; and I wouldn’t mind if it did; you have been good aunts to me.”

He kissed her with a sudden fit of compunction, and bade her good-night, looking as if he did not care to be “bothered” any more.

Hilary retired, more sad, more hopeless about him than if he had slammed the door in her face, or scolded her like a trooper. Had he met her seriousness in the same spirit, even though it had been a sullen or angry spirit—and little as she said, he must have felt—she wished him to feel—that his aunts were displeased with him; but that utterly unimpressible light-heartedness of his—there was no doing anything with it. There was, so to speak, “no catching hold” of Ascott. He meant no harm. She repeated over and over again that the lad meant no harm. He had no evil ways; was always pleasant, good-natured, and affectionate, in his own careless fashion; but was no more to be relied on than a straw that every wind blows hither and thither; or, to use a common simile, a butterfly that never sees anything farther than the near-

est flower. His was, in short, the pleasure-loving temperament, not positively sinful or sensual, but still holding pleasure as the greatest and only good: regarding what deeper natures call “duty,” and find therein their stronghold and consolation, as a mere bugbear, or a sentimental theory, or an impossible folly.

Poor lad! and he had the world to fight with; how would it use him? Even if no heavy sorrows for himself or others smote him, his handsome face would have to grow old, his strong frame to meet sickness—death. How would he do it? That is the thought which always recurs. What is *the end* of such men as these? Alas! the answer would come from hospital wards, almshouses, and workhouses, debtors’ prisons, and lunatic asylums.

To apprehensions like this—except the last, happily it was as yet too far off—Hilary had been slowly and sadly arriving about Ascott for weeks past; and her conversation with him to-night seemed to make them darken down upon her with added gloom. As she went up-stairs, she set her lips together hard.

“I see there is nobody to do anything, except me. But I must not tell Johanna.”

She lay long awake, planning every conceivable scheme for saving or earning money; till at length, her wits sharpened by the desperation of the circumstances, there flashed upon her an idea that came out of a talk she had had with Elizabeth that morning. True, it was a perfectly new and untried chance—and a mere chance; still it was right to overlook nothing. She would not have ventured to tell Selina of it for the world, and even to Johanna, she only said—finding her as wakeful as herself—said it in a careless manner, as if it had relation to nothing, and she expected nothing from it,—

“I think, as I have nothing else to do, I will go and see Miss Balquidder to-morrow morning.”

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS BALQUIDDER’S house was a handsome one, handsomely furnished, and a neat little maid-servant showed Hilary at once into the dining-parlor, where the mistress sat before the business-like writing-table, covered with letters, papers, etc., all ar-

ranged with that careful order in disorder, which indicates even in the smallest things the possession of an accurate, methodical mind, than which there are few greater possessions, either to its owner or to the world at large.

Miss Balquidder was not a personable woman; she had never been so, even in youth: and age had told its tale upon those large, strong features—"thoroughly Scotch features" they would have been called by those who think all Scotchwomen are necessarily big, raw-boned, and ugly, and have never seen that wonderfully noble beauty, not prettiness, but actual beauty, in its highest physical as well as spiritual development, which is not seldom found across the Tweed.

But while there was nothing lovely, there was nothing unpleasant or uncomely in Miss Balquidder. Her large figure, in its plain black silk dress, her neat white cap, from under which peeped the little round curls of flaxen hair, neither gray nor snowy, but real "lint-white locks" still; and her good-humored, motherly look—motherly rather than old-maidish—gave an impression which may be best described by the word "comfortable." She was a "comfortable" woman. She had that quality, too rare, alas! in all people, and rarest in women going solitary down the hill of life, of being able, out of the deep content of her own nature, to make other people the same.

Hilary was cheered in spite of herself; it always conveys hope to the young when in sore trouble, if they see the old looking happy.

"Welcome, my dear; I was afraid you had forgotten your promise."

"Oh, no," said Hilary, responding heartily to the hearty clasp of a hand, large as a man's, but soft as a woman's.

"Why did you not come sooner?"

More than one possible excuse flashed through Hilary's mind, but she was too honest to give it. She gave none at all. Nor did she like to leave the impression that this was merely a visit, when she knew she had only come from secondary and personal motives.

"May I tell you why I came to-day? Because I want advice and help, and I think you can give it, from something I heard about you yesterday."

"Indeed! From whom?"

"In rather a roundabout way, from Mrs. Jones who told our maid-servant."

"The same girl I met on the staircase at your house? I beg your pardon, but I know where you live, Miss Leaf; your landlady happens to be an acquaintance of mine."

"So she said; and she told our Elizabeth that you were a rich and benevolent woman, who took a great interest in helping other women—not in money,"—blushing scarlet at the idea,—"I don't mean that, but in procuring them work. I want work, oh, so terribly! If you only knew."

"Sit down, my dear;" for Hilary was trembling much, her voice breaking, and her eyes filling, in spite of all her self-command.

Miss Balquidder—who seemed accustomed to wait upon herself—went out of the room, and returned with cake and glasses; then she took the wine from the sideboard, poured some out for herself and Hilary, and began to talk.

"It is nearly my luncheon-time, and I am a great friend to regular eating and drinking. I never let anything interfere with my own meals, or other folks' either, if I can help it. I would as soon expect that fire to keep itself up without coals, as my mind to go on working, if I don't look after my body. You understand? You seem to have good health, Miss Leaf. I hope you are a prudent girl, and take care of it?"

"I think I do," and Hilary smiled. "At any rate, my sister does for me, and also Elizabeth."

"Ah, I liked the look of that girl. If families did but know that the most useful patent of respectability they can carry about with them is their maid-servant. That is how I always judge my new acquaintances."

"There's reason in it too," said Hilary, amused and drawn out of herself by the frank manner and the cordial voice,—I use the adjective advisedly: none the less sweet because its good terse English had a decided Scotch accent, with here and there a Scotch word. Also there was about Miss Balquidder a certain dry humor essentially Scotch,—neither Irish "wit" nor English "fun," but Scotch humor; a little ponderous, perhaps, yet sparkling; like the sparkles from a large lump of coal, red-warm at the heart,

and capable of warming a whole household. As many a time it had warmed the little household at Stowbury,—for Robert Lyon had it in perfection. Like a waft as from old times, it made Hilary at once feel at home with Miss Balquidder.

Equally, Miss Balquidder might have seen something in this girl's patient, heroic, forlorn youth, which reminded her of her own. Unreasoning as these sudden attractions appear, there is often a hidden something beneath, which in reality makes them both natural and probable, as was the case here. In half an hour these two women were sitting talking like old friends; and Hilary had explained her present position, needs, and desires. All ended in the one cry—familiar to how many thousands more of helpless young women!—"I want work!"

Miss Balquidder listened thoughtfully. Not that it was a new story—alas, she heard it every day! but there was something new in the telling of it: such extreme directness and simplicity, such utter want of either false pride or false shame. No asking of favors, and yet no shrinking from well-meant kindness: the poor woman speaking freely to the rich one, recognizing the common womanhood of both, and never supposing for an instant that mere money or position could make any difference between them.

The story ended, both turned, as was the character of both, to the practical application of it—what it was exactly that Hilary needed, and what Miss Balquidder could supply.

The latter said, after a turn or two up and down the room, with her hands behind her—the only masculine trick she had,—

"My dear, before going further, I ought to tell you one thing—I am not a lady."

Hilary looked at her in no little bewilderment.

"That is," explained Miss Balquidder, laughing, "not an educated gentlewoman like you. I made my money myself—in trade. I kept an outfitter's shop."

"You must have kept it uncommonly well," was the involuntary reply, which, in its extreme honesty and *naïveté*, was perhaps the best thing that Hilary could have said.

"Well, perhaps I did," and Miss Balquidder laughed her hearty laugh, betraying one of her few weaknesses—a consciousness of

her own capabilities as a woman of business, and a pleasure at her own deserved success.

"Therefore, you see, I cannot help you as a governess. Perhaps I would not if I could, for, so far as I see, a good clearance of one-half the governesses into honest trades would be for their own benefit, and greatly to the benefit of the other half. But that's not my affair. I only meddle with things I understand. Miss Leaf, would you be ashamed of keeping a shop?"

It is no reflection upon Hilary to confess that this point-blank question startled her. Her bringing-up had been strictly among the professional class; and in the provinces sharper than even in London is drawn the line between the richest tradesman who "keeps a shop," and the poorest lawyer, doctor, or clergyman, who ever starved in decent gentility. It had been often a struggle for Hilary Leaf's girlish pride to have to teach A B C to little boys and girls whose parents stood behind counters; but as she grew older she grew wiser, and intercourse with Robert Lyon had taught her much. She never forgot one day, when Selina asked him something about his grandfather or great-grandfather, and he answered quickly, smiling, "Well, I suppose I had one, but I really never heard." Nevertheless, it takes long to conquer entirely the class prejudices of years, nay more, of generations. In spite of her will Hilary felt herself wince, and the color rush all over her face, at Miss Balquidder's question.

"Take time to answer, and speak out, my dear. Don't be afraid. You'll not offend me."

The kindly cheerful tone made Hilary recover her balance immediately.

"I never thought of it before; the possibility of such a thing did not occur to me; but I hope I should not be ashamed of any honest work for which I was competent. Only—to serve in a shop—to wait upon strangers;—I am so horribly shy of strangers." And again the sensitive color rushed in a perfect tide over cheeks and forehead.

Miss Balquidder looked half amused, half compassionately at her.

"No, my dear, you would not make a good shop-woman, at least there are many better fitted for it than you; and it is my maxim that people should try to find out

and to do, only that which they are best fitted for. If they did, we might not have so many cases of proud despair and ambitious failure in the world. It looks very grand and interesting sometimes to try and do what you can't do, and then tear your hair, and think the world has ill-used you—very grand, but very silly: when all the while, perhaps, there is something else you can do, and do thoroughly well; and the world will be exceedingly obliged to you for doing it—and *not* doing the other thing. As doubtless the world was to me, when, instead of being a mediocre musician, as I once wished to be—it's true, my dear—I took to keeping one of the best ladies' outfitting warehouses in London."

While she talked, her companion had quite recovered herself, and Miss Balquidder then went on to explain, what I will tell more briefly, if less graphically, than did the good Scotchwoman; who, like all who have had a hard struggle in their youth, liked a little to dilate upon it in easy old age.

Hard as it was, however, it had ended early, for, at fifty, she found herself a woman of independent property, without kith or kin, still active, energetic, and capable of enjoying life. She applied her mind to find out what she could best do with herself and her money.

"I might have bought a landed estate to be inherited by—nobody; or a house in Belgravia, and an opera-box, to be shared by—nobody. We all have our pet luxuries; none of these were exactly mine."

"No," assented Hilary, somewhat abstractedly. She was thinking, if *she* could make a fortune, and—and give it away! if, by any means, any honorable, upright heart could be made to understand that it did not signify, in reality, which side the money came from; that it sometimes showed deeper, ay, the very deepest attachment, when a proud, poor man had self-respect and courage enough to tell a woman plainly, "I love you, and I *will* marry you; I am not such a coward as to be afraid of your gold."

But, oh! what a ridiculous dream! and she sat there, the penniless Hilary Leaf, listening to Miss Balquidder, the rich lady, whose life seemed so easy. For the moment, perhaps, her own appeared hard.

But she had hope, and she was young. She knew nothing of the years and years that had had to be lived through before those kind eyes looked as clear and cloudless as now; before the voice gained the sweet evenness of tone which she liked to listen to, and felt that it made her quiet and "good," almost like Johanna's.

"You see, my dear," said Miss Balquidder, "when one has no duties, one must just make them; when we have nobody to care for us, we must take to caring for everybody. I suppose,"—here a slight pause indicated that this life, like all women's lives, had had its tale, now long, long told,—"*I* suppose I was not meant to be a wife; but I am quite certain I was meant to be a mother. And"—with her peculiar, bright humorous look—"you'd be astonished, Miss Leaf, if you knew what lots of 'children' I have in all parts of the world."

Miss Balquidder then went on to explain, that finding, from her own experience, how great was the number, and how sore the trial, of young women who now-a-days are obliged to work,—obliged to forget that there is such a thing as the blessed privilege of being worked for,—she had set herself, in her small way, to try and help them. Her pet project was to induce educated women to quit the genteel starvation of governess-ship for some good trade, thereby bringing higher intelligence into a class which needed, not the elevation of the work itself, which was comparatively easy and refined, but of the workers. She had, therefore, invested sum after sum of her capital in setting up various small shops in the environs of London, in her own former line, and others—stationers, lace-shops, etc.—trades which could be well carried on by women. Into the management of which she put as many young girls as she could find really fitted for it, or willing to learn, paying them regular salaries, large or small, according to their deserts.

"Fair work, fair pay; not one penny more or less; I never do it; it would not be honest. I overlook each business myself, and it is carried on in my name. Sometimes it brings me in a little profit; sometimes not. Of course," she added, smiling, "I would rather have profits than losses; still, I balance one against the other, and it leaves me generally a small interest for my money—two or three per cent., which is all I care

about. Thus, you see, I and my young people make a fair bargain on both sides: it's no charity. I don't believe in charity."

"No," said Hilary, feeling her spirit rise. She was yet young enough, yet enough unworn by the fight to feel the deliciousness of work—honest work for honest pay. "I think I could do it," she added. "I think, with a little practice, I really could keep a shop."

"At all events, perhaps you could do what I find more difficult to get done, and well done, for it requires a far higher class of women than generally apply—you could keep the accounts of a shop; you should be the head, and it would be easy to find the hands. Let me see; there is a young lady, she has managed my stationer's business at Kensington these two years, and now she is going to be married. Are you good at figures? do you understand book-keeping?"

And suddenly changing into the woman of business, and one who was evidently quite accustomed both to arrange and command, Miss Balquidder put Hilary through a sort of extempore arithmetical catechism, from which she came off with flying colors.

"I only wish there were more like you. I wish there were more young ladies brought up like——"

"Like boys!" said Hilary, laughing, "for I always used to say that was my case."

"No, I never desire to see young women made into men." And Miss Balquidder seemed a little scandalized. "But I do wish girls were taught fewer accomplishments, and more reading, writing, and arithmetic; were made as accurate, orderly, and able to help themselves, as boys are. But to business. Will you take the management of my stationer's shop?"

Hilary's breath came hard and fast. Much as she had longed for work, to get this sort of work,—to keep a stationer's shop! What would her sisters say? what would *he* say; But she dared not think of that just now.

"How much should I be able to earn do you think?"

Miss Balquidder considered a moment, and then said rather shortly,—for it was not exactly acting on her own principles; she knew the pay was above the work,—“I will give you a hundred a year.”

A hundred a year! actually certain, and

over and above any other income. It seemed a fortune to poor Hilary.

"Will you give me a day or two to think about it, and consult my sisters?"

She spoke quietly, but Miss Balquidder could see how agitated she was; how she evidently struggled with many feelings that would be best struggled with alone. The good old lady rose.

"Take your own time, my dear; I will keep the situation open for you for one week from this date. And now I must send you away, for I have a great deal to do."

They parted quite like friends; and Hilary went out, walking quickly, feeling neither the wind nor the rain. Yet when she reached No. 15, she could not bring herself to enter, but took another turn or two round the Crescent, trying to be quite sure of her own mind before she opened the matter to her sisters. And there was one little battle to be fought which the sisters did not know.

It was perhaps foolish, seeing she did not belong to him in any open way, and he had no external right over her life or her actions, that she should go back and back to the question, "What would Robert Lyon say?"

He knew she earned her daily bread; sometimes this had seemed to vex and annoy him, but it must be done; and when a thing was inevitable, it was not Mr. Lyon's way to say much about it. But being a governess was an accredited and customary mode of a young lady's earning her livelihood. This was different. If he should think it too public, too unfeminine: he had such a horror of a woman's being anything but a woman, as strong and brave as she could, but in a womanly way; doing anything, however painful, that she was obliged to do, but never out of choice or bravado, or the excitement of stepping out of her own sphere into man's. Would Robert Lyon think less of her, Hilary, because she had to learn to take care of herself, to protect herself, and to act in so many ways for herself, contrary to the natural and right order of things? That old order—God forbid it should ever change!—which ordained that the women should be "keepers at home;" happy rulers of that happy little world, which seemed as far off as the next world from this poor Hilary.

"What if he should look down upon me?"

What if he should return, and find me different from what he expected?" And bitter tears burned in her eyes, as she walked rapidly and passionately along the deserted street. Then a revulsion came.

"No; love is worth nothing that is not worth everything, and to be trusted through everything. If he *could* forget me—*could* love any one better than me—me myself, no matter what I was, ugly or pretty, old or young, rich or poor,—I would not care for his love. It would not be worth my having; I'd let it go. Robert, though it broke my heart, I'd let you go."

Her eyes flashed; her poor little hand clenched itself under her shawl; and then, as a half reproach, she heard in fancy the steady, loving voice—which could have calmed her wildest paroxysm of passion and pain—"You must trust me, Hilary."

Yes, he was a man to be trusted. No doubt, very much like other men, and by no

means such a hero to the world at large as this fond girl made him out to be; but Robert Lyon had, with all people, and under all circumstances, the character of reliability. He had also,—you might read it in his face,—a quality equally rare, faithfulness. Not merely sincerity, but faithfulness; the power of conceiving one clear purpose or one strong love—in unity is strength;—and of not only keeping true to it at the time, but of holding fast to it with a single-minded persistency that never even takes in the idea of voluntary change, as long as persistency is right or possible.

"Robert, Robert," sobbed this forlorn girl, as if slowly waking up to a sense of her forlornness, and of the almost universal fickleness, not actual falseness, but fickleness, which prevails in the world and among mankind, "O Robert, be faithful! faithful to yourself—faithful to me!"

EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD.—The newspapers announce the exit from the stage of life of a really great man—Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield. This gentleman made himself notorious, when very young and inexperienced, by eloping with a rich young heiress from a boarding-school in the vicinity of Liverpool, who was a ward in Chancery—the late Miss Turner. For this offence he was prosecuted, and committed to the then King's Bench. This act of folly appears to have had pretty much the same effect on his character as the incarceration in the fortress of Ham, in the days of Louis Philippe, had on the present emperor of the French—it developed his mental powers, and he returned to society a wiser and a better man. He devoted himself from that time forward to his country, devised that system of colonial development and colonial self-government which have done so much to raise the honor and glory of England in various parts of the world, and impressed the leading statesmen of the age with the truth and wisdom of his system. Under his guidance the waste lands in the colonies were sold at a comparatively small sum, and the proceeds were applied to the purposes of immigration. Mr. Wakefield, when the rebellion in Canada in 1837–8 broke out, accompanied the late Lord Durham to North America as private secretary, and he and the lamented Charles Buller, framed, with the consent of Lord Durham, that constitution for British North America which is in force to this day, and which has worked such admirable results both for the mother country and the colonists.

Subsequently, he proceeded to Australia, and may be said to have been the founder of New Zealand. In the course of his labors to raise the colonial glory of England to the highest pitch of prosperity, he gave several books to the world—books which are still read and admired for the largeness of their views and the truth of their political economy. One of his principal coadjutors in these efforts to improve and expand the colonial dependencies of Great Britain was the late Mr. Rintoul of the *Spectator*, and had he been living to record the demise of his old friend, a biographical sketch of Wakefield and his labors would have been written worthy of being transmitted to another generation. As it is, the great services which Wakefield rendered to his country are nearly forgotten, except by those who participated in his labors, and knew the great results which his genius and his industry have achieved.—*North American*.

MR. TELBRIE, a famous scene painter in London, is going to Egypt to paint a panorama of the late route of the Prince of Wales for the Haymarket theatre.

THE works on the Isthmus of Suez are urged on energetically. There are upwards of twenty-five thousand men at present employed in cutting the canal.

From The Spectator.
HEATHENDOM.*
SECOND NOTICE.†

MR. DOLLINGER is a German and a Roman Catholic, but English clergymen will suffer greatly, if they allow either his nationality or his religion to prevent them from studying his pages. His work is a perfect storehouse for all curates compelled to preach missionary sermons. They have the greatest wish to denounce the follies and vices of idolaters, but their knowledge is not always equal to their zeal, and young men whose conceptions of the ancient world are drawn from the few books of Livy and the one or two easier dialogues of Plato through which they were forced to wade, as their path to a degree, can hardly do more than indulge in somewhat vague declamations about the weakness of the unenlightened intellect or the immorality and vices of the heathen world. M. Döllinger supplies exactly the knowledge which such preachers require. His book is, as it were, a catalogue of all the sins and shortcomings that can be laid to the charge of heathendom. The uncertain results of ancient speculation, the gross vices which disgraced Greece and Rome, are all recorded by him with that sort of minute detail with which the writer of Murray's Handbooks notes down the different curiosities which will repay the traveller's inspection, or with which the governor of a prison fills up the reports of a gaol delivery. Nor is any statement made without respectable authority, for M. Döllinger's pages teem with references, and we can easily believe that for every assertion he ventures he can cite chapter and verse from some ancient author. To all of that numerous class whose principal object in studying ancient history is to "vindicate the ways of Providence," or, in other words to show how much better it is to be born in an age which listens to the moralizing of A. K. H. B. than to have been one of the Athenians who could learn wisdom from Plato, the conclusions arrived at by this German antiquarian will give most complete satisfaction, whilst his erudition, his industry, and above all his dulness, will appear a satisfactory guarantee

* *The Gentile and the Jew in the Courts of the Temple of Christ.* From the German of J. J. I. Döllinger. By the Rev. N. Darnell, M.A. 2 vols. Longman.

† The first article is in *Living Age*, No. 957.

for the truth of his opinions. Readers, on the other hand, who refuse to think that the whole object of studying history is to stimulate the self-complacency of modern times, or to draw rhetorical lessons, for the good of little men of to-day, from the errors of the sages and patriots of bygone centuries, will rise from the study of M. Döllinger's book with a sentiment of dissatisfaction. If the picture he draws be true to nature, the whole existence of the heathen world becomes an insoluble enigma. The society he paints has no belief, no virtue, no hope, and it is as difficult to conceive that Socrates could have taught, or Cicero have lived, in such a world, as to imagine that purity or justice could find their home amidst the citizens of Sodom or Gomorrah. Since his facts are many of them indisputable and perplexed, students have to ask themselves again and again what it is which makes an account of heathendom, in which so much is true, convey a general impression of the ancient world which the feelings of every educated man tell him to be false. We believe that M. Döllinger's descriptions fail in truth, because he lacks both imagination and judgment. Much is said of the errors engendered by a vivid fancy; but they sink to nothing compared with the mistakes attributable to dulness. The least power of realizing to himself that Greeks and Romans, pagans though they were, had the same flesh and blood, and were influenced by the same sentiments as ourselves, would have warned even a professor that human society could not have held together under a condition of such utter corruption as he believes to have prevailed in every country of antiquity, and a slight capacity for weighing the force of evidence would have prevented an author of M. Döllinger's learning from placing entire confidence in the assertions of Christian apologists or of Alexandrian philosophers. No class are less to be trusted. Christians were not by education or position enabled to judge fairly the religious systems against which they themselves had revolted; and the later Greek writers were probably less able to understand the times and the position of their ancestors than are the modern speculators trained in historical investigation, and used to test evidence with a care unknown to the scholars of Alexandria or the rhetoricians of the Roman empire. Nevertheless, M. Döllinger's main errors consist not so much in painting the dark

side of heathen life too black, for many of the worst aspects of paganism cannot be drawn in colors too dark for the truth, as in at once neglecting the better features of the ancient world, and exaggerating the amount of moral and intellectual progress which has been made by Christian nations.

These defects are nowhere more manifest than in his summary of the results attained by heathen speculation and in his estimate of pagan morality. "As the product of the human mind," he writes, "left to its own resources, philosophy had travelled through and exhausted every conceivable system at an astonishing outlay of acuteness and speculative power, and still there was no appearance of a site upon which to found, or a creative spirit and fertile imagination with which to construct, the new edifice." All this is true. What M. Döllinger forgets is that this melancholy truth applies in a degree to all times and all ages. Christianity has done much for the world, but no honest man can assert that it has solved all the intellectual problems at which inquirers have labored from the days of Thales to those of Kant and Hegel. On the most difficult, and yet the most important of questions, doubt still remains. There were Sensationalists and Utilitarians, Nominalists and Realists in the days of Plato, and the same philosophic parties exist in the time of Mill and Whewell. Nor if the whole truth is to be spoken, can it be alleged that if the enigmas of speculative philosophy have not received an answer, the questions which concern men most nearly have been entirely set at rest. If the ancients wavered in their belief that the soul was immortal, or with Catullus exclaim, "Let us live and love; when the short day is past and gone, the sleep of eternal night awaits us both," there are men in the nineteenth century whose convictions as to a future life are, perhaps, not stronger than Cicero's, whilst the sentiments of the Latin poet find an echo in every line of Moore. What was "one guess among many" has, indeed, become the established creed of Christendom; but it must be remembered that heathen scepticism dared avow itself, whilst the force exerted in modern times by law and opinion makes heterodoxy or doubt hide its own existence.

When he paints the immorality of heathendom, M. Döllinger can say so much with truth that he might, one would have thought, have avoided exaggeration. The degradation of women, the gradual decline of population throughout the whole world, the general aversion to marriage which all the power of imperial legislation could not check, are facts established beyond dispute, and which sufficiently tell their own tale.

Even here our author overdoes his own case, strong as it is. To put forward the condition of Rome under the empire or of Greece in her decline, as representing the ordinary moral state of the ancient world, is like inferring the moral condition of France from the state of Paris under the rule of the emperor, or seeking for a picture of English life and manners in the court of Charles the Second or of the prince regent. Even when Juvenal wrote, there as certainly existed honest men and pure women, as there were found patriots and faithful wives when Pope was publishing his "Satires." Moreover, the facilities given for divorce by later Roman legislation are by no means the undoubted sign of moral decline for which they are usually taken. They have some connection, at least, with the best feature of Roman life—that increasing tendency towards legal equality which, from the earliest days of the republic down to the end of the Roman state, influenced all the jurisprudence of Rome. A future historian who supposes that, because divorces were facilitated under the reign of Queen Victoria, English society was less moral in 1860 than in 1815, will be able to support his opinion by reference to the Statute Book, but will, nevertheless, fall into a stupendous historical error. Neither will any comparison between the morality of the heathen world and of modern Europe be really fair which does not take into account the reticence and hypocrisy which mark modern civilization. The Greeks who gathered round Socrates doubtless did many acts which now would excite the moral indignation of convicts, but they, also, spoke with a freedom unknown even to English libertines. Whatever they did not scruple to do they had no hesitation in describing, whilst modern sinners have fully learnt the lesson impressed on Tom Jones by his tutor, that "there are many things that are fit to be done but are not fit to be spoken about." Heathendom when fairly looked at, does not indeed correspond with the conceptions formed of it by those dreamers, so much more numerous in the last century than at present, who attributed all the evils of life to priestcraft and kingcraft, and could not believe that tyranny could exist where there was no king, or immorality where there was no religion. But neither was it a Pandemonium. In spite of Greek cunning and vice, Greece still produced the noblest of statesmen and the wisest of philosophers, whilst even amidst the degradation of the Roman empire, the Roman love of law and justice survived, so that Roman lawyers could rear a system of legal equity and justice, on which modern jurists look with almost hopeless admiration.

From The London Review.
CANNIBALISM.

IN the primitive world there was once an objectionable custom, that members of a community should minister to one another's necessities in their deaths as well as in their lives. A pious affection consecrated the mortal remains of the loved and lost to a use which was at all events simple. Travellers tell us that there are parts of the world still in which the tradition is preserved. It is well known that indirectly, and after a passage through soil, air, and plants, the material elements of each race of mankind pass into the substance of those that follow; when we eat a sheep, we eat an animal that has browsed the grass, that has fed on the juices of the ground, that has imbibed the rain of heaven; and grass, ground, and rain, are all in part composed of what once was living men. Some nations are in the habit—to speak delicately—of abbreviating this process. They merely help Nature. Good, plain practical people among them see no advantage in cumbrous funerals and costly sepulchres; it does a man no good to put him underground. Grace before meat is as good a burial service as any other, and if people object to serving their generation in the way that their fathers have done before them, the sooner such nonsense is got rid of the better. It is all very well for strangers who come in ships to practise a wasteful and ridiculous system of interment; the "Tom Browns" of the Fiji Islands are probably men who won't stand foreigneering and new-fangled ideas when they interfere with good old honest habits. A man has proved all that man need be here below, if he has turned out in the course of his earthly career at once brave, subtle, faithful, and—wholesome.

It need hardly be said that public opinion in Europe has pronounced very decidedly against the practice. No person of the slightest pretensions to respectability would venture publicly upon it. The upper classes never think of such a thing. Even among the humbler orders it is quite unusual; and well-informed persons declare that it is *not* common in the west of Ireland. This being the case, why is it that we are so unanimous? There have been philosophers, chiefly Frenchmen, who have declared that the moral creed of the savage is far superior to that of the European; and the untutored Indian was

once held up as a model of virtue till people began to be quite ashamed of wearing shoes and stockings. Let us suppose ourselves endeavoring to explain to an intelligent anthropophagist from the tropics why we do not think it right to eat people,—we do not mean to eat immoderately, or to be too fond of it, or to kill people for food without sufficient cause, but simply to do as others in the Pacific Ocean do. It cannot be said that it is not agreeable to nature; for the facts prove that with some races it is quite so; and, moreover, a great part of the creed of Christendom consists in acting contrary to simple natural impulses. Nor is it fair to urge that it might lead to the prevalence of unlawful homicide; for the abuse of a thing is not its use, and it might be argued, in the same way, that the eating of sheep's flesh leads to illicit sheep-stealing. Nor again is it, as so many people believe, a custom pernicious to health. We do not wish to enter too minutely into particulars, but looking at the question generally it must be admitted that the higher we ascend in the scale of organic nature, the more strengthening is the food which the animal yields. Fish is poor nourishment—fit for Fridays; chicken is a little more invigorating—nice eating, in fact, for invalids; rabbits and hares have their advantages; but a strong man wants beef. What are we to say to the intelligent foreigner, who wants to know why we do not advance one step higher? We cannot tell him that it is wicked and impious; we cannot show him any precept in the Bible forbidding us directly to utilize the defunct. We may not, it is true, marry our grandmothers; but it nowhere says that we may not eat our grandfathers. Besides, he might reply that he came from the tribe where the belief was all the other way, and where his countrymen merited Paradise "by revenge, and eating many enemies." One loophole of escape appears in the physiological part of the question; for it is usually found that carnivorous animals are not good food, and man is semi-carnivorous. But, on the other hand, dogs will thrive on the flesh of other dogs, and rabbits on that of rabbits; and the famous Kilkenny cats only obeyed a wholesome instinct in eating one another up. So that we shall do well in the discussion to fall back upon general remarks upon the dignity of the species, and the in-

sult offered by such a custom to the collective status of humanity; which remarks the intelligent foreigner, being unable to understand, will probably not be in a position to confute.

It is perhaps time, however, to consider one theory which has been proposed of late years upon the subject of cannibalism, which disposes of several of its chief difficulties. The theory is, that the custom does not exist. It is said that, strong as the evidence is, it is yet not sufficient to prove the fact; that vast allowance must be made for ignorant love of the marvellous, still more for malicious lying, and some even for capricious blundering. A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, a few years ago, went so far as to suggest that one witness of cannibalism in New Zealand had been *hoaxed* by the humorous natives. If travelling Englishmen are to be the victims of the practical jokes of savage tribes, there is indeed no end to the geographical scepticism that may arise. Perhaps it was only by way of make-believe that Indian widows used to enter their husband's graves; and when the King of Dahomey executes his "grand custom," it is only his way of shocking public sensibilities by a conjuring trick. But we are not quite driven to such an hypothesis. There is no doubt, indeed, that the accusation of cannibalism has been frequently made without a particle of proof; heathens, under the empire, used to bring the charge against Christians, and Christian crusaders as often against Saracens. Indeed, some nations have been found with whom we appear to lie under the imputation ourselves; in the Gallas language, the name of white man is synonymous with man-eater. But the proof of the existence of cannibalism is as strong as it need be. No Englishman, it is true, has ever seen one savage eat another; but Englishmen have seen savages roasting each other for food. There are three special districts famous for cannibalism on the globe. Central Africa has always enjoyed a reputation in this respect beyond other lands, and it is from it that the latest cannibal stories have come. Whether we are to believe M. du Chaillu's narrative or not, the existence of man-eaters in the countries which he describes is matter of the oldest history; Mr. Petherick, if we are not mistaken, has reported that he has reached the zone of the same custom on the other side of the conti-

nent; and at Matiamvo, the strange territory further south, where the kings are said to succeed by the constitutional murder of their predecessors, the coronation ceremony is described by a late Portuguese traveller as containing customs extremely anthropophagic. The real and original "Cannibal Islands" are shrouded in poetic mystery; but the title should belong to the Fijian group *par excellence*. Of the nature of their meals, the strongest of all the evidence is that of the present Roman Catholic missionaries; though when they relate a concerted attack made upon them only six years ago by the three thousand Protestant converts, led on by the Protestant missionaries under the protection of the English ships of war, we begin to feel that Father Parel's accounts of the cooking of the prisoners may possibly be a little imaginative. The third cannibal district is Brazil, where Lieut. Smyth's guide, on the banks of the Amazon, as he trudged along, told him that he wished he could shoot those men yonder, as he was sure they would be good. The North American Indians are not altogether immaculate,—the most degraded among them, at all events; and even the Iroquois, when they wish to make war on another tribe, use what is either a very significant expression, or a very queer metaphor, and say, "Let us go and eat that nation." Whatever we may have said slightly of the Roman Catholic missionaries, it must be acknowledged that it was they, if the story be true, who worked the deliverance of the Caribs from the stigma of cannibalism—not, it is true, by the influence of religious teaching chiefly. The Caribs, says Herrera, were cured of their cannibal appetites by devouring a Dominican monk. "They fell sick of him," he simply states, "and would no longer eat either priest or layman."

But, granting that some unsophisticated nations do eat one another,—and if Humboldt and Prescott were satisfied on the point, why should not we be so too?—it is far from certainly known why they do it. Is it from excess of love, as some travellers tell us, or from excess of hate, as others believe? Do they do it for the most part when in want of other food, as the Carrier Indians? or in preference to other food, as some of the races of Brazil? Is it a mark of utter abasement, as is generally thought? or is it, as one pop-

ular author of the day declares, a sign merely of a certain stage in political development? It is not the most degraded races of mankind that eat human flesh: the Fiji Islanders are far above the worst of the Bushmen, for example, in the scale of humanity; and in fact—so says a trustworthy writer—consider themselves rather gentlemanly than otherwise. It is true that they kill all their old people; but there is no doubt that they treat them with great kindness until they are old enough to be killed. For ourselves we are inclined to think that the motives to cannibalism are twofold. Some tribes adopt it from misery and starvation; others, and those the greater number, out of fierceness and the spirit of revenge. The Tupi races of Brazil, to take an instance, are courageous and enterprising, and they eat their prisoners from feelings of anger—an anger not so hot, it may be remarked, that they cannot wait to fatten them. Near them live another tribe, cowardly and stupid folk, who never eat human flesh at all; and near these again a third race, the Aimotés—miserable beings who cannot swim, and hardly know how to live together in communities—and these practise cannibalism for want of other food. The first class of motives is, it appears to us, by far the most common. The Battas of Sumatra are said to eat their malefactors. The Charruas, who are not cannibals generally, ate the body of their enemy Solis, after death. The Mexicans, at the siege of their capital were horrified at the idea of eating their own countrymen, but thought prisoners of war the obvious and natural resource for the appetite. And the New Caledonians, who share their partialities at the present day, think the conduct of white men, in devouring the animals which they have reared and fed, little short of monstrous.

If we now return to our discussion with the intelligent foreigner, who asks us why we think his conduct objectionable, and set

our missionaries to discourage it, what light have we gained from examining the fact? We can point out to him that no cannibal nations have ever arrived at very high social cultivation, or made any great progress in science or art; and we can urge the wickedness of giving way to those feelings of anger, which, in some cases, have so marked a development. Beyond this we really do not know how far we can go; and it will only remain to add, that in this, as in so many other things, his taste and ours are different. We will not quarrel, we will say, about matters of mere food. People can have a very high respect for each other without eating of the same dishes, and æsthetic varieties of opinion need not prevent perfect mutual esteem. With all due regard for each other's opinion, we yet amicably differ. If an intelligent friend is mistaken in his view, it is an error doubtless of the head, and not of the heart. Perhaps he will not think too harshly of us for our own preference for mutton. If any one, however, should think from our tolerant tone that we are about to adopt our friend's practice, he is very much mistaken. We should consider it the worst possible taste in any Englishman to do so. Nothing could make us more unhappy than to think that any of our readers should be led, by what is here said, into a custom so extremely unusual. If any apology, indeed, is needed for the light tone of some of our remarks, it must be found in the fact that the vice of cannibalism is not at present a common one, or likely soon to be popular. If we do bite and devour one another, it is in a purely metaphorical sense. Should the vice in question even assail the higher strata of society, should good *ton* cease to repudiate it, and fickle fashion adopt it as the novelty of the day, we shall not then spare the voice of earnest remonstrance, or the keener lash of satire.

How are we to account for the compleat conquest which the Saxon language effected in England? Everywhere else where the Northern nations established themselves in the Roman dominions, a mixed speech was produced. The proportion of the conquerors to the conquered seems insufficient to explain this. Previous

circumstances, however, had greatly thinned the population. The braver part of the British population fought manfully, and segregated themselves. The colonists no doubt employed slaves, and in all likelihood those slaves were of Teutonic race, akin to the conquerors.—*Southey.*

From The Saturday Review.

THE ART OF PARAPHRASING.

A FEW months back,* we unearthed the two hundred and thirty-fifth edition of the *Spelling-Book* of a certain Mr. Butter, which we felt sure must have helped in no slight measure towards the change going on from plain English into the odd tongue which is now fast usurping its place. A man whose books reach a two hundred and thirty-fifth edition must be prepared for imitators. Such success as that of Mr. Butter would naturally kindle a generous emulation in many minds. Many a man may be tempted to string together a few hard words on the chance of obtaining only the tenth part of Mr. Butter's success. We have no doubt that he has many pupils and followers. He certainly has a most promising one in a certain Rev. John Hunter, A.M., who describes himself as formerly Vice-Principal of the National Society's Training College at Battersea. Mr. Hunter's works have not yet reached their two hundred and thirty-fifth edition, but, as one of them went through three editions between 1858 and 1861, he may congratulate himself on treading in the steps of his great original as nearly as he can reasonably expect to do.

Mr. Hunter has, we think, achieved a great work. He has successfully reduced the practice of the grand style to a system. He has given us a great many rules and a great many examples to guide us in the task of turning good English into bad. One thing only is wanted—Mr. Hunter should really give us a dictionary. It is quite needful to accomplish his object. That object is, to teach people how to exchange the good straightforward words which will first come into their heads for the more elaborately ornamented and more ambitiously grandiloquent phraseology of the penny-a-liner. But for this end dull wits will want a dictionary. A pupil of Mr. Hunter will, of course, scorn such a poor word as "begin;" but it may be that "inaugurate" may not at once suggest itself to him—he may be driven to put up with so comparatively feeble a substitute as "commence." He may wish for some expression less homely than "cock-fight," but it is not everybody across whose mind Mr. Butter's "alektoromachy" would flash unbidden. A dictionary of the High Polite Style, by Mr. Hunter, would be

* *Living Age* No. 940.

an invaluable gift to waiters, commercial travellers, principals of educational establishments, and the literary public in general. Till this great want is supplied, we must put up with Mr. Hunter's grammar and exercise book, and we must do their author the justice to say that, by a careful use of them, a man may do a good deal towards unlearning his mother tongue.

Though Mr. Hunter is, as far as we know, the first person who has reduced the art of "Paraphrasing" to a system, he can by no means claim the honor of being the first Paraphrast. Who has not seen "Scripture Paraphrases," in which the meaning of the sacred writings and the vigorous English of their translators are alike improved away? A great master in this way was Bishop Simon Patrick, who, when the Collects were, in 1689, voted "too short and too dry," was set to make them longer and more ornamental. But the art in those days was in its infancy, and, compared with modern masters, Patrick was a mere bungler. Something, in another tongue, was done about the same time by the editor of the *Delphin Classics*, who, in the "Interpretatio" of each book, paraphrased a vast deal of good Latin into bad. But all these attempts, though highly creditable in their way, were still more desultory. Mr. Hunter is the first to teach the art upon system. We are probably displaying our own monstrous ignorance when we say that, till we got hold of Mr. Hunter's little books, we had no sort of idea that "paraphrasing" was an acknowledged art, taught by adepts like any other art. But we gather from Mr. Hunter's preface that the art has long been taught traditionally. He has now won the honor of being the first to set down its principles in a book, but he has long lived in fear that some one else would be quick enough to snatch his unplucked laurels from him. In his own words—words which show how well he can teach by example as well as by precept—"The utility of that species of scholastic exercise called Paraphrasing has been for so many years generally recognized among teachers, that the author of this little work long expected some anticipation of his own treatise to issue from the press." The same preface teaches us two or three more things about paraphrasing. It is a "somewhat difficult subject." Mr. Hunter has

"not yet seen any other publication professing to methodize and teach it." But there are persons "who are desirous of attaining facility in composing, or in teaching to compose, a good paraphrase." To such persons Mr. Hunter "has been induced to contribute such assistance as his experience enables him." Mr. Hunter further, with all the authority of a former Vice-Principal of the National Society's Training College at Battersea, "would venture to recommend to schoolmasters the frequent employment of this species of exercise, as a very useful auxiliary to other means of instruction in English composition, as its tendency is to form a taste and promote an aptitude for the proper expression of original thought, as well as for a due appreciation of the writings of others."

By this time we begin to understand what paraphrasing means. It clearly means that the boys and girls of our National Schools are, whenever schoolmasters can be found silly enough to do so, to be set to translate out of the plain English of their Bibles and Prayer-Books into the jargon of Mr. Hunter and the penny newspapers. We really did not know that such an art was anywhere deliberately taught. The opposite process indeed we have sometimes amused ourselves by trying. We have both tried ourselves, and made others try, to translate bits of newspaper language into English, but we had no idea whatever that boys and girls were deliberately set to translate English into newspaper. Let us, however, before we put ourselves under Mr. Hunter's guidance, see what we can ourselves do by the light of nature. Here is as good a piece of plain English as ever was written, though, to be sure, its matter is too light to be quite the thing for National Schools:—

"If a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?"

Will not Mr. Hunter give us his first prize when we paraphrase this into

On the supposition that an individual salutes an individual,

Does an individual lie under an obligation to make a statement of the fact?

On turning over Mr. Hunter's pages, we find that all his precepts strengthen our belief that our own first attempt is really a first-rate paraphrase. He tells us that "the poets, and those prose writers whose style is

condensed, vigorous, or antiquated, supply the most suitable passages for exercises in paraphrasing." What can be more condensed and vigorous than the passage which we chose? and its language is a little antiquated into the bargain. But Mr. Hunter tells us that "frequently the original will be found more simply and clearly expressed than the paraphrase." We have not the slightest doubt of it, and we think our example shows it wonderfully well; only if the original be more simply and clearly expressed than the paraphrase, what becomes of Mr. Hunter's own definition of a paraphrase? "To paraphrase," according to the first sentence of his book, "means to *explain* some passage in a book by changing the author's language, and developing the scope of his ideas, so as to *exhibit his meaning with greater clearness*, particularity, and fulness." Now, what "developing the scope of the author's ideas" may mean, we do not know the least bit. But is it not rather odd that, if the object of paraphrasing be to "explain passages" and to "exhibit the author's meaning with greater clearness," the result of paraphrasing should be that "frequently the original will be found more simply and clearly expressed than the paraphrase?" This result is, indeed, only just what we should expect; but, if so, "the utility of this species of scholastic exercise" is something which we should have great difficulty in "recognizing."

Again, Mr. Hunter, after telling us to pick out as our guides writers whose style is condensed, vigorous, or antiquated, goes on to say, with praiseworthy modesty, "it must always be remembered that the language of a good author generally loses both force and beauty by such transformation, and that no such attempt should be expected to produce something as good as the original." If so, one cannot help asking, why make the attempt at all? Why turn the original into something which confessedly is not so good? Why subject the language of a good author to a transformation which avowedly takes away both its force and beauty? Where, in short, is the recognized utility of this species of scholastic exercise? By Mr. Hunter's own account, then, paraphrasing consists in turning good English into bad. We hold, therefore, that our own specimen paraphrase is really perfect. We believe

that we have successfully destroyed all the force and beauty of the original. We feel sure that we have produced something which no one will think as good as the original. If so, we have, according to Mr. Hunter, fully accomplished the objects of a paraphrase. The goodness of a paraphrase consists in its badness, and, on that showing, we hold our own to be first-rate.

But we must, in fairness, let Mr. Hunter speak once more to explain the objects of his own art, and the powers required of those who would excel in it:—

“By paraphrasing, as a *scholastic* exercise, we mean—an explanatory variation of the language of a given portion of discourse, prescribed in order to ascertain the degree in which the pupil understands the passage, to promote in him the habit of general attention to the meaning and spirit of what he reads, to cultivate his power of discerning the force and beauty of literary composition, and to assist in making him skilful and expert in the expression of his own thoughts.

“In this species of exercise, care should be taken not to exceed those reasonable limits within which a faithful interpretation of the sense and significance of the original may be comprehended. The tendency to over-expansion and embellishment must be duly restrained, the legitimate object and proper utility of the exercise being always kept in view.

* * * * *

“Ability to paraphrase may be said to depend, particularly, on familiarity with the principles of grammatical formation and arrangement, on appreciation of the significance of words in themselves and in their relations and idiomatic uses, and on the power of readily recollecting synonymous expressions.”

We copy these sentences without wholly understanding them. Indeed we know that we have no right to ask to understand them. As far as we can make out any meaning, it would seem to mean that boys and girls are to be set to “paraphrase,” in order, first, to see whether they understand what they read, and, secondly, to teach them to write good English themselves. To accomplish these two ends they are to be taught to paraphrase good English into bad—to change every Teutonic word into a Latin one. Thus, they are given this piece of Cowper’s:—

“How fleet is a glance of the mind!

Compared with the speed of its flight,

The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.”

This perfectly clear and good English they are to “paraphrase” into the following jargon:—

“How *rapid* is the *transition of thought*! In *comparison with its velocity*, the sweep of the tempest, and the swift dashing of the rays of light, are but *sluggish movements*.”

So again:—

“Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?”

becomes in Mr. Hunter’s hands —

“Can the language of flattery gratify the ear which death has sealed in cold insensibility?”

When Milton says —

“O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise! thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and
shades,
Fit haunt of gods! where I had hoped to
spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both!”

Mr. Hunter turns it into —

“Oh, this unlooked-for calamity, more distressful than the doom of death! O Paradise, must I as a banished one depart from thee! Must I in that manner leave the spot where my life began, thus bid adieu to these blissful walks and shades, worthy to be frequented by celestial beings, and amidst which I had cherished the soothing expectation of spending in quietness, though mournfully, the allowed remainder of that day in which, by Divine decree, we both must die.”

Our notions of good English doubtless differ from Mr. Hunter’s, so it may be vain to try to prove to him that his process will do the exact opposite of “assisting in making the pupil skilful and expert in the expression of his own thoughts.” But we may perhaps dispute a little as to its use in “ascertaining the degree in which the pupil understands the passage.” To us it seems that to translate what is clear into what is obscure—to translate what is easy into what is hard—can serve no purpose of the kind. If the pupil is encouraged in the use of big words to which he is not accustomed, and which cannot convey their meaning with the same distinctness as the words of his own daily talk, he has at once a means afforded him of cloaking his ignorance under a cloud of sounding syllables. The real way of finding out whether a boy understands what he

reads is not to bid him paraphrase it into the high-polite style, but to bid him tell the story in the plainest words of daily life. A child in a National School was asked, "What did David do when they told him that the child was dead?" "Please, sir, he cleaned himself and took to his victuals." All honor to a child who had so thoroughly entered into the story that he could at once tell it in just the words which he would use every day with his playmates. In Mr. Hunter's style the question and answer might stand thus:—

Q. "What course of action did David pursue when he received intelligence of the demise of his infant?"

A. "He performed his ablutions and immediately proceeded to partake of refreshments."

Mr. Hunter would most likely think this a sign of great skilfulness and expertness in the expression of thought; but would it show the same "habit of general attention to the meaning and spirit of what he reads," as was shown by the little fellow who had so thoroughly called up the doings of David before his mind's eye? We know not to what extent Mr. Hunter's theories and processes are adopted by teachers, but if this sort of thing goes on in the National Schools generally, there is indeed something for Mr. Lowe and the school inspectors to look to.

MR. HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The arrival of this expedition has been announced by telegraph. The Newfoundland papers contain additional particulars informing us that Mr. Hall has secured a large quantity of relics of Frobisher's expedition, gathered at various points. These are described as follows:—

"The coal has been overgrown with moss, and a dark vegetable growth; the brick looks quite as bright as when it was turned out of 'one talle ship of Her Majesties, named the Ayde, of nine score tunnes, or thereabouts,'—the vessel in which Frobisher departed on his second voyage, after having 'kissed Her Majesties hand, and been dismissed with gracious countenance and comfortable words.' The pieces of wood are merely oak chips which have been well preserved, having been embedded in coal dust for nearly three hundred years. The piece of iron ballast is much decomposed and rusted.

"Mr. Hall found upon one of the islands a trench twenty feet deep and one hundred feet long, leading to the water, in which a party of Frobisher's men, who had been captured by the Esquimaux, and with the assistance of their captors, had built a small vessel, intending therein to set sail for England. After putting to sea, they experienced such severe weather that they were obliged to return, all of them being frost-bitten. They lived many years among the Esquimaux, who treated them very kindly, and all of them eventually died there. These facts are related by the Esquimaux of that region as a matter of tradition.

"Respecting the two boats' crews of Franklin, Mr. Hall learned that a few years since a party of Innuits had seen two Codluna—white

men's—boats, and found on one of the Lower Savage Islands—which commence near the mainland on the north side of Hudson's Strait—what they termed 'soft stones.' One of the Innuits, who had become possessed of a gun and ammunition from the Hudson's Bay Company, recognized them as bullets.

"Sir John Franklin, not knowing how long he might be detained in the Arctic seas, carried out a large quantity of ammunition, and Mr. Hall has not a particle of doubt that the crews of these two boats, in their endeavor to get down through Hudson's Straits, and on to the Labrador, had thrown out these bullets so that their progress might not be impeded.

"Mr. Hall has with him a very interesting Esquimaux family, consisting of a father, mother, and son, who are excellent specimens of their race. This family, excepting the child, have been in the civilized world before. They were taken across the Atlantic to England, some years ago, and presented to Her Majesty the Queen.

"Mr. Hall has a number of interesting memorials of the social life of the Innuits, among whom he dwelt so long. They consist of little articles very neatly cut from bone or ivory, representing the polar bear, seals, walrus, and ducks, etc. These show a great deal of patient perseverance with the rude tools with which they must have been worked. Mr. Hall says life, in these high latitudes, is not so difficult of preservation as is generally supposed—the snow and ice houses of the Innuits being exceedingly tight and comfortable, and their coarse animal food rendered exceedingly palatable by the sharpness of appetite engendered by the keen atmosphere of an extreme northern climate."

From The London Review.

IMMIGRATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

At a time when the most numerous and the wealthiest section of our industrial population has been dragged down to penury and ruin by the dearth of the raw material which feeds its industry, no apology is needed for calling attention to any subject which has a practical bearing upon the question of a cotton supply. The plant, as is now well known, can be grown in many regions; and at the conference recently held with a view to insure a future supply, the representatives of various countries, extending almost "from China to Peru," attended upon the invitation of the manufacturers, and stated what they had and what they had not of the requisites for cotton-growing. One country wants labor, another capital, and a third asks only for fair play on the part of its government: all, however, want more or less of time, and meanwhile there is many a gloomy home in Lancashire. But it is with the West Indies, and more especially with British Guiana, that we have now to do. This colony can grow cotton of a quality second only, we believe, to the famous Sea Island cotton. In the times before the emancipation, cotton was its chief export; and it might become so again were it not for the scarcity of labor. And if it is hoped to make the colony hereafter the abundant source of excellent cotton, this desirable consummation can be achieved only by the continuance of that immigration, of which we now propose to give a brief sketch.

It has been the good fortune of British Guiana to absorb into its thin population, during the last fourteen years, a steady influx of Portuguese immigrants; who, according to the returns published by the Emigration Commissioners, in the course of last session, already numbered more than eleven thousand, while only two thousand of them were scattered over the rest of the West Indies. This immigration, wisely encouraged by the local government, has been of incalculable benefit to the colony; and to the wine-growing peasants of Maderia, reduced to penury by the vine-disease, the land has become once more the El Dorado of riches. Steadily they rise from laborers to wandering hucksters, from hucksters to storekeepers, and perhaps to wealthy merchants and land-owners. In every village,

at every corner of a street and meeting of cross-roads, their thriving stores attest the national genius for trade. With this toiling, self-denying, and parsimonious race the luxurious and improvident negro finds the contest hopeless. The negro consumes himself the best that he has in his store, and sells the refuse; while the Portuguese trader is content to starve himself and his family, and hoard his rapid gains in squalid discomfort. We doubt, indeed, if there is a single store in the whole colony now kept by a black man. But the native Cr le regards the immigrant with a blind and ignorant jealousy, which every honest mind must deplore; for to this colony immigration is the sheet-anchor of wealth and prosperity. Already has immigration raised it from a slough of despond to a flourishing condition; and immigration alone can develop its vast resources to their full capabilities.

The sea-coast line of British Guiana exceeds two hundred miles in length; and running southwards from the sea, the colony has, practically, no limits. "To the rear there is," as a traveller observed, "an eternity of sugar and cotton capability in the mud." The planter "may cultivate canes up to the very Andes if he could only get Coolies." The sight of the broad rivers rolling down in tranquil majesty their dark and turbid waters, where all around is unutterably flat and green, recalls to memory the poet's image of the old Nile,—

"Et viridem *Ægyptum* nigr  f cundat aren ."

Over boundless acres of the richest virgin soil there broods the awful stillness of a tropical forest. The silence of the wilderness reigns unbroken by the foot or voice of man, save where the scanty remnant of the Carib Indians—the dispossessed and doomed inheritors of the soil—still hunt and fish, and weave their simple fabrics, till they pass away and their place knows them no more. At the present time there is no more than a thin and much broken line of cultivation running along the coast and penetrating a little distance up the rivers. A hundred miles of coast, now for the most part a waste of tropical vegetation, was once a vast and blooming cotton-field. There is not an estate in the colony which has not a water frontage; and the facilities and economy of

water-carriage given by the universal system of irrigation, place the Demerara planter in a better position than his brethren in mountainous regions such as Jamaica, where the badness of the roads, and the consequent difficulty and expense of transporting produce to the sea, have been not the least among the many causes of ruin to the planters of that ill-fated island. The rarely gifted colony of British Guiana has but one want—the crying want of labor. The virgin soil needs only the hand of man to make it teem with sugar, and coffee, and cotton, and other products that minister to the industry and the comfort of civilized man all round the globe. But the whole population, including all races, is estimated at no more than a hundred and fifty thousand; while the neighboring colony of Barbadoes, little larger than one among the thousand islands which stud the broad bosom of the Essequibo, contains a population of a hundred and forty thousand souls.

The same sore want of labor oppresses the beautiful island of Trinidad, and the same measures have there been adopted to supply the void. The Demerara and Trinidad planters—who are for the most part *novi homines*, and a different class of men from that proud, soured, and somewhat sullen aristocrat, the old Jamaica planter—have vigorously set their shoulders to the wheel; and we may now reasonably hope that rapidly growing prosperity will be the reward of their sanguine and energetic speculation. They have borne the burden and the heat of the day. They have withstood the attack of the Anti-Slavery Society and all the powers of obstruction, and have come victorious out of the fight. The Imperial Parliament and the Colonial Office are now satisfied that the immigrant is generously treated, and that the whole system, when properly conducted, is “doubly blessed,” promoting the well-being of the indentured laborer no less than that of his employer. Year by year the stream of immigration flows on from east to west; and as it flows, the area of cultivation is gradually extending. The Coolie population of British Guiana was estimated, in 1860, to number about 36,000; and the Chinese in the colony were reckoned at 6,000. And, according to the report of the agent-general for immigration in Trinidad, published in

the Colonial Blue-book of last session, there were 13,500 Coolies in the island, of whom more than 8,000 were indentured to estates.

As regards Demerara and Trinidad, the immigration is placed on a similar footing, and subject to similar regulations. There is variance in details, but the broad features and results of their systems are essentially the same; and if we briefly describe the plan adopted by the colony whose operations are conducted on the larger scale, we shall give a sketch sufficiently like, for our present purpose, of the system pursued by the lesser colony. In pursuance of the regulations enacted by the Demerara Legislature and confirmed by the crown, an agreement is made between the Calcutta or Madras Coolie and the Emigration Agent of the Colony in India, by which the former binds himself to serve on any estate the Governor may appoint, for the term of five years from the day of his arrival in the colony. The whole expense of his introduction is borne, in the first instance, by the Colonial Treasury; but two-thirds of this expenditure is repaid to the colony, in annual instalments, by the planters to whom he may be indentured for the first five years of his residence. And such is the jealous care of the Imperial Government for the comfort and health of the Coolies on the voyage, that no ship is allowed to carry more than one immigrant for every three tons burden,—that is to say, double the space which is given to the English soldier in a troop-ship is demanded for the slender Asiatic, whose only want is a mat to lie on. Immediately on their arrival in the colony, the Coolies are proportionately assigned by the governor to such planters as have sent in requisitions for them in the preceding year; but the separation of husbands from wives, and of children under fifteen from their parents or natural protectors, is expressly forbidden. By the terms of the indenture, the Coolie agrees to serve the planter for three years, receiving the same rate of wages as is paid to the unindentured laborer. At the end of the third year, he has the option of continuing in the service of the planter to whom he was first indentured, or of making a new contract with another employer; and he has the same option at the end of the fourth year; or he may bring his indentured service to a close by paying twelve dollars for each of

the first five years of his residence that remained unexpired. At the end of five years, or before, by the payment in commutation of service, he becomes entitled to a certificate of industrial residence. Then he may elect to remain in absolute independence, or to enter into an indenture for another term of five years, for which he receives a bounty of fifty dollars; and he has in the second period of five years the same rights, as to changing employers and commutation of service, as he had in the first period. And at the end of ten years' residence he is entitled to a return-passage, at the expense of the colony, to the port of his native land from whence he came.

While the immigrant serves under indenture, the planter is bound to provide him with a proper cottage rent free, and with medical attendance when he falls sick; and it generally happens that he passes much of his first year, before he becomes acclimatized, in the estate hospital. The planter is at all times under the immediate supervision and control of the government in all that relates to the treatment of his indentured laborers. Twice a year each estate is inspected by the head of the Immigration Department; and an opportunity is given to every immigrant of expressing his wants and seeking redress for his grievances. All matters in dispute between the employer and the indentured laborer, are referred to the decision of a magistrate; and for ill-usage, neglect, defects of drainage, or insufficiency of hospital accommodation, the governor may cancel the indentures, and remove all the immigrants from the estate of the delinquent planter. Under such easy conditions of life, the half-starved and attenuated Bengalee rapidly ripens into a sleek and able-bodied laborer. The mortality among them is not one-third of what it is at Calcutta; and the children that are born in the colony are far superior to their parents in strength and stature. And much as the Coolie thrives, his wants are few and simple. His clothing is scanty, and his diet is spare; and thus the high rate of wages enables him to lay by the greater part of his earnings. He loves to hoard, and dearer to him, perhaps, than wife and child, is his growing deposit at the savings' bank. When the immigrant's term of residence is expired, comparatively few demand the return passage. They elect to

remain and trade in the land of their adoption. They abandon labor on the estates, and their hoarded earnings are the capital with which they start as retail storekeepers. In Trinidad most of the spirit stores, we believe, are now kept by Coolies; but in this, perhaps, their selection has been unhappy, for rum is the Coolie's bane. Now and then, however, a ship is chartered to carry a load of Coolies homewards, and they depart, bearing about them all the marks of prosperity. The wrists and the ankles, the ears and the noses of their wives and daughters, bear a heavy burden of silver ornaments, the spoil of the Egyptians. And we have seen it stated that no less a sum than £34,854 was deposited with the immigration agent in Trinidad, to be repaid through the Indian Treasury on their arrival in India, by 2,245 returning Coolies, of which number one-fifth were women and children. Nor did this large sum represent the whole of their savings, for many carried their money with them on board ship. Such are the fruits of emigration to them, while the planter's permanent want—a supply of steady and certain labor—is being at length satisfied.

The Chinese immigration of the West Indies is still in its infancy, and it is early to judge results. But so far as the experiment has yet gone, it is full of promise for the future; though many and grave were the difficulties under which it commenced. The iniquitous traffic of kidnapping Chinese for the Cuban labor-market had poisoned the minds of the government and people with natural fears and suspicion. Now, however, the emigration has been legalized by the convention of Peking, and the hindrances interposed by the Mandarins have been removed. Most happily, too, whole families—husbands, wives, and children—have been induced to emigrate together; for without a proportion of women the Asiatic element of a population becomes a very cesspool of pollution. In the colony to which he goes, the Chinese immigrant has the same rights and privileges as the Coolie; except that he acquires no claim to a return passage, and is regarded as a permanent settler. The planters, whose experience of them is the longest, consider them to be the best class of agricultural laborers. Superior to the Coolie, and equal, perhaps, to the

negro in physical power and endurance, they leave the latter far behind in industry, intelligence, and fixity of purpose. Keen in the pursuit of money, they turn to trade, like the Coolie, as soon as their means permit, but they have not the Coolie's passion for hoarding; their rational choice is to spend and enjoy life. As market-gardeners they have no equals. Skill in the cultivation of provision-grounds seems to be their *forte*, unless it be dexterity in thieving. Immured as the Chinaman has been for centuries in the stifling pedantry of the national civilization, he is still a thorough citizen of the world. Drop him down in a remote corner of the western hemisphere, and he is ready in the first moments of his arrival to nod and smile and chat as he best can with all the strange and wondering faces that pass him by. Light-hearted, gay, and destitute of principle, he roams the globe with his opium-pipe and a fan. Should an overseer swear at him, or his dinner disagree with him, suicide is a short and easy way of escape always at hand. He flies from the

ills he knows, and leaves the dark morrow of eternity to take thought for itself.

And so, year by year, the strange medley of races gathers and grows. A century or two hence, will they have a common language, and what will it be? Something better, let us hope, than the monstrous jargon, which is all that remains of the strength and beauty of our language, when it comes from the negro's tongue. Will they marry and mix, and be fused by time into one homogeneous whole? or will the races flow on in separate and distinct channels? There is room for all now; but if we are to believe the stern creed of which Mr. Darwin is the prophet, the hour may come when the fell "struggle for existence" shall begin. The endemic productions of New Zealand are rapidly disappearing before the plants and animals introduced from Europe; and it may be the doom of the negro, as it has been of the Carib Indian, to faint and die exhausted in the battle of life, and give place to the new-comer.

LADY NOVELISTS.—Novels may be divided into two classes, those which are founded upon observation of life at first hand, and those which are merely founded upon the pictures of life given in other novels. Too many novels written by ladies belong to this last class. Such writers, indeed, as Miss Austen show that the narrow field of view which a lady living in a dull English country village could command, might be made extensive enough to employ powers of the nicest observation and the most delicate imagination. Miss Brontë is a still more striking example. Her only materials—a dull Yorkshire village and a dreary Belgian school—would, in most people's hands, have sent writers and readers to sleep, yet she succeeded not merely in forming a picture from them interesting, like a pre-Raphaelite painting, for prosaic accuracy, but what was far more difficult, in giving her portraits the force and dignity of highly imaginative works. In fact, the problem of making good novels out of homely and confined materials is exactly one well fitted for feminine talents, and which has been triumphantly solved by many of our best female novelists. But when ladies are not content to do what, after all, every novelist must do,—to describe people they have seen and scenery they have visited,—they are apt to become the worst of novelists. They stray most widely and hopelessly from anything that ever does or can happen on earth. They have not had so many opportunities as men of seeing various ways of life, and they are more apt to accept

with guileless simplicity the reports of former observers. Thus, it is a well-known fact that men who write novels invariably fail grievously and infallibly whenever they have to describe the legal complications which have such a strange attraction for novelists; and yet most men have had occasion to acquire at least some vague popular notions concerning law and its intricacies; but when a lady has to describe a trial for murder, or to discuss the effect of a will, she probably does not refer to any personal experiences, however faint, but only to her recollection of descriptions of trials for murder or difficulties about wills in the works of male novelists, who were themselves in outer darkness. Thus we only get a doubly diluted mixture of the real thing, we have merely the faulty reflection of a distorted image of the facts; and if the same principle is applied not only to the law but to the making love, and the quarrelling, and whatever else goes to filling up the lives of conventional characters of a novel, we get, as it were, a novel at second-hand, which bears the same kind of relation, in reality and distinctness, to general novels, that they bear to an account of real life. All the local color has been washed out in the process. Most women, according to Pope, have no characters at all. Most women's novels, we might add, have next to none. Too soft to bear any lasting mark of criticism, they are best distinguished as being in one, two, or three volumes.—*London Review*.

From St. James's Magazine.

A LITTLE GIRL PICTURED.

BY FREDERICA BREMER.

I HAVE a little girl at my hearth, in my home; she is not mine—I wish she were! But she is my daily enjoyment, and I cannot but wish that every home in this our world had such a little girl as its own! Not that I think little girls in general to be such precious rarities, for “there’s plenty of them in the world,”—or a bit better, for the comfort and happiness of home, than an old lady, with mild eyes and sweet words of wisdom on her lips; and I know more than one little girl who adds not a whit to the comfort of home, but rather something the reverse. But my little girl, she whom I wish were mine, is the very reverse of the uncomfortable one. Nobody ever saw her surly or sour, or tiresome, or asking “What shall I do?” No, she seems born with a peculiar clearness of what she has to do in this world, and what she is here for. It is therefore, perhaps, that her eyes shine so cheerily and bright every day’s morning, and that she is up and dressed almost as soon as she is awake. And then you might see her, washed, and nice and rosy as a dewy rosebud, standing by her mother’s knees, thanking the good Father in heaven for the repose of the night and the life of the day, and imploring his blessing for all men—and, of course, for all little girls. After this she goes to work. She helps the maid to make fire in the oven; she likes to light the fire, and the wood seems to burn all the brighter when it is the little girl who lights it. Then she helps mamma at the breakfast-table; she knows precisely where papa and old grandmamma are to sit—what cups and things they prefer; she puts everything right. Then she starts off for little brother, “the baby,” who is heard to grumble in his cradle; and she wants to prevent his getting out of humor in the morning, for which he has great aptitude. And just as he is beginning to grumble, lo! there she stands by his cradle smiling over him, taking him up, kissing him, commiserating and moralizing him at once, with those indescribable but melodious tones of which good little girls have alone the secret, and which make baby forget that he intended to quarrel with the world and his family, and lets him give way to a joyous smile. And now he must be dressed—

which is done by little sister, with good-humored advice to stockings and boots, and other things, not to be “wrong-minded,” not to be obstinate, etc., for “serve they must,”—“do their duty they ought,” and—“There, we are ready!” And now baby is taken up in little sister’s arms, and carried out to say good-morning to papa, and mamma, and grandmamma, and kiss and be kissed all round.

After this, he is to have his breakfast. It is the little girl who gives it him—who tastes the porridge, that it may not be too hot—who breathes cooling over it until it is just right, and carries it to his mouth with recommendations to open it wide grandly, so that the “king’s schooner” may get right into port, and not make shipwreck at the entrance—the first spoonful is for the little brother, the next for herself.

After breakfast baby must amuse himself as he can, with his playthings: for the little girl must study her lessons, and be all attention to them.

She would not for the world that grand-mother should shake her head when she recites them to her, or, maybe, give a meaning look to a certain corner of the room called the “shame corner,” and where she knows that little girls and boys are put if they study very badly. But she has never stood there—and I do believe she never will.

It is just the same little girl who, two years ago, in the small children’s school, when, upon the question, “What the Lord did the seventh day of creation?” and the children answered, “He rejoiced,”—elevated her clear voice and assumed, “but he was not at all tired, and he went to church!”

She is now a little older, and would not have answered so childishly. Still, I do not think she can even now think of repose or enjoyment, except in conjunction with some plan or project for the happiness of somebody else. You see it clearly in her face whenever she loiters, amusing herself, singing to her doll, or turning over the leaves of a book, or looking half-abstractedly on you or something else. She looks at once so good and so sweetly sly—she is clearly planning or plotting some little angel-trick! Nobody, be he a Swede or an Englishman, a Frenchman or a German, Dane or Italian, Christian or Pagan, ever looks at her atten-

tively without being compelled—I say *compelled*—to smile in a peculiar way, so that he or she becomes, as it were, beautified by the smile, which clearly says, if the eyes do not—“What a darling creature you are!” Yes; she *is* a darling to everybody—and she is a cosmopolite; * for though you would hardly say, by her countenance, of what people she is, she unites, as it were, in one smile all peoples on earth, and everybody feels related to her by some magic love-tie.

But do not fancy that my little girl has any intentions to win or to charm you. Not a bit; she has too many other weightier things to do and to think of. She is busy the whole day, in one way or another; and if she is musing or studying or playing, and she sees her mother doing some heavy household work, up she starts, wanting to help her. “It is not too heavy; no indeed, she is strong, very strong! Does she not carry baby in her arms many an hour, and is never tired?” She likes to be called “Little busy Martha;” and indeed she deserves that name, from morning, when she is helping everybody in the house, until night, when she lulls baby to sleep with the little sweetly melancholy song that has lulled most of us, women and men, in Swedeland, in our cradles:—

“The squirrel went to make hay on the lawn,
With four of his brave little servants,” etc.

Yet the sweetest hour of the day is, for the little girl, that in which she reposes. Yes; but on the knee of her father, balancing in the rocking-chair, and listening to what he tells her of foreign countries, of savage men and customs, and of good men who go among them trying to make them better! Sometimes, attending to his words, her eyes will grow wider and wider, till they become as wells flowing over with tears. But the father knows the art to make them dry up again, and make the sun shine out of them, like Heaven’s sun in the rainbow on the cloud.

Sometimes it is the little girl who has the

word, and tells papa stories out of her own mind—and she has a large store of them. Now and then she is allowed to read aloud to him out of “Reading for the Home,” or some other good magazine. (What, if she one day chance to read there this very talk about a little girl! It would be funny, but she would not know who it meant.)

Lastly, she discloses her own little heart in the bosom of the Good Father, telling him her secret anguish if she has committed some fault, or her most secret wishes and hopes. She has some ambitious ones, the little girl, for the time when she “shall be great.” She has some ideas of building a house for father and mother, and grandmamma, but not for little brother, for he shall also become “great,” and learn to help himself! And then, when she has put everything right at home, she will go out to the people of whom her father has just spoken, and join those men who try to make them better and happier; or she may, as Robinson Crusoe did, discover and cultivate some unknown island, “when she will be great.” I would bet ten to one that when she becomes a great girl—cultivated, educated—she will nevertheless not be otherwise, only in larger proportions and consciously, than what she is, unconsciously, even now—a good and gladsome help to her fellow-beings, a true-hearted little servant of the Lord.

You know that Frederica Bremer, who has sent this story to me from Stockholm, has written a great number of good books. She has travelled over America, visited many of the European countries, and after a residence of more than two years in Athens, has returned to her native Sweden with an enlarged mind, and a heart as fresh and warm as if—as if—she were still a little child! It is wonderful to me how well she writes English. I have not altered a single phrase; and though—(you children are *so* saucy)—you may call one or two of the expressions “funny,” yet I know you will enjoy making the acquaintance of the good little girl whom my dear friend Frederica Bremer pictures!

* “Cosmopolite:” Citizen of the world.—*Dic.*

From The London Review.

THE INFLUENCE OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING ON HEALTH.

No great social change was ever yet effected without violent opposition. Let us add that we trust none ever will be. For this conservative opposition to novelty has a good side as well as a bad one. It acts as an elective filter, and though it retards the advance of useful schemes for a time, it allows them eventually to pass, while it presents a permanent barrier to pernicious innovations. No amount of opposition can long prevent a really advantageous change from carrying the day. When tea was introduced some two centuries ago to supersede twopenny ale at our breakfast tables, nothing could be fiercer than the outcry raised against it. Our women were to lose their beauty and our men their vigor. But the change was a salutary one, and we are now consuming some unknown number of millions of pounds every year. In later times, when Jenner made his inestimable discovery, press and pulpit alike rang with invectives against vaccination. Yet we all vaccinate our children now-a-days, and not one of them to the best of our belief has yet been heard, as was prophesied, to low like a cow, nor has been transformed into the likeness of a beast. There are those still living who can remember the outcry which was raised against the greatest change of this generation—the conversion of the stage-coach into the railway-carriage. The dangers with which the public were threatened were countless. To breathe would be an impossibility, when rushing through the air at the enormous velocity of fifteen, or, as some rash speculators had hinted, even twenty miles an hour. The carbonic acid generated from the fuel would destroy the atmosphere in the tunnels, and suffocation be the inevitable doom of every passenger, while boiling and maiming were to be everyday occurrences. Yet less than forty years have passed since the first carriage was slowly dragged along the first railway from Stockton to Darlington, and we have already in Great Britain more than eleven thousand miles of railway, and the distance daily travelled by our passenger trains is more than six times the circumference of the whole earth.

The prophesied evils have turned out to

be moonshine. As far as accidents go, railway travelling has been shown to be far more secure than any other mode of conveyance. In 1859 there were altogether fifty-six railway accidents in the United Kingdom; in these, thirteen persons lost their lives and three hundred and eighty-six were injured. In that same year, in *London alone*, no less than seventy persons were killed and nine hundred and ten injured by coach and carriage accidents. In spite of this, a suspicion has sprung up of late that railway travelling is not so free from danger as these figures would seem to indicate. Accidents may be comparatively few, and the evils originally anticipated may have been chimerical, yet there is a vague but increasing impression in the public mind that railway travelling exercises, from some unknown cause, an injurious influence on the health. So widely spread is this feeling, that to it, in all probability, is to be ascribed the perceptible diminution which has taken place in the number of railway season-ticket holders. In 1859 there were in England and Wales, as shown by the government returns, 35,222 persons holding these tickets. In 1860 the number had sunk to 30,500. Here is a falling off in a single year of nearly 5,000. A considerable proportion of this class of persons is composed of men who, for pleasure or economy, live with their families in the country, and travel daily to and from the town where their business is carried on. These persons, it is said, find that their health suffers from the constant journeying, and the falling off in the number of season-ticket holders is supposed to be due to their abandoning this mode of life. How far is this view right? Is railway travelling really injurious to the health? And if so, what is the reason, and how is the evil to be met? These are clearly very important questions; and in order to get as good answers as possible to them our medical contemporary, the *Lancet*, recently appointed a scientific commission, whose report is now published separately as a small pamphlet. The result of the inquiry tends, in great measure, to confirm the popular impression. Excessive railway travelling is prejudicial to the health. But the amount of harm resulting from it varies greatly with the age and constitution of the person affected. The young and strong suffer little.

The old and unsound suffer much. The best data are furnished by the travelling employés of the post-office and of the companies. It is found that, in order to stand the wear and tear of constant travelling, a man must not only be of strong constitution, but he must *begin young*. He then gets acclimatized to it, and not unfrequently even improves in condition. After thirty or thirty-five, men are no longer able to acquire this necessary tolerance. To quote the words of an old engine-driver, "They can't stand it, lose their heads, and get old in no time." The companies have, therefore, been forced to limit their engagements to young and healthy men.

The season-ticket holders, to whom reference has already been made, are as a rule men past the middle point of life. They have not gone through the necessary training in youth, and consequently suffer much. It is said that they, like the railway employés, age rapidly. The following is the evidence of "one of the leading physicians of the metropolis," whose name, however, is not given in the report:—

"Travelling a few years since on the Brighton line very frequently, I became familiar with the faces of a number of the regular passengers on that line. Recently I had occasion to travel several times on the same line. I have had a large experience in the changes which the ordinary course of time makes on men busy in the world, and I know well how to allow for their gradual deterioration by age and care. But I have never seen any set of men so rapidly aged as these seem to me to have been in the course of those few years. This was an independent observation made without reference to any investigation then or at any future time to be carried on. The change was so rapid that it forcibly arrested my attention, and I must say that it gave me a strong impression adverse to the practice of such habitually long journeys. It is idle to say that journeys from one end of London to the other occupy as long or a longer period of time; for, as you know, and no doubt have carefully made out, the hurry, anxiety, rapid movement, noise, and other physical disadvantages of railway travelling as peculiar to that mode of conveyance; and a railway journey of an hour, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, is almost as fatiguing as half a day's journey on the road."

This must be an unpleasant bit of evi-

dence to the city gentlemen with houses down the Brighton line. And we presume that the "leading physician" kept his name dark from fear of the wrath of his prematurely aged acquaintances.

The causes which lead to these injurious results are several. First there is the bad ventilation. We all know what a stuffy carriage is. Dr. Angus Smith has analyzed the air of a closely packed railway carriage. He found that it was exactly equivalent to the air of his laboratory at the time when the strong smell of a sewer was entering it. So foul is this atmosphere, that the smell of it clings to the inmates of a carriage some time after getting out. Dr. Angus Smith states that he himself, without unusually acute sense of smell, can perceive this odor after a lapse of twenty minutes. Bad ventilation, however, is not peculiar to railway carriages. The old stage-coach was just as bad. We should have proposed as a remedy to open the windows; but we are afraid of Dr. C. J. B. Williams. This physician, being specially concerned with the chest, has turned his attention to the injurious influence of draughts of air encountered in railway travelling. He is all for shutting the windows, for footwarmers, and railway rugs. We hardly wonder at this, considering the formidable list of diseases which he has traced to cold caught on railways. Here is the catalogue: "The various catarrhal affections of the respiratory organs, sore throats, earache, toothache, pleurisy, pneumonia, and various forms of rheumatism, particularly lumbago and sciatica. It is very remarkable how many cases of serious pulmonary diseases, in my experience, have dated their origin to cold caught in railway travelling." The rapid motion of a train of course increases the draft of cold air, and the liability to chill. But pleurisy and pneumonia, lumbago and sciatica, are to be got in other conveyances than railway carriages. We pass on to a cause of disease which belongs specially to these latter. This is their peculiar motion. The rough joltings of an ordinary stage-coach are converted on the rail into a rapid succession of short, sharp vibrations. These follow each other at the rate of some twenty thousand an hour, and their number increases in proportion to speed. The constant vibration acts on the body like the motion of a ship,

and causes nausea and sickness. This is particularly the case with persons of a bilious temperament; and consequently Dr. Lewis, the medical superintendent of the post-office, considers all such persons as unfit for the travelling service, and rejects such candidates for that employment. Physiologists attribute this unpleasant sensation to the shaking of the stomach and diaphragm, and to the consequent irritation of the vagi and phrenic nerves. A tight bandage round the abdomen and a little chloroform are the best remedies; the former steadies the stomach, and the latter lessens the irritability of the nerves. Nausea and sickness are, however, by no means the worst result of this vibration; it acts most injuriously upon the brain and the spinal cord. The effect of a violent concussion on these organs is well known; it annihilates their functions. The series of slight concussions which constitutes railway motion has not, of course, this terrible result; yet it gives rise in a lower degree to nervous symptoms, and "leads up to disease, which, after remaining for a long time latent, may still ultimately end in paralysis." Such at least, we are told in this report, is the case, and it is confirmed by what has been observed abroad. M. Devilliers, the chief physician of the Paris and Orleans Railway, found that one-fifteenth of the drivers and firemen on that line were suffering from affections of the brain and nervous system. All the mischief done is not, however, attributable to the vibration. The ear and the eye are also avenues through which the brain is affected. The constant rattling is most distressing to some delicate organizations. The rapid succession of new impressions on the retina, and the effort to adapt the sight to the ever-changing distances of objects, produce a feeling of fatigue and even of giddiness, which shows how great is the strain. As to these two latter sources of mischief, the remedy is in the passenger's own hands. If he is distressed by the noise, a little cotton wool will effectually protect him. Neither is any one

obliged to stare out of the window, nor to read small print. If he be prudent, he will abstain from so doing. But the shaking is another matter; this is beyond his control, and we must look to the companies for a remedy. Either the rail and carriages must be constructed on some better principle, so that there may be absolutely less vibration; or, if this cannot be done, means must be adopted for preventing the vibration of the carriage causing corresponding vibration in the bodies of the passengers. There are some simple expedients by which this can be done in part. The natural antagonist of jerk is, as the report well states, elasticity. It is by this that nature protects our bodies from harm. There is an elastic pad under our feet, elastic plates of cartilage in all our joints. Were it not for this, every time we jumped down from a gate we should have spinal concussion. In a carriage there are also elastic appliances. There are the springs, and, in the first-class carriages, there are the elastic horsehair cushions. But these are insufficient; there is still too much vibration, and to diminish this there is only one method. There must be more elasticity. A simple plan for providing this has been adopted in the post-office department of the railway; the officials are furnished with mats made of thick sheets of india-rubber, on which they stand. This expedient has been found to be of great benefit. If a person stand with one foot on such a mat and the other on the floor of the carriage, he will at once perceive, from the different sensations in the two legs, how greatly this contrivance diminishes the unpleasant vibration. On the same principle the new royal carriage has been fitted with an elastic floor of cork. There is no reason why some such device should not be adopted in our ordinary railway carriages. So long as this is not done, the companies can hardly complain if the passengers, instead of keeping their feet on the vibrating floor, place them on the horsehair cushions in front of them.

From The Saturday Review.
EAST AND WEST.

THERE are a great many books written about India, but they are seldom very entertaining. Or, if they supplied a want that was once felt, the want exists no longer. We have had some tolerably written books of Indian travel, and a few readable sporting memoirs, and at least one sketch of the machinery of government in India. But there are many Indian subjects on which Indian writers never touch, but which would be full of interest to people here who care about the East. We never get near the natives in Indian books. There is plenty about the servants of the writer, about ayahs and grass-cutters, and there have been numerous descriptions of Sepoys and other native soldiers. But the habits and thoughts and feelings of the great body of the people remain undescribed. It is, for example, very difficult for Englishmen here to make out the position of the Mahomedans in India—how it is that caste has spread among the Mahomedans, and that at one period of Indian history large bodies of Hindoos became Mahomedans. The most we could find in a printed book would be the statement that in the reign of one of the Great Mogul monarchs, force, or the royal persuasion, induced several leading families to make the change. But this only satisfies our curiosity very partially. We want also to know the relation between these Mahomedanized families and the other Hindoo families, whether they have adopted the Mahomedan ways of thinking, and how far they are affected by caste. Still less have we any estimate of the relations of the East and the West, and of the action they are exercising, or are likely to exercise, on each other. Many men must have turned this subject over in their minds while in India, and have speculated on the results which the bringing together of the ends of the earth is carrying with it. They must have pondered over the powers and capabilities of the native mind, and over the thoughts which the native mind, with its strange activity and limitation, naturally suggests to the mind of a western thinker. But no one has tried to give us the benefit of his meditation, or to write anything like a book of general philosophy, or, if that is too pretentious a word, a book of observation and reflection on the East, and espe-

cially on India. The real investigation of the ways of thought of the natives cannot, of course, be attempted by any one who does not know India personally, but it may, perhaps, be worth while to notice a few points in which it is not difficult to see that India is influencing us, or we are producing something like an impression on India.

Perhaps the notion which, among those we have gained from our intercourse with the East, is the one of the greatest practical importance, is that of the numerousness of mankind. It seems very simple and very familiar to speak of a hundred or a hundred and fifty millions of people in India, and four hundred millions in China. We have grown accustomed to the thought that all these people are going on, with religions of their own, with a certain amount of civilization, and with an amount of happiness which is not so very contemptible. But although this thought seems so simple, it exercises a much greater influence over our way of thinking than would at first sight appear. If the East was barbarous, if the inhabitants of India and China were simple savages, like the inhabitants of the interior of Africa, they would not be near enough to us to affect us much. We should do little more than bestow on them that sort of passing wonder which the condition even of brute beasts may easily awaken in any one who begins to think over the mystery of animated nature. But the Buddhist or the Mahomedan is not to be treated in this way. These people force on us the consideration of the sufficiency, for many purposes of life, of creeds and philosophies so different from our own. The simplest mode of treating this thought is to say that these creeds and philosophies are worth nothing—that ours are right—and that we must make them think as we do. However true this may be as an aspiration of a remote and indefinite future, the fact remains that they do not think as we do, and do not show any signs of wanting to learn new thoughts. It is not that they hate our teaching, or are deaf to our appeals, or consider that they have gone through all which we have to suggest as new. All this we might have expected. But these Orientals manage to make their thoughts, their foolish fatalism, their washings, and their metaphysical reveries fill up the void in their hearts. We cannot remain unimpressed by this. We

are compelled to a kind of reluctant toleration by the sight of these multitudes of thinkers, thinking thoughts that are not ours. We are moved to a feeling, which may be noticed to be gradually increasing in Western Europe, that we cannot push our beliefs too far in judging of and dealing with the world. Many other causes contribute to foster this feeling, which is a necessary step, perhaps, in the education of the West, although it brings with it many counterbalancing evils; but it is unquestionable that our intercourse with the East tends to promote what, for the sake of convenience, is called by the vague name of toleration. The root of toleration is uncertainty, or, rather, a peculiar combination of certainty with uncertainty. If there were general disbelief, or absence of belief, there could scarcely be toleration, for there would be nothing to tolerate. Toleration requires a belief, but a belief perceived to be encompassed with difficulties either in its acceptance or its application. The East very slightly affects our acceptance of our belief, but it tells silently but surely on our views as to its application. We regard the Orientals with whom we have to do in a very different way from that in which the Spanish conquerors regarded the Mexicans, or the early European settlers in Asia regarded those whose possessions they coveted or appropriated. We have learned to take them in, as it were, into the horizon of our speculation, and to give them a place in the scheme which we conceive to be designed for the human race.

Another idea, of less practical importance, perhaps, that the East brings home to us, but one full of significance, is that of the possible stagnation of human thought. We have seen in the West the growth, the maturity, and the decay of many trees of knowledge. We have had Greece, and Rome, and mediæval Europe all full of genius and thought, and beliefs that have passed away. We know that the march of man's intellect has not, as a matter of fact, been in a straight line. It is only through many wanderings, and after many haltings and much retrogression, that a substantial advance has been made. But the East supplies us with a new phase of human thought—that of standing still after a certain progress has been made, and standing still tranquilly and complacently. We see that truth does not neces-

sarily prevail. One thought does not lead to another. As Hindoo philosophy, and Hindoo sacred observances, and the Hindoo conception of heaven and earth satisfied the Hindoos two thousand years ago, so do they satisfy them now. The mind of India has not perished. The Hindoos have not ceased to think. But they think forever in the same groove. There are still learned and wise men among the natives after the native type. There are natives who still follow up Hindoo philosophy, and learn to read and write Sanskrit on purpose to know the knowledge of the ancients, just as we learn Greek to read Plato and Aristotle. They even sometimes go so far as to write to the great Sanskrit scholar naturalized in England, in order to have the best possible help in the examination of the great bases of their speculation. But they always move in the same circle, and follow the same purposeless, unending path of what we should call the most barren metaphysics. The notion of activity without progress, when brought fairly home to us, suggests many things to which we might otherwise be blind. In their anticipations of the future of the human race, most sanguine speculators assume that, because a thing is true it will make its way in the world, and that gradually all men will come to think alike. It appears, so far as the short experience of the modern world enables us to guess, that in all nations where thought is really progressive, there will be a constant approximation to something like unity of thought; for this is the necessary result of the perpetual interchange of thought that goes on, now that the vehicles of communication have been so largely increased and improved. But that thought will be everywhere progressive appears by no means certain. We should not probably have anticipated what we find to be the fact, that in a vast proportion of the human race thought can exist, but exist without advancing. Still, as the fact is so, we must recognize it, and the recognition of it will tend greatly to mitigate the ardor of expectation with which sanguine minds, accustomed only to the growth of thought in the West, hail the impending enlightenment of mankind.

Among the subjects connected with India which we should like to see treated by a competent person, is that of the impression which our teaching produces on the eastern mind,

when we fairly get it under our command. It would, probably, not be wise to attend too much to religious changes. Missionaries obey what they think is the divine command to teach all nations, whether the nations receive their teaching or not. We cannot say that missions fail because they do not make converts, for they relieve the conscience of Christendom. Yet, so far as Christianizing the Orientals is success, our missions have not been successful. When converts have been made, they have generally been persons of humble rank, or doubtful sincerity, or of a meek, docile spirit. In any case they have taken unresistingly the stamp which the missionaries have set upon them. They have no religious thought apart from that of their teachers. It would be as useless to inquire what a native Indian Christian thinks and believes as to inquire what is the creed of a nigger who jumps and sings at a revival. But we have tried to test our power over the Hindoo mind, not only in religious matters, but in secular. We have subjected them to the experiment of a high English education. Here we have been to some extent successful. We have managed to make them know very great books in the way in which boys know a book in which they are to be examined. It is wonderful what young natives can be got to learn if they are encouraged to do it by prizes, or the hope of distinction, or the exhortations of an able European. An Indian lad of sixteen thinks nothing of reading Shakspeare, of being able to explain it as English schoolboys explain a Greek play, and of writing ingenious exercises and criticisms on the characters of the drama. "Analyze the character of Lady Macbeth" is thought rather an easy question in an examination at Bombay, and the natives do analyze her character, and analyze it very well after the schoolboy fashion. They deplore her ambition, they show up her cruelty, they admire the effrontery with which she subjugates her husband. But, so far as we know, at present they are, after all, only like animals that have learnt a new and wonderful trick. A canary that has been taught to fire a cannon is a curious sort of bird, but still it is a bird. We are not aware that hitherto we have done more than teach our Indian canaries to fire off Shakspearian cannon. It is funny to see them do it; but, if they only bring up their analy-

sis of Lady Macbeth's character as a juggler brings up a sword out of his stomach, the game is, perhaps, hardly worth the candle. It may be that more is done, and there are men now engaged in education in India who will get it done, if it is to be done; but we should very much like to hear that any competent judge believes in its feasibility.

The direct teaching which the West can give the East appears to be very limited. Between their thoughts and our thoughts there is a great gulf fixed. But, indirectly, we are teaching the natives of India every day exactly what they most needed to be taught. We are governing them, and a good, strong, just government is teaching them what is the meaning of law, of justice, and of political integrity. We have, in acquiring our rule done many things that a very unsqueamish morality may be shocked at. But it is probable, or we at least hope it is probable, that this sort of wholesale original immorality did not do much harm in the East. From time immemorial the Orientals have been accustomed to governments founded on wrong. The vice of its origin need not much affect the character of the rule. What it is, and not how it came there, is the important question. And our Government in India has in daily life many admirable qualities. It brings before the lying, fraudulent, corrupt population of the East the spectacle of men whose word can generally be depended on, who administer the law equally, who adhere, even to their own loss, to bargains they have once made, and who cannot be bribed. The teaching we have it in our power to give in this way, and which practically we may be said to give, if allowance is made for human imperfection, throws into the shade all missionary efforts and Shakspearian education, however laudable they may be in their sphere. The natives are learning a lesson for which they have already the sense to be, in some small degree, thankful. And that they are learning it, and that it is of the very highest value to them, might be dwelt on very profitably in England. We are, from the circumstances of our time, disproportionately enamored of the direct means of education. We see the use of catechisms and grammars, but we are blind to the incomparable value of good government. Perhaps, we at home should have something to learn about ourselves as well as the Hindoos, if we were induced by a writer of real power and thought to ponder over the spectacle of a people whom we are daily and visibly bringing within the elevating influences of good government, but on whom our direct teaching produces apparently little effect.

GEN. JOSEPH K. F. MANSFIELD.

ANOTHER hero of the Mexican War has been added to the list of those who have fallen while bravely combating the men who were once their friends and comrades in many a dearly bought victory, and through years of hard and active service in the unsettled territories of the West, but who, proving traitors to their country, have forfeited all claims to friendship and consideration of their former brethren in arms. Following close upon the announcement of the gallant General Reno's death, we have the intelligence that Brigadier-General Mansfield was killed in the sanguinary engagements which have culminated in the greatest victory of the present war.

Joseph K. Fenno Mansfield was born in Connecticut, and entered the West Point Military Academy, from that State, in October, 1817. In 1822 he graduated with high honors, being second in his class. Of his class-mates only two remain in the service at the present time; viz., George Wright, colonel of the ninth regular infantry and brigadier-general of volunteers, and David H. Vinton, lieutenant-colonel and deputy quartermaster-general in this city.

In accordance with the regulations governing the appointment of cadets to the Corps of Engineers, none but first-class men having the entree to that distinguished corps, Cadet Mansfield was appointed brevet second lieutenant of engineers, July 1, 1832. He continued a second lieutenant for nearly ten years, his commission as first lieutenant bearing date March, 1832.

In July, 1838, he was made captain, and on the outbreak of the war with Mexico he was intrusted with the important and responsible post of chief engineer of the army commanded by Major-General Taylor, during the years 1846 and 1847. In the defence of Fort Brown, which was attacked on the 3d of May, and heroically defended until the 9th of May, 1846, Captain Mansfield was particularly distinguished, and received the brevet of major for his gallant services.

In the three days' conflict at Monterey, 21st, 22d, and 23d September, 1846, Major Mansfield again distinguished himself, and was breveted lieutenant-colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct. At the storming of Monterey he was severely wounded, but in five months after—viz., in February, 1847—

he was again at his post, and was again distinguished, being breveted colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista, 23d February, 1847.

In 1851 Colonel Mansfield was still captain in the Corps of Engineers, his name being third on the list. At that time the following distinguished officers were his associates in the engineers: Generals H. W. Halleck, G. B. McClellan, Horatio E. Wright, G. W. Cullum, W. S. Rosecrans, John Newton, G. Foster, H. W. Benham, J. G. Barnard, Charles E. Blunt, Quincy A. Gilmore, and Quartermaster-General Meigs. The Rebel Generals Robt. E. Lee, Peter G. T. Beauregard, and Charles S. Stewart were also officers in this corps at the same time.

On the resignation of Inspector-General George A. McCall, now brigadier-general of volunteers, May 28, 1853, Colonel Mansfield was selected to fill the important post of inspector-general, with the full rank of colonel, and thereupon resigned his rank as captain of engineers. He continued to perform the duties of inspector-general of the United States army, his associate and senior officer being General Sylvester Churchill, now on the retired list, until May 14, 1861, at which date he was re-nominated by the President for one of the new brigadier-generalships in the regular army, then just created by Congress.

During the present war, General Mansfield has been chiefly with the army of the Potomac, and though upward of sixty years of age, has borne the fatigue and exposure incident to active service as well as, and even better, than many men of half his age.

General Mansfield was a man of fine appearance, with a long snow-white beard. As a soldier he was brave and fearless, and a strict disciplinarian.—*Tribune*.

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DWIGHT.

WE deeply regret that we have to record the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder Dwight, of the Second Massachusetts Regiment. He was the son of Mr. William Dwight, and was born in Springfield, April 23d, 1833. He was prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy and graduated at Cambridge in the class of 1853, with an honorable rank. He studied law in the

office of Hon. E. R. Hoar, was admitted to the bar, and in the spring of 1861 had established his position as a young lawyer of great promise.

His thoughts turned to the military service, however, with the first outbreak of war, and in the dark days which followed the attack upon Fort Sumter he made his way to Washington, and there was chiefly instrumental in obtaining permission to raise a regiment for the war—the first which was granted, we believe. This regiment, recruited under Colonel (now General) Gordon, was the Second Massachusetts, and Dwight was made its major, and upon Gordon's promotion, its lieutenant-colonel. Dwight's gallantry in covering the retreat of last May in the Shenandoah Valley will not soon be forgotten; nor, we believe, will his men easily forget his constant care for their welfare and his steady example of gallantry and good conduct. He was taken prisoner during this retreat, but was exchanged and entered the field again, to receive in the battle near Sharpsburg on Wednesday the wounds of which he died in the hospital at Boonsboro' on Friday. The writer of this had known him from the day when he entered the Academy at Exeter, and can bear witness to the integrity, the mental vigor, the strict honor and sterling worth in every relation, which made his career, both in civil life and as a soldier, one of so much hope.—*Daily Advertiser.*

MEETING OF THE BAR.

A meeting of the members of Suffolk Bar was held yesterday morning to testify their respect for the memory of their late associate, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder Dwight. It was a large meeting and attended by the leading members of the profession in this city. Mr. Sidney Bartlett was appointed chairman and Mr. C. F. Blake, Secretary. Judge Abbott, Mr. Horace Gray, Jr., and Mr. F. E. Parker were appointed a committee to draw up resolutions and reported the following:—

“*Resolved*, That while we bow with submission to the Divine Will, which has taken from us our friend and associate, Wilder Dwight, we render thanks for the example of his manly life, and the consolation of his heroic death.

“*Resolved*, That in the brief period during which our brother practised at this bar, we had learned to respect his judgment, to

admire his accomplishments, and to expect from his sound sense and his rare aptitude for the sudden changes of the trial and the argument, the attainment of the highest honors of the profession.

“*Resolved*, That we remember with pride that he was the first citizen of the republic to tender to the President a regiment for the war, and the first member of the Bar to devote himself to the support of the Constitution and the flag; and that amid the perils of the battle and the hardships of the camp, he won the name of a true soldier, trusted by his superiors, beloved and respected by his men.

“*Resolved*, That we commend to the young men of Massachusetts the life and death of Wilder Dwight as a noble example. His short life was long enough to afford us a pattern of virtue, of courage, of high resolve, and of lofty achievement. It is fortunate for his country that he has lived. He has not died too soon to leave a memory precious to his companions, and worthy to be perpetuated.

“*Resolved*, That these resolutions be presented to the Supreme Judicial Court, with a request that they may be entered upon its records; and that a copy of them be transmitted to the family of our brother as an expression of our profound sympathy.”

Judge Abbott, Messrs. Josiah Quincy, Jr., R. H. Dana, Jr., F. E. Parker, Horace Gray, Jr., C. M. Ellis and others, spoke to these resolutions with much feeling, and several extracts were read from letters received from brother officers of Colonel Dwight, speaking in high terms of his gallantry and devotion to duty. The resolutions were adopted, with a request to the Attorney General to present them to the Supreme Judicial Court, and after the announcement that the funeral of Colonel Dwight would take place at noon to-day, at Rev. Dr. Stone's church in Brookline, the meeting was dissolved.—*Daily Advertiser*, 25 Sept.

On arriving at the tomb, Rev. Mr. Quint, Chaplain of the Second Regiment, who was requested by Col. Dwight to officiate at his funeral, addressed the assembly, substantially as follows:—

“Out of the din of battle, out of the smoke-shroud of death, out of the cheers of victory, I bring the tears of the Second Regiment of Massachusetts braves, for one of the noblest, the bravest heroes of them all.

“Yon throng of neighbors is the tribute to him as a generous, honorable, beloved man.

"The words of his revered professional associates have borne tribute to his ready insight, his strong reason, and his cultivated mind.

"But, five hundred miles away, near the battle-ground stained with their and his blood, where, before I left in charge of this sacred trust, the dead faces lay upturned to the sky, the wounded lay helpless, the dying lay gasping—do they weep who in the roughest shock of battle were like iron. From them have I come these many miles; to them shall I instantly return, when the work they have given me to do is ended."

He then proceeded to speak of the honor in which he was held, and the love with which the men regarded him. His ready endurance

of hardships, though reared in luxury; his labor in helping make the regiment the brave and veteran corps it is, and his skill, courage, and daring, were variously illustrated. His kindness to all, his care of the helpless, his sending water to wounded men near him on the field, his care of the wounded at Winchester after Banks' retreat, while a prisoner, were also spoken of.

The chaplain also alluded to the bright faith with which he met death, his bravery and cheerfulness, and the Christian peace which he enjoyed the two days he lived after the fatal wound—the speaker being with him during his last hours, and when he died.

DANIEL WEBSTER IN HIS COFFIN.—We find the following account of the private funeral of Col. Fletcher Webster, and of the inspection of his illustrious father's remains, in this week's issue of *The Plymouth Rock*:—

"The tomb at Marshfield once again opens wide its portals to receive the last of the sons of the 'Great Expounder.'

"The funeral of Col. Fletcher Webster took place at his residence in Marshfield on Wednesday, Sept. 10. The body was brought down from Boston in a richly caparisoned hearse with four horses, by way of Hingham and South Shore. Several coaches conveyed his Boston friends from the Kingston Depot, while a large assemblage gathered from the neighboring towns. Rev. Mr. Alden, the village pastor, conducted the services; the body resting on his father's writing table in the library, according to his dying request. A large procession followed his body to the tomb, where the coffin was deposited with the family whom a nation mourns.

"By request of Peter Harvey, Esq., and others, the oaken box containing the great statesman's coffin was opened, and the metallic cover of the glass removed. How were the feelings of those personal friends stirred within them to find those lineaments and features, which no man ever looked upon to forget, retaining the same color and impress—natural as when ten years ago they gave him up to the grave.

"The eyes were more sunken, but the heavy shadows beneath the brows were always there in life. Even in death, and for a decade the captive of the grave, that kingly presence inspired the same deep reverence and speechless awe as when in the living temple of his matchless mind. Said one who looked upon his face again, 'I forgot all else, and cannot tell you anything of the tomb or surrounding objects.' The velvet pall with its rich embroidery, was in perfect pres-

ervation, though deprived of its primitive gloss.

"In silence the lid was dropped and the box re-closed. Farewell, thou great departed! Earth's communion with thee is o'er. No more shall human eye behold that face over which thought and feeling once flashed the light and shade of that 'imperial mind.' Rest, noble statesman, with thy patriot sons. Thy memory 'still lives' enshrined in a nation's admiration and gratitude."

POPE'S GENEROSITY.—Pope's conduct toward Gay should always be remembered to his honor. "I remember a letter," says Aaron Hill, "wherein he invited him to partake of his fortune,—at that time but a small one,—assuring him with a very unpoetical warmth, that as long as himself had a shilling, Gay should be welcome to sixpence of it; nay, to eightpence, if he could contrive to live on a groat."—*Hill's Works*, vol. 1, p. 376.

"THE Stone of Faith is an octagonal stone perforated, of a size fitted to the reception of the hands and cubits of those who were sworn at the altar on covenants of all sorts, among the ancient Gaels and Scots, a custom coeval with the Druidical rites."—*Lord Buchan*. "He found one with the date of 1000 in the reign of King Grüm."—*Nichols' Illust.*, p. 506-7.

EARL GODWIN'S MOTHER.—It is reported that she was in the habit of purchasing companies of slaves in England, and sending them into Denmark, more especially girls, whose beauty and youth rendered them more valuable, that she might accumulate money by this horrid traffic.—*Wm. of Malmesbury, Sharpe's Trans.*, p. 255.

THE LIVING AGE.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year. By the Rev. John Keble, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Edited by the Right Reverend George W. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey. New York: H. B. Durand.

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FRANCE TO ITALY.

ITALIANS, you but waste your breath,
The right you cry for stands no chance;
You raise the shout of "Rome or Death!"
And "Death!" is the reply of France.
Yes, death, my friends, for I am strong;
France is resolved to have her way;
Her will is law which, right or wrong,
The weak must perish or obey.

Your claim of Rome I must refuse,
For I don't want you to become
Too independent, and I choose
To keep you underneath my thumb.
But death's a boon I won't deny,
If you desire to bite the dust,
Brave, then, the might of France, and die;
If die you will, then die you must.

My Bourbons I dethroned, 'tis true;
But therefore cherish not the hope
That I shall ever suffer you
To do the like, and doff the Pope.
His power it suits me to maintain,
My cannons guard the Papal chair;
You pray for liberty in vain:
Attempt to win it if you dare.

The Eldest Daughter of the Church,
Must needs defend her parent's Head,
And keep the Pontiff on his perch,
Although upon your necks he tread.
Creeds may by her be turned to sport,
Or dogmas carelessly ignored;
But France must Popery support
As an Idea, with the sword.

To suppliants what I did not grant
Claimants from me shall never wring;
To stern demand of course I can't
Think of conceding such a thing.
Honor forbids me to concede,
To menace, what is justly due;
Then how you strike for Rome, take heed:
Death is your portion if you do.

A generous nation am I not?
Of progress don't I lead the van?
Befriend the struggling patriot?
And vindicate the Rights of Man?
Ah, yes! but I must domineer,
So cannot call my forces home.
Then Death to every Volunteer
So bold as to advance on Rome!

—Punch.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

'Tis but a green and silent mound—
A rude board bears his regiment's number,
Where 'mid his fallen foes around,
The soldier rests in dreamless slumber.

No sister here, hath left the rose;
No weeping mother kneels in blessing!
Here the neglected wild-flower grows,
And cold winds are the mound caressing.

Yet plumage shorn and broken sword
Tell that the battle here was swelling,

Ere on the bosom of the Lord,
He found an everlasting dwelling.

The field, ploughed by the courser's hoof,
Speaks of the charge, the flight, the rally;
While broken spear and helm of proof
Gleam, like the Prophet's vision valley.

The tree, scathed not by lightning's blast,
But shivered where the cannon rattled,
Shall tell, while history shall last,
How fiercely legions here have battled.

The tall grass rustles—Stranger, hush!
Here, let no thoughtless word be spoken.
Ay turn—shame not the tear to brush—
Here courage sleeps, here hearts were broken!

One thought of mother, far away,
Or some fair form half rose before him,
As stretched beside this grave he lay,
While Death waved his dark pinion o'er him.

The Bible, from his breast half drawn,
Falls from his cold and stiffening fingers,
He lifts his eyes—he faints! he's gone—
No! the imprisoned spirit lingers.

As swelling on the evening breeze
Come the wild bugle's lofty numbers,
Ringing high victory through the trees,
Lulling him to eternal slumbers.

Sept. 17, 1862.

MARIA J. BISHOP.

—Transcript.

LORD PALMERSTON'S MOTTO.

"Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas?"

Lord Palmerston on Thursday.

An excellent motto! My lord, 'tis your own;
Too fond of the popular breath you have grown.
The shout of the crowd is your music, my lord,
And you'd perhaps "embrace virtue" to gain
that reward.

If for suffrage-extension men's wishes were
warm,
You would doubtless go in for immediate Re-
form:

But Bright is not England; you know it, my
lord,
So wherefore waste time without hope of reward?

As Italy's popular, Italy gets
A very high place on the list of your pets.
Your "moral support" is not much to afford,
And you gladly divide Garibaldi's reward.

Poor Gladstone is hissed by the popular voice,
Though your policy leaves him no shadow of
choice.

You laugh at the thought of retrenchment, my
lord,
And, though Income-tax plagues us, you get
your reward.

As aged as Nestor, as boastful as Hector,
You never will now say *virtutem amplector*.
So we only can hope your successor, my lord,
May care rather less for so poor a reward.

—Press.

C.

From The Saturday Review.
JOURNALS.

THERE are few things that show more the difference between man and man in points not easily got at, than how they conduct such a private matter as keeping a journal. The practice itself is simple enough, but the purposes for which it is undertaken, and the mode in which it is carried out, show the odd contrasts—the entire variance in aim and view—that may exist under much outward conformity. Something that must be done daily, and that a task of no absolute necessity, even if it occupy but three or at most five minutes of every day, is a burden on time and method which we suspect the majority of men are not equal to. Everybody at some time of his life begins a journal; but because it exacts a certain punctuality, and because the trouble promises no immediate return, and because, too, people get tired of the seeming monotony of life,—and the mere bare events of most lives have a way of looking very monotonous when written down,—it is, we believe, seldom persisted in. No one understands the value of such a record till it is too late to make it what it might be. We do not suppose there exists a chronicle of the daily doings of a life from childhood to old age, yet we can imagine nothing more interesting and valuable to the man who has kept it; and who would not be glad—if it could be referred to without too keen a self-reproach—of a close and exact memorial of his life and actions, and of the influences brought to bear on them by the progress of events?

Are we right in surmising that, by many persons, whole tracts of life are forgotten—lost, never to be recovered? If we are mistaken, it is only another proof of those inner differences of mental constitution of which we have spoken. We suspect, however, that it is no unusual thing for men to be separated from certain stages of their life—from events that happened after they had begun to reason and to think, and in which they actively shared—by a thick veil of unconsciousness. It may not be utter oblivion perhaps. The memory of them may lie hid in some corner of the brain of which we have lost the key; we may even approach very near their whereabouts at odd times. Now and then, they may give a faint intimation of their existence by intangible hints—in dreams

and fragments, associated with sight or sound or scent—but eluding all pursuit, all attempt at investigation. We just know that there is more in our past than our memory reports to us, but practically they are gone. To how many does not any sudden question of our doings and surroundings ten, or fifteen, or even five years ago, fill us with a painful sense of loss—of having parted from ourselves? A gathering indistinctness mantles over what once engaged our time and interest. A chain is broken, and links are missing, which should at a touch have taken us back to place and scene—recalled to us our fellow-actors in them—brought back thoughts, words, and doings in their first distinctness and reality—and, wanting which, all is dull, misty, disconnected, or at best partially remembered. We are impressed with a sense of self-desertion and neglect, as though we had not appreciated life, its pleasures, its associations, as we ought. All persons recollect what has once deeply and vehemently stirred the feelings; and every thing and person associated with such occasions will always stand out in strong relief. Something brands particular days and moments into the most treacherous memory, or into something which is more part of ourselves than memory seems to be. But where this passionate sentiment, whether of grief or joy, is missing, as we know it is to all persons for long tracts of time, we cannot tell. Our inner tablets are too often blurred, and have to be deciphered carefully and with very uncertain results.

We are drawing an extreme case, perhaps; and there are minds so orderly, and memories so retentive, that our picture will convey to them no meaning. But in so far as it is true, it is an argument for keeping a record of daily events, however seemingly monotonous and trivial—and even the more so if they present no salient points. For when our days pass in comfort and ease, unmarked by strong excitements, the ingratitude of forgetfulness most naturally slips in; yet what pleasant glimpses will a few lines, containing our comings and goings, and certain familiar names, open out to us, if their definiteness furnishes the key that alone is wanting to bring back a distinct picture of a past stage of life! And how much does the most condensed chronicle convey to us when we are fairly separated from it

forever! What sentiment, and even dignity, time throws on the persons and influences which we see now so nearly affected us, though we scarcely knew it at the time! The record of the most uneventful life falls naturally into chapters, and has its epochs and marked periods of time which stand out quite separate when we can survey the whole in distinct groups and distances. Nothing in it is really unimportant unless we were wilful triflers, in which case no elaborate formula of confession and self-accusation need teach us a sterner lesson than this brief epitome of a frivolous existence.

Addison gives a journal, studiously without incident, of a useless insignificant life—a model of thousands of lives then and now. It has always struck us as a strong argument for journal keeping, though this use of his satire was not contemplated by the satirist. What a distinct picture of a state of society, and of an individual growing out of that society, does this week of inanities give! Gossip turns into history under our eyes. We realize the sleepy quiet existence when men were content not to think, and clung to authority—the early hours, the pipe, the coffee-house, the sparse ablutions, the antiquated costume and cuisine, the knee-strings, the shoe-buckle, the wig, cane and tobacco-box, the marrow-bone and oxcheek, the corned beef, plums, and suet, and Mother Cob's mild, and the purl to recover lost appetite. We have the walk in the fields, then possible to London citizens. We have the slow progress of news, kept languidly exciting by uncertainty, and all the pros and cons about the Grand Vizier, and what Rumor said, and what Mr. Nisby thought, and our hero's vacillations of dull awe and interest as either got the ascendant—now disturbed dreams when both authorities agree that he is strangled—now the cheerful vision, “dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier,” because Mr. Nisby did not believe it—now Rumor giving it as her opinion that he was both strangled and beheaded—ending our suspense at the week's end with the ultimatum, “Grand Vizier certainly dead,” which would have reached us in three minutes, and summed up all we knew or cared about the matter. It is an image of the life, public and private of the time—as no journal which tells events can help being in its degree. The driest details have a certain

touching interest when read years after. The most homely doings are imbued with a certain poetry when we can do them no longer. Facts external to ourselves are invested with an historic value as telling us of social or of the world's changes.

But the obvious use, to assist the memory, or rather to construct an external artificial memory, is only one out of many reasons for keeping a diary. Diaries kept with this view rarely, if ever, see the light, and ought never to see it. All journals that are published have some other object. There are of course the journals avowedly public, such as *Raikes' Diary*—the work and legacy to posterity of an apparently idle life—which aim at being current history and in which personal matters would be out of place. There is the mixed personal and public journal, as *Madame D'Arblay's* who could not probably have lived through the cruel dulness of her court life but for taking posterity into her confidence, and pouring into what proved not unwilling or unsympathizing ears the indignities and annoyances inflicted on her by the old German Duenna. There is no real freedom, no absolute undress, possible in such compositions, but the graceful *negligée* allows an attitude towards self very congenial to some minds—a sort of simpering modesty and flirting humbleness of tone, and a bridled license towards others, midway between caution and outbreak—saying more than might be spoken, but with a reticence of expression which only faintly reveals the unwritten sentiment, yet hoping to excite as much indignant sympathy in the reader as the most unmeasured vituperation. There are other journals which seem to act the purpose of the child's battered doll—a mere vent for passion and sore feeling. The fair page receives all the bitterness, irritation, or malevolence which may not find any other outlet. It is like declaiming to dead walls. Thoughts are recorded, words are written down, something is done, and the relief of a scene is secured at no expense either to credit or position. It is something in this spirit that Mrs. Thrale writes of her old friends in her journal at the time of her second marriage. One of the most curious diaries on record is that consisting of twenty-seven folio volumes from which Mr. Tom Taylor constructed the autobiography of Haydon the painter. It is a work to make

one believe in Mr. Wilkie Collins' diaries as embodied in his tales, where the people, all of them, spend every alternate waking half-hour for years together, either in vehement, intense scheming and action, or in writing their schemes and actions down in their journal—rushing from action to pen, and laying down the pen to return to action, with a see-saw perseverance which we own we should not have thought probable or natural but for Haydon's twenty-seven volumes. He paints and writes, and writes and paints, much on the same plan; and pours out hopes and fears, and imperiously invokes high Heaven to make him a painter, at the conception and progress of every picture, in a way to make the heart bleed when we see what an intensity of feeling and ambition went to the covering of those ugly and huge stretches of canvas where never a man of all his groups stands on his legs. However, the sad moral of wasted hopes and energies is not against journal-keeping, even on a gigantic scale, but against painting enormous historical pictures without knowledge or skill, indeed with no qualification but faith in the will. The journal is a first-rate one, though the pictures which constitute its main theme are bad; and a good journal of a busy life, or rather such a selection of it as Mr. Taylor has made, is a gift to the world as good, in its way, as a fine picture.

Most people drawn in any way to the use of the pen have been tempted to an ambitious effort at journal-keeping in early youth. This is really the impulse of composition. If young people have not a story in their brains, they turn their thoughts inward; the mysteries of being begin to perplex them, and they sit down fairly to face and study self. The notion is natural enough. Whom or what should we understand so well as ourself, which we can look into and ponder upon any time we choose? So there is written a page of life-history with a good deal of solemnity, and a mighty strain, which ends in the discovery of a mistake, and the perception that self is not a more easy thing to understand than other people; or probably it ends in weariness of the maze in which the young student finds himself. But there are many people—who never make this discovery—who persevere in the practice all their days, and through whom ordinary read-

ers mainly know how journals are kept, and are instructed in their use; and it is here we learn that external differences between man and man are often merely faint shadows of the inner differences which separate spirit from spirit, in spite of the great family likeness that runs through us all. We beg, in what we say, to distinguish entirely between self-examination as instituted by conscience and subject to an external law, and religious journals kept not to record events, but to register states of feeling. Let any one to whom the practice is new sit down to describe himself to himself, and he will find it is only the outside he can reach. There is something which we feel defies language—which we can only approach by an amount of study and a pursuit into motives which issues in a treatise on the understanding; we are driven from the private to the general, and landed in metaphysics. We find we have to withdraw from ourself and stand outside before we can say anything intelligible. We are disposed to think that in reading, after an interval, any attempt of this kind, it is not the real old self that we see, but the state of mind then aimed at. We do not recognize ourself in the person drawn. It might pass with a stranger, but we know better. We cannot perhaps attempt a counter-portrait, but we feel *this* does nothing to represent that intricate, contradictory, complicated, mysterious being, one's self—mean and poor—meaner and poorer than we can find courage to prove ourself by example, yet with gleams of something higher and better than we fancy other people would ever guess, with something to excuse (as it seems to ourselves) our worst and basest acts. In fact, our identity becomes a question as we muse upon the shadow our pen of the past conjures up. Are we the same that wrote this confession twenty years ago? Are we responsible, or are we not? We have to sweep away these cobwebs before we can frankly own ourselves, or take upon our present consciousness the debts and responsibilities of our past.

We are then driven to the conclusion that, strictly for our own use, these records would be without value—would miss their aim as being fallacious and superficial. We cannot present a picture of our state of mind at any given time which we can honestly call full

and accurate. We may say things of ourself that are true, but we cannot read them afterwards without a running comment changing or modifying their bearing. And the constant use that these self-portraits are put to, as well as the extreme vagueness which characterizes the self-accusation, even while clothing itself in the strongest language, excuses us in thinking that in the majority of cases self-teaching has not been the only, perhaps not even the main object. There is often apparent a deliberate intention of utilizing the exercise. The thought of other readers comes in with influential force, dictating a formula, and the journal then only becomes a recognized form of dogmatic teaching, and—as based on the fallacy that others are admitted into an inner privacy and retirement where they were never dreamt of—surely not the most useful form. Whenever we see that there was actually no thought or apprehension of other eyes—whenever the scrupulous conscience commits itself unreservedly to paper—we experience something of the shame of real intruders, and feel we are where we ought not to be—as in the case of some of Froude's curious self-torturing confessions, or where Henry Martin reproaches himself for having sat silent, and said nothing to the coachman about his soul, in the few miles' drive be-

tween parting with his betrothed and leaving his country forever.

After all, it is a point on which one person has no right to prescribe for another. It is possibly a mere case of sympathy, and there may be high uses in religious biographies to those who can appreciate them. The journal valuable to everybody, however, is the simplest possible record of a man's own doings, and the dates that clear up his past and arrange it in accurate distances. Perhaps, as a fact, the most uneventful lives are those most frequently thus noted down. It is something to do, and gives significance to what is felt an unimportant career. Lord Bacon remarks, "It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sea and sky, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it." The truth is, it is only in novels that the zeal to keep a record increases with the complication of business. After a busy day or week, our journal is a decided bore; but we need not say the more active and stirring the life we note down, at some cost, it may be of our ease, the more valuable, and even satisfactory—though satisfaction is by no means the thing to be aimed at or expected—will it be in the retrospect, and when we have floated into still waters again.

THE BANDIT AND THE RED BOOTS.—The chief of a very desperate gang of banditti who had amassed considerable wealth was taken by a soldier and conducted to the governor of the province at Ekalerinoslaf. Great reward had been offered for the person of this man, and it was supposed he would, of course, be immediately knouted. To the astonishment of the soldier who had been the means of his apprehension, a few days only had elapsed when he received a visit from the robber. He had been able to bribe the governor sufficiently to procure his release, in consequence whereof he had been liberated from confinement. "You have caught me," said he, addressing the soldier, "this time; but before you set out upon another expedition in search of me, I will accommodate you with a pair of red boots for the journey." Boots made of red leather are commonly worn in the Ukraine: but to give a man a pair of red boots, according to the saying of the Tartars, is to cut the skin round the upper part of his legs,

and then cause it to be torn off by the feet. This species of torture the banditti are said to practise, as an act of revenge: in the same manner, the Americans scalp the heads of their enemies. With this terrible threat, he made his escape, and no further inquiry was made after him, on the part of the police. The undaunted soldier, finding the little confidence that could be placed in his commander determined to take the administration of justice into his own hands, and once more adventured in pursuit of the robber, whose flight had spread terror through the country. After an undertaking full of danger, he found him in one of the little subterranean huts in the midst of the Steppes. Entering this place with pistols in his hand, "You promised me," said he, "a pair of red boots; I am come to be measured for them!" With these words, he discharged one of his pistols, and killing the robber on the spot, returned to his quarters.—*Clarke's Travels*, vol. 1, p. 594.

From The Spectator.

CORRESPONDENCE OF LEIGH HUNT.*

THESE two volumes are easier to read than to review; for though they are full of interesting matter, it is not of a kind which either requires criticism, or will bear being epitomized. More than that, "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt" has already given to the world the chief facts of the poet's life, and afforded an opportunity to a younger generation of writers for recording their views of his career. These letters, however, are valuable for the additional evidence which they supply, that the current estimate of Leigh Hunt's character is on the whole a just one; and it is in this capacity that they admit, we think, of being made most interesting to our readers.

There is one sensation, of which we are uninterruptedly conscious, as we read this correspondence, and that is, that we are in the company of a weak man. Both in his gayety and his grief, his business and his pleasure, there is in all he writes a want of fulness of tone—a something neither exactly feminine, nor exactly frivolous, but thin and volatile. It shows with what awe the then comparatively unknown power of the press was inspiring our Government, that Leigh Hunt's papers in the *Examiner* should ever have consigned him to a prison. They are words without thought, and would now-a-days take rank with the rhetorical rhapsodies of the nation. But they had the advantage of being truth, which lent them a power not their own.

It is only natural, though of course it is not inevitable, that a weak man should often show signs of that temper which is described as "pettishness;" and of such a temper there are numerous indications in these volumes. A good specimen to take will be Leigh Hunt's correspondence with the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, at that time (1841) a Mr. Napier, who had warned Hunt against "colloquialisms" in his articles; for this particular instance will enable us to introduce at the same time a specimen of the rare good sense and sound practical judgment of the late Lord Macaulay. Hunt had already written one or two articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, in regard to one of which Napier had expressed himself in a very hand-

some and complimentary manner. He now proposed to write another, provided he could find "some chatty subject," and it was the answer to this proposal which drew down his wrath upon the editor. After referring to another article upon the subject of Petrarch, which Hunt had in contemplation, Napier went on to say that he should like an intermediate short article very much, but that Hunt's use of the word "chatty" had rather alarmed him. He had, he said, already been much surprised by the prevalence of colloquial, not to say vulgar, expressions in the style of so accomplished a scholar, who had written, too, such exquisite verses; and his surprise had sometimes carried him so far as to make him fear for the durability of their connection. Then, after some polite assurances of his confidence that such errors could arise only from haste, he adds that if Hunt will send him an article for the next number "in an amusing but gentleman-like style," he will be delighted to receive it.

Now we think this language was inconsiderate. For a man doesn't like to be told that a valuable engagement is in peril, because he has used the word "bit" twelve times in an article; or to have it hinted, however indirectly, that anything he has ever done is not gentleman-like. But a man of sense, dignity, and self-respect would probably have taken no notice of it, and have explained it away to himself as Lord Macaulay afterwards explained it. But Hunt wrote to Macaulay what we can only describe as a feeble and lachrymose letter begging for his advice and assistance under this insult to his feelings. Macaulay wrote back an answer which is a model of propriety and wisdom. "Napier," said he, "had not intended by the word *gentleman-like* to reflect on Hunt's character or manners. His taste in composition was not so catholic as some men's,—

* *Correspondence of Leigh Hunt.* Edited by his Eldest Son. In two volumes. Smith and Elder.

"He thinks your style too colloquial; and, no doubt, it has a very colloquial character. I wish it to retain that character, which to me is exceedingly pleasant. But I think that the danger against which you have to guard is excess in that direction. Napier is the very man to be startled by the smallest excess in that direction. Therefore I am not surprised that, when you proposed to send him a *chatty* article, he took fright, and recommended dignity and severity of style, and care to avoid what he calls vulgar expressions, such as *bit*. The question

is purely one of taste. It has nothing to do with the morals or the honor.

"As to the tone of Napier's criticism, you must remember that his position with regard to the *Review*, and the habits of his life, are such that he cannot be expected to pick his words very nicely. He has superintended more than one great literary undertaking,—the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for example. He has had to collect contributions from hundreds of men of letters, and has been answerable to the publishers and to the public for the whole. Of course he has been under the necessity of very frequently correcting, disapproving, and positively rejecting articles; and is now as little disturbed about such things as Sir Benjamin Brodie about performing a surgical operation. To my own personal knowledge he has positively refused to accept papers even from so great a man as Lord Brougham. He only a few months ago received an article on foreign politics from an eminent diplomatist. The style was not to his taste, and he altered it to an extent which greatly irritated the author. Mr. Carlyle formerly wrote for the *Review*,—a man of talents, though, in my opinion, absurdly overpraised by some of his admirers. I believe, though I do not know, that he ceased to write because the oddities of his diction and his new words compounded *à la Teutonique* drew such strong remonstrances from Napier. I could mention other instances, but these are sufficient to show you what I mean. He is really a good, friendly, and honorable man. He wishes for your assistance, but he thinks your style too colloquial. He conceives that, as the editor of the *Review*, he ought to tell you what he thinks. And, having during many years been in the habit of speaking his whole mind on such matters almost weekly to all sorts of people, he expresses himself with more plainness than delicacy."

This sensible advice had the desired effect, and Hunt proceeded with his article, though what was the subject which he eventually selected as a "chatty one," we are not informed.

Akin to pettishness, is egotism: that kind of egotism, at least, which is compounded of vanity and susceptibility. And we find a good deal of this, too, in Leigh Hunt's correspondence. In the last dozen years of his life this failing had increased. "The Story of Rimini," the "Legend of Florence," and the Old Examiners, are forever on his mind and on his pen. The great events which were passing in Europe, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Italian Revolution,

found him with an averted face fixed fondly on the past, of which the central figure was himself. Literally, there is not one allusion to any one of these three events throughout the whole of his correspondence. We must, however, in justice, allow that there are two circumstances which palliate this strange indifference. One is, that his struggle for a livelihood lasted to his dying day, and absorbed all the mental energies which age and sickness had left him. The other is, that the revival of the old warlike spirit both in England and Europe must naturally have been distasteful to the veteran opponent of Toryism, with which it is commonly identified. His laurels had been earned in support of widely different ideas; and he states as much, in fact, in a letter to his friend, Mr. Hunter (1857), where he says it is not the business of a poet "to halloo on these brutalities."

But, above all, through these letters is discernible that sensuous temperament which has often been imputed to Leigh Hunt, and for which, in our opinion, he has been blamed too severely. There is no great harm, after all, in a man being fond of flowers, fruit, and young spring greens, unless he neglects higher things in order to attain them. But Leigh Hunt *was* very fond of them; and his fondness was something, we fancy, quite different from what is commonly called a love of nature. "At present," says he, in a letter to Shelley, in 1818:—

"I have made myself a nook to write in of a morning in the corner of the room where Raphael stood—as thus: I have taken his place under the print of Shakspeare, in a chair with a table before me, put his bust on it, with a rose-tree at the side towards the door, and filled the outside of the window with geraniums, myrtles, daisies, heartsease, and a vase full of gay flowers; so that, with the new spring green in the garden, my books on the right, the picture of Jacques and the Stag under Milton, and two plaster-cast vases, which — has just sent me, on each side of the Mercury on the piano, I have nothing but sights of beauty, genius, and morality all about me."

"We have had a late spring here," he writes, to the same correspondent two years afterwards:—

"But it is supposed the summer will be the finer for it. The blossoms will not be so blighted. The fields and gardens are full of that exquisite young green, crisp and

juicy, the quintessence of rain and sunshine, which is a beauty I suppose you will concede us even from the Vale of Arno."

Many other passages might be quoted, which all go to confirm the impression made by these, namely, that he loved nature and natural beauties not only poetically but voluptuously; and this kind of temperament, if not kept in check by loftier and sterner conceptions, is just the one to give way to physical self-indulgence, even though it go no further than habits of indolence and contemplation.

It is a significant feature in Leigh Hunt's career, that he never attained to any of the prizes of his profession. We mean even the inferior and ordinary prizes—the editorships of magazines and newspapers—which relieve a man at all events from the difficulties which Hunt experienced. Yet were it not for this circumstance,* one of the most interesting, and in some respects most creditable aspects of his character and career would be wanting. We mean the aspect under which he comes before us at the age of threescore years and ten, still a working litterateur and journalist, as he had begun life at twenty-five. We find him in these letters still ap-

plying for work, still projecting articles, and still patching up republications with all the ardor and freshness of one who had never looked for better things. Nor do we find in these letters any expressions of discontent with his own position in the abstract, or any of those complaints, which men of letters are too prone to make, that his merits were neglected by the world. He seems to have been fully satisfied to remain a literary man to the last, and to be quite happy if he could see his way before him for a month. He does once record with some degree of bitterness that an execution was put into his house for forty shillings; but then his chief cause of complaint seems to have been that the bailiff interrupted him at dinner. We don't say that this easy way of taking things testifies to the highest kind of philosophy. Yet there is something amiable in the life of uncomplaining toil which Hunt followed to the last, something admirable in the simple fidelity with which he clung to literature; and something very interesting to all literary men in the spectacle of a veteran of seventy-four going about the routine of his profession with all the freshness and hopefulness of youth.

A WATERLOO ANECDOTE. — Sir H. Blane, professing to give "a correct version of the death of that fine soldier, General Ponsonby, at Waterloo," gives an account which is in every particular but one erroneous. He has indeed jumbled together two persons of the same name (as Mr. Spencer Lyttleton has pointed out in the *Times*), and has attributed to Major-General the Hon. Wm. Ponsonby what happened to the Hon. Colonel Ponsonby, and to the Colonel what happened to the General. General Ponsonby did die, Colonel Ponsonby survived Waterloo for many years. The facts are these.

Colonel Ponsonby, of the 12th Dragoons, was stretched wounded on the ground, and a Polish Lancer seeing some life in him, said, using a filthy expression, "f—, you are not yet dead," and deliberately ran his lance into the disabled man's body more than once. Some French riflemen then took possession of the ground where Ponsonby lay, and they made a heap of the bodies they found on the spot to serve as a sort of parapet, from behind which they fired kneeling. Ponsonby had the luck of being placed at the top of the pile, and the rifleman who was using his body both as shield and rest,

observing some signs of life in him, instead of acting as the savage, dastardly Lancer had done, gave him a drink of brandy out of his flask. As the day wore on, Ponsonby's sufferings became so intolerable that he implored the friendly foe to put his rifle to his head and despatch him, but the gallant fellow said, "No, cheer up, the day's your own, we are in full retreat; farewell, I must be off." We are afraid to say how many wounds Ponsonby had, we believe they were not under a dozen, and his survival was attributed to his remaining on the ground exposed to the cold (for cold it was though midsummer) for nearly forty-eight hours, which kept down fever that would otherwise have supervened. He recovered to tell the story we have repeated, and few finer looking men could be seen than he was, after having been riddled and pierced with a dozen wounds. But mark what death was in store for a man who had survived what we have faintly described. *Exitus ergo quis est? Heu gloria!* The hero died of the merry-thought of a chicken. He was choked by a chicken bone at Marral Green on his road to Southampton, twenty-two years after his escape of all the horrors of the field of Waterloo.—*Punch.*

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Miss Hilary reached home, Elizabeth opened the door to her; the parlor was deserted.

Miss Leaf had gone to lie down, and Miss Selina was away to see the Lord Mayor's Show with Mr. Peter Ascott.

"With Mr. Peter Ascott!" Hilary was a little surprised; but, on second thoughts, she found it natural; Selina was glad of any amusement,—to her, not only the narrowness but the dulness of their poverty was inexpressibly galling. "She will be back to dinner, I suppose?"

"I don't know," said Elizabeth, briefly.

Had Miss Hilary been less pre-occupied, she would have noticed something not quite right about the girl—something that at any other time would have aroused the direct question, "What is the matter, Elizabeth?" For Miss Hilary did not consider it beneath her dignity to observe that matters might occasionally go wrong with this solitary young woman, away from her friends, and exposed to all the annoyances of London lodgings, that many little things might be happening to worry and perplex her. If the mistress could not set them right, she could at least give the word of kindly sympathy, as precious to "a poor servant" as to the queen on her throne.

This time, however, it came not, and Elizabeth disappeared below stairs immediately.

The girl was revolving in her own mind a difficult ethical question. To-day, for the first time in her life, she had *not* "told Miss Hilary everything." Two things had happened, and she could not make up her mind as to whether she ought to communicate them.

Now Elizabeth had a conscience, by nature a very tender one, and which from circumstances, had been cultivated into a much higher sensitiveness than, alas! is common among her class, or, indeed, in any class. This, if an error, was Miss Hilary's doing: it probably caused Elizabeth a few more miseries and vexations and painful shocks in the world than she would have had, had she imbibed only the ordinary tone of morality, especially the morality of ordinary domestic servants; but it was an error upon which, in summing up her life, the Recording Angel would gravely smile.

The first trial had happened at breakfast-time. Ascott, descending earlier than his wont, had asked her, Did any gentleman, short and dirty, with a hooked nose, inquire for him yesterday?

Elizabeth thought a minute, and recollected that some person answering the above not too flattering description had called, but refused to leave his name, saying he did not know the ladies, but was a particular friend of Mr. Leaf.

Ascott laughed. "So he is—a very particular friend; but my aunts would not fancy him, and I don't want him to come here. Say, if he calls, that I'm gone out of town."

"Very well, sir. Shall you start before dinner?" said Elizabeth, whose practical mind immediately recurred to that meal, and to the joint always contrived to be hot on the days that Ascott dined at home.

He seemed excessively tickled. "Bless you, you are the greatest innocent! Just say what I tell you, and never mind—hush! here's Aunt Hilary."

And Miss Hilary's anxious face, white with long wakefulness, had put out of Elizabeth's head the answer that was coming; indeed, the matter slipped from her mind altogether, in consequence of another circumstance, which gave her much more perplexity.

During her young mistress' absence, supposing Miss Selina out too, and Miss Leaf up-stairs, she had come suddenly into the parlor without knocking. There, to her amazement, she saw Miss Selina and Mr. Ascott standing, in close conversation, over the fire. They were so engrossed that they did not notice her, and she shut the door again immediately. But what confounded her was, that she was certain, absolutely certain, Mr. Ascott had his arm round Miss Selina's waist!

Now that was no business of hers, and yet the faithful domestic was a good deal troubled; still more so, when, by Miss Leaf's excessive surprise at hearing of the visitor who had come and gone, carrying Miss Selina away to the city, she was certain the elder sister was completely in the dark as to anything going to happen in the family.

Could it be a wedding? Could Miss Selina really love, and be intending to marry,

that horrid little man? For, strange to say, this young servant had, what many a young beauty of rank and fashion has not, or has lost forever,—the true, pure, womanly creed, that loving and marrying are synonymous terms; that to let a man put his arm round your waist when you do not intend to marry him, or to intend to marry him for money or anything else when you do not really love him, are things quite impossible and incredible to any womanly mind. A creed somewhat out of date, and perhaps existing only in stray nooks of the world; but, thank God! it does exist. Hilary had it, and she had taught it to Elizabeth.

"I wonder whether Miss Hilary knows of this? I wonder what she would say to it?"

And now arose the perplexing ethical question aforesaid, as to whether Elizabeth ought to tell her.

It was one of Miss Hilary's doctrines—the same for the kitchen as for the parlor, nay, preached strongest in the kitchen, where the mysteries of the parlor are often so cruelly exposed—that a secret accidentally found out should be kept as sacred as if actually confided; also, that the secret of an enemy should no more be betrayed than that of a beloved and trusting friend.

"Miss Selina isn't my enemy," smiled Elizabeth; "but I'm not over fond of her, and so I'd rather not tell of her, or vex her if I can help it. Anyhow, I'll keep it to myself for a bit."

But the secret weighed heavily upon her, and besides, her honest heart felt a certain diminution of respect for Miss Selina. What could she see to like in that common-looking, commonplace man, whom she could not have met a dozen times, of whose domestic life she knew nothing, and whose personality Elizabeth, with the sharp observation often found in her class, probably because coarse people do not care to hide their coarseness from servants, had speedily set down at her own valuation, "Neither carriage nor horses, nor nothing, will ever make *him* a gentleman."

He, however, sent Miss Selina home magnificently in the said carriage; Ascott with her, who had been picked up somewhere in the city, and who came in to his dinner without the slightest reference to going "out of town."

But in spite of her Lord Mayor's Show,

and the great attention which she said she had received from "various members of the Common Council of the city of London," Miss Selina was, for her, quite meditative, and did not talk quite so much as usual. There was in the little parlor an uncomfortable atmosphere, as if all of them had something on their minds. Hilary felt the ice must be broken, and if she did not do it, nobody else would. So she said, stealing her hand into Johanna's, under shelter of the dim firelight,—

"Selina, I wanted to have a little family consultation. I have just received an offer."

"An offer!" repeated Miss Selina with a visible start. "Oh, I forgot: you went to see your friend, Miss Balquidder, this morning. Did you get anything out of her? Has she any nephews and nieces wanting a governess?"

"She has no relations at all. But I will just tell you the story of my visit."

"I hope it's interesting," said Ascott, who was lying on the sofa, half asleep—his general habit after dinner. He woke, however, during his Aunt Hilary's relation, and when she reached its climax, that the offer was for her to manage a stationer's shop, he burst out, heartily laughing,—

"Well, that is a rich idea. I'll come and buy of you. You'll look so pretty standing behind a counter."

But Selina said angrily, "You cannot even think of such a thing. It would be a disgrace to the family."

"No," said Hilary, clasping tightly her elder sister's hand—they two had already talked the matter over: "I cannot see any disgrace. If our family is so poor that the women must earn their living as well as the men, all we have to see is that it should be honestly earned. What do you say, Ascott?"

She looked earnestly at him; she wanted sorely to find out what he really thought.

But Ascott took it, as he did everything, very easily. "I don't see why Aunt Selina should make such a fuss. Why need you do anything, Aunt Hilary? Can't we hold out a little longer, and live upon tick till I get into practice? Of course, I shall then take care of you all; I'm the head of the family. How horridly dark this room is!"

He started up, and gave the fire a fierce poke, which consumed in five minutes a

large lump of coal, that Hilary had hoped—oh, cruel, sordid economy!—would have lasted half the evening.

She broke the uneasy silence which followed, by asking Johanna to give her opinion.

Johanna roused herself, and spoke,—

“Ascott says right; he is the head of the family, and by and by I trust will take care of us all. But he is not able to do it now, and, meantime, we must live.”

“To be sure we must, auntie.”

“I mean, my boy, we must live honestly; we must not run into debt:” and her voice sharpened, as with the reflected horror of her young days, if, alas! there ever had been any youth for Henry Leaf’s eldest daughter. “No, Ascott, out of debt, out of danger. For myself,” she laid her thin old fingers on his arm, and looked up at him with a pitiful mixture of reliance and hopelessness, “I would rather see you breaking stones in the road, than living like a gentleman—as you call it—and a swindler—as I call it—upon other people’s money.”

Ascott sprang up, coloring violently. “You use strong language, Aunt Johanna. Never mind. I dare say you are right. However, it’s no business of mine. Good-night, for I have an engagement.”

Hilary said gravely, she wished he would stay and join in the family consultation.

“Oh, no; I hate talking over things. Settle it among yourselves. As I said, it isn’t my business.”

“You don’t care, then, what becomes of us all? I sometimes begin to think so.” Struck by the tone, Ascott stopped in the act of putting on his lilac kid gloves. “What have I done? I may be a very bad fellow, but I’m not quite so bad as that, Aunt Hilary.”

“She didn’t mean it, my boy,” said Aunt Johanna, tenderly.

He was moved, more by the tenderness than the reproach. He came and kissed his eldest aunt in that warm-hearted, impulsive way which had won him forgiveness for many a boyish fault. It did so now.

“I know I’m not half good enough to you, auntie, but I mean to be. I mean to work hard, and be a rich man some day; and then you may be sure I shall not let my Aunt Hilary keep a shop. Now, good-night, for I must meet a fellow on business

—really business—that may turn out good for us all, I assure you.”

He went away whistling, with that air of untroubled, good-natured liveliness peculiar to Ascott Leaf, which made them say continually that he was “only a boy,” living a boy’s life, as thoughtless and as free. When his handsome face disappeared, the three women sat down again round the fire.

They made no comments on him whatever; they were women, and he was their own. But—passing him over as if he had never existed—Hilary began to explain to her sisters all particulars of her new scheme for maintaining the family. She told these details in a matter-of-fact way, as already arranged; and finally hoped Selina would make no more objections.

“It is a thing quite impossible,” said Selina with dignity.

“Why impossible? I can certainly do the work; and it cannot make me less of a lady. Besides, we had better not be ladies, if we cannot be honest ones. And, Selina, where is the money to come from? We have none in the house; we cannot get any till Christmas.”

“Opportunities might occur. We have friends.”

“Not one in London: except, perhaps, Mr. Ascott, and I would not ask him for a farthing. You don’t see, Selina, how horrible it would be to be helped—unless by some one dearly loved. I couldn’t bear it! I’d rather beg, starve, almost steal!”

“Don’t be violent, child.”

“Oh, but it’s hard!” and the cry of long-smothered pain burst out. “Hard enough to have to earn one’s bread in a way one doesn’t like; harder still to have to be parted from Johanna from Monday morning till Saturday night. But it must be. I’ll go. It’s a case between hunger, debt, and work; the first is unpleasant; the second impossible; the third is my only alternative. You must consent, Selina, for I *will* do it.”

“Don’t!” Selina spoke more gently, and not without some natural emotion—“don’t disgrace me, child; for I may as well tell you,—I meant to do so to-night,—Mr. Ascott has made me an offer of marriage, and I—I have accepted it.”

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the middle of the parlor at No. 15, its inmates—that is,

two of them—could not have been more astounded.

No doubt this surprise was a great instance of simplicity on their part. Many women would have prognosticated, planned the thing from the first; thought it a most excellent match; seen glorious visions of the house in Russell Square; of the wealth and luxury that would be the portion of "dear Selina," and the general benefit that the marriage would be to the whole Leaf family.

But these two were different from others. They only saw their sister Selina, a woman no longer young, and not without her peculiarities, going to be married to a man she knew little or nothing about; a man whom they themselves had endured rather than liked, and for the sake of gratitude. He was trying enough merely as a chance visitor. But to look upon Mr. Ascott as a brother-in-law as a husband—

"O Selina, you cannot be in earnest?"

"Why not? Why should I not be married as well as my neighbors?" said she, sharply.

Nobody arguing that point, both being indeed too bewildered to argue at all, she continued majestically,—

"I assure you, sisters, there could not be a more unexceptionable offer. It is true, Mr. Ascott's origin was rather humble; but I can overlook that. In his present wealth, and with his position and character, he will make the best of husbands."

Not a word was answered; what could be answered? Selina was free to marry if she liked, and whom she liked. Perhaps, from her nature, it was idle to expect her to marry in any other way than this; one of the thousand and one unions where the man desires a handsome, lady-like wife for the head of his establishment, and the woman wishes an elegant establishment to be mistress of; so they strike a bargain—possibly as good as most other bargains.

Still, with one faint lingering of hope, Hilary asked if she had quite decided?

"Quite. He wrote to me last night, and I gave him his answer this morning."

Selina certainly had not troubled anybody with her "love affairs." It was entirely a matter of business.

The sisters saw at once that she had made up her mind. Henceforward there could be no criticism of Mr. Peter Ascott.

Now all was told, she talked freely of her excellent prospects.

"He has behaved handsomely—very much so. He makes a good settlement on me, and says how happy he will be to help my family, so as to enable you always to make a respectable appearance."

"We are exceedingly obliged to him."

"Don't be sharp, Hilary. He means well. And he must feel that this marriage is a sort of—ahem! condescension on my part, which I never should have dreamt of twenty years ago."

Selina sighed: could it be at the thought of that twenty years ago? Perhaps, shallow as she seemed, this woman might once have had some fancy, some ideal man whom she expected to meet and marry; possibly a very different sort of man from Mr. Peter Ascott. However, the sigh was but momentary; she plunged back again into all the arrangements of her wedding, every one of which, down to the wedding-dress, she had evidently decided.

"And, therefore, you see," she added, as if the unimportant, almost forgotten item of discussion had suddenly occurred to her, "it's quite impossible that my sister should keep a shop. I shall tell Mr. Ascott, and you will see what he says to it."

But when Mr. Ascott appeared next day in solemn state as an accepted lover, he seemed to care very little about the matter. He thought it was a good thing for everybody to be independent; did not see why young women—he begged pardon, young ladies—should not earn their own bread if they liked. He only wished that the shop were a little farther off than Kensington, and hoped the name of Leaf would not be put over the door.

But the bride-elect, indignant and annoyed, begged her lover to interfere, and prevent the scheme from being carried out.

"Don't vex yourself, my dear Selina," said he drily—how Hilary started to hear this stranger use the household name—"but I can't see that it's my business to interfere. I marry you; I don't marry your whole family."

"Mr. Ascott is quite right; we will end the subject," said Johanna, with grave dignity: while Hilary sat with burning cheeks, thinking that, miserable as the family had been, it had never till now known real degradation.

But her heart was very sore that day. In the morning had come the letter from India, never omitted, never delayed; Robert Lyon was punctual as clockwork in everything he did. It came, but this month it was a short and somewhat sad letter,—hinting of failing health, uncertain prospects; full of a bitter longing to come home, and a dread that it would be years before that longing was realized.

"My only consolation is," he wrote, for once betraying himself a little, "that however hard my life out here may be, I bear it alone."

But that consolation was not so easy to Hilary. That they two should be wasting their youth apart, when just a little heap of yellow coins—of which men like Mr. Ascott had such profusion—would bring them together; and, let trials be many, or poverty hard, give them the unutterable joy of being once more face to face and heart to heart,—oh, it was sore, sore!

Yet when she went up from the parlor, where the newly affianced couple sat together, "making believe" a passion that did not exist, and acting out the sham courtship, proper for the gentleman to pay, and the lady to receive,—when she shut her bedroom door, and there, sitting in the cold, read again and again Robert Lyon's letter to Johanna, so good, so honest, so sad, yet so bravely enduring,—Hilary was comforted. She felt that true love, in its most unsatisfied longings, its most cruel delays, nay, even its sharpest agonies of hopeless separation, is sweeter ten thousand times than the most "respectable" of loveless marriages, such as this.

So, at the week's end, Hilary went patiently to her work at Kensington, and Selina began the preparations for her wedding.

CHAPTER XV.

IN relating so much about her mistresses, I have lately seemed to overlook Elizabeth Hand.

She was a person easy enough to be overlooked. She never put herself forward, not even now, when Miss Hilary's absence caused the weight of housekeeping and domestic management to fall chiefly upon her. She went about her duties as soberly and silently as she had done in her girlhood; even Miss Leaf could not draw her into much demon-

strativeness: she was one of those people who never "come out" till they are strongly needed, and then— But it remained to be proved what this girl could be.

Years afterwards, Hilary remembered with what a curious reticence Elizabeth used to go about in those days: how she remained as old-fashioned as ever; acquired no London ways, no fripperies of dress, no flippancies of manner. Also, that she never complained of anything; though the discomforts of her lodging-house life must have been great,—greater than her mistresses had any idea of at the time. Slowly, out of her rough, unpliant girlhood, was forming that character of self-reliance and self-control, which, in all ranks, makes of some women the helpers rather than the helped, the laborers rather than the pleasure-seekers; women whose constant lot it seems to be to walk on the shadowed side of life, to endure rather than to enjoy.

Elizabeth had very little actual enjoyment. She made no acquaintances, and never asked for holidays. Indeed, she did not seem to care for any. Her great treat was when, on a Sunday afternoon, Miss Hilary sometimes took her to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's; when her pleasure and gratitude always struck her mistress, nay, even soothed her, and won her from her own many anxieties. It is such a blessing to be able to make any other human being, even for an hour or two, entirely happy!

Except these bright Sundays, Elizabeth's whole time was spent in waiting upon Miss Leaf, who had seemed to grow suddenly frail and old. It might be that living without her child six days out of the seven, was a greater trial than had at first appeared to the elder sister, who until now had never parted with her since she was born; or it was perhaps a more commonplace and yet natural cause, the living in London lodgings, without even a change of air from room to room; and the want of little comforts and luxuries, which, with all Hilary's care, were as impossible as ever to their limited means.

For Selina's engagement, which, as a matter of decorum, she had insisted should last six months, did not lessen expenses. Old gowns were shabby, and omnibuses impossible to the future Mrs. Ascott of Russell Square; and though, to do her justice, she

spent as little as her self-pleasing nature could do, still she spent something.

"It's the last; I shall never cost you any more," she would say complacently; and revert to that question of absorbing interest, her *trousseau*, an extremely handsome one, provided liberally by Mr. Ascott. Sorely had this arrangement jarred upon the pride of the Leaf family: yet it was inevitable. But no personal favors would the other two sisters have accepted from Mr. Ascott, even had he offered them,—which he did not,—save a dress each for the marriage, and a card for the marriage-breakfast, which, he also arranged, was to take place at a hotel.

So, in spite of the expected wedding, there was little change in the dull life that went on at No. 15. Its only brightness was when Miss Hilary came home from Saturday to Monday. And in those brief glimpses, when, as was natural, she on her side and they on theirs, put on their best face, so to speak, each trying to hide from the other any special care,—it so fell out that Miss Hilary never discovered a thing which, week by week, Elizabeth resolved to speak to her about, and yet never could. For it was not her own affair; it seemed like presumptuously meddling in the affairs of the family. Above all, it involved the necessity of something which looked like tale-bearing and backbiting of a person she disliked, and there was in Elizabeth—servant as she was—an instinctive chivalrous honor which made her especially anxious to be just to her enemies.

Enemy, however, is a large word to use; and yet day by day her feelings grew more bitter towards the person concerned; namely, Mr. Ascott Leaf. It was not from any badness in him; he was the sort of young man always likely to be a favorite with what would be termed his "inferiors," easy, good-tempered, and gentlemanly, giving a good deal of trouble certainly, but giving it so agreeably, that few servants would have grumbled, and paying for it—as he apparently thought everything could be paid for—with a pleasant word and a handful of silver.

But Elizabeth's distaste for him had deeper roots. The principal one was his exceeding indifference to his aunts' affairs, great and small, from the marriage, which

he briefly designated as a "jolly lark," to the sharp economies which, even with the addition of Miss Hilary's salary, were still requisite. None of these latter did he ever seem to notice, except when they pressed upon himself, when he neither scolded nor argued, but simply went out and avoided them.

He was now absent from home more than ever, and apparently tried as much as possible to keep the household in the dark as to his movements—leaving at uncertain times, never saying what hour he would be back, or if he said so, never keeping to his word. This was the more annoying, as there were a number of people continually inquiring for him, hanging about the house, and waiting to see him "on business:" and some of these occasionally commented on the young gentleman in such unflattering terms, that Elizabeth was afraid they would reach the ear of Mrs. Jones, and henceforward tried always to attend to the door herself.

But Mrs. Jones was a wide-awake woman. She had not let lodgings for thirty years for nothing. Ere long she discovered, and took good care to inform Elizabeth of her discovery, that Mr. Ascott Leaf was what is euphuistically termed "in difficulties."

And here one word, lest in telling this poor lad's story, I may be supposed to tell it harshly or uncharitably, as if there were no crime greater than that which a large portion of society seems to count as none; as if, at the merest mention of that ugly word *debt*, this rabid author flew out, and made all the ultra-virtuous persons, whose history is here told, fly out, like turkeys after a bit of red cloth, which is a very harmless scrap of red cloth after all.

Most true: some kind of debt deserves only compassion. The merchant suddenly failing; the tenderly reared family who by some strange blunder or unkind kindness have been kept in ignorance of their real circumstances, and been spending pounds for which there was only pence to pay; the individuals, men or women, who, without any laxity of principle, are such utter children in practice, that they have to learn the value and use of money by hard experience, much as a child does, and are little better than children in all that concerns L. S. D. to the end of their days.

But these are debtors by accident, not

error. The deliberate debtor, who orders what he knows he has no means of paying for; the pleasure-loving debtor who cannot renounce one single luxury for conscience' sake; the well-meaning, lazy debtor, who might make "ends met," but does not, simply because he will not take the trouble; upon such as these it is right to have no mercy,—they deserve none.

To which of these classes young Ascott Leaf belonged, his story will show. I tell it, or rather let it tell itself, and point its own moral; it is the story of hundreds and thousands.

That a young fellow should not enjoy his youth would be hard; that it should be pleasant to him to dress well, live well, and spend with open hand upon himself, as well as others, no one will question. No one would ever wish it otherwise. Many a kindly spendthrift of twenty-one makes a prudent paterfamilias at forty, while a man who in his twenties showed a purposeless niggardliness, would at sixty grow into the most contemptible miser alive. There is something even in the thoughtless liberality of youth to which one's heart warms, even while one's wisdom reproves. But what struck Elizabeth was that Ascott's liberalities were always towards himself, and himself only.

Sometimes when she took in a parcel of new clothes, while others, yet unpaid for, were tossing in wasteful disorder about his room, or when she cleaned indefinite pairs of handsome boots, and washed dozens of the finest cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, her spirit grew hot within her to remember Miss Hilary's countless wants and contrivances in the matter of dress, and all the little domestic comforts which Miss Leaf's frail health required—things which never once seemed course not, it will be said, how could a young to cross the nephew's imagination. Of man be expected to trouble himself about these things?

But they do though. Answer, many a widow's son; many a needful brother of orphan sisters; many a solitary clerk living and paying his way upon the merest pittance: is it not better to think of others than one's self? Can a man, even a young man, find his highest happiness in mere personal enjoyment?

However, let me cease throwing these

pebbles of preaching under the wheels of my story; as it moves on, it will preach enough for itself.

Elizabeth's annoyances, suspicions, and conscience-pricks as to whether she ought or ought not to communicate both, came to an end at last. Gradually she made up her mind that, even if it did look like tale-bearing, on the following Saturday night Miss Hilary must know all.

It was an anxious week, for Miss Leaf had fallen ill. Not seriously; and she never complained until her sister had left, when she returned to her bed and did not again rise. She would not have Miss Hilary sent for, nor Miss Selina, who was away paying a ceremonious pre-nuptial visit to Mr. Ascott's partner's wife at Dulwich.

"I don't want anything that you cannot do for me. You are becoming a first-rate nurse, Elizabeth," she said, with that passive, peaceful smile, which almost frightened the girl; it seemed as if she were slipping away from this world and all its cares, into another existence. Elizabeth felt that to tell her anything about her nephew's affairs was perfectly impossible. How thankful she was that in the quiet of the sick-room her mistress was kept in ignorance of the knocks and inquiries at the door, and especially of a certain ominous paper which had fallen into Mrs. Jones' hands, and informed her, as she took good care to inform Elizabeth, that any day "the bailiffs" might be after her young master.

"And the sooner the whole set of you clear out of my house the better; I'm a decent, respectable woman," said Mrs. Jones, that very morning; and Elizabeth had had to beg her as a favor, not to disturb her sick mistress, but to wait one day, till Miss Hilary came home.

Also, when Ascott, ending with a cheerful and careless countenance his ten minutes' after-breakfast chat in his aunt's room, had met Elizabeth on the staircase, he had stopped to bid her say, if anybody wanted him, he was gone to Birmingham, and would not be home till Monday. And on Elizabeth's hesitating, she having determined to tell no more of these involuntary lies, he had been very angry, and then stooped to entreaties, begging her to do as he asked, or it would be the ruin of him. Which she understood well enough, when all the day, she

—grown painfully wise, poor girl!—watched a Jewish-looking man hanging about the house, and noticing everybody that went in or out of it.

Now, sitting at Miss Leaf's window, she fancied she saw this man disappear into the gin-palace opposite, and at the same moment a figure darted hurriedly round the street-corner, and into the door of No. 15.

Elizabeth looked to see if her mistress were asleep, and then crept quietly out of the room, shutting the door after her. Listening, she heard the sound of the latch-key, and of some one coming stealthily upstairs.

"Hollo!—Oh, it's only you, Elizabeth!"

"Shall I light your candle, sir?"

But when she did, the light was not pleasant. Drenched with rain, his collar pulled up, and his hat slouched, so as in some measure to act as a disguise, breathless and trembling—hardly anybody would have recognized in this discreditable object that gentlemanly young man, Mr. Ascott Leaf.

He staggered into his room, and threw himself across the bed.

"Do you want anything, sir?" said Elizabeth from the door.

"No—yes—stay a minute. Elizabeth, are you to be trusted?"

"I hope I am, sir."

"The bailiffs are after me. I've just dodged them. If they know I'm here, the game's all up—and it will kill my aunt."

Shocked as she was, Elizabeth was glad to hear him say that—glad to see the burst of real emotion with which he flung himself down on the pillow, muttering all sorts of hopeless self-accusations.

"Come, sir, 'tis no use taking on so," said she, much as she would have spoken to a child, for there was something childish rather than manlike in Ascott's distress. Nevertheless, she pitied him, with the unreasoning pity a kind heart gives to any creature who, blameworthy or not, has fallen into trouble. "What do you mean to do?"

"Nothing. I'm cleaned out. And I haven't a friend in the world."

He turned his face to the wall in perfect despair.

Elizabeth tried hard not to sit in judgment upon what the catechism would call her "betters;" and yet her own strong instinct of almost indefinite endurance turned with

something approaching contempt from this weak, lightsome nature, broken by the first touch of calamity.

"Come, it's no use making things worse than they are. If nobody knows that you are here, lock your door and keep quiet. I'll bring you some dinner when I bring up missis' tea; and not even Mrs. Jones will be any the wiser."

"You're a brick, Elizabeth; a regular brick!" cried the young fellow, brightening up at the least relief. "That will be capital. Get me a good slice of beef, or ham, or something. And mind you, don't forget! a regular stunning bottle of pale ale."

"Very well, sir."

The acquiescence was somewhat sullen, and had he watched Elizabeth's face, he might have seen there an expression not too flattering. But she faithfully brought him his dinner, and kept his secret; even though, hearing from over the staircase Mrs. Jones resolutely deny that Mr. Leaf had been at home since morning, she felt very much as if she were conniving at a lie. With a painful, half-guilty consciousness she waited for her mistress' usual question, "Is my nephew come home?" but fortunately it was not asked. Miss Leaf lay quiet and passive, and her faithful nurse settled her for the night with a strangely solemn feeling as if she were leaving her to her last rest, safe and at peace before the overhanging storm broke upon the family.

But all shadow of this storm seemed to have passed away from him who was its cause. As soon as the house was still, Ascott crept down and fell to his supper with as good an appetite as possible. He even became free and conversational.

"Don't look so glum, Elizabeth. I shall soon weather through. Old Ascott will fork out; he couldn't help it. I'm to be his nephew, you know. Oh, that was a clever catch of Aunt Selina. If only Aunt Hilary would try another like it."

"If you please, sir, I'm going to bed."

"Off with you, then, and I'll not forget the gown at Christmas. You're a sharp young woman, and I'm much obliged to you." And for a moment he looked as if he were about to make the usual unmanly acknowledgment of civility from a young gentleman to a servant maid—viz., kissing her—but he pulled a face and drew

back. He really couldn't; she was so very plain.

At this moment there came a violent ring, and "Fire!" was shouted through the key-hole of the door. Terrified, Elizabeth opened it, when, with a burst of laughter, a man rushed in, and laid hands upon Ascott.

It was the sheriff's officer.

When his trouble came upon him, Ascott's manliness returned. He turned very white, but he made no opposition,—had even enough of his wits about him—or something better than wits—to stop Mrs. Jones from rushing up in alarm and indignation to arouse Miss Leaf.

"No; she'll know it quite soon enough. Let her sleep till morning. Elizabeth, look here." He wrote upon a card the address of the place he was to be taken to. "Give Aunt Hilary this. Say, if she can think of a way to get me out of this horrid mess—but I don't deserve it. Never mind. Come on, you fellows."

He pulled his hat over his eyes, jumped into the cab, and was gone. The whole thing had not occupied five minutes.

Stupefied, Elizabeth stood, and considered what was best to be done. Miss Hilary must be told; but how to get at her in the middle of the night, thereby leaving her mistress to the mercy of Mrs. Jones? It would never do. Suddenly she thought of Miss Balquidder. She might send a message. No; not a message—for the family misery and disgrace must not be betrayed to a stranger—but a letter, to Kensington.

With an effort, Elizabeth composed herself sufficiently to write one—her first—to her dear Miss Hilary.

"HONORED MADAM,—Mr. Leaf has got himself into trouble, and is taken away somewhere; and I dare not tell missis; and I wish you was at home, as she is not well, but better than she has been, and she shall know nothing about it till you come.—Your obedient and affectionate servant,

"ELIZABETH HAND."

Taking Ascott's latchkey, she quitted the house, and slipt out into the dark night, almost losing her way among the gloomy squares, where she met not a creature except the solitary policeman, plashing steadily along the wet pavement. When he turned the glimmer of his bull's-eye upon her she started like a guilty creature, till she remem-

bered that she really was doing nothing wrong, and so need not be afraid of anything. This was her simple creed, which Miss Hilary had taught her, and it upheld her, even till she knocked at Miss Balquidder's door.

There, poor girl, her heart sank, especially when Miss Balquidder, in an anomalous costume and a severe voice, opened the door herself, and asked who was there, disturbing a respectable family at this late hour?

Elizabeth answered, what she had before determined to say, as sufficiently explaining her errand, and yet betraying nothing that her mistress might wish concealed.

"Please, ma'am, I'm Miss Leaf's servant. My missis is ill, and I want a letter sent at once to Miss Hilary."

"Oh! come in, then. Elizabeth, I think, your name is?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What made you leave home at this hour of the night? Did your mistress send you?"

"No."

"Is she so very ill? It seems sudden. I saw Miss Hilary to-day, and she knew nothing at all about it."

Elizabeth shrank a little before the keen eye that seemed to read her through.

"There's more amiss than you have told me, young woman. Is it because your mistress is in serious danger that you want to send for her sister?"

"No."

"What is it, then? You had better tell me at once. I hate concealment."

It was a trial but Elizabeth held her ground.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I don't think missis would like anybody to know, and therefore I'd rather not tell you."

Now the honest Scotswoman, as she said, hated anything underhand, but she respected the right of every human being to maintain silence if necessary. She looked sharply in Elizabeth's face, which apparently reassured her, for she said not unkindly,—

"Very well, child, keep your mistress' secrets by all means. Only tell me what you want. Shall I take a cab, and fetch Miss Hilary at once?"

Elizabeth thanked her, but said she thought that would not do; it would be better just to send the note the first thing to-morrow morning, and then Miss Hilary would come home just as if nothing had

happened, and Miss Leaf would not be frightened by her sudden appearance.

"You are a good, mindful girl," said Miss Balquidder. "How did you learn to be so sensible?"

At the kindly word and manner, Elizabeth, bewildered and exhausted with the excitement she had gone through, and agitated by the feeling of having, for the first time in her life, to act on her own responsibility, gave way a little, she did not actually cry, but she was very near it.

Miss Balquidder called over the stair-head, in her quick, imperative voice,—

"David, is your wife away to her bed yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then tell her to fetch this young woman to the kitchen, and give her some supper. And afterwards, will you see her safe home? Poor lassie! she's awfully tired, you see."

"Yes, ma'am."

And, following David's gray head, Elizabeth, for the first time since she came to London, took a comfortable meal in a comfortable kitchen, seasoned with such stories of Miss Balquidder's goodness and generosity, that when, an hour after, she went home and to sleep, it was with a quieter and more hopeful spirit than she could have believed possible under the circumstances.

THE NEW PENSIONS IN ENGLAND.—Lord Palmerston has just distributed the civil list pensions of England; and among the pensioners is Charles Mackay, the poet, who is at present residing on Staten Island. The following is the list:—

LITERATURE.

Mr. Charles Mackay, £100, in consideration of his contributions to poetry and to general literature.

Miss Emma Robinson, £75, in consideration of her many romances, historical plays, and other contributions to periodical literature, of admitted excellence.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie, £100, in acknowledgment of his labors to enrich the literature of his country, and to elevate the intellectual condition of the poor.

Mr. Thomas Roscoe, £50, in consideration of his literary labors.

Mr. John Seymer, £100, in consideration of his contributions to literature, and of his career of usefulness at home, and of educational labors among the natives of India, in spite of his being blind from within two years of his birth.

Mr. Isaac Taylor, £100, in public acknowledgment of his eminent services to literature, especially in the departments of history and philosophy, during a period of more than forty years.

Mr. John Wade, £50, in consideration of his contributions to political literature, more especially during the time of the Reform bill of 1832.

SCIENCE.

Miss Elizabeth Baly and Miss Marie Josephine Fauvet (a joint pension), £100, in consideration of the late Dr. Baly's long career in the public service, and of the merit of the scientific medical works of which he was the author.

Mr. Richard Cort, £50 (in addition to his former pension of £50), on account of the great

value and utility of his father's discoveries in the working of iron, and of his failure to derive any pecuniary benefit therefrom.

Dr. John Hart, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, £75, in consideration of his contributions to the science of anatomy and physiology, and of his being afflicted with blindness and broken health.

Mr. George Rainey, £100, in consideration of his labors in the field of minute anatomy and physiology, and of the many works on the subject which he has given to the public in the Transactions of learned societies without receiving any pecuniary remuneration.

Mrs. Janet Wilson and Miss Jessie Wilson, £100 (a joint pension), in consideration of the eminent services of the late Professor George Wilson, of Edinburgh, as a public teacher and a scientific man.

ART.

Mrs. Mary Cross, £100, in consideration of her late husband's merits as a painter, and of her straitened circumstances.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

Mrs. Jane Fonblanque, £100, on account of her husband having been forty-four years in the Consular service, and of his death having been caused by an attack made upon him while at his post at Belgrade, by a Turkish soldier, when his family was left entirely unprovided for.

"THEY worshipped Devils, whose pictures remained in the days of Gildas, within and without the decayed walls of their cities, drawn with deformed faces (no doubt done to the life, according to their terrible apparitions), so that such ugly shapes did not woo, but fright people into adoration of them." — *Fuller's Church History*, b. 1, c. 1.

From The Spectator.

MARRIAGES OF CONSANGUINITY.

WHAT are the effects of the intermarriage of blood-relations upon their offspring, and how those effects, if they exist, are produced, are questions which have often been debated by physicians and physiologists. They are, moreover, questions which have considerable general interest, in consequence of their direct bearing upon practical family life.

Many of our readers know that the opinion of most of those who have paid any attention to this subject has tended rather to confirm the popular belief that such marriages are injurious; but they are, perhaps, not equally well aware that these opinions have been founded for the most part upon isolated facts and observations, and that it is only within the last fifteen or twenty years that any serious attempts have been made to give them a more solid foundation upon a mass of classified instances. Dr. Devay, of Lyons, in his *Traité d'Hygiène des Familles*, and Dr. Bemiss, of Louisville, U. S., in a paper on the subject reprinted in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* for April, 1857, have attempted to show by the method of statistics that such marriages lead to what the latter writer calls "degeneration of race," that is, that they are either unfruitful, or that their offspring are more than usually liable to diseases, amongst which idiocy and scrofula seem to be the most frequent. We intend in the present article to examine the conclusions arrived at by these authors by the help of the light thrown upon them by others. We shall probably show reason for doubting whether their conclusions are fairly borne out by the facts upon which they profess to be founded, and shall at the same time bring home to the minds of our readers the extreme difficulty which exists in deducing trustworthy conclusions from facts of so complicated a character, and the great caution required in applying the statistical method to physiological phenomena.

It is to be observed that the controversy, as it exists, is capable of being brought to a very narrow issue. No one denies or doubts that in many instances the marriages of cousins are followed by a variety of ill effects; the real point in dispute is whether their evils depend, as the authors we have mentioned maintain, upon an unknown law of nature which is broken by such marriages,

or whether they merely follow the ordinary laws of inheritance by which peculiarities and tendencies existing in the parent are transmitted, in a manner of which we are ignorant, to the child.

The distinction here drawn is by no means the trivial matter it may at first sight seem, inasmuch as it involves the question whether marriages between cousins are always, and of necessity, an evil, or whether they merely require the exercise of the same prudence which ought to be used in all other cases, if similar evils are to be avoided.

The former of these two views, then, is that held by the physicians to whom we have referred, and Dr. Devay expressly denounces the latter as altogether inadequate to account for the phenomena. Want of space prevents our entering upon an examination of these various statistics at length; but we will take three points—viz., the fertility of the marriages, the infant mortality, and the lesions of the intellect amongst the offspring,—and compare the results given by the two sets of thirty-four and seventeen marriages given by Dr. Bemiss, respectively on his own and Dr. Howe's authority, and the one hundred and thirty-four marriages, the particulars of which are related by Dr. Devay. We find, then, that of the thirty-four marriages, seven were sterile and twenty-seven fertile; i.e., about one in every five were unfruitful; and the total number of children was one hundred and ninety-five, of whom fifty-eight died in infancy or childhood and one hundred and thirty-four grew up. Amongst the latter, ten were either actually defective in intellect or likely to become so, there being four epileptic, two insane, and four idiotic; there were also two deaf and dumb. In the second case, that of the seventeen marriages, the number of sterile unions is not stated, but the total number of children was ninety-five, of whom forty-four were idiots and one was deaf. In the third case, that of the one hundred and thirty-four marriages, the total number of children is not stated, but twenty-two were sterile, or about one in every six, and amongst the offspring there appear one deaf and dumb child and not a single idiotic or insane individual. Now "similar causes," we have most of us learned, "produce similar effects," and the chief characteristic of these sets of statistics appears to be their extreme dissimilarity. In the matter of

fertility, the first two sets exceed the average very considerably, and of the last we know nothing, and in respect of intellectual lesions the first and third contrast very remarkably with the second; of the latter, indeed, we may remark that it obviously proves too much, for no one even gathering his experience from a few isolated cases will believe that almost one-half of the children of cousins are idiotic. In each set of statistics, moreover, it is to be noticed that some one form of degeneracy predominates, and in each case a different form. Thus, in forty-seven cases of disease in the first set twenty-three were scrofulous, in fifty-eight cases in the second set forty-four were idiotic, and in thirty cases of deformity or disease, in the third set, seventeen consisted in the development of supernumerary fingers.

It is difficult to believe that effects so very various are all the natural results of the same cause, and until we can obtain far more satisfactory evidence than is afforded by these statistics we shall be inclined to believe that very similar results might be shown to occur should any future physiologist choose to adopt marriages between persons with red hair or hooked noses, as his *bête noire*, instead of those between blood-relations. One writer, indeed, Mr. Anderson Smith, in a letter printed in the *Lancet*, for July 5th, has brought forward statistics of forty-one marriages between natives of different countries of Europe, with a view of showing that their effects, too, are of a most disastrous character. He finds that of their number ten were sterile; the whole only produced one hundred and six children, of whom fourteen were either idiotic, insane, or of weak intellect, and eighteen died in childhood—results on the whole worse than any of the others. Now we cannot say that we are prepared, upon the strength of Mr. Smith's statistics, to believe that any law of nature is broken by the marriage of a Frenchman or a German to an English wife, or *vice versâ*; but the evidence for such a theory is, at least, as good as that upon which we are asked to believe that degeneracy of race, as it is called, is a natural consequence of the marriage of blood-relations. In practice, statistics such as these are liable to two special sources of error, one arising from the hereditary character of many diseases, which renders it necessary

to investigate the history of parents and grandparents before pronouncing upon the cause of a special disease appearing in the offspring of a particular family; the other from the closeness with which family secrets are kept, and the consequent difficulty or impossibility of pursuing such an investigation successfully. Only in one instance, as far as we know, has the number of cases made use of to support a conclusion similar to those which we have referred to been sufficient even in any degree to eliminate these sources of fallacy. It is stated that in France one-fourth of the inmates of the deaf and dumb asylums are the children or grandchildren of cousins; whereas, to correspond with the proportion of marriages between such relations there should be only one-twentieth.

The explanation of this fact probably is that we are totally ignorant of the antecedents in the parents, upon which mutism in the offspring depends; and hence, in each case, it comes upon us as a new phenomenon, which we had no reason to expect. It is at least probable that some day a connection may be found between mutism and some other totally dissimilar affection, such as is believed by many to exist between rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance. However this may be, it is certainly questionable logic to fix upon one amongst a complex mass of antecedents as the cause of a phenomenon which is itself absent in the majority of cases in which that phenomenon occurs.

There remains a class of facts which may be appealed to to correct the conflicting evidence on this subject thus obtained from observations upon man, that, namely, which is derived from the experience gained in the breeding of animals. Here, we think, it must be admitted that the whole weight of the evidence is against the popular view; for though it may be true that ill effects have been brought about by extremely close interbreeding continued through a series of several generations, yet the pages of the herd-book and the stud-book prove, beyond a doubt, that the very best of our thoroughbred horses and short-horned cattle come of races in which close breeding has been carried to an extent which, in the human race, it is impossible that it ever should be. Dr. Devay and other writers have tried to dis-

credit this evidence by the argument that the process which is most successful in rearing boneless animals, capable of carrying masses of flesh, does not necessarily develop the finest specimens of the race to which they belong. Such a misconception as this may be excused in a French writer, and is not wonderful in a cockney, whose idea of well-bred cattle and horses is derived from the over-fed bullocks at a Smithfield show, or the half-grown colts that appear at second-rate races; but we are confident that all who have seen both in perfection in the

studs and farms of our great breeders will agree that, as applied to such animals, the term "degenerate" is simply a misuse of language. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to believe that the physiology of reproduction in man proceeds upon laws different from those in force in the rest of the animal kingdom, we cannot admit that any case has yet been made out in favor of the popular opinion that the marriages of blood-relations have in themselves any tendency to produce degeneracy in the offspring.

DR. ALTHAUS has published a very carefully executed and exhaustive treatise on the *Spas of Europe*.* He takes up the subject from the very commencement, beginning with an investigation into the origin of springs in general, thence proceeding to inquire into the causes of the peculiarities of mineral springs in particular, and so leading up to an examination of their physical properties, their chemical constitution, and their physiological and therapeutical effects. Dr. Althaus has studied his subject thoroughly, and is evidently familiar with it to no common degree. His treatise is, however, of a scientific rather than of a popular nature, and appears to be designed for the use of medical men rather than of their patients. Regarded from this point of view, it is certainly the best work on mineral waters that we have hitherto met with.—*Spectator*.

THE measures of our Druidical temples are observed to fall easily and naturally into the scale of the ancient Phenician or Hebrew cubit. But they will not admit of the standard measure of Greece, Rome, or any western nation, without being divided and broken into infinite and trifling fractions.—*Enquiry into the Patriarchal and Druidical Rel.* by William Cook, Rector of Oldbury and Dedmarton. *M. Review*, August, 1754, vol. 11, p. 86.

"IN the first form of consecrating churches in England which we meet with, at a synod held at Celchyth, under Wulfred, Archbishop of Canterbury, 816, it is ordained that when a church is built it shall be consecrated by the proper diocesan, who shall take care that the Saint to whom it is dedicated, be pictured on the wall, or on a tablet, or on the altar."—*Kennett's Par. Antiq.*, vol. 2, p. 300.

* *The Spas of Europe*. By Julius Althaus, M.D., etc., Author of "A Treatise on Medical Electricity," etc. Trubner and Co.

THAT the Romance was almost universally understood in this kingdom under Edward the Confessor, it being not only used at court, but frequently at the bar, and even sometimes in the pulpit, is a fact too well known and attested (says Planta) to need my authenticating it with superfluous arguments and testimonials.—*Account of the Romanish Language*.

He quotes Ingulphus *passim*, and accounts for the fact by the constant intercourse between Britain and Gaul.—*Southey*.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECOLLECTION OF A BATTLE-FIELD.

"Our virgins,
Leaving the natural tremblings that attend
On timorous maids struck pale at sight of blood,
Shalt take delight to tell what wounds you gave,
Making the horror sweet to hear them sing it.

—And while
The spring contributes to their art, make in
Each garden a remonstrance of this battle,
Where flowers shall seem to fight, and every
plant
Cut into forms of green artillery
And instruments of war, shall keep alive
The memory of this day and your great victory."
—SHIRLEY. *The Imposture*.

BRITISH BASKETS.

BARBARA de pictis veni bascanda Britannis,
Sed me jam mavult decere Roma suam.
—*Martial*, l. 14, ep. 97.

FOR Rome he tells us in right pompous tone,
From barbarous British baskets formed her own.
—*Bishop's Poems*, vol. 1, p. 276.

From The Saturday Review.
COUSINS.

THERE is a school of domestic fanatics resembling that school of theologians which exacts from its professors a blind unreasoning assent to the dogmas of religion. Like the papist who considers the exercise of private judgment on a doctrinal point an impiety, there are household bigots who seek to withdraw the relations of consanguinity from the domain of scrutiny, and claim a passive obedience to the divine right of kin. Certain young ladies and gentlemen, they say, are your cousins by divine appointment. It is your duty, therefore, to think them charming, and to enjoy their company more than that of any other young man or woman with whom you may be thrown. You must not allow yourself to ask whether their tastes accord with yours. The eldest may be a perfect Nimrod, while the bent of your own genius leads you to pore over manuscripts in the British Museum. Another is the best waltzer of his day, while a ball is, in your eyes, the greatest of social evils. A third is a fast young lady, full of chaff, while you are decidedly sentimental. All this matters nothing. You are privileged to have access to those three young persons. You should be duly sensible of these among your other blessings. Blood overrides all incompatibilities of taste or disposition. Reflect that in those two fine young men you see your father's sister's sons.

Half England, and all Scotland, groans under bondage to these ideas. Not to love your cousins is to be devoid of natural affection—to show a cold, callous, and bad heart. This is really a piece of cant against which we protest. Upon what is the supposed duty founded? There is nothing about it in the Bible, or the Ten Commandments. It would be very difficult to prove from either of these sources any special obligation to love your brother by blood, much more your cousin. Of course, under the comprehensive head of your duty to your neighbor, both have claims on your regard. You are bound to do to your cousin as you would he should do to you; and if, therefore, as is possible, you feel bored by his company, you are bound, by the Catechism, to rid him of yours. Practically, we display in this, as in other social questions, the curious inconsistency of the Anglo-Saxon race. Our practice does

not accord with our theory. We put a song in praise of the family tree in the mouth of our maiden aunts. We retain the decorous fiction of the claims of blood, but we act as emancipated men. It is one of those fictions which we live down, as we do the bugbears of childhood. There are few, probably, who cannot recall a time when they firmly believed the descriptions given by their nurse of inanimate nature, as one universal "layhold to catch meddlers." The march of mind dissipated this childish superstition. It gradually dawned upon the infant intelligence that no table or chair could inflict a slap on the face, or a pinch in some tender part of the body. By degrees one lost all fear of those instruments of torture which were supposed to lurk in nurse's work-basket; and the first use one made of this discovery was to blunt her scissors on the neck of Shem, or some other equally unoffending occupant of Noah's Ark. So is it with illusions of another kind, and with that respectable one, in particular, which invests a cousin with an almost sacrosanct character. It collapses at a comparatively early period of life. It rarely survives the crucial experience of a contemporaneous career at public school. At Eton you sit side by side in the Upper Remove with the aforesaid cousin. Supposing your tastes to suit, you become fast friends. But if not, what a thorn in the flesh does your relative prove, by reason of his dominating the whole of your private and præ-scholastic existence! If he means mischief, he can raise the curtain which shrouds your home from vulgar gaze. He can enlighten your common associates on the names of your sisters, and the terms of endearment by which you are yourself known in the bosom of your family. He is aware that at the early age of seven you made an animated appeal on behalf of the Missions to the Fiji Islands from the table of the Evangelical Lyceum, and that a little later you apostrophized a defunct tom-cat in a few fugitive lines. Horrid secrets, that you had fondly imagined buried forever in oblivion, turn up to poison your happiness. A rumor spreads that you have but lately escaped from the thralldom of a maid who enjoyed the prescriptive right of scrubbing your person with soap and water every alternate Saturday evening. The tears you shed on returning to school, the touching farewell it is your habit to take of the pony

Grizzell and the dog Ponto, the rowing you got from "the Governor" for obtaining on something like false pretences three hats in one Half, the bilious attack you brought on by eating fifty walnuts in one afternoon, your discreet behavior and exact disposition of the bed-clothes on the memorable night when the Manor House was supposed to be attacked by burglars—all these and a thousand other racy items of "domestic intelligence" you have to thank your cousin for remorselessly parading before your jeering schoolmates. The result is, that you learn early in life to associate the name of cousin with a power to wound you in your tenderest part, and to hold up to ridicule all that is in your boyish eyes most sacred.

Cousins, however, are far from being, as a general rule, natural enemies. We are only pointing out that this relationship is compatible with a thoroughly genuine mutual dislike, springing either from acts of unkindness or oppression, or, in default of these, a total lack of sympathy. But though the consciousness of a common stock cannot of itself generate affection, as some fondly assert that it necessarily must, cousins are a useful and beneficial institution which it would be absurd to disparage. The Briton, least of all mankind, could afford to dispense with cousins. He rarely suffers from that affection known on the other side of the Channel as *épanchement de cœur*. His instinct is to be isolated, morose, exclusive—to adopt an attitude of armed neutrality to the rest of the human race—to reverse the old dictum and think everything human alien to himself—in the language of the servants' hall, "to keep himself to himself." A thing he never does is to open his heart, as our lively neighbors will, to a stranger. He cannot deliver himself of the most trifling confidences to any but a friend of seven years' standing. The monotony of this self-imposed isolation is pleasantly broken by cousins. They serve the double purpose of giving him a point of contact with the world outside his own family circle, and of gratifying the mania he has to know all about any one with whom he is intimate. He may safely unbend to his cousins, for they cannot possibly have any design upon his purse. Though their conversation is not particularly brilliant, and their company is even dull, he is at ease with them, and in a mild

way likes being with them, because he knows their pedigree. Here he has, if nothing more, at all events two persons whose parentage he knows to be respectable, and whom he has no reason to suspect of a design of imposing on him or turning him into ridicule. Being satisfied on those two points, he gives himself up to a modified enjoyment of their society. There is, then, in England what we may call a national necessity for cousins. The national temperament requires a vent for its pent-up feelings, and upon cousins they naturally expend themselves. We are so much addicted to secreting the real kindness of our nature, that consanguinity would seem to be a merciful provision to draw us out of ourselves, and prevent our wasting all our sweetness on the desert air. Many a man, who would never otherwise make a friend, makes a friend of a cousin. He is too shy or too proud or too reserved to go through the processes by which a friendship is gradually cemented with a stranger, and eagerly catches at a cousin as a make-shift for a friend, if not exactly a friend ready-made. There are other advantages in the possession of cousins which, in a worldly point of view, are not to be despised. They may have houses for you to stay at, lands for you to shoot over, wine for you to sip. You visit them in the autumn, when London is empty, your heart brimming over with the purest cousinly affection. About the 12th of August, the voice of nature reminds you of the cousin who owns a pretty moor in the Highlands. In September, the current of your being sets towards your Norfolk relatives. In November, your heart yearns towards your cousin at Melton. In May, you are inwardly drawn towards your fashionable cousin in London with a fervor which that fashionable cousin does not at all reciprocate. This is all as it should be. Give full play to these fine and generous impulses; the more you utilize your cousins, the more you enable them to fulfil the purpose for which they are your cousins. They must not be allowed to take into their heads the mischievous notion that they have been dotted round your path to be merely so many dummies or men of straw. Upon the whole, the way in which they accept the responsibilities of collateral ties is very creditable to Englishmen. Unprompted by any mutual affection, one man will solicit a favor for an-

other simply out of regard for a common ancestor. The fact is, that it is his own interest to give a cousin a lift. Hence another cousinly function—to use influence for the advancement of the family fortunes. Your chances of promotion bear a direct ratio to the number of your cousins. Each is a possible advocate of your interests, a possible petitioner on your behalf. A cousin at the Admiralty means a ship for you in the Mediterranean; a cousin in Parliament means access for you to the minister; a cousin in the city means a good investment for your capital; a cousin in a Cathedral Chapter means your presentation to the next vacant stall. But to secure these, or any part of these results, you must be keenly alive to the advantages of your position—you must study the family tree in all its ramifications, and leave no runlet of collateral blood untapped.

These are some of the advantages of having had a prolific grandmother. But there are also concomitant disadvantages. The man with many cousins, like the man with wife and children, “gives hostages to fortune;” for he may find them so many dead weights round his neck. There are few persons who have not cousins of whom they are ashamed. There is the sporting youth whom nature intended for a groom, but dubbed, by a horrid after-thought, your cousin. There is the cousin who *will* patronize the village tailor, and who slaps you on the back just as you dangle your cane over the rails in Rotten Row, when the season is at its height. There is the cousin in the Queen’s Bench Prison, whom you supply, much to your credit, with his Sunday dinner. There is your cousin who hides in Spain, your notorious cousin at the diggings, your cousin the governess, and your cousin the idiot. All these are, undoubtedly, social drawbacks. No one will be the more keen to marry you on account of a gibbering collateral. As the asylum of your hunted relative, *you* may look on the Peninsular with peculiar interest; but the circumstance will not predispose others to make your acquaintance. Fastidious natures will never do justice to the goodness of your cousin’s heart while it throbs beneath that flagrantly bucolic garb. But, apart from these serious inconveniences which sometimes attend kinship, there is another, much more generally experienced—cousins

are personally dull or disagreeable. The position you occupy towards such persons is essentially false. You are, as it were, pitchforked into a distasteful intimacy. You are supposed by a fiction to feel affection, when in your heart you feel ineffably bored. You call each other by your Christian name—and have nothing more to say. In vain you ransack your brains for a common topic or a common interest. None come for the plain reason that there is none to come. A *tête-à-tête* with an uncongenial companion is always an infliction; but the awkwardness of the situation is immensely increased by a dim notion that you ought all the time to be enjoying it.

This brings us back to the point at which we started, namely, the folly of parents and maiden aunts in trying to erect the love of cousins into an important article of a child’s creed. It is just this pious attempt to force the inclinations which so often makes the future relations between cousins uneasy and uncomfortable. Children should be left alone to judge of the virtues or demerits of their cousins, and to bestow or withhold their affection accordingly with perfect freedom. If this wise policy of nonintervention be observed towards them, they will probably find within the pale of kin those whom they can love and esteem, and those with whom they remain on a footing of healthy indifference. Let believers in blood say what they will, this is the nearest approach to an Agapemone of which the average English family is capable. But though the duty of loving the whole collateral tribe is a mere sham, and no duty at all, there is much to urge, and not from a sordid point of view only, in favor of cousinly affection. Of all the friendships, in the common sense of the word, the most enviable is the friendship of a cousin. More than any other it possesses the seeds of durability. It dates back from the days of happy childhood. It is consecrated by the memories of common raids upon the apple-trees, common peg-tops, common taws. It suffers much less from the separations which kill so many early friendships. If Pylades goes to Cambridge and Orestes to Oxford, the tie between them is, in ordinary cases, broken. But not so, if they meet in the vacation, if they spend their Christmas together—if they continue to hear about each other—in a word, if their sisters correspond. To middle age it is a support and a source of the purest rational enjoyment; while to old age, which loves to travel back into the past, and prose over the family fortunes, it is almost a necessity.

From The London Review.
YACHTING.

THERE are few finer sights in the world to an Englishman's eye, and few more surprising to a foreigner than Cowes Roads during the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta week. Certainly the Derby is a magnificent national celebration, and one of which the stranger in this old land, "delighting in horses, illustrious at sea," will never see the like on any other plains. Races in France are as the *comédie de société* to the theatre, compared with the performances of Newmarket or Epsom. The meeting at Chantilly is a cabinet picture, a reduced copy of Goodwood, and as much like the original as the peasants in "La Somnambula" are like the work-a-day peasants of actual life in Italy or anywhere else. A coterie of dandy "sportsmen," who dress like stud-grooms and flavor their talk with English slang, no more make a "Turf" than a solitary swallow makes the spring. There is no racing public over the water; and even the Emperor, who knows the national importance of the thing, cannot make one. You may count on your fingers the owners of French race-horses; and the only stable which has won a reputation on this side of the water is the "Confederate," as the imperial establishment is sometimes described.

A day with "the Duke" or the Quorn is another of our "solemnities," without a parallel among our gallant neighbors. There is no such thing as riding to hounds in France; cantering round a tree all day in a fancy dress, and winding a horn when the object of the chase comes in view, is picturesque, no doubt, and exciting, and the *curée* in the courtyard at night is mediæval and dramatic; but this is not what Englishmen mean by a run of five-and-forty minutes without a check; though, on the other hand, a greyhound fox has none of the fighting qualities of the German boar or the Gallic wolf to justify even a foreign friend in carrying a knife of exquisite design at his waist. What the British Reynard can do is *pace*; and any lively Gaul who follows him must know, at least, how to sit well home in the saddle, and not to make too much play with his calves.

Racing and hunting, however, are not, in an absolute sense, national sports. In some form or other they may be said to be com-

mon to the whole human race: to the Englishman and the Frenchman, to the creature of civilization and the noble savage, each after his kind. But what shall we say of Yachting? We know what the poet has said of the courage of the man who first committed his life to a frail skiff. Horace thought that first boatman as brave in soul as the adventurous epicure who swallowed the first oyster. Yet we are not at all persuaded that many an honest German and many a gallant Frenchman would not give the palm of folly to the man who goes down to the sea in a private ship for the fun of the thing:—

"Oh! who can tell? Not thou, luxurious
slave,
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving
wave."

Assuredly our friend Monsieur Chose cannot tell the pleasure of going to sea, for his soul sickens at the prospect of the heaving wave beyond Calais Pier; and in the ninety minutes of that middle passage your *lion* of the Boulevards is awfully limp and crestfallen. Yachting is a sport of native growth in these British isles, peopled by the sons of the Vikings, and to whom the sea is a native element. An English child, born and bred far inland, takes to the river or the lake like a duckling, and conceives a passion for the sea before he has set his eyes upon it. Among our Scandinavian cousins there may be something of the same inborn restless yearning to roam on that silent highway. The Dutch—sturdy old sea-dogs—have the credit of inventing the name of yachting, and the sport of yachting is said to have come from Venice. However this may be, it evidently requires a combination of those attributes which distinguish the modern Briton to make a great racing-man or a genuine yachtsman. The members of the yacht clubs on the other side of the ocean are only Englishmen once removed. Yachting demands not only money, leisure, and a taste for wholesome and rational vagabondage; it demands, above and before all, a *stomach* of peculiar quality and conformation. This indispensable qualification makes the active yachting world a limited one, and keeps it select. We speak, of course, of the sea-going yachtsman; for the yachting world is very variously composed, and includes a

large majority of most unmitigated landmen.

A man may acquire a taste for hunting or shooting, or the turf; he may become a tolerable rider, or a decent shot; but if he takes to yachting, the heart and the stomach for the sport must be born with him. A yacht is either, like any other vessel, a prison with the chance of being drowned, or it is the palace of a poet. You must have a horror of a yacht (as most wives have, by the by), or you must love her "like a woman." Go down to Cowes or Ryde the first week in August, and you will find the gentlemen who live afloat at ease, a capital representative body of the British and, we may add, of the Irish race. There is the duke of half a dozen counties, the tired statesman, the great city merchant or banker, the successful tradesman, the engineer, the country squire, the clergyman, the lawyer, the soldier, and the naval man, who, like the actor who always goes to the play when he is not acting himself, goes a-yachting while he is waiting for a ship. In that little Thames cutter there is a theatrical manager who spends his leisure moments on board in making up his play-bills for a huge public. Each transpontine club has its own rendezvous; but all these yachtsmen belong to a national volunteer service, and in that pleasure navy there is a real *esprit de corps*. No class or order of men contains a larger number of "eccentricities," and nowhere is a fairer field for eccentricity to be found. This characteristic of yachting breaks out in all manner of shapes and forms: sometimes in the costume, half naval, half piratical, of the owner and his crew; sometimes in the discipline and trim of the craft. The ladies, who constitute an important and delightful section of the yachting world, enter eagerly into the spirit of these eccentricities, and adopt the fashion of the craft to which they are attached with enthusiasm. Indeed, on these pleasant shores of the gentle Solent all the conventionalities of dress and demeanor are willingly, and as if by common consent, thrown aside for a season by "all hands," and the result is wonderfully picturesque and refreshing after the faded and factitious society of the London season.

As we write a past generation of yachtsmen and women comes sailing up the silent sea of memory!

It is Sunday morning, and our little schooner is one of a fleet of eighty sail in Cowes Roads, with the broad pendant of that gallant old Commodore and prince of yachtsmen, Lord Yarborough, in the midst. There, too, is the Commodore of the "Thames," in his trim little twenty-five ton cutter ready to blow you out of the water with a salute from his plucky two-pounders. What a spectacle for a foreigner who is studying the secret of "naval supremacy!" Here are the finest craft in the world, manned by something like a thousand picked seamen. The Commodore's flag-ship, the *Kestrel*, is a private man-of-war, as trim, as smart, as clean as a frigate. The old lord who attended the battle of Navarino in his own ship, the *Falcon*, surveys his squadron with honest pride. The boatswain's pipe is busy in the *Kestrel*, and the signal midshipman has no sinecure. The Commodore "makes" eight o'clock, and up go all the ensigns and burgees; at church time up goes the church pendant to the peak; twelve o'clock is "made," and so is sunset. How splendidly those gigs' crews "give way" to the Club-house steps! There the talk is all of next week's matches, and of the squadron which is to go down Channel on the day after the squadron ball, under the Commodore's orders. Ah! the blue and breezy sky, and the fresh sunshine! Twenty-two yachts were we, as we took station according to tonnage and tacked in succession before the Commodore. Just as we clear the roads, fourteen sail of the "Thames" miniature squadron appear in line and exchange salutes. And now we are away through the Needles passage. Presently the Commodore signals us to "make all sail without regard to stations," and the longest legs make the shortest miles of it. Before sunset we are all becalmed, but before we come on deck from dinner we are rushing through the water with a spanking breeze on our quarter. Night brings thunder and lightning and a gale, and when the morning breaks we are beating into Weymouth with two reefs down. What a merry reckless company we are on board, giving to storm and calm alike "a frolic welcome," and resolved to be jolly under all changes of wind and weather! It is a lovely dawn when we come to an anchor in Torbay with all our consorts once more in company. That was the last squadron the

good Lord Yarborough was destined to command. Before another summer came round, our much-loved Commodore had gone aloft!

Of course, we cannot admit that there are such yachts or yachting-men in these degenerate times. The best "eleven" and the best "eight" are always the "eleven" and the "eight" of our own Eton days. Certainly in the far time we are recalling, not without a pang, yachting was in all its glory. Only remember that match round the island in which two schooners were dismasted! And the match between the *Corsair* and another cutter (whose name we have forgotten) round the Eddystone in half a gale of wind! When those two cutters returned through the Needles, they were so close together that the *Corsair* won by four minutes and a half. And what "characters" we had among us in those days! There was a famous cutter whose owner "and commander," as he insisted on being called, was a perfect martyr to man-of-war principles. He carried a brass band which was the terror of the Channel, and his boatswain piped like an omnibus conductor. One day he invited a party to divine service on board, which he read himself with one eye fixed on the church flag at the peak. To set this flag, the mainsail had been expressly hoisted—in harbor—and while we were all praying, a sudden squall sent down the mainsail by the run, and we are sorry to say that those who came to pray remained to scream with laughter, and morning service ended abruptly with some very strong language from the officiating minister. Are there any such "characters" now?

Yachts and yachting, like the navy, have undergone a revolution since those days. The *America* taught a trick or two to builders, and since her victories schooners have almost superseded cutters, and the long

wave-line of bow has taught us how a vessel may be fast and dry, neither sacrificing speed to comfort, nor comfort to speed. Another change for the better is in the trim of racing yachts. Some years ago, the yachts that won the prizes were good for nothing else; now the racing craft are often admirable sea-boats. Now-a-days, too, the silly practice of "carrying on" is given up, and the advantage of sailing as much as possible on an even keel is better understood. The nice question of measurement, if not quite equitably solved, is not so prone to abuse as it was formerly. Throughout all these changes it is curious and interesting to find that the old *Arrow* and the old *Alarm* (transformed into a schooner) have scarcely yet found their equals in a long day's contest. The introduction of steam-yachts is, we humbly confess, a novelty we cannot find it in our hearts to approve. Screw engines cost too much, and take up too much space, to be compatible with any but the largest yachts and the richest owners; and steam appears to us essentially repugnant to the genius of yachting—to the noble independence of all restraints of time which becomes a yachtsman. Before many years have come and gone, it may be that the British navy will consist of enormous iron barges, studded with cupola towers, and of Noah's arks with steel fixings. Only at the yachting stations will the tapering spars and the snowy wings of the skimmers of the seas be found. We devoutly hope that it may be reserved for our posterity to witness this hideous conversion of the British navy into iron-clasped safes and batteries. Let our yachtsmen, at all events, be content with spars and sails, remembering that even men-of-war are forbidden to "down screw" as long as they can "up stick."

TURNER says (vol. 1, p. 311), "there can be no doubt that the majority of the British population was preserved to be useful to their conquerors." I think the total change of language disproves this; and that the nature and length of the contest also show that the separation was almost complete. No doubt they preserved the slaves, who would mostly be of their own stock.—*Southey*.

A CLEAR inference drawn from Cæsar, that the Britons knew the use of letters,—else why should the Druids have forbidden their doctrines to be written,—but because they were like their worthy successors, the Romish priests, desirous of concealing the records which might be examined to their prejudice.—*Script. Rev. Hibern*, p. 1, *Proleg.* xxx.

From The Spectator.
BODLEY'S LIBRARY AND ITS TREASURES.*

THE Reading-room of the British Museum, with its magnificent dome, its blue and gilt spandrils, its books in the newest of bindings, its easy lounges and capacious desks, is a sight worthy of the metropolis. Ladies in crinoline and fashionable bonnets, gentlemen in wide-awakes, pork-pies, and unimpeachable tweeds, sit down to the literary fare, provided for them by the munificence of the trustees, with as much ease and comfort as in their clubs or their drawing-rooms. Learning is stripped of its rust and repulsiveness. It has put on the gayest of garbs. It needs no apologist for its want of politeness. And if Plato could come upon earth again, he would no longer have to apologize for the manners of the learned—so far, at least, as the Reading-room of the British Museum may be considered as the type of modern scholarship—by saying that scholars were like “the gallypots of apothecaries, which, on the outside had apes and owls and antiques, but contained within sovereign and precious liquors and confections.” It is a sign of the times when it is no longer necessary for the votary of science to bid farewell to the world and shut himself up in seclusion, when a life of activity is not incompatible with learning, and Mr. Monckton Milnes is in no fear, like his predecessor Gascoigne, of having his return petitioned against in the House of Commons, on the bare fact of his being a poet. All this is very well. Let the applause of Mr. Panizzi, the trustees, and their Reading-room reach to the highest honors this generation can bestow; let it ring from spotless lemon kid gloves, perfumed with the choicest of Rimmel's toilet vinegar.

But old and mighty Bodley is old and mighty still: unchanged and unchangeable; and long may it continue so! Murky in its antiquity, redolent of old bindings, “fragrant with moth-scented coverings!” No morocco, red, citron, or green, later than the days of the historian De Thou, profanes with flaunting colors the sober calf-skins which, more venerable than Nestor, have reigned supreme over three centuries of learning, and look down with dignified contempt upon

degenerate men who have gradually declined from lofty folios to tiny duodecimos; from Ockham and Thomas Aquinas to the last shilling volume of the Parlor Library. Here may the reader bury himself for hours with no visions of petticoats; no vanities of this day, not even of “Vanity Fair.” He may dine with Duke Humphrey; he may realize to himself an age when learning condescended to nothing short of a folio; when stout hearts beat high beneath black gowns; when trencher-caps shook with agitation at the serried logic of rival Nominalists and Realists, and the glory of a University was imperilled in a Syllogism. Or, to descend still lower, here, without effort, may he transfer himself to the times when the latest new sensation book upon Philosophy was the *Novum Organon* of Bacon, and doctors turned pale over the heretical audacity of a Lord Chancellor, who had taken Plato and Aristotle to task, and stigmatized the wise dictators of antiquity as ricketty children, competent to nothing else than blare and babble. What feet have ever trodden the Reading-room of the British Museum except penny-a-liners, foreign correspondents of the daily press, or young gentlemen intent on cribs? Even Lord Macaulay died some years too soon for his own reputation and Mr. Panizzi's masterpiece. No Seldon, no Laud, no Milton, no Cromwell, Owen, Clarendon, Dryden, Pope, Bolingbroke or burly Johnson, or quaint Charles Lamb, to say nothing of earlier worthies,—Hooker, or Ben Jonson, or Burton, have cast their shadows over the spick and span new paint and gilding of the Metropolitan Reading-room. By no effort of imagination can its visitors repeople the Reading-room of the British Museum, as we can hardly avoid doing Bodley, with the glories of the past. Its brilliancy, whatever it may be, is of the future exclusively. It belongs to the generation of railways and locomotives, of competitive examinations, and fast trains. Not so Bodley and its treasures. Once a year the delegates of the library march round in solemn train, as they have done since the days of the first Stuarts, with vice chancellor, beadles, and silver maces, to survey the shelves and their sacred treasures. No profane bookbinder violates the sanctity of that repose, Heaven be praised, or intrudes his gilt gingerbread and modern frivolities on

* *Hackman's Catalogue of the Jenner MSS. in the Bodleian.* Clarendon Press.

the sober decorum of Bodley. Only within comparatively recent period have the chains been removed which locked its books together in the close and loving embrace of a Macedonian phalanx, and nearly proved fatal to an ambitious author who, Icarus-like, soared too high, and hung himself in their iron tendrils. Still more recently has hot air been introduced into one division of the library for the benefit of luxurious masters of arts, who could not keep themselves warm over Duns Scotus or Athanasius, but, in the pride of their hearts, descended to the external world, and took to polished leather boots and thin potatoes. With these exceptions, Bodley was and is what it was in the days of its founder—goodly to look upon as he; that “full solempne man,” who thought, if we should “cancel all our theories, axioms, rules, and tenents,” as Bacon advised, “it would instantly bring us to barbarism, and, after many thousand years, leave us more unprovided of theoretical furniture than we are at the present.” Save also, and excepting that ruthless necessity, in the shape of those same masters of arts, has marred the quaint device of Sir Thomas (who wished to preserve the remembrance of his Christian name T. in the shape of his library), and, by developing one end of it, have metamorphosed it into an H. But for this, the mullioned windows, the fragrant air from the College gardens, the solemn pealing of bells—they have rung out generations of students, and shall ring in generations of students yet to come—repeat from hour to hour, and year to year, the pious deeds of our English forefathers, and the dim traditions of the past. “Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou, that, being nothing, art everything? What mystery lurks in this retroversion? Or what half Januses are we that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we forever revert? The mighty future is as nothing, being everything! The past is everything, being nothing!”

In these respects the Bodleian Library is unique, not only in England, but in Europe. No library of similar extent possesses the same conventual character. Paris, Brussels, Frankfort, Augsburg, Munich, Valladolid, and Madrid have nothing like it. Associated with all the great traditions of England, from the age of Duke Humphrey,

its founder, to the present century, from the days when Queen Elizabeth, in ruff and farthingale, with Burghley and Walsingham at her side, harangued the doctors and Heads of Houses in well-poised Latin, to the time when the Allied Sovereigns celebrated the advent of peace within its walls, or Queen Victoria inscribed her name among its manuscripts! And no wonder that its treasures of books, manuscripts, and rarities should partake of the character of the place and have a sort of uniqueness and quaint antiquity about them not found elsewhere. For here, in undisturbed repose, and still better, fresh and unchanged, as in their primitive state, are the collections of Dr. Dee, the earliest of spirit-rappers, “who did observe and write down what was said by the spirits, Kelley (his assistant magician), seeing and interpreting.” Here, too, is garnered up all the correspondence of Hyde, Lord Clarendon, and the little notes that passed between him and Charles I. in the lobby of the House of Commons during those debates which cost the king his crown. Here, too, in its bands of red silk, is the correspondence of the same monarch with his children, when they had taken refuge in France; and here, in sombre winding-sheets of black silk, and seals to match, are the letters that passed after Charles’ execution. Here are the correspondence of the parliamentary generals, the papers of the unhappy non-jurors; of Archbishop Sancroft, and of Bishop Ken, whose name lives forever in the Morning and Evening Hymn. And here are the details of the Pretender’s doings, and his secret friends in England, in the reigns of Anne, George I., and George II. And what else there may be of curious lore and unrevealed mysteries in that capacious and undisturbed receptacle of “Mighty Bodley,” who shall tell us?

Of late some attempt has been made by the authorities of Oxford to sort and tabulate their treasures; and Mr. Hackman’s catalogue, which we have until this late period in our article unconsciously omitted to notice—rapt in reminiscences of Bodley—is partly the result of these new efforts. We wish to deal gently with Mr. Hackman’s labors. His errors of omission and commission in the execution of his task we will not censure heavily; for who that has had dealings with manuscripts does not know how

inevitably, spite of all vigilance and precautions, all sorts of errors will creep in? But Mr. Hackman's notions of a catalogue, and of the requirements of those who are likely to consult one, seem to us more strange, uncouth, and antiquated than Dr. Dee's spirit-rapping, or a non-juror's advocacy of the claims of the Pretender. If Mr. Hackman had spent his academical life in trying to produce a catalogue as unlike in its plan to any now in existence, and as repulsive and inconvenient in the using as possible, he could not have succeeded better. The index to his book is considerably larger than the book itself; and to use it, the student must take learning by the tail, and proceed rearwards like an irritated crab. Mr. Hackman (ominous name!) separates the addresses from the substance of the let-

ters, printing the former in the body of the work, and the latter in the index. So for every entry the reader has to turn backwards and forwards, and incur at each step, as Mr. Hackman himself must have done, a needless amount of double labor. When Mr. Hackman goes home, we suppose that he despises the door of his chambers in Christ Church, and gets in at the windows. We look for better things under the librarianship of Mr. Coxe, for we shall expect a more complete analysis of papers to be catalogued, a more intelligible order, a more thorough knowledge of the wants of modern students; in short, catalogues as unlike Mr. Hackman's, in all these respects, as Mr. Hackman's labors are unlike the labors of his predecessors and contemporaries.

THE LAST OF THE BYRONS.—The dulness of London at this season of the year has been relieved for the day by a strange glimpse into the romance of the peerage. Last week there died at Brighton, at the early age of twenty-seven, Byron Noel, Baron of Ockham and Wentworth. The heir of a large fortune, the grandson and last direct representative of the greatest of English poets, the young peer had—so the world might have judged—a brilliant career before him. He was the son of Ada Byron, the poet's only daughter, and this is almost all that is known of him positively. For some cause unknown, and only faintly surmised, the young baron never assumed his rank, never took his seat in the House of Lords, never even made his appearance in the fashionable world. Very early in life he broke off his connection with his family, willingly or not, served on board ship as a common sailor, then supported himself as a hired laborer in a Thames dock-yard, and became engaged (if he was not actually married) to a barmaid in a sailor's public house in Wapping. Then, in the first bloom of his young life, he dies suddenly by hemorrhage of the lungs, and the court papers mention his existence after years of silence. The last of the Byrons is dead; and the story of the latest descendant of that strange race is buried in the grave with him.—*London letter.*

FIRST Nunnery founded in the seventh century by Saint Erkonwald, Bishop of London, a descendant of Offa, at Berking, for his sister Saint Ethelberga.

THERE were some Nunneries founded by some of our forefathers, wherein it was appointed that some should be taught the knowledge of the Saxon tongue, on purpose to preserve it, and transmit it to posterity by communicating it down from one to another. Such was the Nunnery at Tavistock and many others which he (Archbishop Parker) could have named.—*Strype's Parker, p. 536.*

These foundations must have been made by Saxons under the Norman kings.—*Southey.*

WILLIAM sent Harold's standard to the Pope: "it was sumptuously embroidered with gold and precious stones, in the form of a man fighting."

IN THE WOODS.

AND so she learned to wander in the woods,
As if in search, not knowing where she went,
And she put on a statelier beauty, grew
More beautiful through sadness, while the years
Led her to womanhood with persuasive hands.
Not Aphrodite coming in her shell,
When those four seasons met her on the shore,
Was lovelier; being in beauty more divine,
But missing her sweet grace of humanness.
And she grew up a perfect woman pure,
With passion in her, well subdued to truth;
Saddened at most things as she went by them:
And made the Dryads weep at her sad looks.
And all her heart and being yearned for love.
She peeped into the leafy nests of birds,
And wondered what could make them twit and
sing.
—*Thomas Ashe.*

From The Economist.

The Republic of Liberia, its Products and Resources. By Gerald Ralston, Consul-General for Liberia. A Paper read before the Society of Arts, and reprinted from the "Journal of the Society of Arts," for May 23, 1862.

THE little state of Liberia owes its foundation to that very questionable and half-hearted association of slaveholders known as the American Colonization Society. But, painful as is the episode which the history of that Society forms in the annals of the "Slave Power" in America, its one good deed beyond the sea promises to survive and flourish. The settlement of Liberia, founded in 1822, was, on the 24th of August, 1847, proclaimed a free and independant state, and regularly installed as the Republic of Liberia. Acknowledged speedily by England, and afterwards by France, Belgium, Prussia, Brazil, Denmark, and Portugal, it has now, in its fortieth year, been at last recognized by the United States. The paper before us is a brief sketch of its past history and present condition by its Consul-General, Mr. Ralston, which was read before the Society of Arts last May, and was followed by an interesting discussion in which several colored gentlemen from Liberia took part. On the whole, the impression we gain of this little state is favorable and promising. In material and commercial development it is far inferior to Hayti, but it is, perhaps, capable of a higher ultimate development. Its Protestantism will render it more acceptable to Anglicized negroes than the French-Catholic republic of the West Indies; while its position as an outpost of civilization on the African continent is very important as an influence for good upon the tribes of the interior, which it endeavors to draw to itself by honest and conciliatory measures. Mr. Ralston tells us that "it has about six hundred miles of coast line, and extends back about one hundred miles on an average, but with the facility of almost indefinite extension into the interior, the natives everywhere manifesting the greatest desire that treaties should be formed with them, so that the limits of the republic may be extended over all the neighboring districts. The Liberian territory has been purchased by more than twenty treaties, and in all cases the natives have freely parted with their titles for a sat-

isfactory price. The chief solicitude has been to purchase the line of sea-coast, so as to connect the different settlements under one government, and to exclude the slave trade, which formerly was most extensively carried on at Cape Mesurado, Tradetown, Little Bassa, Digby, New Sesters, Gallinas, and other places at present within the Republic, but now happily excluded—except in a recent instance at Gallinas, under peculiar circumstances." (We wish Mr. Ralston had explained this allusion, especially as we heard, some months ago, similar rumors of a painful nature, of which we would gladly hear the correct version.)

The population at present numbers 500,000, of which 16,000 are Americo-Liberians, and the remaining 484,000 aboriginal inhabitants. We infer from Mr. Ralston's statements that the Americo-Liberians, or Anglo-Saxon negroes, as he calls them, act as pioneers and civilizers of their African brethren in several ways, and that their increase by immigration is much desired in order to stimulate industry and enterprise. "Important exports cannot be expected until greatly increased capital, and a great addition from the free negroes of the United States, shall give a greater command of skilled and industrious settlers who will be fortunate in finding abundance of native laborers at the low rate of three dollars and rations per month all through the country. . . . It is the policy of the Liberian Government to induce American immigrants to settle in the interior—some fifteen, twenty, or thirty miles from the coast—where the surface of the country is undulating and hilly, and more healthy for those freshly arrived than the coast country. Carysburg, White Plains, and Clay Ashland, are some of these interior settlements from which good results have already been experienced."

The Republic is divided into four counties, Montserrado, Grand Bassa, Sinoe, and Maryland, which are further subdivided into townships, each of the latter being "about eight miles in extent. Each town is a corporation, its affairs being managed by officers chosen by the inhabitants. Courts of monthly and quarter sessions are held in each county." Each county sends two members to the Senate, and every ten thousand persons send a member to the House of Representatives. The latter is elected for two years, the Sen-

ate for four. The President and Vice-President (who are elected for two years) must each be thirty-five years of age, and possessed of real property to the amount of six hundred dollars. "The judicial power is vested in a supreme court, and such subordinate courts as the Legislature may from time to time establish." "Such of the aborigines as have for three years previously adopted and maintained civilized habits, are entitled to the elective franchise, and a considerable number exercise this privilege." "There are native [i.e., pure African, we conclude] magistrates and jurors." This is an extremely hopeful feature, and the following facts are equally encouraging. "The English is the mother tongue of the Liberians, and they are extending its use along the coast and into the interior. Nothing is more common than for the native chiefs and the head men and other important persons among the tribes within the jurisdiction of Liberia, and even far beyond, to place their sons at the early age of three, four, or five years, in the family of the Americo-Liberians expressly to learn English and to acquire civilized habits. Among the natives, to understand English is the greatest accomplishment and

advantage; and with some of the coast tribes, a knowledge of English is beginning to be regarded as a necessary qualification for the ruling men of the chief towns."

Mr. Ralston's paper "was illustrated by a collection of the products of Liberia as sent to the International Exhibition. These consisted of specimens of cotton cloth, well manufactured, and dyed; of coffee, sugar, raw cotton, palm oil, rice, silkworm cocoons. Swords made by the natives from the iron of the country, with stone anvils and hammers, pouches, leather accoutrements for horses, and a great variety of fibres were also on the table." Iron ore abounds all over Liberia, and every species of tropical produce thrives there. Cotton grows spontaneously all over the country, and the Liberians, encouraged by the Manchester Cotton Supply Association, are now paying greater attention to its production than they have hitherto done. We rejoice to note all these hopeful tokens, and wish the fullest success to this brave little African Republic. A noble work lies before it, and we hope that every European influence that can accelerate its progress will be heartily exerted in its behalf.

THE first Alfred while he was a refugee in Ireland became "deeply versed in literature, and enriched his mind with every kind of learning." His fourth successor Celwulf was also a scholar. "Bede at the very juncture when Britain most abounded with scholars, offered his History of the Angels for correction, to this prince more especially; making choice of his authority, to confirm by his high station what had been well written; and of his learning to rectify by his talents what might be carelessly expressed."

THIS Celwulf "thinking it beneath the dignity of a Christian to be immersed in earthly things, abdicated the throne after a reign of eight years and assumed the monastic habit at Lindisfarn," where he lived and died in the odor of sanctity.

BONIFACE wrote to Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, to remonstrate with the clergy and nuns on the fineness and vanity of their dress.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 936

And Alcuin, writing to Cuthbert's successor, Athelard, reminds him that when he should come to Rome to visit the Emperor Charles the Great, he should not bring the clergy or monks, dressed in party-colored or gaudy garments, for the French clergy used only ecclesiastical habits.

A STORM AT NIGHT.

And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the
clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with
fire
In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, laden with stormy
blasts,
Or torn up sheer.

—Milton.

From The Spectator.

RELICS OF SHELLEY.*

WE regret the publication of this volume. It is evident that Shelley's most attached friends and relatives, while from delicate and honorable motives they refrain as yet from telling all they know of Shelley's—in some respects—unhappy life, lest it should give pain to surviving relatives of the persons involved, yet cannot help hovering round the subject of his more questionable actions, as the moth hovers round the candle, neither willing as yet to explain fully what might refute the worst reflections upon his conduct, nor able to let the subject sleep till the time arrives when they could do so. The literary worth of the fragments in these volumes is not such as to have demanded separate publication, even if it would have justified publication at all; and the little instalment of correspondence printed here, would have been of far more value if woven into the correspondence already published. There is, in fact, scarcely any *motive* for the book, except Mr. Garnett's rejoinder to Mr. T. L. Peacock, in reference to the conduct of Shelley towards his first wife: and this it would have been far more dignified to defer till it was possible to produce all the particulars to which so many mysterious references are made. Except a beautiful poem of Shelley which was published a few months ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and one of some merit of Mr. Garnett's own on the poet, written in the neighborhood of Mrs. Shelley's tomb, there is nothing in this book that has any literary unity or finish. It is a basket of literary chips and shavings, gathered up from the poet's workshop.

There is no writer in the whole range of English literature who will less bear this piecemeal treatment than Shelley. It is not the rich light of imaginative thought—as with Coleridge,—the passion of deep insight—as with Wordsworth,—nor the gleam of fanciful sentiment—as with Moore,—which takes hold of us,—all these might be to some extent preserved in fragments, and preserved even without loss of power. But Shelley's poems, whatever else they are meant to be, are meant at least to be felt and seen as wholes—as melodies complete in themselves, expressing some one wave of

* *Relics of Shelley.* Edited by Richard Garnett. London: Moxon & Co. 1862.

passion, which, if interrupted, is a mere spray of isolated drops,—if completed, adds another new movement to the few distinct vibrations of intellectual melody that permanently possess the imagination of youth.

To have Shelley's poetry in disjointed particles is more disappointing than to have broken atoms of a rainbow; for though there also the whole beauty consists in the rare proportions of the continuous curve, the least arc will enable us to pursue the bow of promise in imagination up to the zenith and down again to the horizon, while every *hiatus* in Shelley's many-colored thought is simply beyond all human power to supply. For example, what is this dislocated stanza worth,—part of the shining ore of Shelley's mind though it evidently is,—without the whole movement of which it must have been an essential element?—

“ At the creation of the Earth
Pleasure, that divinest birth,
From the soil of Heaven did rise
Wrapt in sweet wild melodies—
Like an exhalation wreathing
To the sound of air low-breathing
Through Æolian pines, which make
A shade and shelter to the lake
Whence it rises soft and slow;
Her life-breathing (limbs) did flow
In the Harmony divine
Of an ever-lengthening line,
Which enwrapt her perfect form
With a beauty clear and warm.”

And many of the fragments are far more fragmentary even than this is; for example, the following excluded passage in the *Adonais*:—

“ A mighty Phantasm, half concealed
In darkness of his own exceeding light,
Which clothed his awful presence unrevealed,
Charioted on the night
Of thunder-smoke, whose skirts were chrysolite
And like a sudden meteor, which outstrips
The splendor-winged chariot of the sun,
eclipse
The armies of the golden stars, each one
Pavilioned in its tent of light—all strewn
Over the chasms of blue night——”

There is, we feel, far more pain in the sense of mutilation which such passages produce—the sense of a broken melody—than pleasure in the occasional gleam of Shelley's genius which remains there; for the breathless continuity of his song, which rolls onward to the end without rest or pause, was of the true essence of Shelley's genius, and to have shattered fragments of his music is like listening to a stammering lark.

Nor is the injury to Shelley's poetry involved in this fragmentary treatment greater than that to his biography. Never was any great poet made known to the world by more fitful and inadequate biographic hints; never was there any great poet whose story stood more in need of a continuous and frank narrative, or whose nature was more susceptible of a living and distinct portraiture in such a narrative, than Shelley's. His life was like one of his own lyrics,—eager to breathlessness when the spell of action or emotion was on him,—faint to sickness in the after-mood of reaction, when it had passed away; at all times penetrated with the glow of a temperament in which selfish calculation had absolutely no share,—at all times underrating law, or rather holding the law of impulse intrinsically higher than any other, and chafing at what he called "the infinite malice of Destiny," when that which Wordsworth would have bowed before as the awful form of Duty, bade him imperatively curb the wayward impulse of the hour;—in short, a life in which the throbbing pulses of intellectualized passion can be felt distinctly at almost every point, and so unique as a whole, that his outward lot, whether as regards his errors, his persecutions, his companions, or his strange death and stranger funeral rites, seems almost the inseparable vesture of his marvellous nature.

Mr. Garnett has struck the true key to the character in the following lines:—

"That Soul of planetary birth,
Tempered for some more prosperous Earth,
Happy, by error or by guile
Rapt from the star most volatile
That speeds with fleet and fiercest might
Next to the kernel of all light,
Fallen unwelcome, unaware,
On this low world of want and care,
Mistake, misfortune, and misdeed,
Passion and pang,—where not indeed
Ever might envious dæmon quell
The ardor indestructible;
The mood scarce human or divine,
Angelie half, half infantine;
The intense, unearthly quivering
Of rapture or of suffering;
The lyre, now thrilling wild and high,
Now stately as the symphony
That times the solemn periods,
Comings and goings of the gods,
And smitten with as free a hand
As if the plectrum were a wand
Gifted with magic to unbar
The silver gate of every star:—

And truly, Shelley, thine were strains
At once to fire and freeze the veins
Such as were haply spells of dread
In the high regions forfeited,
Breathed less intelligibly for
The duller earthly auditor."

This "unearthly" form of earthly passions which marks itself so deeply on Shelley's poetry and fate, while it gives a singularly unique coloring to his whole life, was, no doubt, the real cause why there is so much both in his poetry and life which it is difficult to approach without some preconceived bias. No man of equal genius has been less adequately criticised either as a poet or a man. Even in these lines Mr. Garnett scarcely reaches the centre of the difficulty. Shelley's mysticism is not exactly of the kind which we can account for, even fancifully, by referring to its origin in another planet. It is quite true that his

"were strains
At once to fire and freeze the veins;"

but the rest of the suggested explanation seems to us scarcely to grasp the whole of the difficulty. The mysticism which runs both through his life and his poetry approaches, odd, as it may appear, very closely to a somewhat naked simplicity of nature. There was wanting in him that nameless "awe" which teaches men to feel the difference between the natural and the supernatural, and makes them hold even the most solemn impulses of their own nature in restraint. Byron, and many of Shelley's contemporaries, felt this awe and wantonly violated it. Shelley seems to us not even to have felt it. Hence the strange perfection of his pantheism. He could throw his imagination into all the forms and attitudes of natural life, and interpret them as if he were conscious of nothing higher than beauty or deformity,—without shrinking in any way from the most naturalistic view which they suggested. Hence all the marvellous passion of his poetry has about it a tone from which we shrink;—without any of the license of Byron, without anything of the erotic vulgarity of Moore, with the highest sense of the sacredness of passion, there is a bold, eager naturalism of tone, a complete absence of any sense of distinction between the supersensual and the sensuous, which gives to Shelley's writings

something of the impression that they are the poetry of a man with no "spirit" in St. Paul's sense, though with a noble "soul" as well as a sensitive physical body. This seems to us one of the central features of all his poetry. It shows senses of ethereal fire, an intellect of wonderful subtlety, a soul of pure magnanimity, but no shadow of divine responsibility, no consciousness of living under an eternal eye and will, and none of the *breadth* of sympathy and judgment which that consciousness never fails to bring. But if this be the great negative feature of this wonderful poet's writings, the jar with which it strikes upon us is indefinitely increased by these fragmentary

publications of facts bearing on the one or two central errors of his life. There is much in Shelley's life, looked at as a whole, which relieves the naked naturalism of his theory of love. But to this one focus we are again and again drawn by these unwise publications of fragments all bearing on this point. Hence we trust that Mr. Garnett's may be the last. He is not unfit to write, whenever the time shall come, a complete and harmonious life of the poet, embodying all that has yet appeared, and laying no undue stress on controverted points,—and till he does so, we hope he will not again publish on the subject.

RUSHES were used to strew the floors in Normandy when Wm. the Conqueror was born, for "at the very moment when the infant burst into life, and touched the ground he filled both hands with the rushes strewed upon the floor, firmly grasping what he had taken up." This prodigy was joyfully witnessed by the women gossiping on the occasion; and the midwife hailed the propitious omen, declaring that the boy would be a king.

"WHEN Harold was in Normandy, William took him with him in his expedition to Brittany, to make proof of his prowess, and at the same time with the deeper design of showing to him his military equipment, that he might perceive how far preferable was the Norman sword to the English battle-axe."

HAROLD's spies, before the battle of Hastings, reported that almost all the Norman army "had the appearance of priests, as they had the whole face with both lips shaven. For the English leave the upper lip unshorn, suffering the hair continually to increase; which Cæsar affirms to have been a national custom with the ancient inhabitants of Britain."

"THE English at that time wore short garments reaching to the mid-knee; they had their hair cropped, their beards shaven, their arms laden with golden bracelets, their skins adorned with *punctured designs*. They were accustomed to eat till they became surfeited, and to drink till they were sick. These latter qualities they imparted to their conquerors; as to the rest they adopted their manners."

THE editor of Rabelais says "ce qu'il y a de certain, c'est que ce furent les Goths qui introduisèrent l'usage de dîner et de souper, c'est à dire, de faire deux grands repas par jour. En quoi on s'éloigna de l'ancienne coutume qui étoit de dîner fort légèrement, et de souper à fond."

A SAXON nun wrote six plays in imitation of Terrence, but in honor of virginity. They were published at Nusenberg, 1501; but the book is singularly scarce. She wrote circiter, A.D. 980.

ALCUIN writes to the monks of Wearmouth, obliquely accusing them of having done the very thing which he begs them not to do. "Let the youths be accustomed to attend the praises of our heavenly King, not to dig up the burrows of foxes, or pursue the winding mazes of hares."

ETHELBALD of Mercia, who died 756, exempted all monasteries and churches in his kingdom from public taxes, works, and impositions, except the building of forts and bridges, from which none can be released.

He also gave the servants of God "perfect liberty in the product of their woods and lands, and the right of fishing." Ergo, there were rights of the feudal character, and game laws before the conquest.

ATHELSTAL, his hair was "flaxen, as I have seen by his reliques, and beautifully wreathed with golden threads." Was he then buried with his hair thus disposed? This was a fashion at Troy, see the death of Euphorbus.

From The Economist.

THE COMING CONTEST IN BRAZIL.

THE *Revue des deux Mondes* has recently contained some papers on the state of Brazil as novel as they are instructive. The great empire of South America is in many respects so wonderfully like the great republic of the North, that it is all but impossible to read the flaming history of the one without being brought to think of the other, and, seeing the effect of slavery on democratic institutions, to follow with curious eye its result in a monarchy. The same British ships which had brought back our troops from the United States, escorted King Joao over from Portugal into Brazil, and while a new republic grew up on one side of the Atlantic, a new kingdom of equal extent developed itself on the other. It was to be a singular trial between monarchy and republic, such as the world never saw before. A territory of three million square miles on either side; an endless shore, splendid rivers, and everything that conduces to the greatness of nations, were supplied in abundance by nature. There was not a spot in the whole picture to mar its brilliancy, except the almost unobserved sign of cancer, hidden in the one "domestic institution."

The first visible appearance of the disease was almost simultaneous in both countries. The influence of Great Britain having destroyed the main sources of the traffic in human flesh and blood, almost identical phenomena began to develop themselves in the great Republic of the North and the great kingdom of the South. In both free labor began to encroach upon slavery, pushing the "institution" onward from the moderate zone towards the equator, and fixing a geographical boundary between liberty and bondage. Previous to the treaty between England and Brazil for the abolition of the slave trade (1826), a full-grown black man was to be bought at Rio de Janeiro for about £20, while a few years after his price rose to double the amount. The treaty was not observed by any means; but the commerce in "ebony wood" grew more hazardous, and the trader had to be paid for his risk. For about thirty years longer some fifty thousand slaves were annually imported into Brazil, the cargoes gradually rising in price, and completely changing in character. While the traffic in black men was open and undis-

turbed, the trader loaded his ships in the easiest possible manner by embarking whole families of negroes; but when the voyage became difficult, the cargo had to be picked, and only strong bone and muscle were carried to the market, while the weak, the women and children, had to stop behind. This had the double consequence of restricting the field of slavery, and of altering the mode of slave industry. It was at the same period that both the American and Brazilian slaveholders began to neglect the old system of husbandry, and to confine themselves to the more profitable cultivation of a single article—the cotton-plant in the north, the coffee-tree in the south. It was found that the black machine, not much given to, and not much allowed to think, was not able to compete with the free white in the ordinary branches of field labor, which are directed to the production of food, and require, on account of the diversity of cultivation, a certain amount of intelligence. The free man, on the other hand, had no desire to be connected with a most monotonous exercise of mere physical force, and contented himself, both in the north and south of America, with confining the new staple industry within a given boundary. It was thus that the slave power, having entirely changed its old form, grew up into a political, social, and commercial monopoly, forming a state within a state. Neither the ultra-democratic institutions of the North American republic nor the monarchic form of government in the South, were of any avail to check the growth of the disease, but both led exactly to the same result.

There is reason to believe that the Emperor Pedro II. has not only been long ago fully alive to the dangers of the situation, but that he has a strong personal antipathy to the traffic in human flesh and blood. His majesty, and at least two of his constitutional advisers in the present ministry, have long stood forward against the encroachments of the slave power, but with, on the whole, as little success as the abolition party in the United States. This is the more convincing in respect to the important question whether a monarchical government would have prevented the present awful strife in North America, because the constitutional activity of the Brazilian emperor is by no means confined within narrow limits.

According to the charter of 1831, the government of the empire is vested in two powers, the legislative and the executive, the latter entirely under the control of the sovereign. The legislature consists of a Senate of fifty-four members, appointed by the emperor, and a House of Representatives, elected by the suffrages of all free citizens having property to the amount of two hundred milreas, or about £35 annually. This must be acknowledged to be a strong monarchical constitution, yet it has been as ineffective hitherto in dealing with the "institution" as the most advanced republic. The slave power in Brazil, so far from being repressed by the strong arm of an enlightened sovereign, is, on the contrary, increasing its influence from year to year, to the absorption of nearly the whole administrative machinery of the state—a phenomenon well worth studying by both the friends and the enemies of republican institutions.

The present political situation of the great South American empire is of a very extraordinary kind. The country, over all its vast extent of territory, has only some eight million inhabitants, but of these nearly one-half are slaves. Thanks to the vigilance of English cruisers, the African traffic is at this moment all but suppressed, and the coffee-planter on the Amazon, like the cotton-planter on the Mississippi, has to look for his supply of hands to home-grown material. Thus slavery is concentrating itself in the northern regions of the empire, while a continual stream of free labor is flowing in at the south. It is true, the immigration into Brazil of German, Swiss, Dutch, and Danish laborers, though highly encouraged by the Imperial Government, is but small as compared with the human tide which continued rushing into the Northern Republic up to the last year or two; but it has been most effective, nevertheless, among a more limited population, and has produced already some of the results visible in the United States, in the pressure of white crowds against black. The Germans, in particular, have established in the province of Rio-Grande-do-Sul, some very flourishing settlements, which are likely to become, at no very distant time, the Massachusetts of Southern America. It is a noticeable fact that the nucleus of these Saxon colonies was formed on an immense estate belonging to the Prince de Joinville,

the heir apparent (or father-to the heir apparent) of the throne of Brazil. The prince received the territory as a dowry on his marriage with the sister of Pedro II., and by making it over to an enterprising community of free settlers, has very probably done more for the abolition of slavery, than by enrolling his nephews under the banner of General McClellan. So much is certain, that wherever these colonists are setting their foot in Brazil, slavery is retreating before them. The labor of the black man had previously degraded agricultural industry in the country to such an extent that not even the plow was known to the masters of the land some thirty years ago, and was looked upon, in the hands of the German immigrants, as an absolutely new invention. No wonder, then, that the empire of Brazil, which might produce corn enough to feed the whole globe, has not sufficient for its own inhabitants, but must import food from neighboring States unaffected with the "institution."

There are all the signs that the battle of slavery must be fought one day quite the same in monarchical Brazil as it is now in republican North America, though in all likelihood the struggle will be less severe. It almost seems that the slave lords in the southern empire are already preparing for it, and trimming their sails for the coming storm. The power of the party lies chiefly in the nineteen provincial assemblies, the establishment of which dates back to 1835, a time when Brazil was torn by internal disorders, ending in a general rising of the slaves in the north. To subdue the mutinous negroes, the local parliaments were temporarily invested with considerable powers, which they have retained ever since. The jurisdiction of these assemblies, composed almost entirely of slave-owners, is analogous to that granted to the individual States of the North American republic, and is exercised very nearly to the same ends as in the Southern States previous to the outbreak of the war. As a consequence, the Imperial Government is helpless in many respects, and the central parliament even must give way oftener than is desirable to local influence. It does not seem at all likely that king and ministers will get the upperhand in this struggle, which has been going on now for many years, with increasing gain to the slave power. What is more probable is

that the free element in the Southern Brazilian States, strong already in Santa-Catharina, Rio-Grande-do-Sul, and two or three other provinces, will conquer the oligarchic rule in the local assemblies, making the struggle similar to what it has been in the North American Union. In this case secession would be ripe at once, to be suppressed either by the central Government, or to end in the establishment of new and completely independent states. The movement has, to some extent, begun already, in the opposition of Pernambuco and Bahia, the two most important cities of Brazil, next to Rio de Janeiro, to the Imperial Government. To subdue the threatening storm, one governor after another is despatched into the malcontent provinces, in order to watch the symptoms of rebellion, without having sufficient time to participate in it. Some of the last presidents of Pernambuco scarcely enjoyed more than a month of office, and cases have happened in which a fortnight's government was all the time allowed. The wisdom of such a system of mistrust seems extremely doubtful, and little fitted to ensure the otherwise uncertain victory of monarchical institutions over an oligarchical slave power.

From The Press, 13 Sept.

EUROPEAN PROSPECTS.

THE minds of men on the continent of Europe are still much excited by the extraordinary events of the last few days. The connivance of Victor Emmanuel and his ministers in the earlier proceedings of Garibaldi, their subsequent determination, at the bidding of the Emperor Napoleon, to adopt decisive measures for the suppression of the movement, the conflict at Aspromonte, the defeat and capture of Garibaldi, and the dangerous character of one of the wounds which he received in the short encounter, form topics not only of animated discussion, but also for serious reflection in every part of Europe. These events have,

moreover, had the effect of bringing into prominent notice the kind of influence wielded by the Emperor of the French in Italian affairs. Some of the French organs openly declare that both Italian unity and German unity are incompatible with the grandeur, or more correctly speaking with the ascendancy, of France. Hence, we are assured, it is her policy to oppose, both on the Rhine and in the Italian peninsula, that consolidation of power by which alone the integrity either of Italy or Germany can be secured. The Italians display considerable irritation at the audacity with which the designs of the emperor against the independence of their country are avowed. This is greatly increased by the feeling which prevails that Garibaldi has been sacrificed both by the king and his ministers, to satisfy the ambitious views of Napoleon. The critical state of Garibaldi's health, caused by the severity of one of the wounds which he received in the late encounter, serves to add fuel to the flame of public indignation. In the mean time the conviction gains ground that Ratazzi will be compelled to give place to Ricasoli.

Uneasiness also prevails to a considerable extent in France, where the emperor has, by his doubtful policy towards the Papacy, and his hostile attitude towards Italy, created a host of enemies. Marshal M'Mahon is at the head of a new military party now rising in that country. It possesses great influence and numbers in its ranks most of the marshals and generals. The empress is said to regard this new party with favor, and we need scarcely add that the Pope has no more ardent admirer and supporter than Marshal M'Mahon. This alliance between the military and clerical parties—the most powerful in France—is ominous, and may in a great measure explain the recent vacillations of the French emperor in respect to Italian questions in general. It is evident that affairs on the Continent are gradually assuming a very menacing aspect, and it is only by the exercise of the greatest caution that a painful explosion can be averted.

From The Examiner.

MR. GLAISHER'S ACCOUNT OF THE LATE
HIGH BALLOON ASCENT AT
WOLVERHAMPTON.

On the earth at 1h. 3m. the temperature of the air was 59 deg., at the height of one mile it was 39 deg., and shortly afterwards we entered a cloud of about 1,100 feet in thickness, in which the temperature of the air fell to 36 1-2 deg., and the wet bulb thermometer read the same, showing that the air here was saturated with moisture. On emerging from the cloud at 1h. 17m. we came into a flood of light, with a beautiful blue sky, without a cloud above us, and a magnificent sea of cloud below, its surface being varied with endless hills, hillocks, mountain chains, and many snow-white masses rising from it. I here tried to take a view with the camera, but we were rising with too great rapidity, and going round and round too quickly to enable me to do so; the flood of light, however, was so great, that all I should have needed would have been a momentary exposure, as Dr. Hill Norris had kindly furnished me with extremely sensitive dry plates for the purpose. When we reached two miles in height, at 1h. 21m., the temperature had fallen to the freezing point. We were three miles high at 1h. 28m., with a temperature of 18 deg.; at 1h. 39m. we had reached four miles, and the temperature was 8 deg.; in ten minutes more we had reached the fifth mile, and the temperature had passed below zero, and then read minus 2 deg., and at this point no dew was observed on Regnault's Hygrometer when cooled down to minus 30 deg. Up to this time I had taken the observations with comfort. I had experienced no difficulty in breathing, whilst Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the necessary exertions he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time. At 1h. 51m. the barometer reading was 11.05 inches, but which requires a subtractive correction of 0.25 inch, as found by comparison with Lord Wrottesley's standard barometer just before starting, both by his lordship and myself, which would reduce it to 10.8 inches, or at a height of about 5 3-4 miles. I read the dry bulb thermometer as minus 5 deg.; in endeavoring to read the wet bulb I could not see the column of mercury. I rubbed my eyes, then took a lens and also failed. I then tried to read the

other instruments, and found I could not do so, nor see the hands of the watch. I asked Mr. Coxwell to help me, and he said he must go into the ring and he would when he came down. I endeavored to reach some brandy which was lying on the table, at the distance of about a foot from my hand, and found myself unable to do so. My sight became more dim. I looked at the barometer and saw it between 10 and 11 inches, and tried to record it, but was unable to write. I then saw it at 10 inches, still decreasing fast, and just noted it in my book; its true reading, therefore, at this time was about 9 3-4 inches, implying a height of 5 3-4 miles, as a change of one inch in the reading of the barometer at this elevation takes place on a change of height of 2,500 feet. I felt I was losing all power, and endeavored to rouse myself by struggling and shaking. I attempted to speak, and found I had lost the power. I attempted to look at the barometer again; my head fell on one side; I struggled and got it right, and it fell on the other, and finally fell backwards. My arm, which had been resting on the table, fell down by my side. I saw Mr. Coxwell dimly in the ring; it became more misty, and finally dark, and I sank unconsciously as in sleep. This must have been about 1h. 54m. I then heard Mr. Coxwell say, "What is the temperature? Take an observation. Now try." But I could neither see, move, nor speak. I then heard him speak more emphatically, "Take an observation. Now, do try." I shortly afterwards opened my eyes, saw the instruments and Mr. Coxwell very dimly, and soon saw clearly, and said to Mr. Coxwell, "I have been insensible;" and he replied, "You have, and I nearly." I recovered quickly, and Mr. Coxwell said, "I have lost the use of my hands, give me some brandy to bathe them." His hands were nearly black. I saw the temperature was still below zero, and the barometer reading 11 inches, but increasing quickly. I resumed my observations at 2h. 7m., recording the barometer reading 11.53 inches and the temperature minus 2. I then found that the water in the vessel supplying the wet-bulb thermometer, which I had by frequent disturbances kept from freezing, was one mass of ice. Mr. Coxwell then told me that whilst in the ring he felt it piercingly cold, that hoar frost was all round the neck of the

balloon, and on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen, and he got down how he could; that he found me motionless, with a quiet and placid expression on the countenance; he spoke to me without eliciting a reply, and found I was insensible. He then said he felt that insensibility was coming over himself, that he became anxious to open the valve, that his hands failed him, and that he seized the line between his teeth and pulled the valve open until the balloon took a turn downwards. This act is quite characteristic of Mr. Coxwell. I have never yet seen him without a ready means of meeting every difficulty as it has arisen, with a cool self-possession that has always left my mind perfectly easy, and given to me every confidence in his judgment in the management of so large a balloon. On asking Mr. Coxwell whether he had noticed the temperature, he said he could not, as the faces of the instrument were all towards me; but that he had noticed that the centre of the aneroid barometer, its blue hand, and a rope attached to the car, were in the same straight line; if so, the reading must have been between 7 and 8 inches. A height of 6 1-2 miles corresponds to 8 inches. A delicate self-registering minim thermometer read minus 12 deg., but unfortunately I did not read it till I was out of the car, and I cannot say that its index was not disturbed on descending. When the temperature rose to 17 deg. it was remarked as warm, and 24 deg. as very warm. The temperature gradually and constantly increased to 57 deg. on reaching the ground. It was remarked that the sand was warm to the hand, and steamed on being discharged. Six pigeons were taken up—one was thrown out at the height of three miles, it extended its wings and dropped as a piece of paper; a second at four miles flew vigorously round and round, apparently taking a great dip at each time. A third was thrown out between four and five miles, and it fell downwards. A fourth was thrown out at four miles when descending; it flew in a circle, and shortly alighted on the balloon. The two remaining pigeons were brought down to the ground. One was found dead, and the other a "carrier," had attached to its neck a note. It would not, however, leave, and when cast off the finger returned to the hand. After a quarter of an hour it began to peck a piece of

ribbon by which its neck was encircled, and it was then jerked off the finger, and it flew with some vigor finally towards Wolverhampton. Not one however had returned when I left on the afternoon of the 6th. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Proud, the engineer of the gas works, for the production of gas of such a small specific gravity. It would seem from these facts that five miles is very nearly the limit of human existence. It is possible, as the effect of each high ascent upon myself has been different, that in another I might be able to go higher; and it is possible that some persons may be able to exist with less air and bear a greater degree of cold, but still I think prudence would say to all, whenever the barometer reading falls as low as eleven inches, open the valve at once, the increased information to be attained is not commensurate with the increased risk.

Sept. 9. JAMES GLAISHER.

From Punch.

AWFUL SCENE AT BIARRITZ.

The MAN OF SILENCE has just entered his dressing-room near the sea. The door of the apartment is violently burst open, and enter to him the MAN OF FLEET STREET.

Mr. Punch. I say. Come.

The Emperor. Come where, my friend, and would you shut that door, as there is no end of a draught?

Mr. P. You are surprised to see me?

The E. I am never surprised.

Mr. P. Well then, I am, sometimes. And this is one of the times. How came you to run away from Paris without seeing me?

The E. My friend!

Mr. P. Oh, bother, don't friend me. I consider that you have behaved uncommonly rudely, and that's all about it.

The E. If so, *allons!*

Mr. P. All very fine, but you don't impose upon me with your reticence. A Frenchman thinks it such a miracle that a man is able to hold his tongue, that you astonish your subjects by your silence, but we are not to be done that way. What are you going to do?

The E. Bathe.

Mr. P. I say—not too much of that sort of thing with me. I like the epigrammatic as well as anybody, but there is a time when

it is a man's business to open his mouth. Is there not?

The E. At seven. Come. Don't dress.

Mr. P. I'll tell you what, Elected of the Millions, you'll rile me presently. Yes, I will dine with you, but look here. I have come to you upon the Italian question, and I demand to know your intentions. I ought to be aware of everything!

The E. Who is, if not you?

Mr. P. A very proper compliment, Louis Napoleon, but I am not exactly in the mood for compliments at this present speaking. It is perfectly clear that a crisis has arrived, and that the eyes of all Europe are now turned upon you.

The E. Rude of Europe.

[*Draws down blind.*]

Mr. P. My dear Emperor, I am not here to learn that you have plenty of *esprit*, or that you might write a whole *Charivari* by yourself, if you could get your censor's leave to publish. Now let me have a serious answer to a serious question. What order have you sent to your General in Rome?

The E. The Legion of Honor.

Mr. P. Nephew of your Uncle, do not provoke me too much, for this is very hot weather, and I have a temper to match. Garibaldi has made his attempt, is defeated, and is a wounded prisoner. The movement is at an end.

The E. How carefully you have read the papers.

Mr. P. You want to put me into a passion, do you, Sire? Then you just sha'n't. Now, Mr. Protector of Rome, you perceive that the good King, Victor Emmanuel, is quite capable of protecting Rome without your aid, and so you may march out with perfect comfort—for the door is open.

The E. (*Looks at handle.*) No, it is closed, but I thank you.

Mr. P. You will not have much reason to thank me, presently. Do you hear what I say? Rome does not want you there any longer. So are you going to walk out?

The E. With the Empress, at two.

Mr. P. Emperor, you have no business in the Eternal City. I tell you that your occupation is indefensible.

The E. (*Shows paper.*) Why, I am only drawing caricatures for my child.

Mr. P. Your occupation of Rome, Sire. You understand me perfectly well.

The E. Who misunderstands lucidity personified?

Mr. P. I am all that, no doubt. But I repeat my question, and I demand a response.

The E. Amen!

Mr. P. What do you mean by that!

The E. (*mildly.*) That is a response, I believe. At least I have always understood so from the priests.

Mr. P. Emperor of the French, or rather of France, a dark thought strikes me. Is it possible that you have not made up your mind upon the course you are to adopt? If so I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. But if you are in doubt, it is well I came. I will direct you as to the course.

The E. De Morny manages my racing.

Mr. P. Does he? I wish your Imperial Stableship much joy. You are dexterous, Sire, but I return to the charge, and I design to do so again and again until I have elicited the truth. What line are you going to take?

The E. For my return to Paris? There is but one. We do not waste money on half a dozen railways to the same place, like certain islanders. The South-Western.

Mr. P. Son of Queen Hortense, would you do me the favor to avoid levity when we are speaking on a grave subject.

The E. We? You.

Mr. P. Ah, yes, but you shall speak on it also before I have done with you. If you are firm, I am obstinate. Sire, it is now as useless as it is unjust for you to continue your occupation of Rome. Do you intend to bring it to an end.

The E. Rome? Fate forbid!

Mr. P. What—what do you mean by Rome?

The E. The capital of —

Mr. P. (*eagerly.*) Ah?

The E. (*smiles.*) Of the temporal dominions of his Holiness the Pope.

Mr. P. Bah, but what do you mean by invoking Fate about Rome?

The E. You asked me, my valued friend, whether I intended to destroy Rome, or you used words to that effect.

Mr. P. When the Artful Dodger dies you shall be Dodger, though I *had* promised the place to your friend Dizzy. Are you not going to let me into your confidence; me, *Punch*, your truest and best ally?

The E. I am. Pardon me that I have hesitated, but it was in the hopes of gaining from your wisdom some new light upon my situation.

Mr. P. (blushing.) Nay, I am sure that I shall be but too happy, Sire, to afford you any new light in my power.

The E. You can give me much. Would you touch the spring of that blind?

Mr. P. (does so. The blind flies up.) Well, Sire?

The E. (smiles.) You see, I did not overrate your ability.

Mr. P. By Jove! But I'll keep my temper.

The E. It is always well to do so. In reward for your heroic effort, walk up-stairs and see the Empress, and tell her that you are coming to dinner. And she will show you the child. If you are good-natured, you will tell him a story.

Mr. P. (with profound intention.) Shall I tell him that the child of the First Napoleon was King of Rome.

The E. (with intense explosion.) Ha! You have—but no matter, no matter. Go to the Empress, my dear friend, go to the Empress.

[*Rushes out.*]

Mr. P. He has dashed into the sea with his clothes on. But I have undressed his soul. Ha!

[*Is left in an attitude, considering several things.*]

From Punch.

THE NAGGLETONS.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

The Scene represents the Parlor, Hall, and Doorsteps of a genteel house in the suburbs of the Metropolis. Various boxes, done up in white and corded, also portmanteaus and carpet-bags, also a bonnet-box, and a bundle of umbrellas, sticks, and a fishing-rod, are disposed in the Hall.

Mr. Naggleton (fussing about.) Now, Maria, it is nine o'clock.

Mrs. N. (looking as objectionable as a woman always does when she has a travelling dress on, no gloves, and a cross aspect.) Well, what if it is?

Mr. N. Train starts at 9.40.

Mrs. N. That's ten minutes to ten.

Mr. N. No, it isn't.

Mrs. N. Yes, it is.

Mr. N. I tell you it is twenty minutes to ten, and we have got to get to the Station.

Mrs. N. You need not tell me that. Do you think I suppose the train starts from this door?

Mr. N. No; but if we are to catch it, we ought to be off.

Mrs. N. What nonsense! As if we should be three-quarters of an hour going there.

Mr. N. Why no, for if we are, we shall miss the train by five minutes.

Mrs. N. No, we sha'n't, but you are always in such a fidget, and you like to be an hour before time.

Mr. N. Better so than an hour after it. Are you ready?

Mrs. N. I don't know. What's that noise?

Mr. N. The cab. I sent for it.

Mrs. N. That you might have to pay the man for waiting half an hour. Just like you.

Mr. N. If you are going to keep him half an hour, say so.

Mrs. N. What then?

Mr. N. Then, I'll go into the city, and we will adjourn our departure till to-morrow.

Mrs. N. If I don't go to-day, I won't go at all.

Mr. N. If you don't go to-day, it will be your own fault.

Mrs. N. No, it will not; it will be yours.

Mr. N. How the — I mean how do you make that out?

Mrs. N. Why, you keep nagging at me, and bewildering me till I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels. Have you got the bunch of keys?

Mr. N. I've never seen the bunch of keys.

Mrs. N. I gave 'em to you in the bedroom.

Mr. N. You did nothing of the kind. There they are in your basket.

Mrs. N. Then you must have put 'em there.

Mr. N. How could that be when you had the basket on your arm all the time. But you've got them—what else have you got to dawdle for?

Mrs. N. Oh, there! I declare I had rather stay in town all the rest of my life than be hunted and driven like this. Have you written the directions for the luggage?

Mr. N. Lor, woman, yes, and stuck 'em on an hour ago.

Mrs. N. I dare say they'll all come off in the journey.

Mr. N. I dare say they'll do nothing of the kind.

Mrs. N. You know they all did when we went to Boulogne.

Mr. N. I know that one did, which was your own putting on. Mine I pasted firmly on that occasion, and they are on the boxes now.

Mrs. N. Yes, disfiguring them, and making them look like I don't know what.

Mr. N. Can't we finish the Boulogne dispute in the cab, as the time is getting on? But you like to be late—you think it fine.

Mrs. N. How can you talk such rubbish?

Mr. N. I ask you again what the——what are we waiting for?

Mrs. N. We are waiting till I am ready, and are likely to wait till then.

Mr. N. I wish I knew within half an hour or so how soon that would be, because I would like a stroll and a cigar.

Mrs. N. You would vex the soul out of a saint.

Mr. N. I never had the chance of trying. But, my dear, I should like to go to Worthing to-day, unless you have any strong objection. (*Rings.*)

Mrs. N. What are you ringing for?

Mr. N. Sarah, to see the boxes in the cab.

Mrs. N. She is up-stairs with the children.

Mr. N. What business has she there?

Mrs. N. I sent her.

Mr. N. Pray what for? Where's Morton, whose business it is to attend to them?

Mrs. N. Perhaps, Henry, you will permit me to manage my servants in my own way?

Mr. N. It seems to me that they manage you.

Mrs. N. I can't answer such vulgarity.

Mr. N. I know you can't answer what I say. But, once more, who is to attend to the boxes, if you send the servants out of the way in this ridiculous manner?

Mrs. N. You have no more feeling for your children than a stone. I desired the servants to stay up-stairs with the poor things, that they might not know that we were going away.

Mr. N. Pack of nonsense, they must know it half an hour later, and what's the sense of spoiling children in that absurd way?

Mrs. N. It's very little chance our children have of being spoiled, Henry. I do

not suppose that there is another father in the terrace who would be happy in leaving town without taking his children with him.

Mr. N. Now how in the name of everything that is——

Mrs. N. Your language is getting perfectly horrible, Henry. They say such things are a sign of incipient softening of the brain. I hope it may not be true, but Dr. Winslow is certainly an authority.

Mr. N. Bosh! I was only saying how could the children have gone with us, when James expressly said in his invitation that he had only one room to offer?

Mrs. N. And you were so eager to accept that invitation, while if we had accepted Aunt Flaggerty's, we could all have gone; but Aunt Flaggerty doesn't fish, and smoke, and drink gin and water in the evening.

Mr. N. It may be so.

Mrs. N. Henry! If you dare to insult a relative who is so dear to me, in your own mind, common decency might induce you to keep such sentiments to yourself.

Mr. N. I never said a word against the old lady. But I certainly had no great inclination for evenings of reading Alison, and soda-water and bedroom candles at half-past nine.

Mrs. N. Of course you think of nobody but yourself.

Mr. N. Yes, I think of you, and how pleased and amiable you will look when we get to the terminus and find the doors closed, as we certainly shall.

Mrs. N. We shall do nothing of the kind.

Mr. N. I believe you are right, we shall find them open again, and the clerks giving tickets for the next train, which does not go to Worthing.

Mrs. N. It will be all your own fault if we do, standing here annoying me instead of putting the boxes into the cab.

Mr. N. It's not my business. Let the servants do it.

Mrs. N. There, hold your tongue. I will do it. (*Seizes a vast box.*)

Mr. N. Maria, are you mad?

Mrs. N. It is enough to make me so, being nagged and worried as I am.

Mr. N. Here (*opens street-door*), cabman!

Cabman. Here you are, sir!

Mr. N. I know that, but I want *you* here. Put these things in and about the cab.

Cabman. Heavy load, rather, sir, aint it, sir? How many might be going, sir?

Mr. N. There might be twenty, but there are but two.

Mrs. N. That is right, Henry, and just like you. Standing to exchange wretched jokes with the lower orders, and every minute valuable, if we are to catch the train.

Mr. N. Go ahead, my good fellow. I'll make it right.

Cabman. All serene, sir.

[Attacks the boxes.]

Mrs. N. That's just like you, Henry. First you joke with an inferior, and then, of course, you undertake to pay him whatever he may try to extort. Yesterday, poor Peter could not have a new cart, because it was throwing away money, but his father can give anything to an insolent cabman.

Mr. N. We shall have a break-down with all that luggage as sure as eggs is eggs. Ah, the first Mrs. Naggleton travelled with one portmanteau.

Mrs. N. The second Mrs. Naggleton happens to be a Lady.

[At this point the conversation of course begins to grow too terrible for publication, but they get off at last.]

COAL-TAR COLORS.

ONE of the most prominent features in the Eastern Annex at the Exhibition is the gorgeous display made by the artificial coloring matters derived from coal-tar. Messrs. Perkin and Son, the originators of this new and important branch of industry, exhibit a very complete and beautiful collection, illustrating their manufacture of mauve dye or aniline purple. Commencing with the crude coal-tar, we have a complete series of the different stages of its manufacture, up to a gigantic block of the pure dye itself, upwards of a cubic foot in bulk, and said to be the product of the distillation of two thousand tons of coal. In illustration of the tinctorial properties of this dye, they exhibit a large glass jar, filled with a beautiful violet solution, the color of which is said to be communicated to it by one grain of the dye. As a pendant to this, there is shown on the opposite side a similar jar, filled with thick black coal-tar,—an amount which, by appropriate treatment,

would yield one grain of the coloring matter. The centre part of the case is filled with dyed specimens of all kinds, in skeins and fabrics, together with the various mordants used, illustrating the varieties of tint produced by modifications in the dyeing process. This collection is very complete, and has attracted great attention from our intelligent foreign visitors, who for the last month have been devoting themselves, officially or privately, to the examination of the substances in this class.

Specimens illustrating the manufacture of the beautiful magenta dye, a close relative of aniline purple, and obtained from the same source, are contributed by the firm of Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson. The most striking object in this case—indeed, we might almost say one of the lions of this department of the Exhibition—is the magnificent crown, formed of enormous crystals of acetate of rosaniline, the chemical name of the pure magenta dye. The remarkable property which this body possesses of reflecting, when in the solid state, the opposite color to that which it gives when used as a dye, is here shown in a striking manner. The color of the crystals is of a remarkably brilliant and rich metallic green, only equalled by the shade observed in the plumage of some birds, and on the bodies and wings of a few insects. The production of a crown like this forcibly illustrates the gigantic scale of operations upon which this firm does business; the value of the substance composing the crown, merely regarding it in the light of a coloring matter, is upwards of £700, and we understand that the solution from which it was crystallized contained more than £2,000 worth of material. The scientific student will feel an interest in examining the enormous size of some of the crystals composing this crown, and of others lying in a dish by its side, and then comparing them with the almost microscopic size of those exhibited in one or two other cases. Most unfortunately the gorgeous brilliancy of the green metallic reflection from this salt is gradually failing under the influence of light, giving place to a somewhat unpleasant brown tarnish. The original color may still be seen upon close examination of those portions of the material which are in the shade, especially if the visitor directs his attention to two smaller

crowns which have recently been deposited by this firm on a neighboring counter; but the effect, beautiful as it is even now, bears no comparison to the exquisite lustre which the large crown bore on our first inspection of it, as it was being deposited in its case. In other parts of the collection exhibited by the same firm, are displayed materials illustrating the manufacture, in all its stages, from the coal tar naphtha, nitro-benzol, aniline, arsenic acid, up to the salts which possess and confer the color. There is also a specimen of a new yellow dye derived from aniline, respecting which we regret that further particulars are not given, as we understand it possesses many valuable and much-desired qualities. It is also to be regretted that these exhibitors have not, like the Messrs. Perkin, shown specimens dyed by these different colors. In addition to the cases already mentioned, there are other specimens of aniline dyes in different parts of the building, including some of the new aniline green or dianthine, respecting which we may remark, that unless the coloring matter possess other valuable properties, such as extra permanency, ease of application, cheapness, etc., we scarcely think that the tint here shown will cause it to prove a formidable rival to the green coloring matters already in use. All these aniline dyes can claim Mr. Perkin as their parent, and thus this gentleman deserves more prominent notice than would even be accorded to him from merely an inspection of his case. That and the one shown by Messrs. Simpson may be regarded as almost complete illustrations of a manufacture which has so rapidly become an important branch of our national industry. These cases will be looked upon with much interest by our readers after the very complete history of the manufacture lately given by Dr. Hofmann before the members of the Royal Institution and reported in our pages, and they will not fail to appreciate the intelligence of the chemist who succeeded in converting some of our most nauseous and repulsive by-products of gas manufacture into these lovely colors, and the commercial skill which has enabled them to be economically prepared on such a scale as to enable England to cease from being a dye-importing, and become a dye-exporting, country.—

London Review.

BLACK LEAD.

SINCE the failure of the black-lead mines at Borrowdale, Cumberland, the discovery of a new source of this valuable mineral has been a matter of considerable importance. The International Exhibition contains several magnificent specimens; the Siberian black-lead trophy recently erected in the nave, introduces an entirely new locality for the supply of graphite. The mineral in the trophy is carved and polished into a variety of shapes, so that it is somewhat difficult to judge of its quality from a mere inspection; but in the Siberian Court several blocks of the graphite may be seen just as they came from the mine, and may be thoroughly examined by those who take an interest in the subject. The mineral seems tolerably good, and occurs in considerable masses and veins a foot or eighteen inches in thickness. We are not acquainted with an exact analysis of it, but we believe it contains a somewhat large quantity of oxide of iron, which would materially diminish its commercial value. Whilst this Siberian graphite, owing to its prominent position, has been the subject of much comment, the equally fine specimens exhibited in the Canadian department have been passed over almost unnoticed. The quality of this, as far as can be judged from a mere inspection, appears to be very good,—it has a foliated texture, the laminæ being flexible. The masses are very large, quite equal to those from Siberia, and altogether we think that these mines will prove a valuable addition to the already known sources of black lead. Several good specimens of graphite are also exhibited from Ceylon, India, and other places, but none equal the Siberian or Canadian mineral in magnitude and beauty. A fine collection of specimens of plumbago, from most of the known localities, is also shown by the Plumbago Crucible Company.

A most interesting and instructive series of specimens illustrating a new mode of treating and purifying graphite, is exhibited by the discoverer of the process, Dr. Brodie, professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford. By this mode of treatment the commonest variety of graphite, which can be obtained plentifully, but is of very little value, can be converted into cakes equal to the best native varieties of the mineral. The coarse lumps, containing a large pro-

portion of oxide of iron, silica, and other gritty materials, are first finely powdered, and boiled in hydrochloric acid, to remove lime, part of the iron, and similar impurities. The next operation consists in heating the dried powder with a mixture of diluted sulphuric acid and chlorate of potash. This mixture has the property of evolving a considerable quantity of oxygen gas when it is heated, and the graphite enters into some sort of combination with this gas and the acid, the nature of which is, however, not very well understood. Professor Brodie shows specimens of this sulphuric acid compound; in appearance it is very similar to the coarsely powdered graphite, the lustre, however, being somewhat different. When this is heated in the dry state a remarkable change takes place; the gas which is intimately combined with the graphite is suddenly evolved, and tears the particles of the mineral asunder, swelling it up to twenty or thirty times its original volume, and reducing it to a most intimate state of division. The operation being almost parallel to that brought out some years ago by Claussen for treating flax, the fibres of which were blown out and disintegrated in a similar manner by the sudden liberation of carbonic acid in the pores, reducing it to a material similar to cotton. The disintegrated graphite is then shaken up with water, and the coarser particles, consisting of gritty matter, etc., quickly fall to the bottom of the liquid, the graphite remaining suspended. This is then poured off from the heavier particles, and the suspended graphite separated from it by filtration, or other means, and dried. In this form it presents the appearance of shrivelled up leaves, not unlike some of Dr. Hassell's tea. It has the color of black lead, but is quite devoid of lustre, and is excessively light, so much so that it is almost impossible to remove the cover from the jar without sending a cloud of the powder into the air. The original appearance of the graphite can, however, be restored to this light powder by pressure: a portion squeezed between the thumb and finger immediately flakes into one mass, and the slightest friction communicates to it a brilliant lustre. The last of the series of bottles exhibited by the professor contains several solid lumps of graphite produced by squeezing the powder together under immense pressure. We

should imagine from the appearance of them that they are not such favorable specimens as could be produced by forcing the particles of the powder together in some of the hydraulic presses specially constructed for this purpose, the air being at the same time exhausted from its pores. By this mode of treatment we have no doubt that blocks superior in quality to the finest native black lead could be obtained. The product may be considered as chemically pure carbon, and leaves no appreciable amount of ash on incineration. Professor Brodie's process has now been before the scientific world for some years, but we are not aware that it has yet been taken up commercially by any firm; this apathy on the part of our manufacturers is rather surprising, as the process seems to offer no practical difficulties, whilst the expense of converting an almost waste product into a very valuable substance is but trifling.

Part of an Article in The Examiner.

The Marquis of Dalhousie's Administration of British India. Volume the First, containing the Acquisition and Administration of the Punjab. By Edwin Arnold, M.A., University College, Oxford; late Principal Poona College; and Fellow of the University of Bombay. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

THIS is but the first volume of a large work, and therefore we content ourselves with a few words of notice, and reserve a full account for its completion. The author has had experience enough of the people and country about which he writes to give his account of them a vivid reality; but not so long a one, as has sometimes been the case, as to disanglicize him and give him Brahminical and Islamic proclivities.

* * * * *

In his introductory chapter Mr. Arnold gives a brief but graphic and impartial outline of our mad and fatal enterprise, the Afghan War, which certainly led to our wars with the Sikhs, and eventually to the crowning disaster, the rebellion of the Sepoys. We give such part of his account as our limits will admit:—

“It will be useful briefly to recount the events preceding Lord Dalhousie's accession, and influencing his policy. To do so, it is necessary to look back to the appointment of Lord Auckland in 1835. In that year our

frontier on the North did not pass the desert strip along the Indus and its affluent, the Sutlej, from the Indian Ocean to the highlands of Gurwhal. The commercial character of the Company had just suffered extinction by the Charter of 1833. Ostensibly there remained to it the control of political and administrative affairs, but in subordinating her masters, the Home Government had brought India into the circle of European politics, and an independent policy there was no longer easy. The change soon made itself apparent. On insufficient grounds the ministry conceived the idea that Russia meditated dangerous advances; and they determined to anticipate an attack, which to await would have been to baffle. The support they relied on was as vain as the evidence which satisfied them was vague. On the side of prudence were the *bourans* of the northern plains, their blinding drifts of dust and snow, bitter frosts, salt lakes, and steep defiles, natural enemies to the invaders of Hindostan—on the side of an offensive movement not much more than the nervousness of a minister. Lords Durham and Clancricarde, ambassadors at St. Petersburg, protested uselessly against the apprehension; the Muscovite Ambassador in London declared his master innocent of any hostile design; and the Czar went so far as to change the staff of his eastern embassy. The English Government refused to be reassured, and persisted in construing the attack upon Herat by the Shah of Persia as a first step in the interests of Russia. Yet if the penetration of an envoy could be cheated, and the word of a Russian deceive, facts might have seemed to reprove precipitation. The Shah could not take Herat, and the English force despatched to Karrack was sufficient to raise the siege, and could even have seized the Persian capital. Sir A. Burnes, who had been sent to Cabul, found Dost Mahommed inconveniently reasonable, and willing to remove every cause of suspicion. He wanted Peshawur, which had been an Afghan fief, but he wanted the friendship of the English only less. His desire to recover the territory wrested from the Doorannee throne by the Sikhs was resented as an affront to our ally Runjeet Singh, and the presence of a Russian major at his court was held to implicate him in the Russian plot. In vain Burnes deprecated the perilous quarrel with a well-disposed man: in vain he suggested compromise upon compromise, and declared Dost Mahommed's pretensions reasonable, and his the only natural authority in Afghanistan. His representations were set aside—a serious but pardonable independence, if they had not since been tampered with, and their author's

reputation offered up on the altar of ministerial consistency. History, at last informed, rescues from unfair neglect the memory of a public servant as faithful to his duty as he was singularly fitted for it; and pronounces the official records of the time unworthy of firm reliance. The burden of perverting past documents, and of throwing doubt on those to come, is heavy, and rests, with that of the subsequent disaster, on statesmen to whose easy honesty of intention a generous nation has pardoned their infatuation. In October of 1837, Lord Auckland issued a proclamation to the troops at Simla, which announced the alliance of the British with Runjeet Singh and Shah Soojah. By the terms of this we were to depose the rulers of Cabul and Candahar, and set up in their place a sovereign, for twenty years a stranger to the studies of government, and not less unwelcome to his subjects than the cares of state to his own declining age. The rest of the story is too well known. The Auckland War cost the British forces five thousand lives, sixty thousand camels, £12,000,000 sterling, and that which outweighs even the first and dearest item, the reputation of invincibility which in the impressible East had become a bulwark to our fortunate power. To carry on the war, fifty thousand men were added to the army, and a contingent from Bombay was despatched by a detour of nine hundred miles, through the Indus Valley, thus preparing a cause of quarrel with the Scinde Ameers. The army united at the mouth of the Bolan pass under Sir J. Keane, and though not seriously opposed, effected the passage in such confusion that Shah Soojah's force was reduced by two-thirds. The Khan of Khelat declined to assist an expedition doomed by its own contrivers. 'You may take Candahar and Ghuznee,' he said, 'and even Cabul, but you cannot conquer the snows; and when they fall, you will neither be able to maintain your army nor to withdraw it.' Candahar and Ghuznee yielded, Cabul surrendered, and the English were masters of Afghanistan, but on so insecure a tenure, that in fourteen months they were thirty-three times engaged with Afghan troops, and thirteen times without profit. Upon the withdrawal of a portion of the expedition, the unpopularity of the imposed sovereign began to be shown, and the Afghans learning a lesson from our fears, made overtures to the Czar. In 1840, a Russian army did, as a counter-demonstration, march upon Khiva. It was buried in the snow-drifts, or perished of famine on the foodless steppes of Mid-Asia, comparatively few survivors returning, to humble Russian hope, and calm English apprehensions."

THE LIVING AGE.

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GARIBALDI DOWN.

ALAS! the love of Italy lies bleeding,
 But not in vain; his wounds are mouths, that
 speak,
 With an ungenerous Patron strongly pleading,
 The stronger that the Prisoner's voice is weak.
 He fell, a forlorn hope of patriots leading,
 Whose cry for Rome had fallen on ears unheed-
 ing.
 How long! And must they Rome still longer
 seek?
 A hero's venture, not a madman's freak,
 The world had named his high attempt, succeed-
 ing.
 It has not failed, a captive though he lies,
 If niggard France relent. Napoleon, hear
 The noble blood that out upon thee cries,
 And thy base policy, which right denies
 To Italy, if not thy baser fear.

—Punch.

THE CRISIS.

THE cannon's thunders jar the air,
 While, mingled with the battle-cry,
 Swells the blown bugle's ringing blare;
 But over all I hear the prayer
 Breathed by our sires in days gone by.

'Twas theirs to win: 'tis ours to guard;
 They faltered not when faint and few;
 And shall we deem the service hard
 Who bear the banner many-starred,
 O'er which their victor eagle flew?

Oh, not in vain their memories plead
 That we should walk the narrow way,
 Content to scorn each selfish creed,
 And in our father's valor read
 The noble lesson of To-day.

R. S. CHILTON.

Washington, Sept., 1862.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

FINDING A RELIC.

A RELIC strange, from my bachelor hoards,
 You show me with crimsoning face;
 A little thimble of silver fine—
 Art thou not wondering, bride of mine,
 Whose finger it used to grace?

Hath it a history? Yes, ah! yes,
 For she who that relic wore,
 Every pulse of my soul could stir
 With a look or a touch, while I, to her
 Was a cousin — a boy — no more.

She wedded. And I, a frequent guest, —
 Flung on a couch with my books, —
 With jealous pangs I could scarcely hide,
 Have watched *his* gestures of love and pride,
 And the answering joy in *her* looks.

And better I liked to see her sit
 Alone in her easy-chair,
 Her mien more pensive, her cheek more pale,
 Busied with work that was telling a tale
 Of a new-known pleasure and care.

Or work forgotten — her dark eyes closed —
 Her fancy with sweet dreams rife,
 Of a tiny form by her arm caressed,
 A baby face to her bosom pressed —
 The mother, as well as the wife.

'Twas thus I saw them — mother and babe —
 But shrouded with flow'rets fair;
 Unconscious both, as they calmly slept,
 Of the bitter tears that he and I wept —
 Of the long, long vigils, we sadly kept —
 Kept in our love and despair!

From the work her fingers would touch no more
 I took that relic alone:
 But your cheek is wet, and your lip is pale —
 I should not have told this sorrowful tale —
 Go, hide the relic, my own! L. C.

THE PARTING OF ULYSSES.

AN HOMERIC REMINISCENCE.

I DARE not live, thy loving thrall;
 Dread queen, I quit thy wondrous hall;
 Soft, dreamy days, time's perfumed fall,
 Farewell, for aye, farewell!
 Yon trembling star, that gems the west,
 Shakes o'er the land where I must rest;
 The great gods beckon, their behest
 Is "onward e'en through hell!"

Stay me not; raise, dread queen, thine eyes;
 Lo! crimson floods eve's amber skies!
 Pearl-dropped, thy soft-fringed eyelash lies
 In shade upon my face.
 Call me not cruel! curse my fate,
 'Tis that which leaves thee desolate;
 The gods are stern; the galleys wait,
 Good rowers, take your place!

Ah, loose thy clinging arms! their sheath
 Rusts the bold heart—and yet, thy breath
 Ambrosial soothes my neck—oh, death!
 Dost thou not spare too long?
 Is life a boon, if I must part
 From love like Circe's? Faithless heart,
 Better death's pang than life's long smart!
 True wife, I do thee wrong!

Yield me my mates, my frolic crew;
 The palm-leaves cloud with glistening dew;
 'Tis late! Bright-haired one, ah! too few
 The working hours of life!
 Dear Ithaea, my rocky home,
 Remembered more, the more I roam,
 I hold thee e'en through leagues of foam,
 Loved isle, sweet son, true wife!

List, glittering Circe! wedded love
 Burns stronger than yon orbs which move
 To greet their crescent queen above,
 Fair stars, that blind the day!
 By magic wiles made once thine own,
 Uncharmed, my weakness stands like stone,
 The gods draw back their lingering loan,
 Farewell! my crew, give way!
 —Once a Week. W.

From The Eclectic Review.
GEORGE LAWSON.*

HERE is another of those entertaining biographic Scottish *ana*, in which we have very much of the interest we find in the life of Jupiter Carlyle and in Dean Ramsay's "Sketches of Scottish Character." The book would, we believe, have gained by some abbreviation; it is full of very racy anecdotes of old Scotch men and Scottish life and manners, and it describes a section of life upon which the volume to which we have already referred does not touch. Here we have none of those scenes which, in the autobiography of Alexander Carlyle, show how the world and the flesh—not to mention the third and more unpleasant party—can keep company with church professions. Such scenes, indeed abundantly justify the Secession in its departure. In this book we have, indeed, a most interesting document, illustrating the power and the piety of the men of old. The men who are seen in these pages all belong to the schools of the prophets. It has been the pleasure of Carlyle and Somerville to give us pleasant glimpses of the Humes and Robertsons, and the Homes and Logans—men whose reputation was in the worlds of literature and politics. Dr. Macfarlane has varied the picture; has introduced us to many interesting persons grouped around his central hero—men who, in comparison with those names we have mentioned above, were obscure and unknown, but who fill a large circle in popular estimation, who lived and trod their hallowed round of humble and holy duty in their plain and unadorned churches and scattered mountain villages, and fed the flocks of God. Our Scottish neighbors are true hero-worshippers. Reverence is their true national characteristic homage, too, to great men. We do not venerate as they venerate, either the divine or human. It must be admitted that our national homage to genius or talent always becomes conventional or valetized—it is never, or seldom, spontaneous and free; and the little work before us, in its way, has all this national trait in it. It is a tribute of veneration to the men of the early days of

the Secession. The writings of Dr. Lawson have long been well known to us, and we have desired to know more than is conveyed in the very slight sketch of him prefixed to a posthumous volume by Dr. Belfrage; but we were not prepared for a volume of such singular interest as this which Dr. Macfarlane has produced; nor were we prepared to find in Dr. Lawson so truly a benevolent and accomplished man. As the works of Johnson would convey but a slight conception of the man without the pages of Boswell, so whoever would see this great, wise, most lovable, and venerable oddity of a scholar must read the pages of Dr. Macfarlane. Students for the ministry will find a model for their imitation in acquisition, and professors a model for imitation in teaching.

George Lawson was born in March, 1749, at Boghouse, a small farmhouse about two miles from the village of West Linton, Peeblesshire. He sprung from the peasant race of old Scotland, his father uniting the work of a carpenter to the rental of a small farm. He was, even in Scotland, remarkable for his thrift and industry, and was sometimes known to begin and complete the making of a plow before the sun rose; perhaps the plow was more in harmony with the agricultural ways and means of that age than our own, but still it is an illustration of the industry of the man. The parents of George Lawson were connected with the Secession Church at West Linton; and although in these his first days he did not look out upon the wild and magnificent scenery of the Scottish mountains or moorlands, he passed his youth amidst the scenes hallowed by the blood of the Covenanters. Very frequently the famous Ralph Erskine came to preach in the neighborhood; and among the farmhouses and lowly homesteads of the neighborhood there dwelt a people who were accustomed to revolve in their minds and in their conversations the most abstruse problems of systematic divinity. In most of their houses might be found the works of Owen and Manton and Boston and Baxter; they met, too, at each other's firesides for the purposes of religious discussion and devotional exercise. How different are these things to any we have or hear of! How have we mended in our religious doings! Truly, it makes us mournful to think how far all these usages are from any we have among us now.

* *The Life and Times of George Lawson, D.D., Selkirk, Professor of Theology to the Associate Synod: with Glimpses of Scottish Character from 1720 to 1820.* By the Rev. John Macfarlane, LL.D. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co. London: Hamilton and Co. 1862.

Far from pleasant would it have been to have been the companion of all the hours of these men of the Old Church ; sad days for young converts, or for backsliding sinners ; and especially sad days for young would-be preachers. Perhaps, too, they were days of deeper knowledge than experience. We must not depreciate wholly our own times, while yet we may wish some leaven of the old days ; those were the days of "wearifu" prayers and long preachings. And we have in the volume some account of a character, one Walter Jackson, quite a type of the order of disagreeable Christians. To him the people looked for the final verdict upon the preacher's sermons ; he was an unjustly severe critic, not often pleased but when he sat erect and looked the preacher in the face, and when dissatisfied he gradually turned his back to the pulpit ; a very indecent, badly behaved man he seems to have been ; and, in truth, there are creatures of the same order alive now, though the fashion has greatly altered. Of this Jackson Dr. Macfarlane relates the following anecdote :—

"The prayers of even godly men at that time were very long and heavy, comprehending sometimes a system of divinity. Jackson was notorious for length. He was attending a funeral at Hallmyre. The company had assembled in the barn to get some refreshment, and, having partaken, he was asked to return thanks. He commenced in right good earnest with the fall of Adam, and was going down from one great Bible doctrine to another, till patience was exhausted. Significant looks passed among the mourners ; one by one they deserted the barn, and the funeral procession started for Newlands churchyard. When Walter came to a close, and opened his eyes, he found himself alone, and on inquiry discovered that the procession was fully a mile on its way. His conceited soul was chafed."

George Lawson spent his early days among these people. We shall have occasion to refer hereafter to his strange fits of absenteeism ; they were as characteristic of his early as of his later years. It is quite apparent the lad was "out of the ordinary." He had little taste for any of the occupations of a farm, and many amusing instances are related of him, which, no doubt, at the time of their occurrence did not particularly raise him in his father's estimation.

"He had been sent on one occasion by his

father to Goldie's Mill, about a mile from Hallmyre, with a sack of grain, to be ground into meal for the family, as was then customary. The sack was laid upon a horse, which George was instructed to lead by a halter. He proceeded along the road, never doubting that the animal was following him, but all the while poring over the pages of a book, or pursuing some train of thought. The horse, however, had contrived to free himself from the halter, and George arrived at the mill without either horse or sack, to the astonishment of the worthy miller, who predicted that much good could never come of a youth so thoughtless alike of man and beast. The horse was found quietly grazing by the wayside, not far from his father's house.

"On another occasion he was sent to fasten a cow with what was called a 'tether,' in a field of grass. There was an unfenced field of growing corn quite adjacent, and George was ordered so to 'tether' the cow as to keep it clear of the corn. According to the old proverb, 'one can only go the length of his tether.' It did not occur to him, however, that the animal could 'complete the circle.' He thrust down the tether-stick into the pasture ground, but on the very edge of the corn-field. The cow preferred the more substantial article ; and while the herd was devouring his book, she devoured the grain."

These days were passed at the farm of Hallmyre, to which Lawson's parents had removed, but which appears to have adjoined the farm of Boghouse. His father must have turned his thrift to some account, even making allowance for that penuriousness which will compel a Scottish parent to stint to the utmost penny, so that he may be able to promote his child to the university and the pulpit. At fifteen years of age he matriculated as an *alumnus* of the University of Edinburgh, at that time under the principalship of the celebrated Dr. Robertson, the historian. There he formed some friendships with men whose names are household words in Scotland and England now, especially the lamented Michael Bruce and John Logan. Leaving Edinburgh, he entered upon the more solid and important study of theology in the Divinity Hall of Kinross, amid the lovely scenery of Lochleven ; and for the greater period of his student's life beneath the professorship of that eminent man, "Self-interpreting Brown." Here Lawson studied indeed. He was a favorite student of Brown's, and he was destined to succeed

him as the principal and professor in the College Hall. For some time it seemed that the occupation of a private tutor might lie before him, but his repugnance to this engagement was unconquerable; and having completed his studies and passed his trials for license before the Edinburgh Presbytery with an unusual reputation for learning and wisdom, he obtained the license to preach the glorious gospel when little more than twenty years of age.

Dr. Macfarlane has been very happy in the classification and arrangement of his material without wandering in any essential matters from the subject of his biography; he has "forgathered" a great variety of very readable particulars beneath the varied eras of his hero's life. He had justified his father's expectations, the toil of his parents in barn and workshop and dairy; and at last the evening came, when, returning to the farmhouse ingle—what fervent prayers and praises would crown that sacred and memorable day—before the Sabbath when he was to appear in the pulpit of his own village, a very much more important trial, and a much higher honor than we can conceive it to be in our religious communities and ways. He passed through this trial, and then the young probationer's life commenced. Probationers had to travel through Scotland either on foot or upon some humble pony, on which were placed the saddlebags or flexible portmanteaus containing the books, the parchments, and the body-clothes, thrown across the back of the animal behind the rider; and fond fathers who wished to encourage their sons to study for the ministry used to say, and our biographer pleasantly and tenderly remembers that it was said to himself, "If you be diligent and well-behaved, I will carry you on till I put you in the saddlebags." This was the last help a son like George Lawson had any right to expect from home; and this given, he set forth to fulfil the destinations of Providence, and Selkirk was to be the scene of Lawson's future labors. The Secession Church there, vacant by the death of its first minister, Mr. Moir, over it he was ordained pastor in 1771. It was not without disappointment he acknowledged the call, for there had been a movement to invite him to Orwell, a locality to which he was much attached; it was near to Kinross and Lochlevin; he could see the

grave of Michael Bruce, and be in the neighborhood of some of his dearest friends. But this was not his destination; and it is easy to see now the providential fitness of this early appointment. "The Souters of Selkirk" are a race well known to the readers of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" they were indeed the ancient cordwainers; but by this term the whole of the burgessees came to be designated, well known in the old ballad, "'Tis up wi' the Souters of Selkirk;" and, in fact, Lawson had been called to spend his days among the most attractive and enchanting scenery of Scotland. There, through those regions, fell and flowed the classic streams of his native land, the Ettrick, the Yarrow, the Gala, and the Tweed. Amidst the bold and sweet sylvan scenery around him were born his country's most plaintive melodies. It was in consequence of the calamities of Selkirk that "The flowers of the forest were weeded away;" a vast forest once waved its ample foliage, but

"The scenes are desert now and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair."

More stirring to Lawson's soul than the field of Flodden would be the hallowed ground of the field of Philliphaugh, consecrated by the blood of the Covenanters, who routed there the fiend Montrose and his dragoons. Lawson, in his walks, would soon come upon the tract of the Last Minstrel, and

"Pass where Newark's sately towers
Look out from Yarrow's birchen bowers."

Before him would rise all the suggestions of Border chivalry and beauty. Then Thirlstane, the supposed residence of Michael Scott; and not far from it Ettrick Kirkyard, where the venerable bones of Boston, the author of the "Crook in the Lot," lay in waiting for the resurrection, as the living voice had often ministered in the hallowed house of prayer; and in the cottage near the kirk—the attraction of the tourist, not of so much import then—the home of the Ettrick Shepherd. Other enchantments lay at no great distance from the walks of the wandering minister. Abbotsford was there, and its mighty living Wizard; and beyond, in the distance, the Eildon Hills, and Melrose Abbey, with the tombs and crypts of old Scotch nobles, and the heart of the King Robert Bruce. He loved to

wander amidst the aisles of mediæval magnificence and beauty; and he used to tell Dr. Belfrage that he traced the various parts of the exquisite workmanship, and contrasting it with the temple of Ezekiel's prophecy, he made the one aid his conceptions of the other. Not Melrose alone, but Dryburgh was near to the scene of his ministrations; Sir Walter had not at that time removed his residence from Abbotsford to its aisles; and perhaps Lawson did not care to look upon the high altar, beneath which the last abbot lay entombed. But in the mansion-house of Dryburgh, hard by, both Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine were brought up; and to his mind the memory of those fathers of the Secession would be dearer than the bones of mitred abbots, or the silvering glint of the pale moonlight wandering from pillar to chancel, and from tower to tomb. Few students and pastors can have such a home as Lawson. The preacher seldom removed from home; travelling was expensive; his most distant excursions seldom extended beyond the neighboring parishes, and then only when called upon to assist his brethren at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper and the Communion services. Dr. Macfarlane gives to us some very graphic sketches of sacramental services. Such services must have been very solemn and impressive in times when persecution scathed the land and the Church, and when the only places in which the love and death of the Christians' Head could be commemorated were lonely hill-sides, in mountains and dens and caves of the earth; but they cannot have had much to meet the tenderer affectionateness of Christian hearts in the more ordinary times and seasons of Christian life; they could scarcely have been seasons for a quiet Christian heart. The fencing of the tables has always seemed to us a most awful presumption; and, with Dr. Macfarlane, we doubt whether it ever served to keep away one determined to communicate. The satire of Burns, the *Holy Fair*, it is now generally admitted, was not understood; and while it may be also admitted that his free and unrestrained pen may possibly have overstepped the truth, it is certain they were not only occasions for the inculcation of the lessons of holiness. Immense as were the gatherings, often no constabulary force was necessary to keep the people in order, unless we may

mention a kind of insomnambulatory police, who had staves in their hands, with which they touched any person who seemed drowsy, and from this use of their staves they were called *nappies*. Dr. Macfarlane thinks they were indeed a terror to evil-doers. We should think so. The following realizes one of these sacramental occasions:—

“Immediately after the tables were thus fenced, the minister left the pulpit, and took his place in a small desk in front of the precentor, and with the ‘tables’ before him. The ‘table-seats’ were large square pews, stretching from the pulpit right up to the back-wall of the church. At the sacraments, the partitions were taken out, so as to constitute one long pew. There was one such pew to the right and one to the left of the minister; and a broad passage, running up between them, allowed the elders to lift the tokens and superintend the circulation of the symbolic elements. After the usual preliminary services of reading the scriptural warrant, prayer, and a short address, the elements were given by the pastor to the individuals sitting at the ends of the tables nearest to the pulpit. So soon as this table was served, another short parting address was given, and then two verses of a psalm were sung. During the singing of these, the communicants retired from the table by the doors at the farther end, and others, coming in by side passages to the right and left of the pulpit, took their places; and when the table was again filled, the same procedure was gone about. Dr. Husband now took the chair, and conducted the services of the second table with all that dignity and solemnity of manner for which he was remarkable. After him came in succession the assistant ministers, who addressed the communicants, and dispensed the bread and wine as long as it was necessary. On such occasions there were sometimes no less than ten or twelve table-services; and fully a hundred members sat down each time. In this method there was much to complain of. There was noise and confusion, and a good deal of uncomfortable pressure in going in to and retiring from the table of the Lord. But there was much to command respect, and even to produce solemnity. There was, especially, something very impressive in the singing of the psalms by the retiring and incoming communicants. They generally kept to one psalm—the 22d of the Scotch version—and sung two verses at the filling up of each table, before the ‘table-address’ was given. If they finished that psalm before all the members had communicated, the 103d was selected. The tune invariably

sung, from the beginning to the end of the table-services, was 'Coleshill,' a tune on the minor key, and by many godly Seceders almost identified with communion work. When all was over at the table, my father again ascended the pulpit, and gave what were called the 'evening directions,'—a series of exhortations to those who had been at the table, as to the duties and trials awaiting them in the world. Then came the grand wind-up of the day's work, the evening sermon. This was preached by my grandfather, Dr. Husband, the senior pastor. His text was (the last we remember having heard him preach from), 'Therefore, we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.' By this time it might be seven or eight o'clock. The services had been going on all day at the tent; one minister after another publishing to the people who could not find admission into the church, the glad tidings of salvation. But, towards evening, many of them turned their faces homeward, speaking to one another of redeeming love, and sometimes kneeling down together in prayer by the wayside; others sought their way into the church again, to hear what was always understood to be one of the high things of the sacrament—the evening sermon. And on this evening they were not disappointed: for (albeit too young to judge) I will never forget the beauty of the style, the pathos of the appeals, and the swelling eloquence of that grand singer in Israel. I think I have never heard its equal since, and scarce expect again to be similarly affected. All was over about nine or ten o'clock,—the work having gone on without a moment's interruption from ten o'clock in the forenoon. Considering the number of table-services, this was not an unseemly time for dismissal. Great indiscretion, however, sometimes showed itself at other country sacraments in these parts, in the matter of *lengthy* work. A well-known and truthful story is told of Mr. Kyle, erewhile the Burgher minister of Kinross before Dr. Hay. He contrived, at one time, to lengthen out the services of his summer sacrament, so as that the 'evening sermon' was not begun till past *twelve o'clock*. Dr. Husband was to be the preacher, and he mounted the pulpit in no pleased mood, as he was rather finically set against such impropriety. His text was, 'Let not your good be evil spoken of;' and he commenced and closed in this laconic manner: 'Brethren, the best practical use I can make of my text is simply to repeat the particulars on which, had time permitted, I would have preached.' He then, in half a minute, went over his 'heads;' and, having pronounced the blessing, dis-

missed the congregation, greatly to the chagrin of Mr. Kyle, honest man, who had been gloating over the idea of the sun's being risen on Lochleven before the work could be concluded. It is said he never forgave Dr. Husband for this."

On the whole, we are very thankful that our experience of sacramental services has been altogether of a more quiet—we will even dare to say, of a more hallowed—order. We are not insensible to the charm of these recollections of the Secession summer sacraments, and the beloved and venerated Dr. Waugh has commemorated them and the tent gatherings in words of especial beauty, especially those on Stichel Brae; and, indeed, the testimony of that holy man may be quoted as giving yet another picture:—

" 'Oh, that I could again sit among them,' he exclaimed, 'and hear good old Mr. Coventry give us as much sound divinity in one sermon, as is now found in ten volumes! It was a scene on which God's eye might love to look. Such sermons! and such prayers!—none such to be heard now-a-days. What are your cathedrals, and your choirs, and your organs? God laid the foundations of *our* temple on the pillars of the earth. Our floor was nature's verdant carpet; our canopy was the vaulted sky, the heaven in which the Creator dwells. In the distance, the Cheviot Hills; around us, nature in all her luxuriant loveliness. There, fields ripening into harvest; here, lowing herds in all the fulness of supply for man. On the banks of that little rivulet at our feet, lambs, the emblem of innocence, sporting in the shade, and offering to heaven the only acknowledgment they could, in the expression of their happiness and joy. The birds around warbling praises to Him who daily provides for all their wants; the flowers and green fields offering their perfume; and, lovelier still, and infinitely dearer to Him, multitudes of redeemed souls and hearts, perfumed by faith, singing His praises in "grave sweet melody," perhaps in the tune of "Martyrs." Martyrs, so sung on Stichel Brae, might almost arrest an angel on an errand of mercy, and would afford him more pleasure than all the chanting, and all the music, and all the organs in all the cathedrals of Europe.' "

We have perhaps dwelt too long upon these pictures of Scottish life, which, while they are not especially related to the incidents peculiar to the life of Lawson, do yet illustrate some of those which were to him the great events of his days. See him thus, then, for the long period—nearly fifty

years—ministering to his congregation, consisting chiefly of a few burgh people, but mostly of farmers and shepherds. “Well,” says Dr. Macfarlane, “it must have been an interesting sight to behold them, seated on the Sabbath in the house of God—in winter most of them wrapt in the shepherds’ plaids, and crouched at their feet their shepherds’ dogs. Those fine intelligent creatures behaved themselves so quietly that their presence could not be known—the music sometimes drawing from the more sensitive a low, prolonged whine; none knew better when the benediction was to be pronounced; then they at once started to their feet, wagged their tails, and slowly marched out with their masters.” Amidst these people he fulfilled his course, amidst the wild magnificence of the scenery we have suggested rather than attempted to describe. Shrouded in winter blackness, or clothed in the bright hues of summer, he gazed upon the majesties around him; mists hovering over the stream, clothing the mountain by creeping up the hill, the thunder tramping from hill to hill, the rising and setting sun—these braced and invigorated his spirit, and imparted to it that tone of quiet strength and beauty with which it was informed.

Dr. Lawson was a very able and accomplished scholar of the old school of attainment and theology, a school which occupied itself, perhaps, more with things than words. In many particulars he certainly rises to the mind while we read the well-known letter of Dr. Subsecivæ Brown, in which he details with such tenderness and beauty the life of his father, Dr. John Brown, a pupil of Dr. Lawson. His mind was remarkably free, and therefore remarkably vigorous. His companions and friends were like himself. His books show a wide and wise mind. It is marvellous how he obtained the money to purchase them. He was an amazing student of the Word of God; it is believed that, with the exception of some few chronological chapters, he had the whole of the sacred books upon his memory. Dr. Macfarlane says:—

“Christian imagination, indeed, has no finer subject to work upon than these midnight studies of ‘The Book’ by the confessors and righteous men of former and latter years. History is not much burdened by telling the story of others who, in the night watches, gave up their souls to reading and

research and thought. All knowledge is, in a sense, sacred, and there is a degree of majestic importance about the intense application of a human mind towards its acquisition; but we pass into a ‘Holy of Holies’ when we go into the closet and watch the lamps that burn around the student of ‘the deep things of God.’ There is a power of *thought* in that solitary reading and study of Scripture by enwrapped and seraphic minds, that is truly thrilling. In Lawson’s case it seems to mount up to the sublime. He must have had some glorious spiritual illuminations as he thus passed his hours of solitary devotion. We are told that when the German scholar, Tischendorf, at last discovered what he had long been in search of—the MS. copy of the Septuagint, and also a complete copy of the Greek New Testament, which had been hid for ages in the monastery on Mount Sinai—he carried them off in ecstasy to his cell, alone gloated over his treasure, and poured out his heart in passionate gratitude to God. He could find no sleep to his eyes that night, and sat up transcribing portions of the precious Codex. As profound, though less excited, were the pourings out of Lawson’s mind over the Hebrew and the Greek of Scripture. Great joy had the German when he unbound the cotton rag and possessed himself of the ‘*Codex Sinaiticus*’; but not more so than had the Selkirk student, as from year to year he untied the Scriptures from their printed page, and transcribed them on his own heart and life.”

This interesting volume is a perfect *Lawsoniana*. Our readers know the nearness of Lawson’s neighborhood to the residence of the great Sir Walter; and Lawson was altogether too remarkable an individuality not to be compelled into the service of that masterly photographer of Scottish life and character. The reader of “St. Ronan’s Well” will not fail instantly to recognize in the minister of St. Ronan’s Auld Town, the Rev. Josiah Cargill, the amiable and admirable minister and professor of Selkirk. The portrait, indeed, is very faithfully drawn. Cargill “was characterized by all who knew him as a mild, gentle, and studious lover of learning, who, in the quiet prosecution of his own sole object, the acquisition of knowledge, and especially of that connected with his profession, had the utmost indulgence for all whose pursuits were different from his own. His sole relaxations were those of a gentle, mild, and pensive temper, and were limited to a ramble—almost always solitary—among the

woods and hills." The novelist has also, with admirable humor, included in the very scholarly pursuits of his creation the absenteeism to which we have referred.

"Pray, Mrs. Dods, what sort of man is your minister? Is he a sensible man?"

"No muckle o' that, sir," answered Dame Dods, "for if he was drinking this very tea that ye gat down from London wi' the mail, he wad mistake it for common bohea. I have gi'en the minister a dram frae my ain best bottle of real cognac brandy, and may I never stir frae the bit if he didn't commend my whiskey when he set down the glass. There is no ane o' them in the Presbytery but himsell—ay, or in the Synod either—but wad hae kenn'd whiskey from brandy.

"But what sort of a man is he, has he learning?" said Touchwood.

"Learning? aneugh o' that," answered Mag, "just dung donnart wi' learning; lets a' things about the manse gang whilk, sae they dinna plague him upon the score."

Dr. Macfarlane's volume is full to the very brim of anecdotes illustrating the idiosyncrasy of the good man. Here is a page of them. It is of Dr. Lawson of whom the story is told that when the kitchen chimney was on fire the servant girl took alarm and ran into the library, shrieking to the doctor, "O sir, the house is on fire." "Go and tell your mistress," said the imperturbable Lawson, "you know I have no charge of household matters." But innumerable anecdotes are told of his absence of mind.

"He was journeying on foot once to assist at the communion at Liddesdale. He went off the road, and got bewildered among the hills. Meeting a herd-boy, he asked him the way to Newcastle-town; the herd kindly walked with him a mile or two, and having set him right, returned. This was early in the morning. When the herd was at dinner in the kitchen, a tap was heard at the door. 'Come in,' said the boy. 'Can you tell me the road to Newcastle-town, and I will be obliged to you, for I doubt I have wandered?' inquired a stranger. The boy looked up, and saw that it was Dr. Lawson. 'Sir,' said he, 'I think ye're baith daft and donnered. I pat you on that road this morning already, and what brings you back this way again?' The doctor recognized his guide, and simply said, 'I dare say I am donnered enough; but I have reason to thank God that I have lost none of my senses yet.' The herd thereafter

arose, and kindly reconducted him to the right path."

"One of his sons, who afterwards became a highly esteemed Christian minister, was a very tricky boy, perhaps mischievous in his tricks. Near the manse lived an old henwife, of crabbed temper, and rather ungodly in her mode of living. She and the boy had quarrelled; and the result was that he took a quiet opportunity to kill one of her hens. She went immediately to Dr. Lawson and charged his son with the deed. She was believed, and as it was not denied, punishment was inflicted. He was ordered to abide in the house; and to make the sentence more severe, his father took him into the study, and commanded him to sit there with him. The son was restless, and frequently eyed the door. At last he saw his father drowned in thought, and quietly slipped out. He went directly to the henwife's and killed another hen, returning immediately, and taking his place in the library, his father having never missed him. The henwife speedily made her appearance, and charged the slaughter again upon him. Dr. Lawson, however, waxed angry—declared her to be a false accuser, as the boy had been closeted with him all the time,—adding, 'Besides, this convinces me that you had just as little ground for your first accusation; I therefore acquit him of both, and he may go out now.' The woman went off in high dudgeon, and the prisoner in high glee."

A REPROOF FOR PROFANITY.

"He was dining one day at a friend's house. A gentleman of the party was frequently employing, in his conversation, the words, 'The devil take me.' Dr. Lawson at length arose, and ordered his horse. The host was surprised, and insisted upon his remaining, as dinner had scarcely begun. But nothing could prevail on him to do so; and when pressed to give a reason for his abrupt departure, he replied, 'That gentleman there (pointing to him) has been praying pretty often this afternoon that the devil would take him; and as I have no wish to be present at the scene, I beg to be allowed to depart.'"

HOW HE MET SCANDAL.

"In his days it was customary to administer 'rebuks' from the pulpit, just before pronouncing the blessing,—the person offending being at the far end of the church, confronting the minister. It so happened that, on a certain Sabbath, a female member was to be 'rebuked;' but Dr. Lawson forgot all about it, and pronounced the blessing. One of the elders hastily reminded him of the omission. He was for an instant discon-

certed; but, casting a pitiful glance at the young woman, and leaning over the pulpit, he simply said, 'Go, and sin no more,' and then left the church. On another occasion, one of his people came to inform him that two of the members had committed a most scandalous offence, but that he alone had been witness to it. Dr. Lawson was deeply grieved, and asked, 'Have you told this to any one except to me?' The man replied that he had not, and that no one but himself knew about it. 'Well, then,' replied the minister, 'tell it not. Keep it within your own bosom. If God, in his providence, means to permit a scandal to come upon his Church here, let him do so; but neither you nor I must do so. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice; lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."'

Our readers will be pleased to have presented to them the following page of Scottish characteristics, which deserve to have a place in some third series of Dean Ramsay.

JAMIE SCOTT AND THE PIGS.

"There was one person rather conspicuous at tent preachings in the south country in these times, named 'Jamie Scott,' whose zeal was more potent than his judgment. It happened on one occasion that the preacher was much disturbed by the sudden appearance of some pigs on the hill-side where the tent was erected; the shepherds' dogs beheld them, and commenced to bark, and to show symptoms of giving chase. The preacher asked if some one would try and get the pigs removed. Jamie Scott sprang to his feet, and securing his staff exclaimed, 'I will go, sir, against these animals. They were forbidden under the law, and the deil was in them under the Gospel; but, by the grace of God, I will scatter them abroad.' And with that he set off and effected the clearance. The service then proceeded."

"THE GRACE OF GOD!"

"An anecdote, illustrative of true humor, is told of one of the Selkirk men, and may be here set down. Mr. — was a well-known wag, though an excellent man and diligent pastor. There was a sort of infidel and scoffing character in the town where he lived, commonly called 'Jock Hammon.' Jock had a nickname for Mr. —, which, though profane, had reference to the well-known evangelical character of his ministry. 'There's "*the grace o' God*,"' he would say, as he saw the good man passing by, and he usually talked of him under that designation. It so happened that Mr. — had on

one occasion consented to take the chair at some public meeting. The hour of meeting was past, the place of meeting was filled, but no Mr. — appeared. Symptoms of impatience were manifested, when a voice was heard from one corner of the hall, 'My friends, there will be "*no grace of God*" here the nicht.' Just at this moment the door opened, and Mr. — appeared, casting as he entered, a rather knowing look upon 'Jock Hammon,' as he ejaculated these words. On taking the chair, Mr. — apologized for his being so late. 'I had,' he said, 'to go into the country to preside in the examination of Mr. —'s school, and really the young folks conducted themselves so well that I could scarce get away from them. If you please, I will just give you a specimen of the examination. I called up an intelligent-looking girl, and asked her if she had ever heard of any one who had erected a gallows for another, and who had been hanged on it himself. "Yes," replied the girl, "it was Haman." With that, up started another little girl, and she said, "Eh, minister, that's no true! Hammon's no hanged yet; for I saw him at the public-house door this forenoon, and he was swearing like a trooper." (Upon this there was considerable tittering among the audience, and eyes were directed to the corner where *Jock* was sitting.) 'You are both quite right, my little dears,' said Mr. — with a sort of 'glakit' look towards the first girl: 'Your *Haman* was really hanged, as he deserved to be; and (turning towards the other) your *Hammon*, my lambie, is no hanged yet, by "*the grace o' God*.'" The effect of this upon the hearers was electric, and, amid roars of laughter, Jock rushed out of the meeting, and, for a time at least, he ceased to make the Secession minister the object of his scurrilous jokes."

They certainly were enthusiastic biblical students, those old Secession ministers. What would our ministerial brethren think of such enthusiasm as the following? Is not this a unique history of a

STRANGE MIDNIGHT VISIT.

"His wonderful knowledge of Scripture was illustrated once in a way alike surprising and graphic. As the friendly lighthouse in the ocean is guide to the bewildered mariner, so was he to his surrounding brethren. He was to them alike comment and commentator. In their biblical difficulties they either wrote or rode up to Selkirk, and were never disappointed. On one occasion, Mr. Shanks, of Jedburgh, was much perplexed with a text. He could make nothing of it; but, determined not to give way, he ordered

his horse, and set off, late in the evening, to Selkirk—a distance of fifteen miles. He arrived about one o'clock in the morning. He had to knock oftener than once before he was heard. The door, at length, was opened, and the servant asked who he was, and what brought him at such an hour to the manse. Having replied to all this, he insisted on seeing Dr. Lawson. 'He is in bed and sound asleep hours ago,' said the maiden. 'It matters not,' replied Mr. Shanks; 'I must see him, and you will hold the reins of my horse till I come down.' He knew the doctor's bedroom; and, having got leave to enter, all in the dark, he told Dr. Lawson his errand. Though somewhat put about, and in a half-dreamy condition, the professor commenced an exegesis upon the text in question,—quoted the context, referred to the parallel passages in foregoing and succeeding chapters, and cleared up the whole subject to his friend's satisfaction. Mr. Shanks then thanked Dr. Lawson, bade him good-morning, quietly slipped out of the room, remounted his horse, and rode home to Jedburgh. In the morning, about five o'clock, Dr. Lawson awoke; 'My dear,' he said to Mrs. Lawson, 'I have had a dream, a very pleasant dream, to-night. I dreamed that Mr. Shanks, good man, came all the way up from Jedburgh to consult me about a text that troubled him.' 'It was no dream,' said Mrs. Lawson; 'Mr. Shanks was here, in this very room, and I overheard all you and he had to say.' It was with difficulty she could get him persuaded to believe that it had been so. On going downstairs, he inquired at the servant if Mr. Shanks had come during the night, and in what room he was sleeping. The servant assured him that the Jedburgh minister had really been in the house, but added, 'He is not in the house now, sir; he is at Jedburgh long ere this time.'

Seldom have we taken up a volume so full of anecdote, fresh, and racy, not only of the principal subject of the book, but of his friends and pupils. Among others are a few pleasant

ANECDOTES OF DR. ALEXANDER FLETCHER.

"At that time 'Alexander Fletcher' was in everybody's mouth, as the most eloquent of all the young men then on probation in the Burgher Church. He was what is called 'ragingly popular' about Stow; and peradventure, unknown to himself, the good old pastor there might be somewhat jealous of him. At all events, on a certain day, previous to the 'call,' the young man had preached, to the delight and even wonderment of a great gathering of people. On

coming into the manse thereafter, Mr. Kidston thanked him for his discourse, and then added, with great suavity, 'Well, Sandie, I must admit you're very sound; but, O man, you're no deep.'

"For the first two years of his ministry, Dr. Fletcher was the colleague of his father, in Bridge of Teith, Perthshire. The good old man, it seems was rather jealous of his son's great popularity—particularly of the swelling encomiums that were often passed in his hearing, on the excellence of his son's discourses. Temper, too, was not sweetened by the crowds that assembled when it was the son that was to preach, the old man having generally no more than the ordinary audience. Young Alexander came to feel this state of his father's mind to be rather painful, and the following happy expedient to cure it was resorted to. He asked the loan of one of his father's manuscript sermons, and, having committed it to memory, he delivered it on the following Sabbath with more than his usual fervor. The people, on retiring, were louder than ever in praise of the juvenile orator; and one worthy remarked, 'The old man never preached a sermon in his life equal to that.' On entering the manse, Alexander found his father alone; and, having adverted to the matter, asked him, 'Father, is that satisfactory?' 'Oh, ay,' said he, 'quite satisfactory.' 'Yes,' rejoined the son, 'and you see, after all, how little worth the popular prejudices are.' The old man was completely cured of all jealousy in future."

Soon after Mr. Lawson's settlement at Selkirk he married. It is said, and it is not impossible, that he forgot his wedding-day upon one occasion, and the insulted fair one refused to have him; but he did marry. But only a short time this, his first union, lasted: within twelve months his wife was called away from his side by death; and the shock of the great affliction tried him exceedingly. His biographer says: "To Luther's *meditatio* and *precatio*, was added the best session of all in the college of affliction." After some years he married again; and for a long course of years he created and enjoyed that best of all temporal blessings, a supremely happy wedded home. He was one of the very few sages who have shone at a fireside. The Sabbath evening described in these pages suggests a delightful picture. As he entered into the valley of years he had to mourn over frequent departures of sons and daughters into the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death. The story of

the passage of his son John is most affectingly told by our biographer. He appears to have died of consumption, suddenly, although not unexpectedly. He died early in the morning, a believer in his father's God. Many long years before, when Dr. Lawson lost his first wife, he had said, returning from her grave, "I am soothed by the feeling that my dear deceased wife is now far happier with her divine and everlasting Husband, than she could ever have been with me;" and in a similar spirit of hallowed resignation he expressed himself now. Dr. Macfarlane says,—

"It was customary, at that time, to send for the undertaker at whatever hour of the day or night death took place, who brought along with him what was called the 'dead-board,' upon which the corpse was stretched out. The son of the worthy man who performed this duty at this time has informed the compiler that, when his father arrived at the manse, he found the family in great distress—weeping and lamenting over the dead—Dr. Lawson sitting in the midst of them, calm, but overwhelmed. After a short space, he arose and said, 'O Mrs. Lawson, will you consider what you are about? Remember who has done this. Be composed; be resigned; and rise, and accompany me downstairs, that we may all join in worshipping our God.' And so they all went down with him to the parlor. He then read out for praise these solemn verses of the 29th Paraphrase:—

"Amidst the mighty, where is He
Who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
Is from the Lord alone.

"Why should a living man complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod?
Our sins afflict us; and the cross
Must bring us back to God."

"Before he raised the tune he paused for a moment, looking round upon the weeping circle, and then, with faltering accents, said, 'We have lost our singer this morning; but I know that he has begun a song which shall never end;' and then proceeded with the worship: completing a scene as holy and sublime as can well be imagined. It was also customary at that period, and in that quarter, when the day of funeral came for the chief mourners to come out and stand at the door in front of the house, to receive the company as they assembled. Dr. Lawson, however, was not there; and, as the hour was past, the undertaker (one of his elders) entered the manse to inquire the reason. No one could inform him. Upon which he opened the door of the library,

and found the afflicted father on his knees in prayer.

"A few days after this, a letter came to 'John,' from one of his pupils at Penrith—son of Herbert Buchanan, Esq., of Arden—making anxious inquiries as to his health. The letter was opened and read by the father, who wrote an answer to it as if from John himself, in heaven—"an answer which breathes not the language of terror and despair, like the spirit that assumed the figure, the voice, and the mouth of the departed prophet, but that of holy love and hope, like the words of Moses and Elias, when they appeared in glory on the Mount, and spake of the decease which Jesus should accomplish at Jerusalem."

"DEAR SIR,—Your hope that I am in a better state of health than formerly is now more than realized. God has, in his infinite mercy, been pleased to receive me into those happy abodes where there is no more sorrow nor death nor sin. I now hear and see things which it is impossible to utter, and would not give one hour of the felicity which I now enjoy for a lifetime, or for a thousand years, of the greatest felicity which I enjoyed on earth.

"I still love you and the other friends whom I left on earth, but my affection for them is very different from what it was. I value them not for the love which they bear to me, or the amiable qualities which are most generally esteemed by men, unless they love my Lord and Saviour, through whose blood I have found admission to heaven. The happiness that I wish for you is not advancement in the world, or a rich enjoyment of its pleasures; but the light of God's countenance, the grace of his spirit, and a share, when a few years have passed, of those things which eye has not seen nor ear heard, and which it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

"It is not permitted to us who dwell on high to appear to our former friends, and to inform them of our present feelings; and, ardently as I desire to have you a participant of my felicity, I do not wish to approach you in a visible form, to tell you of the riches of the glory of that inheritance which I possess. Abraham tells me that the writings of the prophets and apostles are better fitted to awaken sinners to a sense of everlasting things, and to excite good men to holiness, than apparitions and admonitions of their departed friends would be; and what he says is felt to be true by all of us. I do not now read the Bible. I thank God I often read it from beginning to end when it was necessary for me to learn from it the knowledge of my be-

loved Saviour; and yet, if I could now feel uneasiness, I would regret that I made it so little the subject of my meditation. You would be glad to know whether, though unseen, I may not be often present with you, rejoicing in your prosperity, and still more in every good work performed by you, in every expression of love to my God, and care for the welfare of your own soul. But I am permitted to tell you no more on this subject than God has thought meet to tell you in his word, that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; that angels are present in Christian assemblies, observing with pleasure or indignation the good or bad behavior of the worshippers; and that we welcome with great joy our friends from earth when they are received into our everlasting habitations.

“Farewell, my dear friend, farewell; but not forever. What are all the days you have before you on earth, but a moment? I hope that the grace which hath brought me so early in my existence to heaven, will bring you all to the same happy place, after sparing you some time longer in the lower world to serve your generation, by his will, and to do more than I had an opportunity to do for exciting your neighbor to choose the path of life. Much good may be done by the attractive example, by the prayers, and, at proper times, by the religious converse of Christians engaged in this world.

“Farewell, again, till we meet never to be separated,—I am, your friend more sincerely than ever, JOHN LAWSON.”

But we have almost prematurely advanced into what has been called “the grasshopper country.” Upon the death of John Brown, of Haddington, in 1787, the Synod appointed his former pupil and favorite, Mr. Lawson, to be his successor. The Divinity Hall was transferred from Haddington to Selkirk, and a most entertaining chapter is that in our book entitled, “The Hall and its Memories.” We must pass through it without quotation, rich as the chapter is, not only in mirth and wit, but in the exhibition of a noble Christian teacher thoroughly furnished for his word and his work. Seldom, indeed, has there been associated with so much cheerfulness and pleasantry such an exhibition of conscience, and with so much homeliness and affability: at once such a wise mind in combination with so much oddity and innocent—we may even say halloved—eccentricity.

But we can allow this entertaining volume to hold our attention no longer; our readers

must procure the book and read it for themselves; we have quoted enough to show, that to those to whom such books as the autobiography of Jupiter Carlyle, and the lively *facetiae* of Dean Ramsay have any interest, this will be the very book; we have quoted much, but as much more very many times multiplied remains behind, and of many of the most interesting features of the man we have been able to say nothing—of his amazing memory, of the many instances of his hallowed amiability, of the depth and wisdom of his expositions of Scripture, of the illustrations of his vast erudition, of his singular truthfulness. At last he came to the closing years; he had to be carried in a sedan to church, and wore, not a gown, but a warm Scotch plaid in the pulpit; and then the old disciple was borne to his bed, and at last all ebbd away. Disclaiming having led a useful life, he said “No, no, I have done little, very little.” “All my hope and all my comfort spring out of the mercy of God, as manifested in the mediation of Jesus Christ: here are my only stay and strength and confidence;” and at last, “LORD, TAKE ME TO PARADISE,” said the dying saint, and with those words he fell asleep the 20th of February, 1820. His biographer deserves and has our best thanks for recalling attention to the memory of the excellent patriarch; it ought to pass rapidly through many editions; we cannot have too frequently set before our eyes the lives of men so unlike the modern type of usefulness, but so necessary to the best interests of the world and the Church. There never can be a high order of piety till the Christian character has in it more of repose and rest, a harder thing to win, it seems now-a-days, than in the days of old. Looking back upon the men represented by Dr. Lawson, we are apt to fancy that they all had reached their haven on earth, and in their assurance and stillness of soul had found the peaceable habitation. We over-estimate their blessedness, no doubt, the dead and the distant always seem so calm; whether we do over-estimate their inner quiet or not, one thing is certain, that in the lives of men like Lawson we see a hallowed reticence and reserve which in itself must have aided in no inconsiderable degree their advance to maturity and to self-government in the development and formation, as well as in the fixity of their spiritual life.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEXT morning, while with that cheerful, unanxious countenance, which those about an invalid must learn continually to wear, Elizabeth was trying to persuade her mistress not to rise, she heard a knock, and made some excuse for escaping. She well knew what it was and who had come.

There, in the parlor sat Miss Hilary, Mrs. Jones talking at her rather than to her, for she hardly seemed to hear. But that she had heard everything, was clear enough. Her drawn white face, the tight clasp of her hands, showed that the ill tidings had struck her hard.

"Go away, Mrs. Jones," cried Elizabeth, fiercely. "Miss Hilary will call when she wants you."

And with an ingenious movement that just fell short of a push, somehow the woman was got on the other side of the parlor-door, which Elizabeth immediately shut. Then Miss Hilary stretched her hands across the table, and looked up piteously in her servant's face.

Only a servant; only that poor servant to whom she could look for any comfort in this sore trouble, this bitter humiliation. There was no attempt at disguise or concealment between mistress and maid.

"Mrs. Jones has told me everything, Elizabeth. How is my sister? She does not know?"

"No; and I think she is a good deal better this morning. She has been very bad all week, only she would not let me send for you. She is really getting well now; I'm sure of that."

"Thank God!" And then Miss Hilary began to weep.

Elizabeth also was thankful, even for those tears, for she had been perplexed by the hard, dry-eyed look of misery, deeper than anything she could comprehend, or than the circumstances seemed to warrant.

It was deeper. The misery was not only Ascott's arrest; many a lad has got into debt and got out again—the first taste of the law proving a warning to him for life; but it was this ominous "beginning of the end." The fatal end—which seemed to overhang like an hereditary cloud, to taint as with hereditary disease, the Leaf family.

Another bitterness—and who shall blame it, for when love is really love, have not the

lovers a right to be one another's first thought?—what would Robert Lyon say? To his honest Scotch nature poverty was nothing; honor everything. She knew his horror of debt was even equal to her own. This, and her belief in his freedom from all false pride, had sustained her against many doubts lest he might think the less of her because of her present position, might feel ashamed could he see her sitting at her ledger in that high desk, or even occasionally serving in the shop.

Many a time things she would have passed over lightly on her own account, she had felt on his; felt how they would annoy and vex him. The exquisitely natural thought which Tennyson has put into poetry—

"If I am dear to some one else,

Then I should be to myself more dear"—

had often come, prosaically enough perhaps, into her head, and prevented her from spoiling her little hands with unnecessarily rough work, or carelessly passing down ill streets and by-ways, where she knew Robert Lyon, had he been in London, would never have allowed her to go. Now what did such things signify? What need of taking care of herself? These were all superficial, external disgraces; the real disgrace was within. The plague-spot had burst out anew; it seemed as if this day were the commencement of that bitter life of penury, misery, and humiliation, familiar through three generations to the women of the Leaf family.

It appeared like a fate. No use to try and struggle out of it, stretching her arms up to Robert Lyon's tender, honest, steadfast heart, there to be sheltered, taken care of, and made happy. No happiness for her! Nothing but to go on enduring and enduring to the end.

Such was Hilary's first emotion: morbid perhaps, yet excusable. It might have lasted longer—though in her healthy nature it could not have lasted very long, had not the reaction come, suddenly and completely, by the opening of the parlor-door and the appearance of Miss Leaf.

Miss Leaf—pale indeed, but neither alarmed nor agitated, who hearing somehow that her child had arrived, had hastily dressed herself, and come down-stairs, in order not to frighten Hilary. And as she took her in her arms, and kissed her with

those mother-like kisses, which were the sweetest Hilary had as yet ever known—the sharp anguish went out of the poor girl's heart.

"O Johanna! I can bear anything as long as I have you."

And so in this simple and natural way, the miserable secret about Ascott came out.

Being once out, it did not seem half so dreadful; nor was its effect nearly so serious as Miss Hilary and Elizabeth had feared. Miss Leaf bore it wonderfully; she might almost have known it beforehand; they would have thought she had, but that she said decidedly she had not.

"Still, you need not have minded telling me; though it was very good and thoughtful of you, Elizabeth. You have gone through a great deal for our sakes, my poor girl."

Elizabeth burst into one smothered sob—the first and the last.

"Nay," said Miss Leaf, very kindly; for this unwonted emotion in their servant moved them both. "You shall tell me the rest another time. Go down now, and get Miss Hilary some breakfast."

When Elizabeth had departed, the sisters turned to one another. They did not talk much; where was the use of it? They both knew the worst, both as to facts and fears.

"What must be done Johanna?"

Johanna, after a long pause, said, "I see but one thing—to get him home."

Hilary started up, and walked to and fro along the room.

"No, not that. I will never agree to it. We cannot help him. He does not deserve helping. If the debts were for food now, or any necessities; but for mere luxuries, mere fine clothes; it is his tailor who has arrested him, you know. I would rather have gone in rags! I would rather see us all in rags! It's mean, selfish, cowardly, and I despise him for it. Though he is my own flesh and blood, I despise him."

"Hilary!"

"No," and the tears burst from her angry eyes, "I don't mean that I despise him. I'm sorry for him; there is good in him, poor dear lad; but I despise his weakness; I feel fierce to think how much it will cost us all, and especially you, Johanna. Only think what comforts of all sorts that thirty pounds would have brought to you!"

"God will provide," said Johanna, earnestly. "But I know, my dear, this is sharper to you than to me. Besides, I have been more used to it."

She closed her eyes with a half shudder, as if living over again the old days—when Henry Leaf's wife and eldest daughter used to have to give dinner-parties upon food that stuck in their throats, as if every morsel had been stolen; which in truth it was, and yet they were helpless, innocent thieves; when they and the children had to wear clothes that seemed to poison them like the shirt of Dejanira; when they durst not walk along special streets, nor pass particular shops, for the feeling that the shop-people must be staring and pointing and jibing at them, "Pay me what thou owest."

"But things cannot again be so bad as those days, Hilary. Ascott is young; he may mend. People *can* mend, my child; and he had such a different bringing-up from what his father had, and his grandfather too. We must not be hopeless yet. You see," and making Hilary kneel down before her, she took her by both hands, as if to impart something of her own quietness to this poor heart, struggling as young, honest, upright hearts do struggle with something which their whole nature revolts against and loathes and scorns,—“you see, the boy is our boy; our own flesh and blood. We were very foolish to let him away from us for so long. We might have made him better if we had kept him at Stowbury. But he is young; that is my hope of him; and he was always fond of his aunts, and is still, I think.”

Hilary smiled sadly. "Deeds, not words. I don't believe in words."

"Well, let us put aside believing, and only act. Let us give him another chance."

Hilary shook her head. "Another and another and another,—it will be always the same. I know it will. I can't tell how it is, Johanna; but whenever I look at you, I feel so stern and hard to Ascott. It seems as if there were circumstances when pity to some, to one, was wicked injustice to others; as if there were times when it is right and needful to lop off, at once and forever, a rotten branch, rather than let the whole tree go to rack and ruin. I would do it. I should think myself justified in doing it."

"But not just yet. He is only a boy,—our own boy."

And the two women, in both of whom the maternal passion existed strong and deep, yet in the one never had found, and in the other never might find, its natural channel, wept together over this lad, almost as mothers weep.

"But what can we do?" said Hilary at last. "Thirty pounds, and not a halfpenny to pay it with; must we borrow?"

"Oh! no, no," was the answer, with a shrinking gesture; "no borrowing. There is the diamond ring."

This was a sort of heirloom from eldest daughter to eldest daughter of the Leaf family, which had been kept, even as a sort of superstition, through all temptations of poverty. The last time Miss Leaf looked at it, she had remarked, jestingly, it should be given some day to that important personage, talked of for many a year among the three aunts—Mrs. Ascott Leaf.

"Who must do without it, now," said Johanna, looking regretfully at the ring. "That is, if he ever takes to himself a wife, poor boy."

Hilary answered, beneath her breath, "Unless he alters, I earnestly hope he never may." And there came over her, involuntarily, a wild, despairing thought, Would it not be better that neither Ascott nor herself should ever be married, that the family might die out, and trouble the world no more?

Nevertheless, she rose up to do what she knew had to be done, and what there was nobody to do but herself.

"Don't mind it, Johanna: for, indeed, I do not. I shall go to a first-rate, respectable jeweller, and he will not cheat me; and then I shall find my way to the sponging-house—isn't that what they call it? I dare say many a poor woman has been there before me. I am not the first, and shall not be the last, and nobody will harm me. I think I look honest, though my name is Leaf."

She laughed—a bitter laugh; but Johanna silenced it in a close embrace; and when Hilary rose up again, she was quite her natural self. She summoned Elizabeth, and began giving her all domestic directions, just as usual; finally, bade her sister good-bye in a tone as like her usual tone as possi-

ble; and left her settled on the sofa in content and peace.

Elizabeth followed to the door. Miss Hilary had asked her for the card on which Ascott had written the address of the place where he had been taken to; and though the girl said not a word, her anxious eyes made piteous inquiry.

Her mistress patted her on the shoulder.

"Never mind about me; I shall come to no harm, Elizabeth."

"It's a bad place; such a dreadful place, Mrs. Jones says."

"Is it?" Elizabeth guessed part, not the whole of the feelings that made Hilary hesitate, shrink even, from the duty before her, turning first so hot and then so pale. Only as a duty could she have done it at all. "No matter, I must go. Take care of my sister."

She ran down the doorsteps, and walked quickly through the Crescent. It was a clear, sunshiny, frosty day; such a day as always both cheered and calmed her. She had, despite all her cares, youth, health, energy; and a holy and constant love lay like a sleeping angel in her heart. Must I tell the truth, and own that before she had gone two streets' length, Hilary ceased to feel so very, very miserable?

Love—this kind of love of which I speak—is a wonderful thing; the most wonderful thing in all the world. The strength it gives, the brightness, the actual happiness, even in hardest times, is often quite miraculous. When Hilary sat waiting in the jeweller's shop, she watched a little episode of high life,—two wealthy people choosing their marriage-plate; the bride, so careless and haughty; the bridegroom so unutterably mean to look at, stamped with that innate smallness and coarseness of soul which his fine clothes only made more apparent. And she thought—oh, how fondly she thought!—of that honest, manly mien; of that true, untainted heart, which, she felt sure, had never loved any woman but herself; of the warm, firm hand, carving its way through the world for her sake, and waiting patiently till it could openly clasp hers, and give her everything it had won. She would not have exchanged him, Robert Lyon, with his penniless love, his half-hopeless fortunes, or maybe his lot of never-end-

ing care, for the "brawest bridegroom" under the sun.

Under this sun—the common, every-day winter sun of Regent and Oxford streets—she walked now as brightly and bravely as if there were no trouble before her, no painful meeting with Ascott, no horrid humiliation from which every womanly feeling in her nature shrunk with acute pain. "Robert, my Robert!" she whispered in her heart, and felt him so near to her that she was at rest, she hardly knew why.

Possibly, grand, or clever, or happy people, who condescend to read this story, may despise it; think it unideal, uninteresting; treating of small things and common people; "poor persons," in short. I cannot help it. I write for the poor; not to excite the compassion of the rich towards them, but to show them their own dignity, and the bright side of their poverty. For it has its bright side; and its very darkest, when no sin is mixed up therewith, is brighter than many an outwardly prosperous life.

"Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

"Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices and strife."

With these two sage proverbs—which all acknowledge, and scarcely any really believe, or rarely they would act a little more as if they did—I leave Johanna Leaf sitting silently in her solitary parlor, knitting stockings for her child; weaving many a mingled web of thought withal, yet never letting a stitch go down; and Hilary Leaf walking cheerily and fearlessly, up one strange street and down another, to find out the "bad" place, where she once had no idea it would ever have been her lot to go. One thing she knew, and gloried in the knowledge, that if Robert Lyon had known she was going, or known half the cares she had to meet, he would have recrossed the Indian Seas,—have risked fortune, competence, hope of the future, which was the only cheer of his hard present,—in order to save her from them all.

The minute history of this painful day I do not mean to tell. Hilary never told it till, years after, she wept it out upon a bosom that could understand the whole, and would take good care that, while the life beat in his, she never should go through the like again.

Ascott came home—that is, was brought home—very humbled, contrite, and grateful. There was no one to meet him but his Aunt Johanna, and she just kissed him quietly, and bade him come over to the fire; he was shivering, and somewhat pale. He had even two tears in his handsome eyes, the first Ascott had been known to shed since he was a boy. That he felt a good deal, perhaps as much as was in his nature to feel, there could be no doubt. So his two aunts were glad and comforted; gave him his tea and the warmest seat at the hearth; said not a harsh word to him, but talked to him about indifferent things. Tea being over, Hilary was anxious to get everything painful ended before Selina came home,—Selina, who, they felt by instinct, had now a separate interest from themselves, and had better not be told this sad story if possible; so she asked her nephew "if he remembered what they had to do this evening?"

"Had to do? O Aunt Hilary, I'm so tired! can't you let me be quiet? Only this one night. I promise to bring you everything on Monday."

"Monday will be too late. I shall be away. And you know you can't do without my excellent arithmetic," she added with a faint smile. "Now, Ascott, be a good boy—fetch down all those bills, and let us go over them together."

"His debts came to more than the thirty pounds then?" said his Aunt Johanna, when he was gone.

"Yes. But the ring sold for fifty." And Hilary drew to the table, got writing materials, and sat waiting, with a dull, silent patience in her look, at which Johanna sighed and said no more.

The aunt and nephew spent some time in going over that handful of papers, and approximating to the sum total, in that kind of awful arithmetic when figures cease to be mere figures, but grow into avenging monsters, bearing with them life or death.

"Is that all? You are quite sure it is all?" said Hilary at last, pointing to the whole amount, and looking steadily into Ascott's eyes.

He flushed up, and asked what she meant by doubting his word?

"Not that, but you might easily have made a mistake; you are so careless about money matters."

"Ah, that's it. I'm just careless, and so I come to grief. But I never mean to be careless any more. I'll be as precise as you. I'll balance my books every week—every day if you like—exactly as you do at that horrid shop, Aunt Hilary."

So he was rattling on, but Hilary stopped him by pointing to the figures.

"You see, this sum is more than we expected. How is it to be met? Think for yourself. You are a man now."

"I know that," said Ascott, sullenly; "but what's the use of it?—money only makes the man, and I have none. If the ancient Peter would but die now, and leave me his heir, though to be sure Aunt Selina might be putting her oar in. Perhaps—considering I'm Aunt Selina's nephew—if I were to walk into the old chap now he might be induced to fork out! Hurrah! that's a splendid idea."

"What idea?"

"I'll borrow the money from old Ascott."

"That means, because he has already given, you would have him keep on giving—and you would take and take and take—Ascott, I'm ashamed of you."

But Ascott only burst out laughing. "Nonsense!—he has money and I have none; why shouldn't he give it me?"

"Why?"—she repeated, her eyes flashing, and her little feminine figure seeming to grow taller while she spoke,—“I'll tell you, since you don't seem yourself to understand it. Because a young man with health and strength in him, should blush to eat any bread but what he himself earns. Because he should work at anything and everything, stint himself of every luxury and pleasure, rather than ask or borrow, or, except under rare circumstances, rather than be indebted to any living soul for a single halfpenny. I would not, if I were a young man."

"What a nice young man you would make, Aunt Hilary!"

There was something in the lad's imperturbable good humor at once irritating and disarming. Whatever his faults, they were more negative than positive; there was no malice prepossession about him, no absolute personal wickedness. And he had the strange charm of manner and speech which keeps up one's outer surface of habitual affection towards a person, long after all its founda-

tions of trust and respect have hopelessly crumbled away.

"Come now—my pretty aunt must go with me. She will manage the old ogre much better than I. And he must be managed somehow. It's all very fine talking of independence, but isn't it hard that a poor fellow should be living in constant dread of being carried off to that horrid, uncleanly, beastly den—bah! I don't like thinking of it—and all for want of twenty pounds? You must go to him, Aunt Hilary."

She saw they must, there was no help for it. Even Johanna said so. It was after all only asking for Ascott's quarterly allowance three days in advance, for it was due on Tuesday. But what jarred against her proud, honest spirit was the implication that such a request gave of taking as a right that which had been so long bestowed as a favor. Nothing but the great strait they were in could ever have driven her to consent that Mr. Ascott should be applied to at all: but since it must be done, she felt that she had better do it herself. Was it from some lurking doubt or dread that Ascott might not speak the entire truth, as she had insisted upon its being spoken, before Mr. Ascott was asked for anything? Since whatever he gave, must be given with a full knowledge on his part of the whole pitiable state of affairs.

It was with a strange, sad feeling—the sadder because he never seemed to suspect it, but talked and laughed with her as usual—that she took her nephew's arm, and walked silently through the dark squares, perfectly well aware that he only asked her to go with him in order to do an unpleasant thing which he did not like to do himself, and that she only went with him in the character of watch, or supervisor, to try and save him from doing something which she herself would be ashamed should be done.

Yet he was ostensibly the head, hope, and stay of the family. Alas! many a family has to submit to, and smile under an equally melancholy and fatal sham.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. ASCOTT was sitting, half asleep, in his solitary dining-room, his face rosy with wine, his heart warmed also, probably from the same cause. Not that he was in the

least "tipsy," that low word applicable only to low people, and not to men of property, who have a right to enjoy all the good things of this life. He was scarcely even "merry," merely "comfortable," in that cosy, benevolent state which middle-aged or elderly gentlemen are apt to fall into after a good dinner and good wine, when they have no mental resources, and the said good dinner and good wine constitutes their best notion of felicity.

Yet wealth and comfort are not things to be despised. Hilary herself was not insensible to the pleasantness of this warm, well-lit, crimson-atmosphered apartment. She as well as her neighbors liked pretty things about her, soft harmonious colors to look at and wear, well-cooked food to eat, cheerful rooms to live in. If she could have had all these luxuries with those she loved to share them, no doubt she would have been much happier. But yet she felt to the full that solemn truth, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesses;" and though hers was outwardly so dark, so full of poverty, anxiety, and pain, still she knew that inwardly it owned many things, one thing especially, which no money could buy, and without which, fine houses, fine furniture, and fine clothes—indeed, all the comforts and splendors of existence, would be worse than valueless, actual torment. So, as she looked around her, she felt not the slightest envy of her sister Selina.

Nor of honest Peter, who rose up from his arm-chair, pulling the yellow silk handkerchief from his sleepy face, and, it must be confessed, receiving his future connections very willingly, and even kindly.

Now, how was he to be told? How, when she and Ascott sat over the wine and dessert he had ordered for them, listening to the rich man's complaisant pomposities, were they to explain that they had come a-begging, asking him, as the climax to his liberalities, to advance a few pounds, in order to keep the young man whom he had for years generously and sufficiently maintained, out of prison? This, smooth it over as one might, was, Hilary felt, the plain English of the matter, and as minute after minute lengthened, and nothing was said of their errand, she sat upon thorns.

But Ascott drank his wine and ate his walnuts quite composedly.

At last Hilary said, in a sort of desperation, "Mr. Ascott, I want to speak to you."

"With pleasure, my dear young lady. Will you come to my study?—I have a most elegantly furnished study, I assure you, and any affair of yours——"

"Thank you, but it is not mine; it concerns my nephew here."

And then she braced up all her courage, and while Ascott busied himself over his walnuts—he had the grace to look excessively uncomfortable—she told, as briefly as possible, the bitter truth.

Mr. Ascott listened, apparently without surprise, and anyhow, without comment. His self-important loquacity ceased, and his condescending smile passed into a sharp, reticent, business look. He knitted his shaggy brows, contracted that coarsely hung, but resolute mouth, in which lay the secret of his success in life, buttoned up his coat, and stuck his hands behind him over his coat-tails. As he stood there on his own hearth, with all his comfortable splendors about him—a man who had made his own money, hardly and honestly, who from the days when he was a poor errand-lad had had no one to trust to but himself, yet had managed always to help himself, ay, and others too—Hilary's stern sense of justice contrasted him with the graceful young man who sat opposite to him, so much his inferior, and so much his debtor. She owned that Peter Ascott had a right to look both contemptuous and displeased.

"A very pretty story, but I almost expected it," said he.

And there he stopped. In his business capacity he was too acute a man to be a man of many words, and his feelings, if they existed, were kept to himself.

"It all comes to this, young man," he continued, after an uncomfortable pause, in which Hilary could have counted every beat of her heart, and even Ascott played with his wine-glass in a nervous kind of way,— "you want money, and you think I'm sure to give it, because it wouldn't be pleasant just now to have discreditable stories going about concerning the future Mrs. Ascott's relatives. You're quite right, it wouldn't. But I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff for all that. You must rise very early in the morning to take *me* in."

Hilary started up in an agony of shame.

"That's not fair, Mr. Ascott. We do not take you in. Have we not told you the whole truth? I was determined you should know it before we asked you for one farthing of your money. If there were the smallest shadow of a chance for Ascott in any other way, we never would have come to you at all. It is a horrible, horrible humiliation!"

It might be that Peter Ascott had a soft place in his heart, or that this time, just before his marriage, was the one crisis which sometimes occurs in a hard man's life, when, if the right touch comes, he becomes malleable ever after: but he looked kindly at the poor girl, and said in quite a gentle way,—

"Don't vex yourself, my dear. I shall give the young fellow what he wants; nobody ever called Peter Ascott stingy. But he has cost me enough already; he must shift for himself now. Hand me over that cheque-book, Ascott, but remember this is the last you'll ever see of my money."

He wrote the memorandum of the cheque inside the page, then tore off the cheque itself, and proceeded to write the words "Twenty pounds," date it, and sign it, lingering over the signature, as if he had a certain pride in the honest name "Peter Ascott," and was well aware of its monetary value on 'Change and elsewhere.

"There, Miss Hilary, I flatter myself that's not a bad signature, nor would be easily forged. One cannot be too careful over—what's that? a letter, John?"

By his extreme eagerness, almost snatching it from his footman's hands, it was one of importance. He made some sort of rough apology, drew the writing materials to him, wrote one or two business-looking letters, and made out one or two more cheques.

"Here's yours, Ascott; take it, and let me have done with it," said he, throwing it across the table folded up. "Can't waste time on such small transactions. Ma'am excuse me, but five thousand pounds depends on my getting these letters written and sent off within a quarter of an hour."

Hilary bent her head, and sat watching the pen scratch, and the clock tick on the mantel-piece; thinking if this really was to be the last of his godfather's allowance, what on earth would become of Ascott? For Ascott himself, he said not a word. Not even when, the letters despatched, Mr.

Ascott rose, and administering a short, sharp homily, tacitly dismissed his visitors. Whether this silence was sullenness, cowardice, or shame, Hilary could not guess.

She quitted the house with a sense of grinding humiliation almost intolerable. But still the worst was over; the money had been begged and given—there was no fear of a prison. And spite of everything, Hilary felt a certain relief that this was the last time Ascott would be indebted to his godfather. Perhaps, this total cessation of extraneous help might force the young man upon his own resources, compel his easy temperament into active energy, and bring out in him those dormant qualities that his aunts still fondly hoped existed in him.

"Don't be down-hearted, Ascott," she said; "we will manage to get on somehow, till you hear of a practice, and then you must work—work like a 'brick,' as you call it. You will, I know!"

He answered nothing.

"I won't let you give in, my boy," she went on kindly. "Who would ever dream of giving in at your age, with health and strength, a good education, and no incubrance whatever—not even aunts! for we will not stand in your way, be sure of that. If you cannot settle here, you shall try to get out abroad, as you have sometimes wished, as an army-surgeon or a ship's doctor; you say these appointments are easy enough to be had. Why not try? Anything; we will consent to anything, if only we can see your life busy and useful and happy."

Thus she talked, feeling far more tenderly to him in his forlorn despondency, than when they had quitted the house two hours before. But Ascott took not the slightest notice. A strange fit of sullenness or depression seemed to have come over him, which, when they reached home, and met Aunt Johanna's silently questioning face, changed into devil-may-care indifference.

"Oh, yes, aunt, we've done it; we've got the money, and now I may go to the dogs as soon as I like."

"No," said Aunt Hilary, "it is nothing of the sort: it is only that Ascott must now depend upon himself, and not upon his godfather. Take courage," she added, and went up to him and kissed him on the forehead; "we'll never let our boy go to the dogs!"

and, as for this disappointment, or any disappointment, why it's just like a cold bath, it takes away your breath for the time, and then you rise up out of it, brisker and fresher than ever."

But Ascott shook his head with a fierce denial. "Why should that old fellow be as rich as Cræsus, and I as poor as a rat? Why should I be put into the world to enjoy myself, and can't? Why was I made like what I am, and then punished for it? Whose fault is it?"

Ay, *whose?* The eternal, unsolvable problem rose up before Hilary's imagination. The ghastly spectre of that everlasting doubt, which haunts even the firmest faith sometimes—and which all the nonsense written about that mystery which,

"Binding nature fast in fate,
Leaves free the human will,"

only makes darker than before—oppressed her for the time being with an inexpressible dread.

Ay, *why* was it that the boy was what he was? From his inherited nature, his temperament, or his circumstances? What, or more awful question still, *who* was to blame?

But as Hilary's thoughts went deeper down, the question answered itself—at least as far as it ever can be answered in this narrow, finite stage of being. Whose will—we dare not say whose blame—is it that evil must inevitably generate evil? that the smallest wrong-doing in any human being, rouses a chain of results which may fatally involve other human beings in an almost incalculable circle of misery? The wages of sin is death. Were it not so, sin would cease to be sin, and holiness, holiness. If he, the All-holy, who for some inscrutable purpose saw fit to allow the existence of evil, allowed any other law than this, in either the spiritual or material world, would he not be denying himself, counteracting the necessities of his own righteous essence, to which evil is so antagonistic, that we cannot doubt it must be in the end cast into total annihilation—into the allegorical lake of fire and brimstone, which is the "second death"? Nay, do they not in reality deny him and his holiness almost as much as Atheists do, who preach that the one great salvation which he has sent into the world is a salvation *from punishment*—a keeping out of hell and getting into heaven—instead of a salva-

tion *from sin*, from the power and love of sin, through the love of God in Christ?

I tell these thoughts, because like lightning they passed through Hilary's mind, as sometimes a whole chain of thoughts do, link after link, and because they helped her to answer her nephew quietly and briefly; for she saw he was in no state of mind to be argued with.

"I cannot explain, Ascott, why it is that any of us are what we are, and why things happen to us as they do; it is a question we none of us understand, and in this world never shall. But if we know what we ought to be, and how we may make the best of everything, good or bad, that happens to us, surely that is enough, without perplexing ourselves about anything more."

Ascott smiled half contemptuously, half carelessly; he was not a young fellow likely to perplex himself long or deeply about these sort of things.

"Anyhow, I've got £20 in my pocket, so I can't starve for a day or two. Let's see; where is it to be cashed? Hillo! who would have thought the old fellow would have been so stupid! Look there, Aunt Hilary!"

She was so unfamiliar with cheques for £20, poor little woman, that she did not at first recognize the omission of the figures "£20" at the left-hand corner. Otherwise, the cheque was correct.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Ascott, exceedingly amused, so easily was the current of his mind changed. "It must have been the £5,000 pending that muddled the 'cute old fellow's brains. I wonder whether he will remember it afterwards, and come posting up to see that I've taken no ill-advantage of his blunder; changed this 'Twenty' into 'Seventy.' I easily could, and put the figures £70 here. What a good joke!"

"Had you not better go to him at once, and have the matter put right?"

"Rubbish! I can put it right myself. It makes no difference who fills up a cheque, so that it is signed all correct. A deal you women know of business!"

But still Hilary, with a certain womanish uneasiness about money matters, and an anxiety to have the thing settled beyond doubt, urged him to go.

"Very well; just as you like. I do believe you are afraid of my turning forger."

He buttoned his coat with a half-sulky,

half-defiant air, left his supper untasted, and disappeared.

It was midnight before he returned. His aunts were still sitting up, imagining all sorts of horrors, in an anxiety too great for words; but when Hilary ran to the door, with the natural "O Ascott, where have you been?" he pushed her aside with a gesture that was almost fierce in its repulsion.

"Where have I been? taking a walk round the Park; that's all. Can't I come and go as I like, without being pestered by women? I'm horribly tired. Let me alone,—do!"

They did let him alone. Deeply wounded, Aunt Johanna took no further notice of him than to set his chair a little closer to the fire, and Aunt Hilary slipped down-stairs for more coals. There she found Elizabeth, who they thought had long since gone to bed, sitting on the stairs, very sleepy, but watching still.

"Is he come in?" she asked; "because there are more bailiffs after him. I'm sure of it; I saw them."

This, then, might account for his keeping out of the way till after twelve o'clock, and also for his wild, haggard look. Hilary put aside her vague dread of some new misfortune; assured Elizabeth that all was right: he had got wherewithal to pay everybody on Monday morning, and would be safe till then. All debtors were safe on Sunday.

"Go to bed now,—there's a good girl; it is hard that you should be troubled with our troubles."

Elizabeth looked up with those fond gray eyes of hers. She was but a servant, and yet looks like these engraved themselves ineffaceably on her mistress' heart, imparting the comfort that all pure love gives, from any one human being to another.

And love has its wonderful rights and rewards. Perhaps Elizabeth, who thought herself nothing at all to her mistress, would have marvelled to know how much closer her mistress felt to this poor, honest, loving girl, whose truth she believed in, and on whose faithfulness she implicitly depended, than towards her own flesh and blood, who sat there moodily over the hearth; deeply pitied, sedulously cared for, but as for being confided in, relied on, in great matters or small, his own concerns or theirs,—the thing was impossible.

They could not even ask him,—they dared

not, in such a strange mood was he,—the simple question, had he seen Mr. Ascott, and had Mr. Ascott been annoyed about the cheque? It would not have been referred to at all, had not Hilary, in holding his coat to dry, taken his pocket-book out of the breast-pocket, when he snatched at it angrily.

"What are you meddling with my things for? Do you want to get at the cheque, and be peering at it, to see if it's all right? But you can't; I've paid it away. Perhaps you'd like to know who to? Then you sha'n't. I'll not be accountable to you for all my proceedings. I'll not be treated like a baby. You'd better mind what you are about, Aunt Hilary."

Never, in all his childish naughtiness, or boyish impertinence, had Ascott spoken to her in such a tone. She regarded him at first with simple astonishment, then hot indignation, which spurred her on to stand up for her dignity, and not submit to be insulted by her own nephew. But then came back upon her her own doctrine, taught by her own experience, that character and conduct alone constitutes real dignity or authority. She had, in point of fact, no authority over him; no one can have, not even parents, over a young man of his age, except that personal influence which is the strongest sway of all.

She said only, with a quietness that surprised herself—"You mistake, Ascott; I have no wish to interfere with you whatever; you are your own master, and must take your own course. I only expect from you the ordinary respect that a gentleman shows to a lady. You must be very tired and ill, or you would not have forgotten that."

"I didn't; or, if I did, I beg your pardon," said he, half subdued. "When are you going to bed?"

"Directly. Shall I light your candle also?"

"Oh, no; not for the world; I couldn't sleep a wink. I'd go mad if I went to bed. I think I'll turn out, and have a cigar."

His whole manner was so strange that his Aunt Johanna, who had sat aloof, terribly grieved, but afraid to interfere, was moved to rise up and go over to him.

"Ascott, my dear, you are looking quite ill. Be advised by your old auntie. Go to

bed at once, and forget everything till morning."

"I wish I could; I wish I could. O auntie, auntie!"

He caught hold of her hand, which she had laid upon his head, looked up a minute into her kind, fond face, and burst into a flood of boyish tears.

Evidently his troubles had been too much for him; he was in a state of great excitement. For some minutes his sobs were almost hysterical: then by a struggle he recovered himself, seemed exceedingly annoyed and ashamed, took up his candle, bade them a hurried good-night, and went to bed.

That is, he went to his room; but they heard him moving about overhead for a long while after; nor were they surprised that he refused to rise next morning, but lay most of the time with his door locked, until late in the afternoon, when he went out for a long walk, and did not return till supper, which he ate almost in silence. Then, after going up to his room, and coming down again, complaining bitterly how very cold it was, he crept into the fireside with a book in his hand, of which, Hilary noticed, he scarcely read a line.

His aunts said nothing to him; they had determined not; they felt that further interference would be not only useless, but dangerous.

"He will come to himself by and by; his moods, good or bad, never last long, you know," said Hilary, somewhat bitterly. "But, in the mean time, I think we had better just do as he says—let him alone."

And in that sad, hopeless state they passed the last hours of that dreary Sunday—afraid either to comfort him or reason with him; afraid, above all, to blame him, lest it might drive him altogether astray. That he was in a state of great misery, half sullen, half defiant, they saw, and were scarcely surprised at it; it was very hard not to be able to open their loving hearts to him, as those of one family should always do, making every trouble a common care, and every joy a universal blessing. But in his present state of mind—the sudden obstinacy of a weak nature conscious of its weakness, and dreading control—it seemed impossible either to break upon his silence or to force his confidence.

They might have been right in this, or

wrong; afterwards Hilary thought the latter. Many a time she wished, with a bitter regret, that instead of the quiet "Good-night, Ascott," and the one rather cold kiss on his forehead, she had flung her arms round his neck, and insisted on his telling out his whole mind to her, his nearest kinswoman, who had been half aunt and half sister to him all his life. But it was not done: she parted from him, as she did Sunday after Sunday, with a sore sick feeling of how much he might be to her, to them all, and how little he really was.

If this silence of hers was a mistake—one of those which sensitive people sometimes make—it was, like all similar errors, only too sorrowfully remembered and atoned for.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE week passed by, and Hilary received no ill tidings from home. Incessant occupation kept her from dwelling too much on anxious subjects: besides, she would not have thought it exactly right, while her time and her mental powers were for so many hours per diem, legally Miss Balquidder's—to waste the one, and weaken the other, by what is commonly called "fretting." Nor, carrying this conscientious duty to a higher degree, and towards a higher Master, would she have dared to sit grieving overmuch over their dark future. And yet it was very dark. She pondered over what was to be done with Ascott, or whether he was still to be left to the hopeless hope of doing something for himself; how long the little establishment at No. 15 could be kept together, or if, after Selina's marriage, it would not be advisable to make some change that should contract expenses, and prevent this hard separation, from Monday to Saturday, between Johanna and herself.

These, with equally anxious thoughts, attacked her in crowds, every day and every hour; but she had generally sufficient will to put them aside: at least till after work was done, and they could neither stupefy nor paralyze her. Trouble had to her been long enough familiar to have taught her its own best lesson—that the mind can, in degree, rule itself, even as it rules the body.

Thus, in her business duties, which were principally keeping accounts; in her management of the two young people under her, and of the small domestic establishment.

connected with the shop, Hilary went steadily on, day after day; made no blunders in her arithmetic, no mistakes in her house-keeping. Being new to all her responsibilities, she had to give her whole mind to them; and she did it; and it was a blessing to her—the sanctified blessing which rests upon labor, almost seeming to neutralize its primeval curse.

But night after night, when work was over, she sat alone at her sewing—the only time she had for it—and her thoughts flew faster than her needle. She turned over plan after plan, and went back upon hope after hope, that had risen and broken like waves of the sea—nothing happening that she had expected: the only thing which had happened, or which seemed to have any permanence or reality, being two things which she had never expected at all—Selina's marriage, and her own engagement with Miss Balquidder. It often happens so, in most people's lives, until at last they learn to live on from day to day, doing each day's duty within the day, and believing that it is a righteous as well as a tender hand which keeps the next day's page safely folded down.

So Hilary sat, glad to have a quiet hour, not to grieve in, but to lay out the details of a plan which had been maturing in her mind all week, and which she meant definitely to propose to Johanna when she went home next day. It would cost her something to do so, and she had had some hesitations as to the scheme itself, until at last she threw them all to the winds, as an honest-hearted, faithful, and faithfully trusting woman would. Her plan was, that they should write to the only real friend the family had—the only good man she believed in—stating plainly their troubles and difficulties about their nephew; asking his advice, and possibly his help. He might know of something—some opening for a young surgeon in India, or some temporary appointment for the voyage out and home, which might catch Ascott's erratic and easily attracted fancy; give him occupation for the time being, and at least detach him from his present life, with all its temptations and dangers.

Also, it might result in bringing the boy again under that influence which had been so beneficial to him while it lasted, and which Hilary devoutly believed was the best influence in the world. Was it unnatural, if,

mingled with an earnest desire for Ascott's good, was an underlying delight that that good should be done to him by Robert Lyon?

So when her plan was made, even to the very words in which she meant to unfold it to Johanna, and the very form in which Johanna should write the letter, she allowed herself a few brief minutes to think of him—Robert Lyon,—to call up his eyes, his voice, his smile; to count, for the hundredth time, how many months—one less than twenty-four, so she could not say years now—it would be before he returned to England. Also, to speculate when and where they would first meet, and how he would speak the one word—all that was needful to change "liking" into "love," and "friend" into "wife." They had so grown together during so many years, not the less so during these years of absence, that it seemed as if such a change would hardly make any difference. And yet—and yet—as she sat and sewed, wearied with her day's labors, sad and perplexed, she thought—if only, by some strange magic, Robert Lyon were standing opposite, holding open his arms, ready and glad to take her and all her cares to his heart, how she would cling there! how closely she would creep to him, weeping with joy and content, neither afraid nor ashamed to let him see how dearly she loved him!

Only a dream! ah, only a dream! and she started from it at the sharp sound of the door-bell—started, blushing and trembling, as if it had been Robert Lyon himself, when she knew it was only her two young assistants whom she had allowed to go out to tea in the neighborhood. So she settled herself to her work again; put all her own thoughts by in their little private corners, and waited for the entrance and the harmless gossip of these two orphan girls, who were already beginning to love her, and make a friend of her, and towards whom she felt herself quite an elderly and responsible person. Poor little Hilary! It seemed to be her lot always to take care of somebody or other. Would it ever be that anybody should take care of her?

So she cleared away some of her needle-work, stirred the fire, which was dropping hollow and dull, and looked up pleasantly to the opening door. But it was not the girls: it was a man's foot, and a man's voice.

"Any person of the name of Leaf living here? I wish to see her; on business."

At another time she would have laughed at the manner and words, as if it were impossible so great a gentleman as Mr. Ascott could want to see so small a person as the "person of the name of Leaf," except on business. But now she was startled by his appearance at all. She sprang up only able to articulate, "My sister——"

"Don't be frightened; your sisters are quite well. I called at No. 15, an hour ago."

"You saw them?"

"No; I thought it unadvisable, under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"I will explain, if you will allow me to sit down, bah! I've brought in sticking to me a straw out of that confounded shaky old cab; one ought never to be so stupid as to go anywhere except in one's own carriage. This is rather a small room, Miss Hilary."

He eyed it curiously round: and, lastly, with his most acute look, he eyed herself, as if he wished to find out something from her manner, before going into further explanations.

But she stood before him, a little uneasy, and yet not very much so. The utmost she expected was some quarrel with her sister Selina; perhaps the breaking off of the match, which would not have broken Hilary's heart at all events.

"So you have really no idea what I'm come about?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well," said Peter Ascott, "I hardly thought it; but when one has been taken in, as I have been, and this isn't the first time by your family——"

"Mr. Ascott! will you explain yourself?"

"I will, ma'am. It's a very unpleasant business I come about; any other gentleman but me would have come with a police officer at his back. Look here, Miss Hilary Leaf,—did you ever set eyes on this before?"

He took out his cheque-book, turned deliberately over the small memorandum halves of the page, till he came to one in particular, then hunted in his pocket-book for something.

"My banker sent in to-day my cancelled cheques, which I don't usually go over

oftener than three months; he knew that, the scamp!"

Hilary looked up.

"Your nephew, to be sure. See!"

He spread before her a cheque, the very one she had watched him write, seven days before, made payable to "Ascott Leaf, or bearer," and signed, with the bold, peculiar signature, "Peter Ascott." Only instead of being a cheque for twenty pounds, it was for seventy.

Instantly the whole truth flashed upon Hilary: Ascott's remark about how easily the T could be made into an S; and what a "good joke" it would be; his long absence that night; his strange manner; his refusal to let her see the cheque again; all was clear as daylight.

Unfortunate boy! the temptation had been too strong for him. Under what sudden, insane impulse he had acted; under what delusion of being able to repay in time; or of Mr. Ascott's not detecting the fraud; or, if discovered, of its being discovered after the marriage, when to prosecute his wife's nephew would be a disgrace to himself, could never be known. But there, unmistakable, was the altered cheque: which had been presented and paid, the banker, of course, not having the slightest suspicion of anything amiss.

"Well, isn't this a nice return for all my kindness? So cleverly done, too. But for the merest chance, I might not have found it out for three months. Oh, he's a precious young rascal, this nephew of yours. His father was only a fool, but he—— Do you know that this is a matter of forgery,—forgery, ma'am," added Mr. Ascott, waxing hot in his indignation.

Hilary uttered a bitter groan.

Yes, it was quite true. Their Ascott, their own boy, was no longer merely idle, extravagant, thoughtless; faults bad enough, but capable of being mended as he grew older: he had done that which to the end of his days he could never blot out. He was a swindler and a forger.

She clasped her hands tightly together, as one struggling with sharp physical pain, trying to read the expression of Mr. Ascott's face. At last she put her question into words.

"What do you mean to do? Shall you prosecute him?"

Mr. Ascott crossed his legs, and settled his neckcloth, with a self-satisfied air. He evidently rather enjoyed the importance of his position. To be dictator, almost of life and death, to this unfortunate family was worth, certainly fifty pounds.

"Well, I haven't exactly determined. The money, you see, is of no moment to me, and I couldn't get it back anyhow. He'll never be worth a halfpenny—that rascal. I might prosecute, and nobody would blame me; indeed, if I were to decline marrying your sister, and cut the whole set of you, I don't see," and he drew himself up, "that anything could be said against me. But—"

Perhaps, hard man as he was, he was touched by the agony of suspense in Hilary's face, for he added,—

"Come, come, I won't disgrace your family; I won't do anything to harm the fellow."

"Thank you!" said Hilary, in a mechanical, unnatural voice.

"As for my money, he's welcome to it, and much good may it do him. 'Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil,' and in double-quick time too. I won't hinder him. I wash my hands of the young scapegrace. But he'd better not come near me again."

"No," acquiesced Hilary, absently.

"In fact," said Mr. Ascott, with a twinkle of his sharp eye, "I have already taken measures to frighten him away, so that he may make himself scarce, and give neither you nor me any farther trouble. I drove up to your door with a policeman, asked to see Mr. Leaf, and when I heard that he was out—a lie, of course—I left word I'd be back in half an hour. Depend upon it," and he winked confidentially—"he will smell a rat, and make a moonlight flitting of it, and we shall never hear of him any more."

"Never hear of Ascott any more?" repeated Hilary, and for an instant she ceased to think of him as what he was—swindler, forger, ungrateful to his benefactors, a disgrace to his home and family. She saw only the boy Ascott, with his bright looks and pleasant ways, whom his aunts had brought up from his cradle, and loved with all his faults—perhaps loved still. "Oh! I must go home. This will break Johanna's heart."

Mr. Peter Ascott possibly never had a heart—or it had been so stunted in its

growth—that it had never reached its fair development. Yet he felt sorry in his way for the "young person," who looked so deadly white, yet tried so hard not to make a scene; nay, when her two assistants came into the one little parlor, deported herself with steady composure; told them that she was obliged suddenly to go home, but would be back, if possible, the next morning. Then, in that orderly, accurate way which Peter Ascott could both understand and appreciate, she proceeded to arrange with them about the shop and the house, in case she might be detained till Monday.

"You're not a bad woman of business," said he, with a patronizing air. "This seems a tidy little shop; I dare say you'll get on in it."

She looked at him with a bewildered air, and went on speaking to the young woman at the door.

"How much might your weekly receipts be in a place like this? And what salary does Miss—Miss What's-her-name give to each of you? You're the head shopwoman, I suppose?"

Hilary made no answer; she scarcely heard. All her mind was full of but one thing. "Never see Ascott any more!" There came back upon her all the dreadful stories she had ever heard of lads who had committed forgery, or some similar offence, and in dread of punishment, had run away in despair, and never been heard of for years; come to every kind of misery; perhaps even destroyed themselves. The impression was so horribly vivid, that when, pausing an instant in putting her books in their places, she heard the door-bell ring, Hilary with difficulty repressed a scream.

But it was no messenger of dreadful tidings; it was only Elizabeth Hand: and the quiet fashion in which she entered showed Hilary at once that nothing dreadful had happened at home.

"Oh, no; nothing has happened," confirmed the girl. "Only Miss Leaf sent me to see if you could come home to-night instead of to-morrow. She is quite well, that is, pretty well; but Mr. Leaf—"

Here catching sight of Miss Hilary's visitor, Elizabeth stopped short. Peter Ascott was one of her prejudices. She determined in his presence to let out no more of the family affairs.

On his part, Mr. Ascott had always treated Elizabeth as people like him usually do treat servants, afraid to lose an inch of their dignity, lest it should be an acknowledgment of equal birth and breeding with the class from which they are so terribly ashamed to have sprung. He regarded her now with a lordly air.

"Young woman—I believe you are the young woman who this afternoon told me that Mr. Leaf was out. It was a fib, of course."

Elizabeth turned round indignantly. "No, sir; I don't tell fibs. He was out."

"Did you give him my message when he came in?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did he say, hey?"

"Nothing."

This was the literal fact; but there was something behind which Elizabeth had not the slightest intention of communicating. In fact, she set herself, physically and mentally, in an attitude of dogged resistance to any pumping of Mr. Ascott. For though, as she had truly said, nothing special had happened, she felt sure that he was at the bottom of something which had gone wrong in the household that afternoon.

It was this. When Ascott returned, and she told him of his godfather's visit, the young man had suddenly turned so ghastly pale, that she had to fetch him a glass of water; and his Aunt Johanna—Miss Selina was out—had to tend him and soothe him for several minutes before he was right again. When at last, he seemed returning to his natural self, he looked wildly up at his aunt, and clung to her in such an outburst of feeling, that Elizabeth had thought it best to slip out of the room. It was tea-time, but still she waited outside for a half-hour or longer, when she gently knocked, and after a minute or two, Miss Leaf came out. There seemed nothing wrong, at least not much—not more than Elizabeth had noticed many and many a time after talks between Ascott and his aunts.

"I'll take in the tea myself," she said; "for I want you to start at once for Kensington, to fetch Miss Hilary. Don't frighten her—mind that, Elizabeth. Say I am much as usual myself; but that Mr. Leaf is not quite well, and I think she might do him good. Remember the exact words."

Elizabeth did, and would have delivered them accurately, if Mr. Ascott had not been present, and addressed her in that authoritative manner. Now, she resolutely held her tongue.

Mr. Ascott might in his time have been accustomed to cringing, frightened, or impertinent servants, but this was a phase of the species with which he was totally unfamiliar. The girl was neither sullen nor rude, yet evidently quite independent; afraid neither of her mistress, nor of himself. He was sharp enough to see that whatever he wanted to get out of Elizabeth must be got in another way.

"Come, my wench, you'd better tell; it'll be none the worse for you, and it sha'n't harm the young fellow, though I dare say he has paid you well for holding your tongue."

"About what, sir?"

"Oh! you know what happened when you told him I had called, eh? Servants get to know all about their master's affairs."

"Mr. Leaf isn't my master, and his affairs are nothing to me; I don't pry into 'em," replied Elizabeth. "If you want to know anything, sir, hadn't you better ask himself? He's at home to-night. I left him and my missus going to their tea."

"Left them at home, and at tea?"

"Yes, Miss Hilary."

It was an inexpressible relief. For the discovery must have come. Ascott must have known or guessed that Mr. Ascott had found him out; he must have confessed all to his aunt, or Johanna would never have done two things which her sister knew she strongly disliked—sending Elizabeth wandering through London at night, and fetching Hilary home before the time. Yet they had been left sitting quietly at their tea!

Perhaps, after all, the blow had not been so dreadful. Johanna saw comfort through it all. Vague hopes arose in Hilary also; visions of the poor sinner sitting "clothed and in his right mind," contrite and humbled; comforted by them all with the inexpressible tenderness with which we yearn over one who "was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found;" helped by them all in the way that women—some women especially, and these were of them—seem formed to help the erring and unfortunate; for, erring as he was, he had also been unfortunate.

Many an excuse for him suggested itself.

How foolish of them, ignorant women that they were, to suppose that seventeen years of the most careful bringing-up could, with his temperament, stand against the countless dangers of London life,—of any life, where a young man is left to himself in a great town, with his temptations so many, and his power of resistance so small.

And this might not, could not be a deliberate act. It must have been committed under a sudden impulse, to be repented of for the rest of his days. Nay, in the strange way in which our sins and mistakes are made not only the whips to scourge us, but the sicknesses out of which we often come,—suffering and weak indeed, but yet relieved and fresh and sound,—who could tell but that this grave fault, this actual guilt, the climax of so many lesser errors, might not work out in the end Ascott's complete reformation?

So in the strange way in which, after a great shock, we begin to revive a little, to hope against hope, to see a slender ray breaking through the darkness, Hilary composed herself, at least so far as to enable her to bid Elizabeth go down-stairs, and she would be ready directly.

"I think it is the best thing I can do,—to go home at once," said she.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Ascott, rather flattered by her involuntary appeal, and by an inward consciousness of his own exceeding generosity. "And pray don't disturb yourselves. Tell your sister from me—your sister Selina, I mean—that I overlook everything, on condition that you keep him out of my sight, the young black-guard!"

"Don't, don't!" cried Hilary, piteously.

"Well, I won't, though it's his right name,—a fellow who could— Look you, Miss Hilary, when his father sent to me to beg ten pounds to bury his mother with, I did bury her, and him also, a month after, very respectably too, though he had no claim upon me, except that he came from Stowbury. And I stood godfather to the child, and I've done my duty by him. But, mark my words, what's bred in the bone will come in the flesh. He was born in a prison, and he'll die in a prison."

"God forbid!" said Hilary, solemnly. And again she felt the strong conviction, that whatever his father had been, or his

mother, of whom they had heard nothing till she was dead, Ascott could not have lived all these years of his childhood and early boyhood with his three aunts at Stowbury without gaining at least some good, which might counteract the hereditary evil; as such evil can be counteracted, even as hereditary disease can be gradually removed by wholesome and careful rearing in a new generation.

"Well, I'll not say any more," continued Peter Ascott; "only, the sooner the young fellow takes himself off the better. He'll only plague you all. Now, can you send out for a cab for me?"

Hilary mechanically rang the bell, and gave the order.

"I'll take you to town with me, if you like. It'll save you the expense of the omnibus. I suppose you always travel by omnibus?"

Hilary answered something, she hardly knew what, except that it was a declining of all these benevolent attentions. At last she got Mr. Ascott outside the street-door, and, returning, put her hand to her head with a moan.

"O Miss Hilary, don't look like that!"

"Elizabeth, do you know what has happened?"

"No."

"Then I don't want you to know. And you must never try to find it out; for it is a secret that ought to be kept strictly within the family. Are you to be trusted?"

"Yes, Miss Hilary."

"Now get me my bonnet, and let us make haste and go home."

They walked down the gas-lit Kensington High Street, Hilary taking her servant's arm; for she felt strangely weak. As she sat in the dark corner of the omnibus, she tried to look things in the face, and form some definite plan; but the noisy rumble at once dulled and confused her faculties. She felt capable of no consecutive thought, but found herself stupidly watching the two lines of faces, wondering, absently, what sort of people they were; what were their lives and histories; and whether they all had, like herself, their own personal burden of woe. Which was, alas! the one fact that never need be doubted in this world.

It was nigh upon eleven o'clock when Hilary knocked at the door of No. 15.

Miss Leaf opened it; but for the first time in her life she had no welcome for her child.

"Is it Ascott? I thought it was Ascott," she cried, peering eagerly up and down the street.

"He is gone out, then? When did he go?" asked Hilary, feeling her heart turn stone-cold.

"Just after Selina came in. She—she vexed him. But he cannot be long! Is not that man he?"

And just as she was, without shawl or bonnet, Johanna stepped out into the cold damp night, and strained her eyes into the darkness; but in vain.

"I'll walk round the Crescent once, and maybe I shall find him. Only go in, Johanna."

And Hilary was away again into the dark, walking rapidly, less with the hope of finding Ascott than to get time to calm herself, so as to meet, and help her sisters to meet, this worst depth of their calamity. For something warned her that this last desperation of a weak nature is more to be dreaded than any overt obstinacy of a strong one. She had a conviction that Ascott never would come home.

After awhile they gave up waiting and watching at the front-door, and shut them-

selves up in the parlor. The first explanation past, even Selina ceased talking; and they sat together, the three women, doing nothing, attempting to do nothing, only listening; thinking every sound was a step on the pavement or a knock at the door. Alas! what would they not have given for the fiercest knock, the most impatient, angry footstep, if only it had been their boy's?

About one o'clock, Selina had to be put to bed in strong hysterics. She had lashed her nephew with her bitter tongue till he had rushed out of the house, declaring that none of them should ever see his face again. Now she reproached herself as being the cause of all, and fell into an agony of remorse, which engrossed her sisters' whole care; until, her violent emotion having worn itself out, she went to sleep, the only one who did sleep in that miserable family.

For Elizabeth also, having been sent to bed hours before, was found by Miss Hilary sitting on the kitchen stairs, about four in the morning. Her mistress made no attempt at reproach, but brought her into the parlor to share the silent watch, never broken except to make up the fire or light a fresh candle; till candles burnt up, and shutters were opened, and upon their great calamity stared the broad, unwelcome day.

SENSATION PARAGRAPHS.—The roar of the lion in the forest in the dead stillness of the night inspires terror—the lightning that strikes the mast in a storm at sea, produces feelings of the liveliest alarm—the explosion of a bomb-shell, scattering destruction around, will make the stoutest heart quake with fear—but perhaps no sight in the world is half so terrible as that of a hungry man who has been kept waiting more than five minutes for his dinner!

The Maelström may be fathomed—Big Ben even may ultimately be sounded,—but woman's heart never!

It requires courage to lead a forlorn hope—no little firmness is requisite to break some fatal news to a suffering friend—and a deal of moral heroism is wanted to forgive an injury in one who has been dearly loved,—but what are these compared to the superhuman effort that is needed at some fancied sound of alarm, to descend alone at three o'clock in the morning into a kitchen that we know to be swarming with blackbeetles?

Some like sparkling champagne best, whilst

others give the preference to still; but happy, oh! twice happy, is he whose conscience combines both qualities—one that is, at the same time, both sparkling and still!—*Punch*.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

SLIGHT withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever. It may be sound,
A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring,
A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
darkly bound. —*Byron*.

AUTUMN JOYS.

DRAW the clear October out;
Another, and another bout,
Then back to labor with a shout!
The banded sheaves stand orderly
Against the purple Autumn sky,
Like armies of Prosperity.

—*Frederick Tennyson*.

From The Spectator.

"MORITURI TE SALUTANT."

PROBABLY every one who has visited the Exhibition has paused to admire M. Gérard's picture of the gladiators saluting Tiberius as they pass on to the arena. The wild gestures of the men doomed, yet resolute, and the cheerful cruelty of the imperial smile, tell their own history. It may seem a fault in art that the group is so small and the amphitheatre so vast. We almost lose sight of the individual fate as the eye wanders over the countless tiers of seats and the throng of curious human faces that rise heavenward. What are a few Dacians to the great lords of the world making holiday? Yet it is precisely in this contrast of the mighty Roman people and their insignificant victims that the truth and moral purport of M. Gérard's picture lie. Tiberius is no anomalous tyrant, but the natural growth of his country and his times. The eagles before him are not more certainly the symbol of Roman energy that has sought its prey over land and sea than are the gladiators a type of Roman recklessness of life and scorn for the conquered. Cobblers and bravoes—*fax Romuli*—are replacing the old legionaries, but the savage intolerance of rivalry that passed the plow over Carthage and proscribed Jugurtha, is still the one political feeling that quickens the pulses of parasites and loungers at the bath. The peaceful generations are even harder and bitterer in their scorn than their fathers, who fought and conquered, were in their hate. But Ate is closing upon the guilty royal race. In the great amphitheatre of the world it is presently the Roman who will go out to die or be cast to the wild beasts of his own hills, and the Goth who will sit in the curule chair under the eagles. The future generations of Latin citizens—patrician and nameless man—may be seen in thought taking place after to-day's gladiators. You are speaking the death sentence of your sons' sons in your quiet signal for to-day's sport. O Tiberius! *Morituri te salutant.*

The story is one of all time. Let Rome of the nineteenth century be the Coliseum, and a venerable old man muttering prayers preside half-unconsciously over the new games. That no touch of human weakness trouble his repose, let Sejanus, ex-seminarist and apostate Liberal, be at his side. Let

the cross glimmer and the fragrant incense-clouds wreath over the altars, and bid the whole Christian world attend the august spectacle. It is an old tradition of the faith expounded by Caiaphas, that one man should die for the people, and why not one people for the Church and for the world? Alas! there is no need of victims here. They pass on before the ivory throne—the whole population of the imperial city,—men with the light of thought quenched in their eyes—women parted from their children, who have fallen everywhere between Po and Tiber, or who rot namelessly in gaol—the young growing up without hope, or faith, or liberty. The dying salute thee, Father! Let them pass on. A few thin stragglers follow—the soldier consorting with felons in a dishonored cause, the monk struggling to believe—Borgès, Tosti, and the like—whom a filial reverence forbids to plead for mercy. None the less is the shadow of death upon them as they pass by the chair. Behind are more august victims. The two sons of the poetess, whom their mother gave to her country, and whom she survives; the thousand obscure sons of unknown women, who sent their children to die for Rome because Rome was Italian; the statesman who found his country a province and left it a nation, but whose brain sank under the weight of one city not to be liberated; the childlike heroic man who passed suddenly like the breath of God over a kingdom, and shook down its bloody throne; thy sons implore thy blessing. Father of the Church! *morituri te salutant*, sovereign of Rome! Thou givest the signal, and the world looks on; and Sejanus and Lygdus smile as the victims fall. Was the death-struggle with the lions more terrible?

But the men of one generation cannot stand or sink alone. The Church that slays its sons is renouncing its history and its dead. One by one the invisible communion of Saints gives up its own, whom the fiat of Rome condemns. The apostles of spiritual freedom—Athanasius, Anselm, Pascal,—the men who moved the world because they loved much—St. Francis and St. Vincent de Paul,—what have these in common with the Curia condemning Passaglia, and De Mérode planning murder? Let them pass away to the lions or the stake. Innocent, in whom Popedom culminated, who made

the world vassal, but under whom Rome was free, must follow the long line of the miserable. The great purpose of their lives is undone; their prayers only waken bitter memories; their blood can but witness against the Church. If only they could go forth alone; but their works and their faith follow them. The liturgies that implore mercy; the creeds that witness to a common brotherhood in Christ; the Cross, to which all cling, must pass as it were in procession before the throne, and bear the common sentence and the pitiless doom. Truly, not a few are the dying who salute thee, Father of the Church! Yet something shall remain when the last fire is quenched, and the last sand smoothed over the victims' blood. The arches of the amphitheatre, the eagles, the throne, and the courtiers, will still stand like a sculptured effigy over the grave of a buried faith. The great pageant will seem to have outlasted the eternal reality. But a few years or a few centuries and life shall assert its old dominion over the works of time. The temple which the angels have left will crash in shapeless ruin over the desecrated altars. The men who cried for pity in the amphitheatre shall find it at the judgment-seat of God. Is it not a sense of the love that transcends humanity, whose name is justice here and mercy in heaven, that sustains them in this hour as they salute and step forward to death!

From The Spectator, 20 Sept.

THE FUTURE OF THE SOUTH.

THERE is a slight reaction perceptible in the European enthusiasm for the South. Among the many causes which have produced that strange aberration of feeling, the principal has been an unavowed, half-conscious sense of relief. The American Republic, always prosperous and always exacting, with resources as boundless as its vanity, and courage almost equal to its irritability, had begun to dismay politicians. Statesmen felt as if a power were growing up with which single nations would be incompetent to deal, and the popular annoyance at repeated concessions was deepened into hate by a feeling that such concessions were not altogether without need. The division of the States was therefore hailed as an event of good

omen for the world, a catastrophe which, however dreadful in its circumstances, still, like the French Revolution or the Irish famine, had its own compensations. To make the sense of relief complete, however, it was essential that the fragments of the great empire should be politically manageable, should be reduced to the point at which they could no longer safely menace, and it begins to be doubtful whether this requisite has been altogether secured. The South is developing rapidly into a first-class fighting power, and its admirers confess that, its independence secured, they could see the tide of victory roll back without very keen repugnance.

Were peace declared next week, the South would remain immeasurably the strongest power on the American Continent. All the causes which led observers to believe in its military weakness, have one by one disappeared, and for the fiftieth time it has been demonstrated that aristocracy, whatever its other demerits, is the most effective of ruling powers. From the very beginning of the contest, the action of the South has been direct, coherent, and singularly able. From among three hundred thousand slave-owners, all accustomed to govern, and all, from the permanent danger in which they live, imbued with the military spirit, it was inevitable that really governing men should immediately step out. Accident placed at their head an organizing mind which there is reason to believe one of consummate power, and in a few weeks a Government, strong to the point of despotism, had been brought into working order. Supported by popular opinion, and the fear of losing their property—a fear strong enough to make Frenchmen, for example, submit to despotism—the governing class were enabled to perform a feat almost without a parallel. They drove the whole of the non-propertied class into the ranks of the army, officered it from their own numbers, and in a year of combat drilled and disciplined a semi-civilized race into effective soldiers. General Jackson has an army which is able to march, which he can carry away from his base of operations, and which can act with the secrecy and suddenness belonging only to regular troops. Compare McClellan's march down the Peninsula with the Southern invasion of Maryland, effected at the rate of twenty miles a day. There is nothing in their own organization

to prevent the Southerners reaching Canada. Almost without supplies, dependent on the North for powder and guns, cloth and food, the energy of the leaders, and the inventiveness always developed in the Anglo-Saxon race under the stimulus of danger, supplied all deficiencies. Possessed as they were of all property, the aristocracy being really in earnest, could not be checked for want of means. They fought like Frederick the Great or the Committee of Public Safety, devoted all property to the war, taxed themselves practically in their whole incomes, and gradually welded the whole population into one fighting mass. This was the easier, because to the mass of that population war was a direct relief. The mean white, badly fed, and incapable of labor, accustomed to hardship and consumed by *ennui*, felt a soldier's life, with its regular duties and rations and plentiful excitement, a relief from his former existence. The exceptional character of society greatly favored his conversion into a soldier. Accustomed to look up to the planters as the sole property holders, he readily obeyed them as officers; and fanatic for slavery, marched against "abolitionists" with an almost religious zeal. Unused to labor, his disappearance left the locality no poorer; the slaves, who had always worked, working on still like machines. The labor-market could not be disturbed, for the laborer was the one class from which recruits could never be drawn. A systematic despotism, probably at once lightened by the absence of overseers and intensified by the free use of the punishment of death, previously avoided because the slave was valuable, crushed them into rank and order, and society, as a mass, had organized itself for war.

Strong men cropped up everywhere. Aristocracy, incapable of some forms of genius—a great aristocratic poet is still to seek—always, until worn down with intermarriage, produces governing men; and Jefferson Davis had able assistants. At least three able generals—Beauregard, Lee, and Jackson—rose successively to the top. A Finance Minister was appointed who, whatever his system, succeeded in finding without revenue all the required supplies. A Minister of Marine was found who, as no navy existed capable of contending with the foe, called on science, used railway iron to

make ships, and by his first essay created profound alarm in every government in Europe. The Merrimac was destroyed, but not till she had modified all men's thoughts on the subject of naval warfare, and after her destruction, the Secretary still regained by a similar device the temporary control of the Mississippi, and is even now alarming the Northern coast. New ships were purchased in Europe. At least two captains were discovered of the very first class for energy and rapidity of movement; and the South, in the teeth of every natural obstacle, was enabled to claim an effective though still insufficient navy. For the rest, the Government, in whose territory the enemy, with secret allies in the population, can obtain no information, and no unbought supplies, must be ably and zealously served. The South, to all outside appearances, acts as one man, a working military despotism as efficient as that of France, and far more terribly in earnest.

And now it would seem that the State, thus organized and changed in its character, is about to secure independence, and the communication with the external world, which is all it needs to perfect its military arrangements. Can any one seriously doubt that it will be one of the most formidable States of earth? The Southern leaders have always had a floating idea that Slave States should, as Calhoun advised, be organized on a military basis, and the planters are not likely to lose the lesson they have acquired. The army, which gives them importance abroad, will impart to them also a new feeling of security at home. A strong and most able despotism will direct a regular army of two hundred thousand men, filled with unfailing rapidity by the conscription, composed of soldiers who have reached just that point of civilization at which men, without losing their instinctive ferocity, become capable of action in coherent masses, and governed by officers educated in command and trained in a terrible series of campaigns. The South has no wooden fleet to abandon, and, with the sale of one cotton crop, it can place a hundred Merrimacs, manned and armed, on the water. The property of the country is at its governors' disposal, and must, therefore, be adequate to the support of the army, while the expense of the year has accustomed the gov-

erning class to severe and effective taxation. The slaves, so far from a source of weakness, have proved an element of strength, enabling the South alone among the nations of the world to make war without in the smallest degree impeding the work of production. Add to all this a geographical situation eminently favorable to expansion, and how is Europe to restrain such a power if it chooses to devote its energies to the foundation of an empire?

By invasion? A million of Anglo-Saxons have made the attempt in vain. By blockades? No blockade could equal in severity or duration that which the South has survived. By naval warfare? The South can conquer Mexico without sending a ship to sea, and move troops by the hundred thousand in regions whither France could transport only tens. Without mentioning the revival of the slave-trade, which Virginia may be able to stop, the South will certainly covet Cuba, which Spain cannot, against such a power, defend. It will hanker for Hayti, which Europe, not owning the island, will scarcely care to protect. It will long for the West Indies, whose free blacks are a permanent menace to the first principle of its existence, and England may at any moment be exposed to an enemy who can produce a cotton crisis, and who is, at least, as formidable as the United States ever were. The command of the isthmus, the most important point on the American continent, and almost indispensable to our vast possessions on the Pacific, must belong to the power which, seated at once on the Atlantic, the Gulf, and the Pacific, can at any moment transport fifty thousand trained soldiers to Nicaragua, and which, in Walker's expedition, indicated clearly the groove its ambition would select. To all human appearance, if the South succeeds, a grand military aristocracy—brave, tenacious, and merciless, may enthrone itself on the continent from the Potomac to Panama, everywhere ruling a subject race, reduced from a state of more or less complete freedom to permanent and degrading bondage. It may be, moreover, for a time, one of the strongest of external powers, contesting our liberty in the Gulf, and obliterating our influence in the Pacific, with a mighty alliance to offer to any European enemy, and an organization which no State based on freedom

can permanently hope to conciliate. That is the prospect before us, and it is one which may make the most ardent sympathizer with the South hesitate in his effusion of friendship. He relied on two secret beliefs,—that the South must be exhausted, and that a slave power must always be weak,—and both are proving fallacious. The South has lost many men, but while it has enough for its army, its chiefs, who want no mean whites to grow corn, will not feel their power diminished. It has incurred a great debt, but the governing class has lent the money to itself, and is quite capable, if need be, of making a holocaust of its bonds. It has two crops to sell, the value of which will soon recoup all losses, and its slaves will be worth at once more than their highest value. As to slavery, while the slaves obey, they are a source of military strength, and the planters have learnt the secret of making them obey. Rome armed her slaves with impunity, and the men who fell at Thermopylæ induced helots to share their fate—and be forgotten. The slaves release the white men for war, and the South is, in fact, a military despotism in which two millions of males, governed by astute and determined chiefs, stand ever prepared for battle. Is *that* the result which those who accuse us of fanaticism, because we support civil government and remain true to the principle of human freedom, so anxiously desire?

Part of an Article in The Spectator, 20 Sept.

BASTARD REVOLUTION.

WHAT is it that gives the low and mongrel character to the present effusion of quasi-revolutionary energy in the Northern States? That the people are making enormous sacrifices of both blood and treasure for the success of their armies is beyond all doubt, and yet there is nothing more difficult for us in England than to believe that the people are passionately, fatally in earnest in the cause for which they fight. In a great measure this is no doubt due to the demeanor of their so-called statesmen; but then this is precisely the difficulty to be accounted for, since nothing is more perplexing than to reconcile that demeanor with the hypothesis that these statesmen are conscious of any such passionate popular pur-

pose. Instead of acting—as the executive of a nation whose mind was glowing with the clear, steady intensity of white heat would be likely to act—in grim silence, with their eyes rivetted on their work, knowing that success or failure in that work involves everything to them that is worth a thought,—self-respect, honor, love; or shame, scorn, and popular hatred,—they are still devoting half their strength to brag and pantomime, to smoke and noise; evidently under the impression that a theatrical show of energy will do not a little to supply the place of the reality; and, apparently at least, they are not mistaken.

The money flows and the blood flows freely, but the boasts flow more freely still, and appear to pay for all. . . .

It seems to us clear, in spite of the evidence of earnestness which the North gives in pouring out its blood and gold thus freely for the war,—that there is still a spurious element of froth and wind in the character of the Northern movement. . . . True revolutionary energy, such as the South evinces now,—such as France evinced in 1792, such as a great party in England evinced in 1642, must be founded either on an absorbing passion or a profound faith,—such a passion or such a faith as will fuse party differences and personal jealousies into one molten mass of popular purpose; whether selfish or noble, whether bloodthirsty or simply stern, considered in this light, scarcely matters. The South found and finds this passion in the savage resolve to mould and extend their beloved slavery according to their own will, without any check or interference from their Northern neighbors. France found it, at the time of the Great Revolution, first in a paroxysm of democratic rage against her own corrupt aristocracy, then in her still madder rage against the foreigner who interfered between her and her prey. The English Puritans found it in the fresh spell which the translated Bible, and especially the Old Testament, cast upon their consciences at the very moment when they had to resist a formal, tyrannical, and hollow-hearted Church and king government. But on the North there is no single overpowering spell of this

kind. They have neither a passion which has identified itself with their inmost nature to gratify, nor a faith which touches their conscience to propagate and proclaim. The idolatry for “the Union” and the Constitution is the nearest approach they have to either; and that is neither a dearly cherished personal passion like the lust of slavery, nor a faith like the Puritan faith that God had condemned their unrighteous government. It is rather a fixed idea which has taken firm root in the national vanity, and which needs even now constant lashing and pricking to keep up to the mark. They go fuming about “like a short-tailed bull in fly time,” as Mr. Bigelow says, in order to bring themselves up to the goring and tossing point. They are always wanting a deeper rooting and grounding in the goodness and splendor of their own cause. They die for it, but yet they only half identify themselves with it and are thankful to any one who temporarily deceives them into the notion that it is a consuming passion with them. Big words are welcome, because they give a false bottom of confidence for the moment in a cause for which they find it difficult to entertain savage passion, and still more difficult to cherish religious enthusiasm. All the biggest thoughts they have ever had are associated with the Union. They cannot, and will not give it up, for it is of the essence of their political vanity. Still it does not touch them to the quick as imputations on slavery touch the South, or as the exaction of assent to a detested creed touches a really ardent faith. . . .

There is but one party to whom this charge of half-heartedness does not apply,—the anti-slavery party. They do, in fact, feel much of the indignant faith and passion of righteous zealots. . . . But they are, even now, comparatively few. And as for the welding influence of national fury, it scarcely yet exists amongst the civilians of the North, and we trust, in spite of their wrongs, may long be delayed. The crusade against slavery is probably the only contagious revolutionary force which can ever work the North up to the grim earnestness of the South. . . .

From The Saturday Review.
SHYNESS.

It is reported of two Anglo-Italian boys, sent over here to be turned into complete Englishmen, and plunged, accordingly, headforemost into the *mare magnum* of one of our public schools, that, on being asked what they had been taught by their foreign tutors, they replied, singing, dancing, and pretty behavior. In that pretty behavior was included, let us hope, self-possession under difficulties, and that positive quality, whatever it may be called, which is opposite to bashfulness—otherwise, we do not envy them the process of their acclimatization. We trust, however, that the Italian half of their nature was, for the time being, sufficiently in the ascendant to secure them against that odd infirmity, the natural outgrowth of the English half, which forms the subject of the present essay. So exclusively, indeed, is shyness supposed to be a part of the English character, that the substantive Englishman seems inextricably appropriated to the adjective shy, as, in the language of the railway station, a gentleman belongs to his dog. We sometimes talk of a raw Scotchman—never, as far as our experience extends, of a shy one—whilst a shy Frenchman, a shy Irishman, and a shy American, represent, if such a mode of speaking may be allowed, the positive, the comparative, and the superlative degrees, of impossibility. Such being the case, it may not be uninteresting to inquire what shyness is, why it takes rank as a peculiarly English characteristic, and whether it does not carry with it certain compensations which make it doubtful whether we should be gainers on the whole if it could be altogether eliminated from our nature.

Shyness, we should say, might be described as a kind of inverted vanity, or perhaps, less uncharitably, of inverted self-esteem. It is of course modified by the endless variety of circumstances, and shot through by a thousand complicated shades of character; but this always continues, we think, whatever the shift of the pattern, to be the central thread of the woof. The shy man is oppressed by a sense that there is a want of harmony between what he is, and what he appears to be. That reasonable good opinion of one's self, without which it is difficult to be easy and agreeable in soci-

ety, which acts without any distinct consciousness on our parts, like insensible perspiration, in maintaining the inward health and equilibrium, is, as it were, chilled and driven in upon the system. And the results which follow are sufficiently analogous to the mischief produced by an eruption which is improperly checked. This, we think, accounts for the odd veins of shyness which often lie hid in minds where no one would expect to find them. Grattan, for instance, was, perhaps, the boldest and bitterest speaker of his time; but, if his health were drunk at a public dinner, he was as incapable of stringing two reasonable sentences together by way of thanks, as the veriest Dundreary candidate who is forced to repose implicit confidence in his hat. The reason was, we think, that in his natural sphere he could trust himself. The inner man and the outer man worked harmoniously together, because he had acquired, by long experience or otherwise, the certainty that when he was called upon to embody an idea, the native growth of his intellect, his powers of execution would not fail him; but this confidence deserted him whenever he was restricted to the arms of courtesy. *There* he was out of his element, and, being a man of sincere and ardent temper, as soon as he found himself in a false position, he succumbed to shame and confusion of face, and stood up in a state of moral chaos, like Balaam the prophet, with every disposition to curse his fellow-worshippers heartily, yet compelled to bless them altogether. On the other hand, we have always heard that when masquerades were in fashion, the people who kept them alive—who found wit, and sarcasm, and noise, and readiness of repartee—were not the impudent members of society, but persons who, upon common occasions, were notoriously shy and reserved. Upon the former, apparently, the unusual position in which they were placed operated as a restraint and a clog. To the latter, the mere fact that the usual and conventional state of things which sat upon them, like Sinbad's old man of the sea, was removed for an instant, gave a lightness and elasticity of feeling which urged them on to a thousand follies. Their difficulty always having been to make the inner and the outer man harmonize satisfactorily to themselves, they discovered, to their great delight, that the

very essence of the masquerade was, that, till it was over, the inner man was entirely to be suppressed and forgotten. Under the influence of this discovery, they were like prisoners suddenly liberated, and were ready to dance, and shout, and sing from the mere instinct of unexpected freedom. Following the same line of thought, we find that, where the reciprocal duties of thought and action are regulated from without—where, either by law or conventional necessity, no alternative is left to a man—shyness usually ceases to molest him. Her aspect is terrible only in a region of mist and uncertainty. We feel, it is true, under the shadow of her presence, a nervous dread of the opinion of others, but only so long as that opinion is unexpressed. As soon as it begins to speak in human tones, like the Bodach Glas of Fergus M'Ivor, it loses at once its power. Whatever real value it may have is retained; but that value can be weighed and estimated, and if on examination it is found to be entirely worthless, it is entirely disregarded. Accordingly, a man may be shy at an evening party, and yet act in private theatricals, where he knows every one expects him to do certain fixed things, and utter certain pre-arranged words, without the smallest embarrassment. He may hesitate and stammer in asking a young lady to dance, and yet propose a candidate for the county, if public opinion calls upon him to do so, with the most perfect fluency and self-possession. Nay, further—even in cases where the shyness felt arises from some shortcoming, or blunder, or untowardness of behavior, and is, therefore, natural and justifiable—as soon as the penalty dreaded, whatever it be, has been incurred—as soon as the suffering to be undergone has defined and limited itself within certain bounds, the sense of shame is over. We doubt not, for instance, that Miss Edgeworth's bashful young lady, who went, as we are told, to a ball with a black shoe on one foot and a white one on the other—though she suffered agonies till the opinion of the room on the subject had been pronounced—danced, nevertheless, as soon as the laugh against her had exhausted itself, with perfect composure, and went home quite unaffected by the incident.

Now, it seems to us, that if we were to take any one point as distinguishing the English character, particularly among those

classes where shyness is commonly found, from that of other nations, what we should fix upon would be the habit of suppressing emotion. The first thing, we believe, which astonishes an English boy, on being introduced to Homer, is the abundant tears which are shed by the noblest heroes of the story. Achilles weeps—Menelaus weeps—Ulysses weeps on the smallest provocation; nor does this display of feeling appear to have been thought, by their contemporaries then, or by their fellow-countrymen in after ages, as less suitable to their characters and positions, than to those of Andromache or Cassandra. Such being the case, the fifth form boy, who would feel himself dishonored in his own eyes if he gave way at a tragedy or melodrama, marvels at the readiness with which the *ψυχὰι ἐφθίμους ἥρώων* melt into, what seems to him to be, inexplicable weakness. Nor is this contempt for tears confined to the young. It is apparently taken for granted, as part of the manly character, in society, in business, in literature; and yet those fine lines of Scott's:—

“But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men—”

would apparently have been unintelligible to the gallant besiegers of Troy. We suspect, however, that the somewhat scornful astonishment which is aroused in the undeveloped English mind when it is first called upon to sympathize with the blubbering demigods of Ilium, would have been retaliated upon us tenfold, and possibly in a spirit of sounder wisdom, by those brilliant Achæans, if they could have been introduced to a Shios instead of a *δίας ἀνὴρ*. They could hardly have been made to understand how a full-grown man, unimpeachable in point of bodily stature and mental cultivation, could be prevented from taking his fair share in the business and enjoyments of life, and throttled, as it were, into awkwardness and insignificance, by a timidity in trifles for which he could give no reason, and allege no excuse. This view of weeping may be taken as typical of the English character—as a proof of the value which we set upon the power of suppressing emotion, and of presenting an iron front to sorrows and misfortunes whenever they fall upon us. Moreover, if such an indisputable fact required further confirmations, we could have them in crowds. The fiercest murderer extorts a

reluctant sympathy (on week days, at any rate), even from the respectable part of the British public, if he dies game—that is, if he crushes down the thoughts and feelings which naturally belong to his situation. Besides this, there are a thousand popular stories, which derive their whole effect from striking in upon, and harmonizing with, this keynote of our national disposition. If we could suppose that the surgeon of the sinking ship, who replied to his shrieking informant, “Well, that is no business of mine, you had better go and tell the first-lieutenant,” did not really care for being drowned—if the imperturbable Briton, in the blazing hotel on the Rhine, who simply cursed the terrified waiter for calling him before the specified hour of nine, did not really care for being burned alive—if the drunken collier, who was roused by masked demons, glimmering through the darkness under phosphoric light, and then told that he was in hell, did not really dread everlasting damnation when he placidly observed, “Indeed, can you tell me whether one Joe Collins is here?” They would represent themselves to our apprehensions, one and all, as insensible brutes, and the humor of the situation vanishes at once. The whole joke consists in the steadiness with which the character, together with its habits, natural and acquired, keeps its ply, however odd and unexpected the combination of circumstances which start up around it may be. And looking at them from that point of view, it may be observed that all such stories, and their name is legion, point in the same direction, namely, to the fact that the suppression of outward emotion is one of the main characteristics of the Englishman. We need not add that Frenchmen, Irishmen, etc., are (and ancient Greeks probably were) formed in this respect, whether for good or evil, of a different clay. The channels through which the current of their inner nature communicates with the external world are freer, wider, and less obstructed. The whole character pours itself easily through them, instead of fretting and chafing against the barriers which keep it imprisoned within. Now, if the ordinary English nature were also an unimpassioned nature, we might be, as indeed many Englishmen are, cold, stiff, and ungenial, without being shy; but this is by no means universally, or indeed

commonly, the case. And the consequence is, that there is a constant struggle going on between the vehemence of the real temper below and the strength of the icy crust which has been breathed upon it by custom and convention above. This in susceptible minds, particularly if they are full of sympathy, and keenly alive to the influence of others, produces a painful sense of discord and confusion, which, according to the best of our belief, is the fountain-head of English shyness.

Whether that English shyness be altogether an evil, is another matter. It certainly is a morbid form of imaginative sympathy. And if we could have the imaginative sympathy without the disease, we should unquestionably find ourselves in a better plight. Mr. Gladstone, no doubt, would tell us that such was the case in the full and free development of their heroic nature, among his prehistoric Achæan chiefs; and we dare say he is right. But, among ourselves, we think that some degree of shyness is not undesirable or ungraceful in early youth. The lad who is not shy is very apt to be of a self-occupied and ungenial character, careless of the opinion of others only because he is always thinking of himself. His interests, his acquirements, his possessions, his intentions, are ever uppermost in his mind. He is, therefore, not unlikely to build up a wall of self-conceit between himself and his fellow-men, which permanently arrests the growth of his faculties, and tends especially to blunt and dwarf the imagination. This, to practical people who sneer at poetry, may seem no great evil; but we are not speaking of the literary imagination alone. It ought not to escape their notice that the moral use of that great faculty, higher even than the intellectual, is to give its possessor sympathy with, and insight into, all that concerns mankind. Whenever, therefore, we find, as is common enough, parents or guardians imitating the example of Lord Chesterfield, and endeavoring to force ease of manner upon the young, we think them, as the expression itself seems to show, deplorably in error. A stripling who begins by being shy, in that his imagination is perpetually at work, and sensitively alive to every shift and shadow of turning in the temper and demeanor of others, is more likely to acquire a knowledge

of men than the self-satisfied young gentleman who, at sixteen, is perfectly "lord of himself" in any society. There are, unquestionably, certain easy and gracious natures, endowed with a nameless charm which no education can give or even take away, who from first to last preserve the simplicity of children, and fascinate, without effort or self-consciousness, just as a rose-tree blossoms, or a bird flies—of them we are not speaking. Let us praise God for them—but *nascuntur, non fiunt*. In ordinary cases we believe that perfect good breeding, which implies tact and a kindly perception of men's motives, and wishes, and even weaknesses, is more likely to ripen out of our natural shyness than out of that premature self-possession which is sometimes coveted for the young by their over-anxious friends. We are speaking emphatically of the young; because elderly shyness, even if it be not entirely extirpated from odd holes and corners in the character, must not be allowed, if we may use the colloquialism, to say that its soul is its own. Any one who, after a certain time of life—passed, of course, under ordinary circumstances—permits it at all to domineer over his soul, to fetter his conversation, or embarrass his conduct, must be

the victim of a low-fever type of vanity which indicates weakness, somewhere or other, in the mental constitution. In this respect, however, men of average good sense generally get their education finished for them by society, within a reasonable time. They soon learn that, whether they talk or are silent, whether they stand awkwardly making faces in a corner of the room or sit down like Christians in a chair, whether they wear a white neckcloth or a black one at a dinner party, no perceptible change is produced in the relations of the universe. The sun equally rises and sets—the Derby is decided, and the Parliament dissolved—and, what is more to their purpose, whichever of the alternatives named above they may have chosen, nobody cares. As soon as this last interesting fact is brought home to the consciousness of the sufferer, a favorable crisis supervenes. He slowly takes his natural place, falls gradually into his natural style of conversation, and ends by satisfying himself that, after all, in the ocean of human life, he is as good and as well-rounded a drop as most of the surrounding drops by whose juxtaposition he was of old so grievously embarrassed and oppressed.

WM. OF MALMESBURY ascribes Egbert's retreat into France "to the counsels of God, that a man destined to so great a kingdom might learn the art of government from the Franks, for this people has no competitor among all the Western nations, in military skill, or polished manners."

HUGH the Great, father of Hugh Capet, sent to ask a sister of Athelstan in marriage; among the presents which he sent were perfumes such as never had been seen in England before. See the account of the *Reliques in Malmesbury*, p. 156. The most interesting is the sword of Constantine, with his name on it, in golden letters.

WHEN the Danes murdered Saint Elphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, it was by stoning and boning him,—"*lapidus, ossibus, bovinis capitibus obruunt*," according to Hoveden, Florence of Worcester, Simeon of Durham and Gervase; —"*lapidibus et ossibus bovinis*," according to Brompton and Dicetus.

ST. EDBURGA, Edward the Elder's daughter, used to steal away the socks of the several nuns at night, and carefully washing and anointing them (?), lay them again upon their beds.

THE Saxons were two hundred years before they could separate the North Britons from those of Wales, by the conquest of Lancashire.

THE church of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet is one of the ancient monuments of Paris, which has been concealed from public view by the wretched houses with which it was surrounded. These buildings have been removed to make way for a new boulevard. The church, which was an appendage to the parish of St. Etienne du Mont, took its name from the manor of Chardonnet, on which it was built. It was originally a chapel, built by William d'Augvergne in 1280, and the rebuilding of which, commenced in 1656, was not completed until the year 1700.

From The Spectator.

A MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

ON Saturday, the 25th of November, 1809, about noon, a carriage with two travellers arrived before the house of the postmaster of Perleberg, a little town close to the frontier of the Prussian dominions, on the high-road from Berlin to Hamburg. The travellers were the Hon. Benjamin Bathurst, Envoy Extraordinary of the British Government, on a secret mission to the court of Vienna, and then on his return to England; and Herr Krause, his German courier. They had no sooner alighted when Mr. Bathurst gave orders for the immediate continuation of the journey, and while the horses were harnessed to the carriage, went into the hostelry adjoining the post-office to take some refreshment. The meal was soon finished, but various arrangements, particularly the local verification of passports in the name of "Merchant Koch" and "Fischer," protracted the departure of the travellers until a late hour. It was not till towards nine in the evening that the news at last arrived of the horses being about to be harnessed to the carriage. On receiving this welcome announcement, Mr. Bathurst left his room and went into the street, as his servant thought, for the purpose of taking his seat in the chaise. The courier followed in a few seconds, but was astonished not to find his master in the place where he thought him to be. He waited and waited, for minutes, for hours, but did not see him make his appearance. The Hon. Benjamin Bathurst has not re-appeared up to the present day.

At Perleberg the mysterious disappearance of the traveller known as Merchant Koch created but little sensation. The country was in such a fearfully disorganized state at the time, overrun by lawless bands of freebooters, French stragglers, Polish adventurers, and German revolutionists, and murders, and robberies were so frequent, that the loss of a simple commercial traveller was scarcely noticed. Besides, there were scarcely any constituted authorities in Prussia. The country, just released from the iron grasp of French despotism, and still trembling before imperial prefects and gendarmes, located in all directions, was only nominally governed by the administration of Frederick William III., and still more under the influence of

the military than the judicial power. It was, therefore, not until after the lapse of some weeks that the fatal news of Mr. Bathurst's disappearance reached England, conveyed by Herr Krause, the courier, who had succeeded in taking ship at Hamburg. Mr. Bathurst, third son of the Bishop of Norwich, had left behind him at home a young wife—the eldest daughter of Sir John Call, of Whiteford House, Cornwall—and two children, all of whom, together with his own family, deeply lamented his long-continued absence. He had been appointed to the Vienna Mission in the spring of 1809, by his relative, Lord Bathurst, *pro tempore* Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and it was believed that his absence would not be longer than three or four months at the utmost. But Napoleon having invaded Austria, the departure of the young British envoy was protracted from day to day, causing him bitter disappointment, vented in frequent letters to his family. The last of these letters, dated July, 1809, intimated that there was considerable danger in his position, the Austrian court quailing before the continued successes of the French. Then came the decisive battle of Wagram, and with it the complete annihilation of the Austrian monarchy, left in nominal existence only by the grace of Napoleon. It was clear that after these events Mr. Bathurst's sojourn at Vienna was made impossible; and his friends consequently expected him anxiously home every week. So the month of September passed, and October and November, and no tidings arrived. Mr. Bathurst's wife removed into the house of her father-in-law, to be nearer any possible news; and evening after evening the family sat in conclave, every knock at the street-door causing a lively emotion, arising from the hope that it might be the absent friend. At length, one evening in December, the Bishop of Norwich received an express from Lord Wellesley, requesting his immediate attendance at Apsley house, his lordship having something important to communicate. The anxiety of the family now reached the highest point; and it was almost a relief when the bishop returned, telling his friends that the Government had received information that his son Benjamin had mysteriously disappeared at Perleberg, in Prussia. There was a ray of hope in this news, on which the family, and above all

Mr. Bathurst's heroic young wife, immediately set to work.

Mrs. B. Bathurst at once resolved to proceed to Germany, and, in spite of all difficulties, to ascertain personally, if possible, the fate of her husband. All the persuasions of her family, who could not help seeing the extreme danger and almost hopelessness of the undertaking, were fruitless to prevent her making the necessary preparations for the journey; and it was with difficulty that she could be prevailed on even to accept the assistance of a companion. As such, however, to the great joy of Bishop Bathurst, Professor Röntgen, a friend of the family, and celebrated explorer—who, unfortunately, met with his death a few years after on the road to Timbuctoo, Africa—offered himself; and, under his guidance, Mrs. Bathurst, and another member of the family, set out for Germany at the end of December, 1809. They reached the Prussian dominions without hindrance, and on their arrival at Perleberg, found that the authorities had taken up the subject, and were making diligent inquiries respecting the fate of the missing traveller. By an order of the Prussian Home Secretary, the Governor of Perleberg, Captain von Klitzing, had been enjoined to investigate the affair, and a strict search having been instituted in the environs of the town, a pair of breeches, supposed to belong to the missing man, were found in a copse in the neighborhood. The garment being shown, on her arrival, to Mrs. Bathurst, she at once recognized it as that of her husband. It was riddled by several bullets; but on the examination of competent judges, it was established beyond doubt that the bullets had been fired on the empty piece of dress as it was lying on the ground, and not while on the person. The discovery of the garment, which seemed to lead on the trace of the missing one, and clearly pointed to a case of kidnapping, greatly increased the anxiety of Mrs. Bathurst and her companions for further information. Accordingly, a reward of five hundred thalers was offered, at their instigation, to whomsoever would give any news concerning the mysterious event; and they further paid handsome sums to the several members of the local police force to increase their zeal in the search. This, as subsequent facts proved, was rather unwise. The

news that a number of rich foreigners had arrived, offering large sums for the discovery of a lost countryman, brought together all the vagabonds and adventurers of the province, and Captain von Klitzing was overwhelmed with offers of information, which, some worthless, and most of them lying, tended to nothing else but to increase the darkness which hung about the whole affair. At the end of a whole month's diligent inquiry and investigation the strange case had become more mysterious than ever.

Meanwhile, however, the English and French press, having become acquainted with the fact of Mr. Bathurst's disappearance, began to discuss the subject. The *Times*, of January 20, 1810, had the following paragraph in large type, which subsequently went the round of the English papers: "There is too much reason to fear that the account of the death of Mr. Bathurst, late British envoy to the Emperor of Austria, inserted in a Paris journal, is correct as to the principal fact. It was stated, as an article of Berlin news, of the date of December 10, that Mr. Bathurst had evinced symptoms of insanity on his journey through that city, and that he had subsequently fallen by his own hand in the vicinity of Perleberg. Information, however, has been received within these few days, which forcibly tends to fix the guilt of Mr. Bathurst's death, or disappearance, on the French Government. It appears that Mr. Bathurst left Berlin with passports from the Prussian Government, and in excellent health, both of mind and body. He was to proceed to Hamburg, to embark for this country; but Hamburg he never reached. At some town near the French territories he was seized, as is supposed, by a party of French soldiers. What happened afterwards is not accurately known. His pantaloons have been found near the town where he was seized, and a letter in them to his wife; but nothing else. The Prussian Government, upon receiving the intelligence, evinced the deepest regret, and offered a large reward for the discovery of his body. No success, however, has yet attended the offer." From what source the *Times* received this information is not stated; there is, however, reason to believe, from the prominent manner in which the announcement was brought forward, that it was derived from official communication.

Such, at least, seemed the opinion entertained of it in Paris; for the French Government, greatly incensed at the accusation of having kidnapped or murdered Mr. Bathurst, launched forth the following reply in the *Moniteur* of January 29th: "England alone, among all civilized nations, has renewed the example of paying assassins and encouraging crimes. It appears by the accounts from Berlin, that Mr. Bathurst was deranged in his mind. This is the custom of the British Cabinet—to give their diplomatic missions to the most foolish and most senseless persons the nation produces. The English diplomatic corps is the only one in which examples of madness are common." This reply, it cannot be denied, was very lame, and tended to foster and strengthen suspicions already extant. Further notices in the *Moniteur* still more confirmed these suppositions. The French official journal, in a threatening tone, laid it down as a positive rule that Mr. Bathurst *must* have committed suicide, and the severe displeasure of the Government was called upon the heads of those who should dare to think or to speak otherwise. Thereupon the German press, who had mildly discussed the subject, became very quiet, greatly sobered down by the remembrance of Palm, the Nuremberg bookseller, shot by order of Napoleon for having published a harmless little pamphlet on the state of the Fatherland.

While the *Times* and *Moniteur* were thus engaged in hot controversy, the police authorities at Perleberg continued their researches into the fate of the missing man, greatly spurred in their endeavors by the freely flowing gold of his relatives. Nevertheless, with the exception of the trowsers already found, containing some scribbling of the owner, with no clue to his fate, nothing whatever of importance was discovered. The work of the magistrates now began to be difficult, for the enterprising Hebrew dealers of all the neighboring towns and villages came swarming into Perleberg, hoping to dispose of some of their old clothes to the long-pursed foreigners. Bodies, too, were brought into town from all directions; and a cunning peasant had a whole cartload full, dugged up from a field where a hasty interment had taken place, after a skirmish between French and Prussians. The authorities got so bewildered at last as to be

completely unable to follow any thread of inquiry, whether right or wrong; and the Prussian commander, the most intelligent man in the place, earnestly entreated the strangers to leave Perleberg, as without their presence he would be able to proceed more satisfactorily in his researches, and, perhaps, succeed in lifting the veil of the mystery. The advice, after some hesitation, was accepted; but before quitting the town, Mrs. Bathurst decided to have the whole of the environs, within some miles, once more strictly and systematically searched, leaving not out an inch of ground. This difficult plan was carried out on the 19th and 20th of March, at a vast expense of time and money. Perleberg—a very old city, formerly the capital of a province, but now reduced to a fourth-rate country town with about three thousand inhabitants—is stragglingly situated along the bank of the river Stepenitz, about eight miles before it enters the Elbe. The country around is covered to a great extent with forest and underwood, and, at the beginning of the year 1810, was full of ruins of cottages, farmhouses, and mansions of the resident land-owners. It required a force of several hundred people to thoroughly search such intricate territory, so as to leave no possibility of any object of considerable size passing unnoticed. This difficult enterprise, however, was accomplished by the anxious wife of the missing traveller, who personally headed the undertaking. She had purchased a large number of dogs trained for tracking hidden objects—dogs talked of to this day at Perleberg—and with them, and nearly the whole male population of the town, mostly volunteers, she set out on her expedition. While all the fishermen of the Stepenitz were dredging the river with the minutest carefulness, the party on land examined every inch of ground, every bush and tree and hollow in the hills. But all with no result. The search was entirely fruitless in showing the faintest trace of aught belonging to the missing man; and being now fully convinced of the inutility of further researches in this quarter, the young wife at last reluctantly departed. Despairing what to do next, she went to Berlin, and from thence, in a fit of frenzy, to Paris, to see the Emperor Napoleon himself, and obtain from him, if possible, the account of the fate of her husband.

The emperor received Mrs. Bathurst with the greatest affability; but solemnly declared his ignorance of the whole affair, and in proof of it offered his assistance for any further inquiry on the subject. Whether this offer was accepted or declined is not known, but certain it is that it led to no result of any kind. It seemed as if the dark crime of Perleberg would remain a mystery forever.

Not many months ago, however, an unexpected light was thrown upon the affair. It having become necessary to execute some repairs in the citadel of Magdeburg, a wall was pulled down, and behind it, in a small recess, was found the skeleton of a man in upright posture, the hands fastened to the back. Many were the speculations arising out of this discovery, and various the surmises set afloat, until at last the suggestion was started that the body might be that of Mr. Benjamin Bathurst, long supposed to have died somewhere near Magdeburg. This conjecture seems to be generally admitted at present among those who have been discussing the matter in Germany as the most probable. At the time of Mr. Bathurst's disappearance, the fortress of Magdeburg, as is well known, was in the hands of the French, and became the prison of many unfortunate Germans, and other political offenders opposing the sway of the great Napoleon. It cannot be denied that the thick walls of the old feudal stronghold, gained with French gold in 1806, and held as a sort of Bastille by the conqueror of the country, were uncommonly fitted for holding a British ambassador, and pressing from him, by slow torture, whatever tongue will tell in the agony of death. It seems a very probable conclusion, therefore, to submit that Mr. Bathurst's death was the consequence of a crime planned by French brains and executed by French hands. In fact, an attentive consideration of the whole mysterious affair and all the accompanying circumstances scarcely leaves room for any other explanation than the one now suggested. The French Government alone had an interest in the possession, as well as the necessary power for obtaining the person and despatches of the British envoy; and that the Emperor Napoleon was unscrupulous enough to resort to any means to obtain his own ends there are thousands of examples

to prove. Not far from the very town of Perleberg, where Mr. Bathurst disappeared, Mr. Wagstaffe, a king's messenger, was seized and robbed of his despatches a few years before; and another British subject, Sir George Rumbold, was openly kidnapped at Hamburg by the same imperial police, in defiance of all international law and justice. The seizure of Mr. Bathurst, being of far greater importance, was very likely effected also with much more circumspection. There was no particular difficulty in laying hold of Mr. Bathurst as soon as, in the dark November night, he had quitted the door of the Perleberg Inn; and after having him gagged, thrusting him into a ready carriage, to be conveyed forthwith to the not very distant fortress. Whether Mr. Bathurst died in his prison a natural death, or whether he was actually murdered by his gaolers, is a question, however, which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to decide, even if it were proved to a certainty that the recently discovered body was that of the lost envoy. As far as it appears from the newspaper reports on the subject, the skeleton found in the wall underwent no particular examination, but was put into a box and carried off to some cemetery. The discovery of a corpse in a place like Magdeburg is, it seems, an occurrence to which the people are rather accustomed than otherwise, and of which consequently no distinct notice is taken. If, as the proverb goes, there is a skeleton in every house, it cannot perhaps be wondered at that there should be a hundred in a Prussian fortress.

From The Spectator.

THE GAMBLER'S IDOL.

WHILE Italy sickens over the fate of the greatest heart in Europe, an incident, which instantly raised a succession of loud shrieks from the Ultramontane Press, has thrown a weird and quaint, but striking gleam of light upon the philosophy of Roman superstition, and the practical working of Roman image-worship. We all know, whenever the Roman practice of bowing down to images is taxed with idolatry, how we are met with the supercilious answer, that we are led away by our ignorance and intolerance; for that the children of Holy Church do not bow

down to the images themselves, *ipsissimis imaginibus*, but to the supernal beings which images represent. How far this plausible theory really expresses the true result of the Roman faith, the following facts will help us to realize.

At Turin, until lately, an old man might be seen, of strong devotional feelings, an assiduous attendant at church, an observer of all religious duties, but, above all, constant in his worship of a gaudily dressed statue of the Blessed Mother and her Divine Infant, in the Cathedral of Turin, to which, in common with a large number of his townspeople, he ascribed more than divine attributes and miraculous powers. But if his devotion was deep, it was not entirely pure. Like so many of his co-religionists, he quavered, and bowed, and sighed, and muttered, not to a divine being of love and virtue, but to the accomplice and patroness of his darling vice—the public lottery. Those who know anything of the history of France, and the fervent superstition of the French gamblers in the palmy days of French Catholicism, and the San Bartholomew, need not be surprised, if, at the present moment in Italy, among classes debased by centuries of intellectual degradation, of priestly misrule and impiety, gamblers should put their faith at the public lottery in priests, Capuchin monks, hermits, and images (we will not suppose them so debased as to say God), to supply them with a lucky ticket, with the actual numbers sure to issue from the urn on any given occasion. Some persons of an indulgent turn of mind may see no great harm in all this. They may think public and open gambling in a public and open lottery as good a way of getting a living as the sweat of the brow and the toil of the hand. And if you have a saint, you may as well have him to yourself, for he cannot attend to everybody. And if your success be your neighbors' loss, why then your saint should attend to you, and leave your neighbor to his fate. 'Tis not noble, perhaps, but at all events 'tis common sense, and nothing amiss. We leave our readers to form their own conclusions, and return to our old devotee. He was, as we said, a gambler, and day by day, for hours and hours, hungering and thirsting after a lucky ticket, this blind old fanatic knelt at the virgin's shrine, not praying that she might infuse into his heart

all her blessed virtues, but that she would reward his aged constancy to the bountiful Mother with a *terno secco*. At last his prayer was heard (though probably not by the Madonna); a scrap of paper with the *terno secco* * was shortly afterwards found hanging on the drapery of the shrine at the Virgin's feet. The old man rose in an ecstasy of faith. Had he prayed so long, to doubt at last? Was boundless fortune in his grasp, and would he refuse to clutch it at the behest of his heavenly patroness? Wild with delight, he rushed to his house, scraped his little all together, pawned his valuables, collected his money, sallied forth with the proceeds, and staked the whole on the blessed numbers. But fate took a stony step, and crushed his heavenly hopes. Not one of the numbers came out.

And here the tragical part of the story begins. Was this the way in which years of craven suppliance and daily devotion had been requited? Was the glaring image, whom he once thought so loving and beautiful, when he sighed for future blessings, really a fountain of goodness, or was it not a ghastly hideous fiend, that lured him to perdition and brought his poor gray hairs to grief and want, in return for how much love and piety, and devotion, and offerings, and unnumbered prayers? He brooded over his wrongs until he vowed in himself to be revenged, even against Heaven. He had been deceived, secretly betrayed, diabolically treated; his revenge should be public, overwhelming, and commensurately terrible. The occasion soon presented itself.

The 8th of September is the anniversary of the great battle of Turin, in 1706, which restored the fortunes of the House of Savoy and ended in the treaty of Utrecht. This auspicious day is yearly hallowed by the Piedmontese and their sovereign by a festival in honor of the Virgin, whose nativity happens to be solemnized on that day by the Church, and to whose protection the victory was piously ascribed. A high mass, we are told, and procession were to be held in and about the cathedral, and in the afternoon the whole population was to proceed in a happy pilgrimage up the hills to Superga, the culminating point on the Turin *Collina*, where Victor Amadeus and his cousin Eugène stood

* Three numbers to be played for dead gain and loss

on the eve of the memorable day, preparing for the besieging enemy, and where now rises the marble Basilica erected by the duke, afterwards king, in fulfilment of a vow entered there, by virtue of which that lucky spot was to become a house of worship, a monastic establishment, and a final resting-place for the royal race of Savoy.

Towards eleven o'clock in the morning of the last yearly anniversary the annual ceremony was in full progress. Mass had been sung. The holiday crowd thronged both the inside of the church and the square before it. The procession issued in due pomp and order from the main door of the cathedral. Croziers and mitres, stoles and surplices, censers and flowers, shone in the sun. But while bishop, priest, and layman moved on in pious state and holy joy, they little recked what catastrophe impended, nor what human wrath would wreak upon the holy Queen of Heaven on that day. All of a sudden the frantic old man is seen forcing his way through the closely packed and astonished crowd. On he presses, up to where, under her gorgeous canopy, the holy Madonna waits to close the pageantry. Santa Maria! Corpo di Baccho! Can they believe their eyes? Yes—no—yes, it is—it is a hatchet that he draws from under his sordid old clothes. Immaculatissima Madre! He strikes the holy Mother of God! Corpo di Christo! He chops off the head of the divine Infant. Dilettissimo Infante!—an arm! Stroke after stroke the sacrilegious iconoclast dealt, and had not brass underlain the holy silver, the divine patroness of Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, who helped him on the 8th of September, 1707, to hew in pieces his French besiegers, could not have saved her own image from the infuriated blows of her aged adorer. But if Catholic Heaven dallied, the Catholic crowd recovered from its stupor. A cavalier who stood by, and whose sacred office it was to preserve order, uplifted his consecrated sword and felled this incarnate old devil (for so they must have thought him) to the ground. Luckily the public officers were able to close round him and to screen him, or the rabble would have torn him limb by

limb, as the only fit compensation to their own rage and the divine indignation.

And now let us glance at the effect of this astonishing melo-drama upon the clerical papers, and their account of this "horrible atrocity." They appeal to "God's justice" in this sorrowful matter. "Turin, all Piedmont, all Italy, all Christendom, are struck with horror and dismay." "It is impossible to describe the screams, wails, the confusion which rose in that vast full church at sight of that dire enormity. Every one present must have felt that such an unheard-of crime was only the signal for a great slaughter, of which every man, woman, and child of the numerous congregation was to be a victim." Surely never within the memory of man have the Ultramontanes had such a lucky windfall. Here is enough and to spare to inflame the Catholic passions throughout Italy by carefully informing the ignorant and credulous of this atrocious impiety, and artfully representing it at the same time as only part of a general plot on the part of the enemies of the Church to envelop in one ruin all her faithful sons. The police viewed the matter in another light, and sent the poor victim of superstition and clerical mystification to a lunatic asylum.

Whether the old man was really insane, or only possessed by a fixed idea, we leave our readers to discuss. Several conclusions we think may, however, fairly be drawn from this episode. First, that the worship of saints allies itself with too fatal a facility with the passions and vices of men. We can conceive, what, in fact, experience teaches us, that ignorant men should make the saints and the Virgin Mary the confidants and accomplices of their vices, we cannot conceive that they should ask Almighty God to help them in committing sin. Second, it is plain from the story before us that the old man had identified the divinity of the Virgin with the actual image which he habitually worshipped. Otherwise it is almost inconceivable that he should have perilled his life to inflict a striking revenge, had he not felt that in some way the image and the divinity were connected.

From The Press, 13 Sept.

A VOYAGE IN THE AIR.

HORACE, when his friend Virgil was afloat, wrote shudderingly of the *impia rates* which defied the edict of the "prudent god." What would that timid old Roman gentleman have thought of a voyage to Australia? What of a balloon voyage six miles upwards? Although the human race has not altered in its more important characteristics since Caius Octavius played at Rome the "nephew of my uncle's" part, which Louis Napoleon now plays at Paris, it has certainly become more successfully daring. If we compare the Roman lyrist with our own Laureate, we find the latter inventing a hero who

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies
of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down
with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and
there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in
the central blue."

The dream is a sufficiently wild one. It may well be doubted whether balloons will carry costly bales or fight hard battles "in our time." Indeed, although there is something poetical in Mr. Tennyson's vision of aerial argosies and fighting frigates in mid ether, there is also something ridiculous. We have often wondered that the facetious *gemi* known as Bon Gaultier did not make anything of the above-quoted passage in their delightful parody of "Locksley Hall." A good deal of fun might have been made of the balloon business, both in its mercantile and its pugnacious aspect.

The accounts which we have lately had of aerial voyages are equally terrifying and tempting. One gentleman informs the public that he went up from the Crystal Palace, and looked down upon London by gaslight. He enjoyed a bird's-eye view of the capital. Earth's chief city lay below him like a map. The Thames was a ribbon of mist; the Westminster towers and the great cathedral were children's toys. Far above the roar of cab and omnibus, he looked upon London from the serene, unalterable air. Fortunate voyager! More fortunate, perhaps, in that the balloon dropped quietly north of London, and it was arranged to ascend next morning for an early interview with Hyperion—in

plain English, to see the sun rise. Imagine the delight of watching the vast orb heave its shoulder slowly above the eastern horizon, while Alp beyond Alp of mountainous clouds lie widely spread below. Surely, it is worth while to be sea-sick—or, more accurately, air-sick—for such experiences as these.

Something more than air-sickness has to be encountered by those who attempt the loftiest ascents. Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher have lately done the utmost in this way that we remember since a French *aéronaut* crossed the Alps in 1848. We may presume that they have reached very nearly the limit to which humanity can safely ascend. They have attained a point whence pigeons dropped like stones. Human beings seem capable of enduring more than any other creatures. Scientific experimenters have ventured into ovens where a beefsteak was rapidly cooked, and have found the heat endurable. The two gentlemen named above have ascended farther from the earth than any of their *aéronautic* predecessors; and Mr. Glaisher comes to the conclusion that "five miles from the earth is very nearly the limit of human existence." Assuredly both he and his friend approached very closely the limit of their existence. Mr. Glaisher became utterly unconscious; Mr. Coxwell retained consciousness, but his hands were rendered black and powerless by the intense cold, and he could only turn the balloon downwards by opening the valve with his teeth. This was emphatically a narrow escape. If both gentlemen had lost consciousness, or if Mr. Coxwell had been the first to do so, what would have happened? The question seems rather difficult.

Is there any point in the atmosphere where a balloon would become stationary? We are told that at a mile and three-quarters above the earth the air possessed such a power of expansion that the balloon filled at once, though only two-thirds full previously. Hence we may assume, what would indeed be the *a priori* conclusion, that the lighter gas, when liberated from pressure, expands at least as rapidly as the external air. It probably expands even more rapidly, whence a balloon would ascend faster at every upward stage. Weight is comparative; and, as a falling body falls more swiftly every second, so should a rising body rise more swiftly. It seems quite possible that a balloon might reach the limit of

the earth's atmosphere, if that atmosphere has a limit. We do not of course imagine that our two *aéronauts* would have reached

“That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon:”

but we think it highly probable that they would have arrived, dead or alive, at the exterior limit of the earth's atmosphere, but for Mr. Coxwell's presence of mind and teeth. The mammoth balloon would then, we may presume, so long as it held together, have been a sort of minor satellite to the earth. What finer fate could an astronomer and an *aéronaut* desire than to revolve forever—or as long as the balloon lasted—around the planet whose atmosphere they had attempted to explore? Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph might in their case be splendidly parodied. If you wanted their monument, you would only have to look into the air. We suspect they would have dissolved into the atmosphere long before the balloon gave any signs of decay.

It may be doubted whether Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher are doing much good by what, in newspaper English, are called their “Scientific Balloon Ascents.” They are incurring far greater risk than Blondin or Leotard. Their object is far nobler, for they desire to obtain some scientific information concerning the earth's atmosphere. But, is the game worth the candle? What real benefit can humanity possibly obtain from the knowledge that water freezes and pigeons cannot fly at five miles above the earth's surface? Luckily, we are none of us expected to live so far above that level. We are permitted to exist at a reasonable distance above the level of the sea. Notwithstanding Mr. Tennyson's rash prophecy—rasher than most of Dr. Cumming's—we cannot venture to believe that our posterity will do their trading and their fighting in balloons. They will

both trade and fight, doubtless—the tendency toward such occupations is eternal: but we suspect they will find the firm soil the most convenient place for a shindy. England has for many a year held mastery of the main—

“Ubique pontus est ibi Britannia est—”

future of the nation which shall have the mastery of the air. Air battles would give fine opportunities to the McClellans and Popes of future times; it would be so easy to effect “a splendid retreat” for “strategic purposes” by throwing out ballast, and getting as near as possible to the moon. However, the hawk generally rises above the heron.

We do not know what special value may be attached to Mr. Glaisher's *aërial* observations; but, while we heartily admire the courage of himself and his companion, we doubt whether they have any substantial justification for their enterprise. Human life should not be foolishly risked. Risk it as you will for any heroic purpose—upon any enterprise whereby mankind shall profit. Is it, however, worth while to risk it in order to ascertain that the temperature is very cold at five miles above the earth? We cannot pretend to prejudge the effect of Mr. Glaisher's observations; but surely there is nothing of much consequence to be expected from them. Such balloon ascents as these appear to us to rank with our arctic expeditions; they show that there is nothing which a true Englishman fears to do; but they are entirely useless and futile so far as result is concerned. The temperature at six miles above us cannot be important to science,—cannot certainly compensate the risk of the lives of two courageous and intelligent men. Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher deserve admiration for their pluck, and reprobation for their foolhardiness.

THE FLAG.

[SEPTEMBER 24, 1862.]

SPIRITS of patriots, hail in heaven again
The flag for which ye fought and died,
Now that its field, washed clear of every stain,
Floats out in honest pride!

Free blood flows through its scarlet veins once
more,
And brighter shine its silver bars;
A deeper blue God's ether never wore
Amongst the golden stars.

See how our earthly constellation gleams;
And backward, flash for flash, returns
Its heavenly sisters their immortal beams
With light that fires and burns;

That burns because a moving soul is there,
A living force, a shaping will,
Whose law the fate-forecasting powers of air
Acknowledge and fulfil.

At length the day, by prophets seen of old,
Flames on the crimsoned battle blade,
Henceforth, O flag, no mortal bought and sold,
Shall crouch beneath thy shade.

That shame has vanished in the darkened past,
With all the wild chaotic wrongs
That held the struggling centuries shackled fast
With fear's accursed thongs.

Therefore, O patriot fathers, in your eyes
I brandish thus our banner pure:
Watch o'er us, bless us, from your peaceful
skies,
And make the issue pure!
GEORGE H. BOKER.
—*Forney's Press.*

THE DRUMMER-BOY OF MARBLEHEAD.

Ho! arms to strike and forward feet,
Ere dries the blood by dastards shed,
While scowls and gleaming eyes that meet
Bewail our murdered dead.
From Berkshire's mountains to the Bay,
Her rally Massachusetts rings,
Curse on the faltering step to-day
That shame upon her brings!

This April day which frowning dies,
Betrothèd in its natal hour
To hills that prop New England's skies,
Brought vengeance for its dower:
Then arms to strike and forward feet
Ere dries our blood by dastards shed!
For men, upon each village street,
Are mustering, as at Marblehead.

Pauses a homeward schoolboy there:
Absorbed in thought he stands;
While patriots pass with brows of care,
And muskets in their hands.
Then starting, to a comrade spoke
That gallant boy of Marblehead,
"The tether of my books is broke,
Brace me the drum instead!"

Now serried ranks are slanting grim
Their bayonets in the summer beams;
And, keeping step to freedom's hymn,
Southward the column streams.
"Your blessing, mother! cease to cry,
There really is no cause for dread;
Our grand old tunes will make them fly!"
Said the bold boy of Marblehead.

New England's sons were smiting ore,
With whistling ball and sabre stroke,
The rebel rout which fast before
Fled for the swamps of Roanoke.
And in that hour of steel and flame,
On and exultant, still there led,
While falling foemen felt his aim,
The drummer-boy of Marblehead.

"Once more we'll have our good old air,
'Tis fitting on this glorious field,
'Twill quell the traitors in their lair,
And teach them how to yield!"
It swelled, to stir our hearts like flame;
Then back a hostile bullet sped,
And Death delivered up to Fame
The drummer-boy of Marblehead.

—*Transcript.*

Philadelphia.

SUMMER EVENINGS LONG AGO.

I SAT behind my window-sill,
In the hot and dusty town,
The sun behind the sultry walls
Was slowly sinking down.
The breeze across my mignonette
Came breathing sweet and low,
To wake sad-sleeping memories
Of evenings long ago!

I thought that I had driven back
Such memories as these,
But now they all return again
On a whispering summer breeze.
Fond words come ringing through my brain,
That fill my heart with woe—
O God! what brought them back to-night,
Evenings of long ago?

I see the green lanes where we strayed,
Thy dear hand clasping mine;
The same blest breeze that fans my cheek
Sweeps softly over thine;
And words of love pour from thy lips,
Not measured, cold, and slow,
As those I now hear. Oh! I pine
For the evenings long ago!

I thought I had forgotten thee;
Had schooled my aching heart
To pass through life as best I may,
And act my weary part.
Alas! the mocking vision's o'er,
Too soon, alas! I know
'Twas but my loneliness that dreamed
Of evenings long ago!

A SONG IN TIME OF REVOLUTION, 1860.

THE heart of the rulers is sick, and the high-priest covers his head :
For this is the song of the quick that is heard
in the ears of the dead.

The poor and the halt and the blind are keen
and mighty and fleet :
Like the noise of the blowing of wind is the
sound of the noise of their feet.

The wind has the sound of a laugh in the clamor
of days and of deeds :

The priests are scattered like chaff, and the
rulers broken like reeds.

The high-priest sick from qualms, with his rai-
ment bloodily dashed :

The thief with branded palms, and the liar with
cheeks abashed.

They are smitten, they tremble greatly, they
are pained for their pleasant things :

For the house of the priests made stately, and
the might in the mouth of the kings.

They are grieved and greatly afraid ; they are
taken, they shall not flee :

For the heart of the nations is made as the
strength of the springs of the sea.

They were fair in the grace of gold, they walked
with delicate feet :

They were clothed with the cunning of old, and
the smell of their garments was sweet.

For the breaking of gold in their hair they halt
as a man made lame :

They are utterly naked and bare ; their mouths
are bitter with shame.

Wilt thou judge thy people now, O King that
wast found most wise ?

Wilt thou lie any more, O thou whose mouth is
emptied of lies ?

Shall God make a pact with thee, till his hook
be found in thy sides ?

Wilt thou put back the time of the sea, or the
place of the season of tides ?

Set a word in thy lips, to stand before God with
a word in thy mouth :

That "the rain shall return in the land, and the
tender dew after drouth."

But the arm of the elders is broken, their
strength is unbound and undone :

They wait for a sign of a token ; they cry, and
there cometh none.

Their moan is in every place, the cry of them
filleth the land :

There is shame in the sight of their face, there
is fear in the thews of their hand.

They are girdled about the reins with a curse
for the girdle thereon :

For the noise of the rending of chains the face
of their color is gone.

For the sound of the shouting of men they are
grievously stricken at heart :

They are smitten asunder with pain, their bones
are smitten apart.

There is none of them all that is whole ; their
lips gape open for breath ;

They are clothed with sickness of soul, and the
shape of the shadow of death.

The wind is thwart in their feet ; it is full of the
shouting of mirth ;

As one shaketh the sides of a sheet, so it shaketh
the ends of the earth.

The sword, the sword is made keen ; the iron
has opened his mouth ;

The corn is red that was green ; it is bound for
the sheaves of the south.

The sound of a word was shed, the sound of the
wind as a breath,

In the ears of the souls that were dead, in the
dust of the deepness of death ;

Where the face of the moon is taken, the ways
of the stars undone,

The light of the whole sky shaken, the light of
the face of the sun ;

Where the waters are emptied and broken, the
waves of the waters are stayed ;

Where God has bound for a token the darkness
that maketh afraid ;

Where the sword was covered and hidden, and
dust had grown in his side,

A word came forth which was bidden, the cry-
ing of one that cried :

The sides of the two-edged sword shall be bare,
and his mouth shall be red,

For the breath of the face of the Lord that is
felt in the bones of the dead.

—Spectator.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

AN APPLE GATHERING.

I PLUCKED pink blossoms from mine apple-tree
And wore them all that evening in my hair :
Then in due season when I went to see
I found no apples there.

With dangling basket all along the grass
As I had come I went the selfsame track :
My neighbors mocked me while they saw me pass
So empty-handed back.

Lilian and Liliast smiled in trudging by,
Their heaped-up basket teased me like a jeer :
Sweet-voiced they sang beneath the sunset sky,
Their mother's home was near.

Plump Gertrude passed me with her basket full,
A stronger hand than hers helped it along ;
A voice talked with her through the shadows cool
More sweet to me than song.

Ah Willie, Willie, was my love less worth
Than apples with their green leaves piled
above ?

I counted rosiest apples on the earth
Of far less worth than love.

So once it was with me you stooped to talk
Laughing and listening in this very lane :
To think that by this way we used to walk
We shall not walk again !

I let my neighbors pass me, ones and twos
And groups ; the latest said the night grew
chill,
And hastened : but I loitered, while the dews
Fell fast I loitered still.

—Goblin Market.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 962.—8 November, 1862.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE REBELLION RECORD: a Diary of American Events, 1860—1862. Edited by Frank Moore Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York: G. P. Putnam. Part 22 contains portraits of Gen. S. P. Heintzelman and Ben McCullough. Part 23 contains portraits of Maj.-Gen. Kearney and Stonewall Jackson. [All these four Generals were valiant men; men of renown.]

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PART IX.—CHAPTER XXVIII.

VINCENT put out his hand to seize upon the strange woman who confronted him with a calmness much more confounding than any agitation. But her quick eye divined his purpose. She made the slightest movement aside, extended her own, and had shaken hands with him in his utter surprise before he knew what he was doing. The touch bewildered his faculties, but did not move him from the impulse, which was too real to yield to anything. He took the door from her hand, closed it, placed himself against it. "You are my prisoner," said Vincent. He could not say any more, but gazed at her with blank eyes of determination. He was no longer accessible to reason, pity, any sentiment but one. He had secured her. He forgot even to be amazed at her composure. She was his prisoner—that one fact was all he cared to know.

"I have been your prisoner the entire morning," said Mrs. Hilyard, with an attempt at her old manner, which scarcely could have deceived the minister had he preserved his wits sufficiently to notice it, but at the same time betraying a little surprise, recognizing instinctively that here she had come face to face with those blind forces of nature upon which no arguments can tell. "You were in much less doubt about your power of saving souls the last time I heard you, Mr. Vincent. Sit down, please. It is not long since we met, but many things have happened. It is kind of you to give me so early an opportunity of talking them over. I am sorry to see you look excited—but after such exertions, it is natural, I suppose——"

"You are my prisoner," repeated Vincent, without taking any notice of what she said. He was no match for her in any passage of arms. Her words fell upon his ears without any meaning. Only a dull determination possessed him. He locked the door, while she, somewhat startled in her turn, stood looking on; then he went to the window, threw it open, and called to some one below—he did not care who. "Fetch a policeman—quick—lose no time," cried Vincent. Then he closed the window, turned round, and confronted her again. At last a little agitation was visible in this invulnerable woman. For an instant her head moved with a spasmodic thrill, and her countenance changed. She gave a rapid glance round as if to see

whether any outlet was left. Vincent's eye followed hers.

"You cannot escape—you shall not escape," he said, slowly; "don't think it—nothing you can do or say will help you now."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Hilyard, with a startled, panting breath. "You have come to the inexorable," she said after a moment; "most men do, one time or another. You decline meeting us on our ground, and take to your own. Very well," she continued, seating herself by the table where she had already laid down one of the Salem hymn-books; "till this arrival happens, we may have a little conversation, Mr. Vincent. I was about to tell you something which ought to be good news. Though you don't appreciate my regard for you, I will tell it you all the same. What noise is that? Oh, the boys, I suppose, rushing off for your policeman. I hope you know what you are going to say to that functionary when he comes. In the mean time, wait a little—you must hear my news."

The only answer Vincent made was to look out again from the window, under which a little group of gazers had already collected. His companion heard the sounds below with a thrill of alarm more real than she had ever felt before. She sat rigidly, with her hand upon the hymn-book, preserving her composure by a wonderful effort, intensely alive and awake to everything, and calculating her chances with a certain desperation. This one thing alone of all that had happened, the Back Grove Street needlewoman, confident in her own powers and influence, had not foreseen.

"Listen!" she cried, with an excitement and haste which she could not quite conceal. "That man is not dead, you know. Come here—shut the window! Young man, do you hear what I say to you? Am I likely to indulge in vain talk now? Come here—here! and understand what I have to say."

"It does not matter," said Vincent, closing the window. "What you say can make no difference. There is but one thing possible now."

"Yes, you are a man!" cried the desperate woman, clasping her hands tight, and struggling with herself to keep down all appearance of her anxiety. "You are deaf, blind! You have turned your back upon

reason. That is what it always comes to. Hush! come here—closer; they make so much noise in the street. I believe,” she said, with a dreadful smile, “you are afraid of me. You think I will stab you, or something. Don’t entertain such vulgar imaginations, Mr. Vincent. I have told you before, you have fine manners though you are only a Dissenting minister. I have something to tell you—something you will be glad to know——”

Here she made another pause for breath—merely for breath—not for any answer, for there was no answer in her companion’s face. He was listening for the footsteps in the street—the steps of his returning messengers. And so was she, as she drew in that long breath, expanding her forlorn bosom with air, which the quick throbs of her heart so soon exhausted. She looked in his eyes with an eager fire in her own, steadily, without once shifting her gaze. The two had changed places. It was he, in his inexorableness, close shut up against any appeal or argument, that was the superior now.

“When you hear what I have to say you will not be so calm,” she went on, with another involuntary heave of her breast. “Listen! your sister is safe. Yes, you may start, but what I say is true. Don’t go to the window yet. Stop, hear me! I tell you your sister is safe. Yes, it may be the people you have sent for. Never mind, this is more important. You have locked the door, and nobody can come in. I tell you again and again, your sister is safe. That man is not dead—you know he is not dead. And yesterday—hush! never mind!—yesterday,” she said, rising up as Vincent moved, and detaining him with her hand upon his arm, which she clutched with desperate fingers, “he made a declaration that it was not she; a declaration before the magistrates,” continued Mrs. Hilyard, gasping as her strength failed her, and following him, holding his arm as he moved to the window, “that it was not she—not she! do you understand me—not she! He swore to it. He said it was another, and not that girl. Do you hear me?” she cried, raising her voice, and shaking his arm wildly in the despair of the moment, but repeating her words with the clearness of desperation—“He said on his oath it was not she.”

She had followed him to the window, not

pleading for herself by a single word, but with her desperate hand upon his arm, her face pinched and pale to the lips, and a horrible anxiety gleaming in the eyes which she never removed from his face. The two stood together there for a moment in that silent encounter; he looking down at the group of people below, she watching his face with her eyes, clutching his arm with her hand, appealing to him with a speechless suspense and terror, which no words can describe. Her fate hung upon the merest thread, and she knew it. She had no more power to move him in her own person than any one of the ragged children who stood gazing up at the window. There he stood, silent, blank, immovable; and she, suffering no expression of her dreadful suspense to escape her, stood clutching his arm, seeing, as she had never seen before, a pale vision of prisons, scaffolds, judgments, obscuring earth and heaven. She was brave and had dared them all wittingly in the crisis of her fate, but the reality caught the laboring breath from her lips, and turned her heart sick. This morning she had woken with a great burden taken off her mind, and, daring as she was, had faced the only man who had any clue to her secret, confident in his generous nature and her own power over him. But this confidence had failed her utterly, and in the very ease and relief of her mind—a relief more blessed and grateful than she would have acknowledged to any mortal—lo! here arose before her, close and real, the spectre which she had defied. It approached step by step, while she gazed with wild eyes and panting breath upon the inexorable man who had it in his power to deliver her over to law and justice. She dared not say a word of entreaty to him; she could only watch his eyes, those eyes which never lighted upon her, with speechless dread and anxiety. Many evils she had borne in her life—many she had confronted and overcome—obstinate will and unscrupulous resolution had carried her one way or other through all former dangers. Here for the first time she stood helpless, watching with an indescribable agony the face of the young man at whom she had so often smiled. Some sudden, unforeseen touch might still set her free. Her breath came quick in short gasps—her breast heaved—her fate was absolutely beyond her own control, in Vincent’s hands.

Just then there came into the narrow street a sound of carriage-wheels. Instinctively Vincent started. The blank of his determination was broken by this distant noise. Somehow it came naturally into the silence of this room and woke up the echoes of the past in his mind; the past—that past in which Lady Western's carriage was the celestial chariot, and she the divinest lady of life. Like a gleam of light there suddenly dawned around him a remembrance of the times he had seen her here—the times he had seen her anywhere; the last time—the sweet hand she had laid upon his arm. Vincent's heart awoke under that touch. With a start, he looked down upon the hand which was at this moment on his arm,—not the hand of love,—fingers with the blood pressed down to the very tips, holding with desperation that arm which had the power of life and death. A hurried exclamation came from his lips; he looked at the woman by him, and read vaguely in her face all the passion and agony there. Vaguely it occurred to him that to save or to sacrifice her was in his hands, and that he had but a moment now to decide. The carriage-wheels came nearer, nearer, ringing delicious promises in his ears—nearer, too, came the servants of that justice he had invoked; and what plea was it, what strange propitiation, which his companion had put forth to him to stay his avenging hand? Only a moment now; he shook her hand off his arm, and in his turn took hold of hers; he held her fast while she faced him in an agony of restrained suspense and terror. How her worn bosom panted with the quick-coming breath! Her life was in his hands.

"What was that you said?" asked Vincent, with the haste and brevity of passion, suddenly perceiving how much had to be done in this moment of fate.

The long-restrained words burst from his companion's lips almost before he had done speaking. "I said your sister was safe!" she cried; "I said he had declared her innocent on his oath. It was not she—he has sworn it, all a man could do. To sacrifice another," she went on breathlessly with a strong momentary shudder, pausing to listen, "will do nothing for her—nothing? You hear what I say. It was not she; he has sworn upon his solemn oath. Do as you will. She is safe—safe!—as safe as—

as—God help me—as safe as my child;—and it was for her sake——"

She stopped—words would serve her no further—and just then there came a summons to the locked door. Vincent dropped her arm, and she recoiled from him with an involuntary movement; unawares she clasped her thin hands and gave one wild look into his face. Not even now could she tell what he was going to do, this dreadful arbiter of fate. The key, as he turned it in the door, rang in her ears like thunder; and his hand trembled as he set open the entrance to the needlewoman's mean apartment. On the threshold stood no vulgar messenger of fate, but a bright vision, sad, yet sweeter than anything else in earth or almost in heaven to Vincent. He fell back without saying anything before the startled look of that beautiful face. He let in, not law and justice, but love and pity, to this miserable room.

"O Rachel! where have you been? have you seen him? have you heard of him? where have you been?" cried the visitor, going up to the pallid woman, whose eyes were still fixed on Vincent. Mrs. Hilyard could not speak. She dropped upon her knees by the table, shivering and crouching like a stricken creature. She leaned her head upon the hymn-book which lay there so strangely at variance with everything else around it. Pale with fright and horror, Lady Western appealed to Vincent. "She is ill, she is fainting—O Mr. Vincent, what have you been saying to her? She was not to blame," cried the new-comer, in her ignorance. Vincent attempted no reply, offered no help. In his heart he could have snatched away those beautiful hands which embraced and comforted his "prisoner," thus rescued out of his grasp. It was hard to see her touch that guilty, conscious woman whom his own heart refused to pity. He stood by, looking on, watching her still; the instinct of vengeance had been awakened within him. He was reluctant to let her go.

"You have been saying something to her," said Lady Western, with tears in her eyes; "and how could *she* be to blame? Rachel! Oh, I wonder, I wonder if she loved him after all?" cried the beautiful creature, in the bewilderment of her innocence and ignorance. She stood bending over the kneeling figure, troubled, perplexed almost more

than her strange sister-in-law had ever yet perplexed her. She could not account for this extraordinary access of agitation. It was nohow explainable, except upon that supposition which opened at once the warmest sympathies of the gentle young woman's heart.

"Rachel, dear!" she cried, kissing softly the thin hands worn with toil that covered Mrs. Hilyard's face—"he is still living, there is hope; perhaps he will get better; and he is showing a better mind too," she added, after a little tremulous pause. "I came to tell you; he has sworn that it was not—O Mr. Vincent, I sent you word immediately when I got the message—he says it was not your sister; she had nothing to do with it, he says. Now I can look you in the face again. The first thing he was able to do when he came to himself was to clear her; and now she will get better—and your dear mother?"—said Lady Western, looking wistfully into the young man's face. In that moment, while her attention was directed otherwise, Mrs. Hilyard rose up and took her seat again; took her seat because she was not able to stand, and scarcely able, by all the power of her will, to compose the nerves which, for the first time in her life, had utterly got the better of her. She wiped off the heavy moisture from her face with a furtive hand before the young Dowager turned her eyes again that way. She grasped fast hold of the only thing on the table, the Salem hymn-book, and with a vast effort regained some degree of self-command. For that precious moment she was free from observation, for nothing in the world could have prevented Vincent from returning with his own fascinated eyes the look which Lady Western turned upon him. While the two looked at each other she was safe; she collected her scattered forces in that invaluable instant. She was herself again when Lady Western looked round, somewhat nervous and embarrassed from the gaze of passion with which her look of deprecation and sympathy had been met. If a slight shiver now and then thrilled over Mrs. Hilyard's figure, it was as like to be cold as emotion. Otherwise, she sat with her arm resting on the table and her hand clenched upon the hymn-book, her thin lips clinging spasmodically to each other, and her face pallid, but to an uncritical observer

scarcely changed from the gray and vigilant composure of her usual appearance. So many storms had passed over that countenance, that the momentary agony of horror and fright, from which she had scarcely yet emerged, did not tell as it would have done on a face less worn. Her voice was sharp and strained when she spoke, and she watched Vincent's eye with a keenness of which he was vividly conscious; but Lady Western, who did not go deep into looks and meanings, found nothing very unusual in what she said.

"I think Mr. Vincent was doubtful of my information," she said. "I heard it this morning from Langridge, the groom, who once belonged to my family, you know, Alice; and—lets me know if anything more than usual happens," she said, abruptly stopping to draw breath. "Mr. Vincent was doubtful of me. Now this matter is cleared up, I dare say he will understand me when I say that I never could have allowed things to go further. I am only a needlewoman, and live in Back Grove Street," continued Mrs. Hilyard, recovering gradually as she spoke; "but I have certain things still in my power. Mr. Vincent will understand what I mean," she went on, fixing her eyes upon him, and unable to repress an occasional gasp which interrupted her words, "when I say that I should not have suffered it to go further. I should not have shrunk from any sacrifice. My dear, I have been a little shaken and agitated, as you perceive. Mr. Vincent wants to keep his eye upon me. Take me with you, Alice," said the bold woman, once more looking Vincent full in the face; "take charge of me, keep me prisoner until all this is cleared up. I am about tired of living a disguised princess. Send up your people for my possessions here, and take me with you. You will find me safe, Mr. Vincent, when you happen to want me, with Lady Western in Grange Lane."

"O Rachel, I am so glad!" cried Lady Western; "I cannot for my life imagine what you mean by keeping you my prisoner, and all that; but Mr. Vincent may be very sure you will be safe with me;—since he has so much interest in your movements," continued the young Dowager, turning her perplexed eyes from one to the other. She had not the remotest idea what it all meant.

She was perhaps a little surprised to perceive that, after all, Vincent's interest was less with herself than with this strange woman, whose calmness and agitation were equally confusing and unintelligible. "We shall of course always be happy to see Mr. Vincent in Grange Lane," she concluded, with a somewhat stately courtesy. He did not look at her; he was looking at the other, whose eyes were fixed upon his face. Between these eyes Lady Western, much amazed, could perceive a secret communication passing. What could it mean? The consciousness of this mystery between them, which she did not know, annoyed her, notwithstanding her sweet temper. She withdrew her hand instinctively from Mrs. Hilyard's, which she had taken in momentary enthusiasm, and watched their looks of intelligence with half-offended eyes.

"Yes," said the needlewoman, speaking with her eyes fixed upon Vincent, though she did not address him, and making a desperate effort after her usual manner; "I do not think Back Grove Street will do any longer. One may as well take advantage of the accident which has brought our family affairs before the world to come alive again. It is a thing one must do sooner or later. So, if your carriage is close, Alice, I will go home with you. I shall miss Salem," said the audacious woman, "though you are so much less sure about doing good than you used to be, Mr. Vincent. If my soul happens to be saved, however," she continued, with a strange softening of her fixed and gleaming eyes—"if that is of much importance, or has any merit in it—you will have had some share in the achievement. You will?" She said the words with a keen sharpness of interrogation, much unlike their more obvious meaning. "You will," she repeated again, more softly—"you will!" Her thin hands came together for a moment in a clasp of mute supplication; her eyes, always hitherto looking down upon him from heights of dark knowledge and experience, looked up in his face with an anguish of entreaty which startled Vincent. Just at that moment the sounds of the street grew louder, and a voice of authority was audible ordering some one to clear the way. Mrs. Hilyard did not speak, but she put out her hand and touched Lady Western's shawl, lifting its long fringes, and twisting them round

those fingers on which the marks of her long labor were still visible. She withdrew as she did this her eyes from his face. Her fate was absolutely in his hands.

"Ladies," said Vincent, hoarsely, after vainly trying to clear his agitated voice, "it is better you should leave this place at once. I will see you to your carriage. If I do wrong the consequences will fall hardest on me. Don't say anything; either way, talking will do little good. You are her shield and defence," he said, looking at Lady Western, with an excitement which he could not quite keep under. "When she touches you, she becomes sacred. You will keep her safe—safe? you will not let her go?"

"Yes; I will keep her safe," said the beauty, opening her lovely, astonished eyes. "Is she in danger? O Mr. Vincent, your trouble has been too much for you! remember your sister is safe now."

"Is she?" said the minister; he was bitter in his heart, even though that hand was once more laid on his arm. "Safe!—with a broken heart and a ruined life; but what does that matter? It is all we are good for; though we may go mad and die."

"Oh, not you! not you!" said Lady Western, gazing at him with the tenderest pity in her sweet eyes. "You must not say so; I should be so unhappy." Her beautiful hand pressed his arm with the lightest momentary pressure. She could not help herself; to see suffering and not to do what was in her to soothe it was not possible to her soft heart. Whatever harm that temporary opiate might do, nothing in the world could have prevented her gentle kindness from administering it. She went down the humble stairs leaning on his arm, with Mrs. Hilyard following close. The young man put aside the little crowd he himself had collected, and put them in the carriage. He saw them drive away with a kind of despairing exaltation and excitement, and turned to the difficulties which remained to him—to explain himself and send the tardy ministers of justice away. He explained, as he best could, that he had been mistaken, and once more emptied his scanty purse, where there was now little enough left. When he had got rid of the disappointed group about the door, he went home slowly in the reaction of his violence and haste. Susan was safe; was she safe? delivered from

this dreadful accusation—allowed to drop back at least with her broken heart into the deep silences of privacy and uninvadable domestic life. Well, it was a mercy, a great mercy, though he could not realize it. He went home slowly, tingling with the strain of these strange hours; was it Sunday still? was it only an hour ago that Salem had thrilled to the discourse in which his passion and despair had found vent? Vincent neither comprehended himself nor the hours, full of strange fate, which were gliding over him. He went home exhausted, as if with a great conflict; conscious of some relief in his heart, but half unwilling to confess to it, or to realize the means by which it had dawned upon him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN Vincent entered the house, the sensation of quiet in it struck him with a vague consolation which he could scarcely explain. Perhaps only because it was Sunday; but there was no reproachful landlady, no distracting sound from above—all quiet, Sunday leisure, Sunday decorum, as of old. When he went up hurriedly to his former sitting-room, where Daly still had possession, he found the man with a deprecating face, uneasily reading a Sunday newspaper, perched upon the edge of a chair. His reign was over—for to him, too, a message had come by the telegraph. Two letters for Vincent lay on the table—one a telegraphic despatch from Dover, the other a dainty little note, which he opened as a man opens the first written communication he receives from the woman of all women. He knew what was in it; but he read it as eagerly as if he expected to find something new in the mild little epistle, with its gentle attempt at congratulation. The news was true. Either remorse had seized upon Mildmay in the prospect of death, or the lingering traditions of honor in his heart had asserted themselves on Susan's behalf. He had declared her entirely innocent; he had even gone farther, he had sworn that it was only as the companion of his daughter that Susan had accompanied them, and as such that he had treated her. The deposition taken by the magistrates was sent to Vincent in an abridged form, but what it conveyed was clear beyond dispute. So far as the words of this apparently dying man could be re-

ceived, Susan was spotless—without blood on her hand, or speck upon her good fame. The lesser and the greater guilt were both cleared from that young head which had not been strong enough to wait for this vindication. Though he said, Thank God, from the bottom of his heart, an unspeakable bitterness filled Vincent's soul as he read. Here was a deliverance, full, lavish, unlooked for; but who could tell that the poor girl, crazed with misery, would ever be any the better for it? who could tell whether this vindication might be of any further use than to lighten the cloud upon Susan's grave?

With this thought in his mind, he went to the sick-room, where everything seemed quiet, not quite sure that his mother, absorbed as she was in Susan's present danger, could be able to realize the wonderful deliverance which had come to them. But matters were changed there as elsewhere. Between the door and the bed on which Susan lay, a large folding-screen had been set up, and in the darkened space between this and the door sat Mrs. Vincent, with Dr. Rider and his wife on each side, evidently persuading and arguing with her on some point which she was reluctant to yield to them. They were talking in whispers under their breath, and a certain air of stillness, of calm and repose, which Vincent could scarcely comprehend was in the hushed room.

"I assure you, on my word," said Dr. Rider, lifting his eyes as Vincent opened the door, and beckoning him softly to come in, "that this change is more than I dared hope for. The chances are she will wake up out of danger. Nothing can be done for her but to keep her perfectly quiet; and my wife will watch, if you will rest;—for our patient's sake!" said the anxious doctor, still motioning Vincent forward, and appealing to him with his eyes.

"Mr. Vincent has something to tell you," said the quick little woman, impetuous even in her whisper, who was Dr. Rider's wife. "He must not come and talk here. He might wake her. Take him away. Edward, take them both away. Mrs. Vincent, you must go and hear what he has to say."

"O Arthur! my dear boy," cried his mother, looking up to him with moist eyes. "It is I who have something to tell. My child is perhaps to get well, Arthur. Oh! my own boy, after all, she is going to get

better. We shall have Susan again. Hush! doctor, please let me go back again; something stirred—I think something stirred; and perhaps she might want something, and the nurse would not observe. Tired?—no, no; I am not tired. I have always watched them when they were ill, all their lives. They never had any nurse in sickness but their mother. Arthur, you know I am not tired. O doctor, perhaps you would order something while he is here, for my son; he has been agitated and anxious, and he is not so strong—not nearly so strong as I am; but, my dear,” said the widow, looking up in her son’s face with a wistful eagerness, “when Susan gets better, all will be—well.”

She said the last words with a trembling, prolonged sigh. Poor mother, in that very moment she had recalled almost for the first time how far from well everything would be. Her face darkened over piteously as she spoke. She rose up, stung into new energy by this dreadful thought, which had been hitherto mercifully obscured by Susan’s danger. “Let me go back—don’t say anything. Nobody can watch my child but me,” said the heart-broken woman; and once more she looked in her son’s face. She wanted to read there what had happened—to ascertain from him, without any one else being the wiser, all the dreadful particulars which now, in the first relief of Susan’s recovery, had burst into sudden shape upon her sight. “Doctor, we will not detain you; her brother and I will watch my child,” said Mrs. Vincent. The light forsook her eyes as she rose in that new and darker depth of anxiety; her little figure tottered trying to stand as she held out her hand to her son. “You and me—only you and me, Arthur—we must never leave her; though everybody is so kind——” said the minister’s mother, turning with her smile of martyrdom, though her eyes were blind and she could not see them, to Dr. Rider and his wife.

Vincent took his mother’s hands and put her tenderly back in her chair. “I have good news, too,” he said; “all will be well, mother dear. This man who has wrought us so much trouble is not dead. I told you, but you did not understand it; and he declares that Susan——”

“Arthur!” cried Mrs. Vincent, with a sharp outcry of alarm and remonstrance.

“O God forgive me! I will wake my child. Arthur! The doctor is very good,” added the widow, looking round upon them always with the instinct of conciliating Arthur’s friends; “and so is Mrs. Rider; but every family has its private affairs,” she concluded, with a wistful, deprecating smile, all the time making signs to Arthur to stop him in his indiscreet revelations. “My dear, you will tell me presently when we are alone.”

“Ah, mother,” said Vincent, with a suppressed groan, “there is nothing private now in our family affairs. Hush! listen—Susan is cleared; he swears she had nothing to do with it; he swears that she was his daughter’s companion only. Mother! Good heavens! doctor, what has happened? She looks as if she were dying. Mother! What have I done? I have killed her with my good news.”

“Hush, hush—she has fainted—all will come right; let us get her away,” cried Dr. Rider under his breath. Between them the two young men carried her out of the room, which Mrs. Rider closed after them with a certain triumph. The widow was not in so deep a faint but the fresher air outside and the motion revived her. It was more a sudden failing of her faculties in the height of emotion than actual insensibility. She made a feeble effort to resist and return into Susan’s room. “You will wake her,” said Dr. Rider in her ear; and the poor mother sank back in their arms, fixing her wistful, misty eyes, in which everything swam, upon her son. Her lips moved as she looked at him, though he could not hear her say a word; but the expression in her face, half awakened only from the incomprehension of her swoon, was not to be mistaken or resisted. Vincent bent down over her, and repeated what he had said as he had carried her to another room. “Susan is safe—Susan is innocent. It is all over; mother, you understand me?” he said, repeating it again and again. Mrs. Vincent leaned back upon his shoulder with a yielding of all her fatigued frame and worn-out mind. She understood him, not with her understanding as yet, but with her heart which melted into unspeakable relief and comfort without knowing why. She closed her eyes in that wonderful consciousness of some great mercy that had happened to her; the first time she had closed them voluntarily for many nights and days. When

they laid her down on the bed which had been hurriedly prepared for her, her eyes were still closed, and tears stealing softly out under the lids. She could not break out into expressions of thankfulness—the joy went to her heart.

Dr. Rider thought it judicious to leave her so, and retired from the bedside with Vincent, not without some anxious curiosity in his own mind to hear all “the rights” of the matter. Perhaps the hum of their voices, quietly though they spoke, aroused her from her trance of silent gratitude. When she called Arthur faintly, and when they both hurried to her, Mrs. Vincent was sitting up in bed wiping off the tears from her cheeks. “Arthur, dear, said the widow, “I am quite sure Dr. Rider will understand that what he has heard is in the strictest confidence; for to be sure,” she continued, with a faint smile breaking over her wan face, “nobody could have any doubt about my Susan. It only had to be set right—and I knew when my son came home he would set it right,” said Mrs. Vincent, looking full in Dr. Rider’s face. “It has all happened because I had not my wits about me as I ought to have had, and was not used to act for myself; but when my son came back—Arthur, my own boy, it was all my fault, but I knew you would set it right—and as for my Susan, nobody could have any doubt; and you will both forgive your poor mother. I don’t mind saying this before the doctor,” she repeated again, once more looking in his face; “because he has seen us in all our trouble, and I am sure we may trust Dr. Rider; but, my dear, you know our private affairs are not to be talked of before strangers—especially,” said the widow, with a long trembling sigh of relief and comfort, “when God has been so good to us, and all is to be well.”

The two young men looked at each other in silence with a certain awe. All the dreadful interval which had passed between this Sunday afternoon and the day of Susan’s return, had been a blank to Mrs. Vincent so far as the outer world was concerned. Her daughter’s illness and danger had rapt her altogether out of ordinary life. She took up her burden only where it had dropped off from her in the consuming anxiety for Susan’s life and reason, in which all other fears had been lost. Just at the point where she had forgotten it, where she had still

faced the world with the despairing assumption that all would be right when Arthur returned, she bethought herself now of that frightful shadow which had never been revealed in its full horror to her eyes. Now that Arthur’s assurance relieved her heart of that, the widow took up her old position instinctively. She knew nothing of the comments in the newspapers, the vulgar publicity to which poor Susan’s story had come. She wanted to impress upon Dr. Rider’s mind, by way of making up for her son’s imprudence, that he was specially trusted, and that she did not mind speaking before him because he had seen all their trouble. Such was the poor mother’s idea as she sat upon the bed where they had carried her, wiping the tears of joy from her wan and worn face. She forgot all the weary days that had come and gone. She took up the story just at the point where she, after all her martyrdom and strenuous upholding of Arthur’s cause, had suddenly sunk into Susan’s sick-room and left it. Now she reappeared with Arthur’s banner once more in her hands—always strong in that assumption that nobody could doubt as to Susan, and that Arthur had but to come home to set all right. Dr. Rider held up his warning finger when he saw Vincent about to speak. This delusion was salvation to the widow.

“But I must go back to Susan, doctor,” said Mrs. Vincent. “If she should wake and find a stranger there!—though Mrs. Rider is so kind. But I am much stronger than I look—watching never does me any harm; and now that my mind is easy—people don’t require much sleep at my time of life. And, Arthur, when my dear child sees me, she will know that all is well—all is well,” repeated the widow, with trembling lips. “I must go to Susan, doctor; think if she should wake!”

“But she must not wake,” said Dr. Rider, “and if you stay quietly here she will not wake, for my wife will keep everything still. You will have a great deal to do for her when she is awake and conscious. Now you must rest.”

“I shall have a great deal to do for her? Dr. Rider means she will want nursing, Arthur,” said Mrs. Vincent, “after such an illness; but she might miss me even in her sleep, or she might—”

"Mother, you must rest for Susan's sake; if you make yourself ill, who will be able to take care of her?" said Vincent, who felt her hand tremble in his, and saw with how much difficulty she sustained the nervous shivering of her frame. She looked up into his face with those anxious eyes which strove to read his without being able to comprehend all the meanings there. Then the widow turned with a feminine artifice to Dr. Rider.

"Doctor, if you will bring me word that my child is still asleep—if you will tell me exactly what you think, and that she is going on well," said Mrs. Vincent; "you are always so kind. O Arthur, my dear boy," cried the widow, taking his hand and caressing it between her own, "now that he is gone, tell me. Is it quite true?—is all well again? but you must never bring in Susan's name. Nobody must have it in their power to say a word about your sister, Arthur, dear. And, oh, I hope you have been prudent and not said anything among your people. Hush! he will be coming back; is it quite true, Arthur? Tell me that my dear child has come safe out of it all, and nothing has happened. Tell me! Oh, speak to me, Arthur, dear!"

"It is quite true," said Vincent, meeting his mother's eyes with a strange blending of pity and thankfulness. He did not say enough to satisfy her. She drew him closer, looking wistfully into his face. The winter afternoon was darkening, the room was cold, the atmosphere dreary. The widow held her son close, and fixed upon him her anxious, inquiring eyes. "It is quite true, Arthur! There is nothing behind that you are hiding from me?" she said, with her lips almost touching his cheek, and her wistful eyes searching his meaning. "O my dear boy, don't hide anything from me. I am able to bear it, Arthur. Whatever it is, I ought to know."

"What I have told you is the simple truth, mother," said Vincent, not without a pang. "He has made a declaration before the magistrates——"

Mrs. Vincent started so much that the bed on which she sat shook. "Before the magistrates!" she said, with a faint cry. Then after a pause—"But, thank God, it is not here, Arthur, nor at Lonsdale, nor anywhere where we are known. And he said

that—that—he had never harmed my child? O Arthur, Arthur—your sister!—that she should ever be spoken of so! And he was not killed? I do not understand it, my dear. I cannot see all the rights of it; but it is a great comfort to have you to myself for a moment, and to feel as if perhaps things might come right again. Hush! I think the doctor must be coming. Speak very low. My dear boy, you don't mean it, but you are imprudent; and, O Arthur, with a troublesome flock like yours you must not commit yourself! You must not let your sister's name be talked of among the people. Hush, hush, I hear the doctor at the door."

And the widow put her son away from her, and leaned her head upon her hands instead of upon his shoulder. She would not even let the doctor suppose that she had seized that moment to inquire further, or that she was anything but sure and confident that all was going well.

"She is in the most beautiful sleep," said the enthusiastic doctor, "and Nettie is by her. Now, Mrs. Vincent, here is something you must take; and when you wake up again I will take you to your daughter, and I have very little doubt you will find her on the fair way for recovery—recovery in every sense," added Dr. Rider, incautiously; "twice saved—and I hope you will have no more of such uneasiness as you have suffered on her behalf."

"Indeed, I have had very little uneasiness with my children," said Mrs. Vincent, drawing up her little figure on the bed. "Susan never had a severe illness before. When she came here first she was suffering from a—a bad fright, doctor. I told you so at the time; and I was so weak and so alarmed, Arthur, dear, that I fear Dr. Rider has misunderstood me. When one is not much used to illness," said the mother, with her pathetic jesuitry, "one thinks there never was anything so bad as one's own case, and I was foolish and upset. Yes, I will take it, doctor. Now that I am easy in my mind, I will take anything you please; and you will let me know if she wakes, or if she stirs. Whatever happens, you will let me know that moment? Arthur, you will see that they let me know?"

The doctor promised, anxiously putting the draught into her hands: he would have promised any impossible thing at the mo-

ment, so eager was he to get her persuaded to rest.

"I have not talked so much for—I wonder how long it is?" said the widow, with a faint smile. "O Arthur, dear, I feel as if somehow a millstone had been on my heart, and God had taken it off. Doctor, it is—it is—all your doing, under Providence," said the little woman, looking full in his face. Perhaps she believed it—at least she meant him to believe so. She swallowed the draught he gave her with that smile upon her face, and laid down her throbbing head in the quietness and darkness. "Go with the doctor, Arthur, dear," she said, denying the yearning in her heart to question her son farther, lest Dr. Rider might perhaps suppose all was not so well as she said; "and, oh, be sure to tell me the very moment that Susan wakes!" She watched them gliding noiselessly out of the room, two dark figures in the darkness. She lay down alone, throbbing all over with thrills of pain, which were half pleasure. She began to be conscious again of her own body and life; and the wistful curiosity that possessed her was not strong enough to neutralize the positive unmistakable joy. Susan was recovering. Susan was innocent. What trouble could there be heavy enough to take away the comfort out of words like these!

"Now she will sleep. Mr. Vincent, I congratulate you on having such pure blood in your veins; not robust, you know, but far better—such sweet, perfect health as one rarely meets with now-a-days," said the doctor, under his breath, with professional enthusiasm; "all the better for your sister that she came of such a stock. My wife, now, is another example—not robust, as I say—natures delicately organized, but in such exquisite adjustment, and with such elasticity! Mrs. Vincent will go to sleep like a baby, and wake able for—anything that God may please to send her," said Dr. Rider, with reverence. "They will both sleep till to-morrow if all goes well. Hush!—Well, I may be absurd, for neither of them could hear us here; but still it is best to err on the safe side."

"But Susan—you are not deceiving us—Susan is——" said Vincent, with sudden alarm.

"She is asleep," said Dr. Rider; "and,

if I can, I will remain till she wakes; it is life or death."

They parted thus—the doctor to the little room below-stairs, where Vincent's dinner awaited him, and the young minister himself to his own room, where he went into the darkness with a kind of bewildered uncertainty and incomprehension of the events about him. To think that this day, with all its strange encounters and unexpected incidents, was Sunday, as he suddenly remembered it to be—that this morning he had preached, and this evening had to preach again, completed in Vincent's mind the utter chaos and disturbance of ordinary life. It struck him dumb to remember that by and by he must again ascend the pulpit, and go through all his duties. Was he an impostor, doing all this mechanically? He debated the question dully in his own mind, as he sat too much bewildered to do anything else in the dark in his bed-chamber, pondering with a certain confused gravity and consolation over all that had happened. But faculties, which are confused by sudden comfort and relief, are very different from faculties obscured and confounded by suffering. He sat vaguely in the dark, wondering over his strange position. This morning, even in the height of his despair, he had at least some idea what he was going to do in that pulpit of Salem. It was a sacrifice—a martyrdom to accomplish—a wild outcry and complaint to pour forth to the world. This evening he sat wasting the precious moments in the soft darkness, without knowing a word of what he was to say—without being able to realize the fact, that by and by he should have to go out through the sharp air echoing with church-bells—to see once more all those watchful faces turned upon him, and to communicate such instruction as was in him to his flock. A sense of exhaustion and satisfaction was in Vincent's heart. He sat listless in a vague comfort and weariness, his head throbbing with the fumes of his past excitement, yet not aching. It was only now that he realized the rolling off from his head of this dark cloud of horror and shame. Susan was recovering—Susan was innocent. He became aware of the facts much in the same way as his mother became aware of them ere she dropped to sleep in the blessed darkness of the adjoin-

ing room. Confused as he was, with his brain still full of the pulsations of the past, he was so far conscious of what had happened. He sat in his reverie, regardless of the time, and everything else that he ought to have attended to. The little maid came and knocked at his door to say his dinner had been waiting for an hour, and he answered, "Yes; he was coming," but sat still in the darkness. Then the landlady herself, compunctious, beginning to feel the thrills of returning comfort which had entered her house, came tapping softly to say it was near six, and wouldn't Mr. Vincent take something before it was time for chapel? Mr. Vincent said "Yes" again, but did not move; and it was only when he heard the church-bells tingling into the night air that he got up at last, and, stealing first to the door of Susan's room, where he ascertained that she still slept, and then to his mother's, where he could hear her soft, regular breathing in the darkness, he went away in an indescribably exalted condition of mind to Salem and his duty. There is a kind of weakness incident to excitement of mind and neglect of body, which is akin to the ecstatic state in which men dream dreams and see visions. Vincent was in that condition to-night. He was not careful what anybody would say or think; he no longer pictured to himself the upturned faces in Salem, all conscious of the tragedy which was connected with his name. The sense of deliverance in his heart emancipated him, and gave a contrary impulse to his thoughts. In the weakness of an excited and exhausted frame, a certain gleam of the ineffable and miraculous came over the young man. He was again in the world where God stoops down to change with one touch of his finger the whole current of man's life—the world of childhood, of genius, of faith; that other world, dark sphere of necessity and fate, where nothing could stay the development into dread immortality of the obstinate human intelligence, and where dreary echoes of speculation still questioned whether any change were possible in heart and spirit, or if saving souls were a mere figure of speech, floated away far off over his head, a dark fiction of despair. In this state of mind he went back to the pulpit where, in the morning, he had thrilled his audience with all those wild complications of thought which

end in nothing. Salem was again crowded—not a corner of the chapel remained unfilled; and again many of the more zealous members were driven out of their seats by the influx of the crowd. Vincent, who had no sermon to preach, and nothing except the fulness that was in his heart to say, took up again his subject of the morning. He told his audience with the unpremeditated skill of a natural orator, that while Reason considered all the desperate chances, and concluded that wonderful work impossible, God, with the lifting of his countenance, with the touch of his power, made the darkness light before him, and changed the very earth and heavens around the wondering soul. Lifted out of the region of reasonableness himself, he explained to his astonished audience how Reason halts in her conclusions, how miracle and wonder are of all occurrences the most natural, and how, between God and man, there are no boundaries of possibility. It was a strange sermon, without any text or divisions, irregular in its form, sometimes broken in its utterance; but the man who spoke was in a "rapture"—a state of fasting and ecstasy. He saw indistinctly that there were glistening eyes in the crowd, and felt what was somewhat an unusual consciousness—that his heart had made communications to other hearts in his audience almost without his knowing it; but he did not observe that nobody came to the vestry to congratulate him, that Tozer looked disturbed, and that the deacons averted their benign countenances. When he had done his work, he went home without waiting to talk to anybody—without, indeed, thinking any more of Salem—through the crowd, in the darkness, passing group after group in earnest discussion of the minister. He went back still in that exalted condition of mind, unaware that he passed Mrs. Tozer and Phœbe, who were much disposed to join him—and was in his own house sooner than most of his congregation. All within was quiet, lost in the most grateful and profound stillness. Sleep seemed to brood over the delivered house. Vincent spoke to the doctor who still waited, and whose hopes were rising higher and higher, and then ate something, and said his prayers, and went to rest like a child. The family, so worn out with labor and trial and sorrow, slept profoundly under the quiet stars. Those hard heavens,

from which an indifferent God saw the Innocents murdered and made no sign, had melted into the sweet natural firmament, above which the great Father watches unwearied. The sudden change was more than mere deliverance to the young Nonconformist. He slept and took rest in the sweet surprise and thankfulness of his soul. His life and heart, still young and incapable of despair, had got back out of hard anguishes and miseries which no one could soften, to the sweet miraculous world in which circumstances are always changing, and God interferes forever.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHEN Vincent awoke next morning, his mother was standing by his bedside. Her eyes were dewy and moist, a faint tinge of color was on her sweet old cheek, and her steps tottered a little as she came up to his bed and stooped to kiss him. "O Arthur, my dear boy, she knows me!" said Mrs. Vincent, putting up her hand to her eyes. "I must not be away from her a moment, but I could not resist coming to tell you. She knows me, dear. Make haste and dress, and come and see your sister, Arthur; and I will give orders about your breakfast as I go back. My dear, I know you have been anxious," said the widow, putting back his hair fondly with the soft little hand which still trembled; "though men have not the way of showing it, I know you have been very anxious. You looked quite pale and thin as you slept. But I must speak to the landlady now and see about your food. Come to Susan's room as soon as you are dressed, and I will order your breakfast, my dear boy," said his mother, going softly out again, with her tender little figure all beautified, and trembling with joy. Mrs. Vincent met the landlady near the door, and stopped to speak to her. "My daughter is a great deal better," said the minister's mother. "I have been so anxious, I have never been able to thank you as I ought to have done for your kindness and attention. We have been as quiet as if we had been at home. We will all remember your attention, though I have never been able to thank you before; and I am sure it is very gratifying to my son to think it is one of his own flock who has taken so much pains for us. Mr. Vincent has been very anxious

about his sister," continued the widow; "I fear he has not been taking his food, nor keeping his regular time for meals. You would oblige me very much if you would try to have something nice for his breakfast. We were all much shaken yesterday, being so anxious;—some new-laid eggs perhaps—though I know they are scarce in a town at this time of the year—or anything you can think of that will tempt him to eat. I would not say so much," said Mrs. Vincent, smiling upon the astonished landlady, and leaning to support her own weakness on the rail of the passage upon which the staircase opened, "but that I know your kind interest in your minister. I am sure you will take all the pains you can to get him to attend to his precious health. Thank you. I am very much obliged."

With this the little woman passed on, feeling indeed too weak to stand longer; and leaving the landlady, who had intended to mingle some statement of her own grievances with her congratulations, with the plea quietly taken out of her hands, and the entire matter disposed of. Mrs. Vincent was moving back again to the sick-room when the door opened down-stairs, and some one asked for Mr. Vincent, and came up hurriedly. The minister's mother recognized Tozer's voice, and made a pause. She was glad of the opportunity to make sure that all was well in the flock. She leant over the railing to shake hands with the butlerman, moved to a little effusion of thankfulness by the recollection of the state of anxiety she was in when she saw him last.

"My son is not up yet," she said. "We were very anxious yesterday. It was the crisis of the fever, and everything depended upon it. I dare say you would see how anxious Mr. Vincent was; but thank Heaven now all is going on well."

"You see, ma'am," said Tozer, "it must have all been on the nerves, and to be sure there aint nothing more likely to be serviceable than good news. It's in the paper this morning. As soon as I see it, I said to my missis, 'This is why the minister was so peecooliar yesterday.' I divined it in a moment, ma'am; though it wasn't to say prudent, Mrs. Vincent, and not as you would have advised no more nor myself, to fly off like that out of chapel, without as much as

shaking hands with one o' the deacons. But I make allowances, I do ; and when I see it in the paper, I said to my missis, 'It's all along o' this Mr. Vincent was so queer.' I don't doubt as it'll be quite looked over, and thought no more of, when it's known what's the news."

"What news?" said Mrs. Vincent, faintly, holding fast by the railing. "You mean the news of my dear child's recovery," she added, after a breathless pause. "Have they put it in the papers?" I am sure it is very good, but I never heard of such a thing before. She has been very ill to be sure—but most people are very ill once in their lives," said the widow, gasping a little for breath, and fixing her eyes upon the paper which Tozer held in his hand.

"Poor soul!" said the deacon, compassionately, "it aint no wonder, considering all things. Phæbe would have come the very first day to say, Could she be of any use? but her mother wasn't agreeable. Women has their own ways of managing; but they'll both come to-day, now all's cleared up, if you'll excuse me. And now, ma'am, I'll go on to the minister and see if there's anything as he'd like me to do, for Pigeon and the rest was put out, there's no denying of it; but if things is set straight directly, what with this news, and what with them sermons yesterday, I don't think as it'll do no harm. I said to him, as this Sunday was half the battle," said the worthy buttermilk, reflectively; "and he did his best—I wouldn't say as he didn't do his best; and I'm not the man as will forsake my pastor when he's in trouble. Good-morning, ma'am; and my best respects to miss, and I hope as she'll soon be well again. There aint no man as could rejoice more nor me at this news."

Tozer went on to Vincent's room, at the door of which the minister had appeared summoning him with some impatience and anxiety—"News? what news?" said Mrs. Vincent faintly to herself, as she held by the rail and felt the light forsaking her eyes in a new mist of sudden dread. She caught the look of the landlady at that moment, a look of half pity, curiosity, and knowledge, which startled her back to her defences. With sudden firmness she gathered herself together, and went on to the sick-room, leaving behind her, as she closed the door, the whole troubled world, which seemed to know

better about her most intimate affairs than she did; and those newspapers which somehow mentioned Susan's name, that sweet maiden name which it was desecration to see so much as named in print. Rather, the widow carried that uneasy world in with her to the sick-room which she had left a few minutes before in all the effusion of un-hoped-for joy. Everything still was not well though Susan was getting better. She sat down by the bedside where Susan lay languid and pale, showing the change in her by little more than quietness and a faint recognition of her mother, and in her troubled heart began to look the new state of affairs in the face, and to make up her mind that more of the causes of Susan's illness than she had supposed known, must have become public. And then Arthur and his flock, that flock which he evidently had somehow affronted on the previous day. Mrs. Vincent pondered with all the natural distrust of a woman over Arthur's imprudence. She almost chafed at her necessary confinement by her daughter's bedside; if she herself, who had been a minister's wife for thirty years and knew the ways of a congregation, and how it must be managed, could only get into the field to bring her son out of the difficult passages which she had no faith in his own power to steer through! So the poor mother experienced how, when absorbing grief is removed, a host of complicated anxieties hasten in to fill up its place. She was no longer bowed down under an overwhelming dread, but she was consumed by restless desires to be doing, cravings to know all, fears for what might at the moment be happening out of her range and influence. What might Arthur, always incautious, be confiding to Tozer even now—perhaps telling him those "private affairs" which the widow would have defended against exposure with her very life—perhaps chaffing at Salem and rejecting that yoke which, being a minister, he must bear. It was all Mrs. Vincent could do to keep herself still on her chair, and to maintain that quietness which was necessary for Susan. If only she could have been there to soften his impatience and make the best of his unnecessary confidences! Many a time before this, the widow had been compelled to submit to that female tribulation—to be shut up apart, and leave the great events outside to be transacted by these in-

cautious masculine hands, in which, at the bottom of her heart, a woman seldom has perfect confidence when her own supervising influence is withdrawn. Mrs. Vincent felt instinctively that Arthur would commit himself as she sat resigned but troubled by Susan's bed.

Tozer went directly to the door of Vincent's room, where the minister, only half dressed, but much alarmed to see the colloquy which was going on between his mother and the buttermilk man, was waiting for him. The deacon squeezed the young man's hand with a hearty pressure. His aspect was so fatherly and confidential, that it brought back to the mind of the young Non-conformist a certain rueful, half-comic recollection of the suppers in the back parlor, and all the old troubles of the pastor of Salem, which heavier shadows had driven out of his mind. Tozer held up triumphantly the paper in his hand.

"You've seen it, sir?" said the buttermilk man; "first thing I did this morning was to look up whether there wasn't nothing about it in the latest intelligence; for the *Gazette* has been very particular, knowing, at Carlingford, folks would be interested—and here it is sure enough, Mr. Vincent; and we nigh gave three cheers, me and the lads in the shop."

To this Vincent listened with a darkening brow and an impatience which he did not attempt to conceal. He took the paper with again that quick sense of the intolerable which prompted him to tear the innocent broadsheet in pieces and tread it under foot. The *Gazette* contained, with a heading in large characters, the following paragraph:—

"THE DOVER TRAGEDY.

"Our readers will be glad to hear that the unfortunate young lady, closely connected with a reverend gentleman well-known in Carlingford, whose name has been so unhappily mixed up in this mysterious affair, is likely to be fully exonerated from the charge rashly brought against her. In the deposition of the wounded man, which was taken late on Saturday night, by Mr. Everett, the stipendiary magistrate of Dover, he distinctly declares that Miss Vincent was not the party who fired the pistol, nor in any way connected with it—that she had accompanied his daughter merely as companion on a hasty journey, and that, in short, instead of the romantic connection supposed

to subsist between the parties, with all the passions of love and revenge naturally involved, the ties between them were of the simplest and most temporary character. We are grieved to add, that the fright and horror of her awful position had overpowered Miss Vincent immediately on her arrival here, and brought on a brain fever, which, of course, made the unfortunate young lady, who is understood to possess great personal attractions, quite unable to explain the suspicious circumstances surrounding her. We have now only to congratulate her respectable family on her exoneration from a very shocking charge, and hope her innocence will soon be confirmed by full legal acquittal. Our readers will find Colonel Mildmay's deposition on another page. It will be perceived that he obstinately refuses to indicate who was the real perpetrator of the deed. Suspicion has been directed to his groom, who accompanied him, in whom, however, the wounded man seems to repose perfect confidence. He is still in a very precarious state, and great doubts are entertained of his ultimate recovery."

"There, Mr. Vincent, that's gratifying—that is," said Tozer, as Vincent laid down the paper; "and I come over directly I see it to let you know. *He's not gone yet?*" added the buttermilk man, inquiringly, pointing his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the room where Daly still held possession. "Nor wont go, neither, till it's settled somehow. She's cleared, but she aint out o' the hands of the law. I've had some experience in them sort of affairs; and what I come to advise special, Mr. Vincent, was that you and me should go off to Mr. Brown in the High Street, or to Mr. Beke as is our magistrate here, and put in bail. They'll take bail for her appearance, now; and us as is two responsible parties they can't go again' taking you and me; and we'll have the police out o' the house and all things square," said the worthy deacon, "afore Mrs. Vincent gets movin' about again, or the young lady knows what's agoing on; that's what I'd do without delay, Mr. Vincent, if I was you."

Vincent grasped the exultant buttermilk man's hand in an overflow of gratitude and compunction. "I shall never forget your kindness," he said, with a little tremor in his voice. "You have been a true friend. Thank you from the bottom of my heart. Let us go at once, and do what you say."

"I never was the man to forsake my pas-

tor in trouble—not to say a young man like you as is a credit to the connection, and the best preacher I may say as I ever have heard in Salem,” said Tozer, with effusion, returning the grasp; “but we aint agoing a step till you’ve had your breakfast. Your good mother, Mrs. Vincent, as is a real lady, sir, and would never advise you different from what I would myself, being for your own interests, would have little opinion of me if I took you out on a Monday mornin’ after your labors without so much as a bit o’ breakfast to sustain you. I’ll sit by you while you’re a-eating of your bacon. There’s a deal to consider of concerning Salem as I couldn’t well bring before you as long as you were in such trouble. Them were uncommon sermons, sir, yesterday; I don’t know as I ever heard anything as was just to be compared with the mornin’ discourse, and most of the flock was of my opinion; but what is the good of standing up for the pastor—I ask you candid, Mr. Vincent—when he’ll not take no pains to keep things square? I’m speaking plain, for you can’t mistake me as it’s anything but your own interests I am a-thinking of. We was all marching in, deacons and committee and all, to say as we was grateful to you for your instructions, and wishing you well out of your trouble—and I was in great hopes as matters might have been made up—when behold, what we finds was the vestry empty and the pastor gone! Now, I aint a-finding fault. Them news would explain anything; but I don’t deny as Pigeon and the rest was put out; and if you’ll be guided by me, Mr. Vincent, when you’ve done our business as is most important of all, you’ll go and make some visits, sir, and make yourself agreeable, if you’ll excuse me. It aint with no selfish thoughts as I speak,” said Tozer, energetically; “it’s not like asking of you to come a-visiting to me, nor setting myself forward as the minister’s great friend—though we *was* remarking as the pastor was unknown in our house this fortnight and more—but it’s for peace and union, Mr. Vincent, and the good of the flock, sir, and to keep—as your good mother well knows aint easy in a congregation—all things straight.”

When this little peroration was delivered, Vincent was seated at table, making what he could of the breakfast, in which both his

mother and Tozer had interested themselves. It was with a little effort that the young man accepted this advice as the character and intentions of his adviser deserved. He swallowed what was unpalatable in the counsel, and received the suggestion “in as sweet a frame of mind as I could wish to see,” as Tozer afterwards described.

“I will go and make myself agreeable,” said the young minister, with a smile. “Thank Heaven! it is not so impossible to-day as it might have been yesterday; I left the chapel so hurriedly, because——”

“I understand, sir,” said Tozer, benevolently interposing as Vincent paused, finding explanation impossible. “Pigeon and the rest was put out, as I say, more nor I could see was reasonable—not as Pigeon is a man that knows his own mind. It’s the women as want the most managing. Now, Mr. Vincent, I’m ready, sir, if you are, and we wont lose no time.”

Before going out, however, Vincent went to his sister’s room. She was lying in an utter quietness which went to his heart;—silent, no longer uttering the wild fancies of a disordered brain, recovering, as the doctor thought; but stretched upon her white couch, marble white, without any inclination apparently to lift the heavy lids of her eyes, or to notice anything that passed before her—a very sad sight to see. By her sat her mother, in a very different condition, anxious, looking into Arthur’s eyes, whispering counsels in his ears. “O my dear boy, be very careful,” said Mrs. Vincent; “your dear papa always said that a minister’s flock was his first duty; and now that Susan is getting better, O Arthur! you must not let people talk about your sister—and have patience, oh, have patience, dear!” This was said in wistful whispers, with looks which only half confided in Arthur’s prudence; and the widow sank into her chair when he left her, folding her hands in a little agony of self-restraint and compulsory quietness. She felt equal for it herself, if she had been at liberty to go out upon the flock once more in Arthur’s cause; but who could tell how he might commit himself, he who was a young man, and took his own way, and did not know, as Tozer said, how to keep all things straight? When Mrs. Vincent thought of her son in personal conflict with Mrs. Pigeon, she lost faith in Arthur. She her-

self might have conquered that difficult adversary, but what weapons had he to bring forth against the deacon's wife, he who was only a minister and a man?

CHAPTER XXXI.

"AND now that's settled as far as we can settle it now," said Tozer, as they left the magistrate's office, where John Brown, the famous Carlingford solicitor, had accompanied them, "you'll go and see some of the chapel folks, Mr. Vincent? It'll be took kind of you to lose no time, especially if you'd say a word just as it's all over, and let them know the news is true."

"I will go with you first," said Vincent, who contemplated the buttermilk's shop at that moment through a little halo of gratitude and kindness. He went in to the back parlor with the gratified deacon, where Mrs. Tozer sat reading over again the same *Gazette* in which poor Susan's history was summed up and ended. It seemed like a year to Vincent since he had dined with his mother at this big table, amid the distant odors of all the bacon and cheese. Mrs. Tozer put down the paper, and took off her spectacles as her visitor came in. "It's Mr. Vincent, Phœbe," she said, with a little exclamation. "Dear, dear, I never thought as the pastor would be such a strange sight in my house—not as I was meaning nothing unkind, Tozer, so there's no occasion to look at me. I'm as glad as ever I can be to see the minister; and what a blessing as it's all settled, and the poor dear getting well too. Phœbe, you needn't be a-hiding behind me, child, as if the pastor was thinking of how you was dressed. She has on her morning wrapper, Mr. Vincent, as she was helping her mother in, and we didn't expect no visitors. Don't be standing there, as if it was any matter to the minister how you was dressed."

"O ma, as if I ever thought of such a thing!" said Phœbe, extending a pink uncovered arm out of the loose sleeve of her morning-dress to Vincent, and averting her face; "but to see Mr. Vincent is so like old times—and everything *has* seemed so different—and it *is* so pleasant to feel as if it were all coming back again. O ma, to imagine that I ever supposed Mr. Vincent could notice my dress, or think of poor me!" added Phœbe, in a postscript under her breath. The minister heard the latter

words quite as well as the first. After he had shaken the pink, plump hand, he sat down on the opposite side of the table, and saw Phœbe, relieved against the light of the window, wiping a tender tear from her eye. All at once out of the darker and heavier trials which had abstracted him from common life, the young Nonconformist plunged back into the characteristic troubles of his position. As usual, he made no response to Phœbe, found nothing civil to say, but turned with desperation to Mrs. Tozer, who was luckily about to speak.

"Don't pay no attention to her, Mr. Vincent; she's a deal too feelin'. She oughtn't to be minded, and then she'll learn better," said Mrs. Tozer. "I am sure it wasn't no wish of ours as you should ever stop away. If we had been your own relations we couldn't have been more took up; and where should a minister seek for sympathy if it isn't in his own flock? There aint nobody so safe to put your trust in, Mr. Vincent, as Salem folks. There's a many fine friends a young man may have when he's in a prosperous way, but it aint to be supposed they would stand by him in trouble; and it's then as you find the good of your real friends," continued Mrs. Tozer, looking with some significance at her husband. Tozer, for his own part, rubbed his hands and stationed himself with his back to the fire, as is the custom of Englishmen of all degrees. The husband and wife contemplated Vincent with complacence. With the kindest feelings in the world, they could not altogether restrain a little triumph. It was impossible now that the minister could mistake who were his true friends.

But just then, strangely enough, a vision of a tender smile, a glance up in his face, the touch of a soft hand, came to Vincent's mind. His fine friends! he had but one, and she had stood by him in his trouble. From Tozer's complacence the minister's mind went off with a bound of relief to that sweet, fruitless sympathy which was dearer than help. From her soft, perfumy presence to Mrs. Tozer's parlor, with that pervading consciousness in it of the shop hard by and its store of provisions, what a wonderful difference! It was not so easy to be grateful as he had at first thought.

"Mr. Tozer has been my real friend indeed, and a most honest and thorough one,"

said Vincent. "But I don't think I have any other in Salem so sure and steady," added the minister, after a little pause, half gratefully, half in bitterness. This sentiment was not, however, resented by the assembled family. Phœbe leaned over her mother's chair, and whispered, "O ma, dear! didn't I always say he was full of feeling?" somewhat to the discomfiture of the person commented on; while Tozer himself beamed upon the minister from before the blazing fire.

"I said as we'd pull you through," said Tozer, "and I said as I'd stand by you; and both I'll do, sir, you take my word, if you'll but stick to your duty; and as for standing bail in a hundred pound or two," continued the buttermilk, magnanimously, "for a poor young creature as couldn't be nothing but innocent, I don't mind that, nor a deal more than that, to keep all things straight. It's nothing but my duty. When a man is a responsible man, and well known in a place, it's his business to make use of his credit, Mr. Vincent, sir, and his character for the good of his friends."

"It may be your duty, but you know there aint a many as would have done it," said his straightforward wife, "as Mr. Vincent sees himself, and no need for nobody a-telling of him. There aint a many as would have stood up for the pastor, right and wrong, and finished off with the likes of this, and the minister don't need us to say so. Dear, dear, Mr. Vincent, you aint a-going away already, and us hasn't so much as seen you for I can't tell how long? I made sure you'd stop and take a bit of dinner at least, not making no ceremony," said Mrs. Tozer, "for there's always enough for a friend, and you can't take us wrong."

Vincent had risen hurriedly to his feet, under the strong stimulant of the buttermilk's self-applause. Conscious as he was of all that Tozer had really done, the minister found it hard to listen and echo, with due humility and gratitude, the perfect satisfaction of the pair over their own generosity. He had no thanks to say when thus forestalled. "O ma, how can you make so much of it?" cried Phœbe. "The minister will think us so selfish; and, oh, please, Mr. Vincent, when you go home, will you speak to your mother, and ask her to let me come and help with her nursing? I should do what-

ever she told me, and try to be a comfort to her—oh, I should indeed," said Phœbe, clasping those pink hands. "Nobody could be more devoted than I should be." She cast down her eyes, and stood the image of maidenly devotedness between Vincent and the window. She struck him dumb, as she always did. He never was equal to the emergency where Phœbe was concerned. He took up his hat in his hands, and tried to explain lamely how he must go away—how he had visits to make—duties to do—and would have stuck fast, and lost Mrs. Tozer's favor finally and forever, had not the buttermilk interposed.

"It's me as is to blame," said the worthy deacon. "If it hadn't have been as the pastor wouldn't pass the door without coming in, I'd not have had him here to-day; and if you women would think, you'd see. We're stanch—and Mr. Vincent aint no call to trouble himself about us; but Pigeon and them, you see, as went off in a huff yesterday—that's what the minister has got to do. You sha'n't be kep' no longer, sir, in my house. Duty afore pleasure, that's my maxim. Good-mornin', and I hope as you wont meet with no unpleasantness; but if you should, Mr. Vincent, don't be disheartened, sir—we'll pull you through."

With this encouraging sentiment, Vincent was released from Mrs. Tozer's parlor. He drew a long breath when he got out to the fresh air in the street, and faced the idea of the Pigeons and other recusants whom he was now bound to visit. While he thought of them, all so many varieties of Mrs. Tozer's parlor, without the kindness which met him there, the heart of the young Nonconformist failed him. Nothing but gratitude to Tozer could have sent him forth at all on this mission of conciliation; but now on the threshold of it, smarting from even Tozer's well-intentioned patronage, a yearning for a little personal comfort seized upon Vincent's mind. It was his duty to go away towards Grove Street, where the poulterer's residence was; but his longing eyes strayed towards Grange Lane, where consolation dwelt. And, besides, was it not his duty to watch over the real criminal, for whose mysterious wickedness poor Susan had suffered? It was not difficult to foresee how that argument would conclude. He wavered for a few minutes opposite Masters' shop, gave a furtive glance back towards the buttermilk's, and then, starting forward with sudden resolution, took his hasty way to Lady Western's door; only for a moment; only to see that all was safe, and his prisoner still in custody. Vincent sighed over the thought with an involuntary quickening of his heart. To be detained in such custody, the young man thought, would

be sweeter than heaven ; and the wild hope which came and went like a meteor about his path, sprang up with sudden intensity, and took the breath from his lips, and the color from his cheek, as he entered at that green garden door.

Lady Western was by herself in the drawing-room—that room divided in half by the closed doors which Vincent remembered so well. She rose up out of the low chair in which she reposed, like some lovely swan amid billows of dark silken drapery, and held out her beautiful hand to him—both her beautiful hands—with an effusion of kindness and sympathy. The poor young Nonconformist took them into his own, and forgot the very existence of Salem. The sweetness of the moment took all the sting out of his fate. He looked at her without saying anything, with his heart in his eyes. Consolation ! It was all he had come for. He could have gone away thereafter and met all the Pigeons in existence ; but more happiness still was in store for him—she pointed to a chair on the other side of her work-table. There was nobody else near to break the charm. The silken rustle of her dress, and that faint perfume which she always had about her pervaded the rosy atmosphere. Out of purgatory, out of bitter life beset with trouble, the young man had leaped for one moment into paradise ; and who could wonder that he resigned himself to the spell ?

“I am so glad you have come,” said Lady Western. “I am sure you must have hated me, and everything that recalled my name ; but it was impossible for any one to be more grieved than I was, Mr. Vincent. Now, will you tell me about Rachel ? She sits by herself in her own room. When I go in she gives me a look of fright which I cannot understand. Fright ! Can you imagine Rachel frightened, Mr. Vincent—and of me ?”

“Ah, yes. I would not venture to come into the presence of the angels if I had guilt on my hands,” said Vincent, not very well knowing what he said.

“Mr. Vincent ! what can you mean ? You alarm me very much,” said the young Dowager ; “but perhaps it is about her little girl. I don’t think she knows where her daughter is. Indeed,” said Lady Western, with a cloud on her beautiful face, “you must not think I ever approved of my brother’s conduct ; but when he was so anxious to have his child, I think she might have given in to him a little—don’t you think so ? The child might have done him good perhaps. She is very lovely, I hear. Did you see her ? O Mr. Vincent, tell me about it. I cannot understand how you are connected with it all. She trusted in you so much, and now she is afraid of you. Tell me how

it is. Hush ! she is ringing her bell. She has seen you come into the house.”

“But I don’t want to see Mrs.—Mrs. Mildmay,” said Vincent, rising up. “I don’t know why I came at all, if it were not to see the sun shining. It is dark down below where I am,” said the young man, with an involuntary outburst of the passion which at that moment suddenly appeared to him in all its unreasonableness. “Forgive me. It was only a longing I had to see the light.”

Lady Western looked up with her sweet eyes in the minister’s face. She was not ignorant of the condition of mind he was in, but she was sorry for him to the bottom of her heart. To cheer him a little could not harm any one. “Come back soon,” she said, again holding out her hand with a smile. “I am *so* sorry for your troubles ; and if we can do anything to comfort you, come back soon again, Mr. Vincent.” When the poor Nonconformist came to himself after these words, he was standing outside the garden door, out of paradise, his heart throbbing, and his pulse beating in a kind of sweet delirium. In that very moment of delight he recognized, with a thrill of exaltation and anguish, the madness of his dream. No matter. What if his heart broke after ? Now, at least, he could take the consolation. But if it was hard to face Mrs. Pigeon before, it may well be supposed that it was not easy now, with all this world of passionate fancies throbbing in his brain, to turn away from his elevation and encounter Salem and its irritated deacons. Vincent went slowly up Grange Lane, trying to make up his mind to his inevitable duty. When he was nearly opposite the house of Dr. Marjoribanks, he paused to look back. The garden door was again open, and somebody else was going into the enchanted house. Somebody else ;—a tall, slight figure, in a loose, light-colored dress, which he recognized instinctively with an agony of jealous rage. A minute before he had allowed to himself, in an exquisite despair, that to hope was madness ; but the sight of his rival awoke other thoughts in the mind of the minister. With quick eyes he identified the companion of his midnight journey—he in whose name all Susan’s wretchedness had been wrought—he whom Lady Western could trust “with life—to death.” Vincent went back at the sight of him, and found the door now close shut, through which his steps had passed. Close shut—enclosing the other—shutting *him* out in the cold external gloom. He forgot all he had to do for himself and his friends—he forgot his duty, his family, everything in the world but hopeless love and passionate jealousy, as he paced up and down before Lady Western’s door.

From The North British Review.

1. *Essays from "The Quarterly Review."* By James Hannay. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1861.
2. *Nugæ Criticæ: Occasional Papers written at the Seaside.* By Shirley. Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh. 1862.
3. *The Recreations of a Country Parson.* (A.K.H.B.) London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1859.
4. *Leisure Hours in Town.* By the Author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1862.
5. *Essays in History and Art.* By R. H. Patterson. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1862.
6. *Essays, Historical and Critical.* By Hugh Miller. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh. 1862.

EVERY now and again it is asserted that our literature is being destroyed by the periodicals. Some hold that, under their baneful influence, we are losing all concision and polish of style, as well as all capacity for serious thought. Others, admitting that there may be as much intellectual wealth current now as there was forty or a hundred years ago, contend that as the intellectual wealth of the former time was represented by a thousand gold coins, and the wealth of the present day by a million copper ones, the unprecedented distribution of pieces, the sordid material of which they are composed, the excess of bulk and weight, form serious deductions from the value actually in possession. The assertion that magazines and reviews are at present hurting literature, is one which, in virtue of being half truth and half falsehood, is likely to enjoy a long life. You cannot trample it quite out, on account of the truth resident in it; you have an uneasy suspicion of its falsehood even while asserting it most loudly. Every household in the country has its periodical. Henry of Navarre longed for the time when every Frenchman should have a hen in his pot. That he conceived a better sign of the prosperity of a country than certain big feasts in certain big castles. The magazines bring literature into every home, just as aqueduct and pipe bring the water of Loch Katrine into the homes of the Glasgow citizens. It is quite true, that the water occasionally tastes of iron, and wears a rusty stain; quite true that a perfectly pure draught may always be had at the legendary lake in the

shadow of the hills; but the water is flowing in every house, and that, after all, is the important matter.

And, to carry out the illustration, the water is often as pure in the basin of the citizen as beneath the trembling sedges that the wild duck loves. The fact that so many of our books, and so many of our best books too, are reprints from periodicals, proves that not only are periodicals extensively read, but that they absorb much of our best thinking and writing. The best-written magazine naturally attracts the largest number of readers; and this number of readers enables it to maintain its level of excellence, and to draw to its service the best men who may from time to time arise. When we say that our best periodicals are extensively read, we are simply saying that our best periodicals are attractive. No man who wishes to be amused will pay his money for dulness. No man who appreciates style will habitually peruse what cannot minister to his literary delight. The people who purchase the *Cornhill* may be presumed to be tolerably contented with the literature of the *Cornhill*. Their ordinary thinking is not quite up to the level of the thinking of the writers in that serial; the articles it contains occasionally present them with a new fact, or with a new view of a fact already known; and their ordinary conversation or correspondence does not exhibit the play of fancy and aptness of illustration which distinguish the writings of Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Lewes. So long as periodicals are read, we assume that they serve a very important purpose—that they amuse, instruct, and refine. Whenever they cease to do so, they will die as the annuals did. Nor does this same literature affect writers in any very disastrous way. It is frequently said that periodical writing fritters away a man's intellectual energy—that, instead of concentrating himself on some congenial task, devoting a whole lifetime to it, and leaving it as a permanent possession of the race, a man is tempted to write hastily and without sufficient meditation; that in fact we have articles now, more or less brilliant, whereas, under different circumstances, we might have had books. All this kind of conjecture is exceedingly unprofitable. Doubtless, under different circumstances, the results of a man's working would have been different

more or less; but it does not of necessity follow that the results would have been more valuable. A man's power in literature, as in everything else, is best measured by his accomplishment, just as his stature is best measured by his coffin. The man who can beat his fellows in a ten-mile race, is likely to maintain his superiority in a race for a shorter distance. It is a mistake to suppose that a man's largest work, or the work on which he has expended the greatest labor, is on that account his best. Literary history is full of instances to the contrary. When mental power is equal, that is surest of immortality which occupies the least space; scattered forces are then concentrated, like garden roses gathered into one bouquet, or English beauty in the boxes at the opera. Leisure and life-long devotion to a task have often resulted in tediousness. Large works are often too heavy for posterity to carry. We have too many "Canterbury Tales." The "Faery Queen" would be more frequently read if it consisted of only one book, and Spenser's fame would stand quite as high. Milton's poetical genius is as apparent in "Comus" and "Lycidas" as in his great Epic, which most people have thought too long. Addison's "Essay in Westminster Abbey" is more valuable than his tragedy. Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings are as brilliant, powerful, and instructive as any single chapter of his "History"—with the additional advantage that they can be read at a sitting. Certain readers have been found to admire Wordsworth's "We are Seven" more than the "Excursion." Coleridge talked of spending fifteen years on the construction of a great poem; had he done so, it is doubtful whether his reader would have preferred it to the "Ancient Mariner." From all this it may be inferred that if writers, instead of "frittering themselves away" in periodicals, had devoted themselves to the production of important works, the world would not have been much the wiser, and their reputations not one whit higher. Besides, there are many men more brilliant than profound, who have more *élan* than persistence, who gain their victories, like the Zouaves, by a rapid dash; and these do their best in periodicals. These the immediate presence of the reader excites, as the audience the orator, the crowded

pit the actor. Jerrold sparkles like a fire-fly through the tropic night; Hood, in that tragic subject which his serious fancy loved, emits like the glowworm a melancholy ray. But they could not shine for any continuous period, and had the wisdom not to attempt it. Are they to blame that they did not write long books to prove themselves dull fellows? It is of no use to cry out against the present state of things in literature. The magazines are here, and they have been produced by a great variety of causes. They demand certain kinds of literary wares; but whether the wares are valuable or the reverse, depends entirely upon the various workmen. It is to be hoped, if magazine writers possess a specialty, that they will stick to their specialty, and work it out faithfully—that no one will go out of his way, like Mr. Dickens, when he wrote "The Child's History of England," or Mr. Ruskin, when he addressed himself to the discussion of questions in political economy.

To the young writer, the magazine or review has many advantages. In many instances he can serve in the house of a literary noble, as the squire in the fourteenth century served in the house and under the eye of the territorial noble. He may model himself on an excellent pattern, and receive knighthood from his master as the reward of good conduct. If otherwise circumstanced,—if, following no special banner, he writes under the cover of the anonymous, and if unsuccessful,—he may retire without being put to public shame. In the arena of the magazines he can try his strength, pit himself against his fellows, find out his intellectual weight and power, gradually beget confidence in himself or arrive at the knowledge of his weakness,—a result not less valuable if more rarely acquired. If he is overthrown in the lists, no one but himself is the worse; if he distinguishes himself, it is a little unreasonable to expect him to keep his visor down when roses are showering upon him from applauding balconies. A man eminently successful in the magazines may fairly be forgiven for rushing to a reprint. Actors who make a hit at Drury Lane, almost immediately make a tour of the provinces. A reprint is to the author what a provincial tour is to the actor. If he is an amusing writer, people welcome him in his new shape with the gratitude

which people always entertain for those who have amused them; if he is a great writer, people desire to shake hands with him, as the elector is proud to shake hands with the candidate whom he has elected as his representative. And, indeed, the magazinists may fairly be compared to the House of Commons,—a mixed audience, representing every class, stormy, tumultuous, where great questions are being continually discussed; an assembly wherein men rise to be leaders of parties; out of which men are selected to rule distant provinces;—out of which also, every now and again, a member is translated to the Upper House, where he takes his seat among his peers, in a serener atmosphere, and among loftier traditions.

During the last year or two, there has been a large number of reprints from the magazines, consisting chiefly of essays and novels. With the latter at present we have no concern. The essay has always been a favorite literary form with magazine writers; and in the volumes before us we have specimens of various kinds. Of the most delightful kind of essay-writing, that of personal delineation, which chronicles moods, which pursues vagrant lines of thought, Montaigne is the earliest, and as yet the greatest example. Montaigne is as egotistical in his essays as a poet is in his lyrics. His subject is himself, his thinkings, his surroundings of every kind. He did not write to inform us about the events of his own time, though it was stirring enough; about his contemporaries, although he mingled much in society, and knew the best men of his day; about the questions which stirred the hearts and perplexed the intellects of the sixteenth-century Frenchmen, although he was familiar with them all, and had formed opinions;—these he puts aside, to discourse of his chateau, his page, his perfumed gloves;—to discuss love, friendship, experience, and the like, in his own way, half in banter, half in earnest. Consequently we have the fullest information regarding himself, if we have but little regarding anything else. Of course essays written after this fashion cannot, from the very nature of them, be expected to shape themselves on any established literary form. They do not require to have a middle, beginning, or end. They are a law unto themselves. They are shaped by impulse and

whim, as emotion shapes the lyric. Montaigne wanders about at his own will, and has as many jerks and turnings as a swallow on the wing. He seems to have the strangest notions of continuity, and sometimes his titles have no relation to his subject-matter, and look as oddly at the top of his page as the sign-board of the Bible-merchant over the door of a lottery office. He assails miracles in his "Essay on Cripples," and he wanders into the strangest regions in his essay "Upon some Verses of Virgil." In his most serious moods he brings illustrations from the oddest quarters, and tells such stories as we might suppose Squire Western to have delighted in, sitting with a neighboring squire over wine, after his sister and Sophia had withdrawn. These essays, full of the keenest insight, the profoundest melancholy, continually playing with death as Hamlet plays with Yorick's skull, whimsical, humorous, full of the flavor of a special character,—philosopher and eccentric Gascon gentleman in one,—are, in the best sense of the term, artistic. There is a meaning in the trifling, wisdom in the seeming folly, a charm in the swallow-like gyrations. All the incongruous elements,—the whimsicality and the worldly wisdom, the melancholy, the humor and sense of enjoyment, the trifling over articles of attire and details of personal habit, the scepticism which questioned everything, the piety and the coarseness,—mix and mingle somehow, and become reconciled in the alembic of personal character. Oppositions, incongruities, contradictions, taken separately, are mere lines and scratches; when brought together, by some mysterious attraction they unite to produce a grave and thoughtful countenance—that of Montaigne. He explains the essays, the essays explain him. Of course the writer's remoteness from the great French world, his freedom from the modern conditions of publication and criticism, his sense of distance from his reader—if ever he should possess one—contributed, to a large extent, to make himself his own audience. He wrote as freely in his chateau at Montaigne, as Alexander Selkirk could have done in his solitary island. Had there been upon him the sense of a reading public and of critical eyes, he could not have delivered himself up so completely into the guidance of whim. As it is, the essays remain among

the masterpieces of the world. He is the first of egotists, because, while continually writing about himself, he was writing about what was noble and peculiar. No other literary egotist had ever so good a subject, and then his style is peculiar as himself. In his essays he continually piques the reader; every now and then more is meant than meets the eye; every now and then a great deal less. He plays at hide-and-seek with his reader round his images and illustrations. In reading Montaigne, we are always thinking we are finding him out.

When the essay became a popular literary form in England, the conditions of things had altogether changed since Montaigne's day. The Frenchman was a solitary man, with but few books except the classics, given to self-communion, constantly writing to please himself, constantly mastered by whim, constantly, as it were, throwing the reins upon the neck of impulse. He had no public, and consequently he did not stand in awe of one. The country was convulsed, martyrs were consumed at the stake, country houses were sacked, the blood of St. Bartholomew had been spilt, the white plume of Navarre was shining in the front of battle. Amid all this strife and turmoil, the melancholy and middle-aged gentleman sat in his chateau at Montaigne, alone with his dreams. No one disturbed him; he disturbed no one. He lived for himself and for thought. When Steele and Addison appeared as English essayists, they appeared under totally different circumstances. The four great English poets had lived and died. The Elizabethan drama, which had arisen in Marlow, had set in Shirley. The comedy of Wicherley and Congreve, in which prurency had become phosphorescent, was in possession of the stage. Dryden had taken immortal vengeance on his foes. Fragments of Butler's wit sparkled like grains of salt in the conversation of men of fashion. English literature was already rich; there was a whole world of books and of accumulated ideas to work upon. Then a public had arisen; there was the "town," idle, rich, eagerly inquiring after every new thing, most anxious to be amused. Montaigne was an egotist, because he had little but himself to write about; certainly he had nothing nearly so interesting. He pursued his speculations as he liked, because he had no one

to interfere with him. He was actor and audience in one. The English essayists, on the other hand, had the English world to act upon. They had its leisure to amuse, its follies to satirize; its books, music, and pictures, its public amusements, its whole social arrangements, to comment upon, to laugh at, to praise. As a consequence their essays are not nearly so instructive as Montaigne's, although they are equally sparkling and amusing. We are introduced into a fashionable world, to beaux with rapiers and lace ruffles, and belles with patches on their cheeks; there are drums and card-tables, and sedan chairs and links. The satire in the *Spectator* is conventional; it concerns itself with the circumference of a lady's hoops, or the air with which a coxcomb carries his cocked hat beneath his arm. The essayists of the eighteenth century were satirists of society, and of that portion of society alone which sneered in the coffee-houses and buzzed round the card-tables of the metropolis. They did not deal with crimes, but with social foibles; they did not recognize passions in that fashionable world; they did not reverence women, they took off their hats and uttered sparkling compliments to the "fair." Theirs was a well-dressed world, and they liked it best when seen by candle-light. They were fine gentlemen, and they carried into literature the fine-gentleman airs. They dressed carefully, and they were as careful of the dress of their thoughts as of their persons. Their epigram was sharp and polished as their rapiers; they said the bitterest things in the most smiling way; their badinage was gentlemanly. Satire went about with a colored plume of fancy in his cap. They brought style to perfection. But even then one could see that a change was setting in. A poor gentleman down at Olney, under the strong power of the world to come, was feeding his hares, and writing poems of a religious cast, yet with a wonderful fascination, as of some long-forgotten melody, haunting their theological peculiarities, which drew many to listen. Up from Ayrshire to Edinburgh came Burns, with black piercing eyes, with all his songs about him, as if he had reft a county of the music of its groves; in due time a whole wild Paris was yelling round the guillotine where noble heads were falling. Europe became a battle-field; a

new name rose into the catalogue of kings; and when the essayists of our own century began to write, the world had changed, and they had changed with it.

The essayists who wrote in the early portion of the present century—Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt—are not only different from their predecessors, as regards mental character; they differ from them also in the variety of the subjects that engaged their attention. And this difference arises not only from the greater number of subjects attracting public interest in their day, but also from the immensely larger audience they had to address. They were not called upon to write for the town, but for town and country both. Society was reading in all its ranks, and each rank had its special interests. The essayists' subject-matter had been vastly enlarged, great actors had trod the boards, great painters had painted, the older poets had come into fashion, outside nature had again re-appeared in literature. The essayist could weave an allegory, or criticise, or describe, or break a social enormity on the wheel, or explode an ancient prejudice, with the certainty of always finding a reader. Lamb, the most peculiarly gifted of the three—who thought Fleet Street worth all Arcadia—confined himself for the most part to the metropolis, its peculiar sights, its beggars, its chimney-sweeps, its theatres, its old actors, its book-stalls; and on these subjects he discourses with pathos and humor curiously blended. For him the past had an irresistible attraction: he loved old books, old houses, old pictures, old wine, old friends. His mind was like a Tudor mansion, full of low-roofed, wainscoted rooms, with pictures on the walls of men and women in antique garb; full of tortuous passages and grim crannies in which ghosts might lurk; with a garden with plots of shaven grass, and processions of clipped yews, and a stone dial in the corner, with a Latin motto anent the flight of time carved upon it, and a drowsy sound of rooks heard sometimes from afar. He sat at the India House with the heart of Sir Thomas Browne beating beneath his sables. He sputtered out puns among his friends from the saddest heart. He laughed that he might not weep. Misery, which could not make him a cynic nor a misanthrope, made him a humorist. And knowing, as now we all know from Sergeant

Talfourd, the tragic shadow which darkened his home for years, one looks upon the portrait of Elia with pity tempered with awe. Lamb extended the sphere of the essay, not so much because he dealt with subjects which till his day had been untouched, but because he imported into that literary form a fancy humor and tenderness which resembled the fancy humor and tenderness of no other writer. The manifestations of these qualities were as personal and peculiar as his expression of countenance, the stutter in his speech, his habit of punning, his love of black-letter and whiskey-punch. His essays are additions to English literature, just as Potosi silver was an addition to the wealth of Europe—something which it did not previously possess. Whatever his subject, it becomes interpenetrated by his pathetic and fanciful humor, and is thereby etherealized, made poetic. Some of his essays have all the softness and remoteness of dreams. They are not of the earth earthy. They are floating islands asleep on serene shadows in a sea of humor. The essay on Roast Pig breathes a divine aroma. The sentences hush themselves around the youthful chimney-sweep, "the innocent blackness," asleep in the nobleman's sheets, as they might around the couch of the sleeping princess. Gone are all his troubles,—the harsh call of his master, sooty knuckle rubbed into tearful eyes, his brush, his call from the chimney-top. Let the poor wretch sleep! And then, Lamb's method of setting forth his fancies is as peculiar as the fancies themselves. He was a modern man only by the accident of birth; and his style is only modern by the same accident. It is full of the quaintest convolutions and doublings back upon itself; and ever and again a paragraph is closed by a sentence of unexpected rhetorical richness, like heavy golden fringe depending from the velvet of the altar cover,—a trick which he learned from the "Religio Medici," and the "Urn Burial." As a critic, too, Lamb takes a high place. His essay on the Genius of Hogarth is a triumphant vindication of that master's claim to the highest place of honor in British art; and in it he sets forth the doctrine, that a picture must not be judged by externals of color, nor by manipulative dexterity—valuable as these unquestionably are—but by the number and value of the thoughts it con-

tains; a doctrine which Mr. Ruskin has borrowed, and has used with results.

Leigh Hunt was a poet as well as an essayist, and he carried his poetic fancy with him into prose, where it shone like some splendid bird of the tropics among the sober-coated denizens of the farmyard. He loved the country; but one almost suspects that his love for the country might be resolved into likings for cream, butter, strawberries, sunshine, and hay-swathes to tumble in. If he did not, like Wordsworth, carry in his heart the silence of wood and fell, he at all events carried a gillyflower jauntily in his button-hole. He was neither a town poet and essayist, nor a country poet and essayist; he was a mixture of both,—a suburban poet and essayist. Above all places in the world, he loved Hampstead. His essays are gay and cheerful as suburban villas,—the piano is touched within, there are trees and flowers outside, but the city is not far distant; prosaic interests are ever intruding, visitors are constantly dropping in. His essays are not poetically conceived; they deal—with the exception of that lovely one on the “Death of Little Children,” where the fancy becomes serious as an angel, and wipes the tears of mothers as tenderly away as an angel could—with distinctly mundane and commonplace matters; but his charm is this, be the subject what it may, immediately troops of fancies search land and sea and the range of the poets for its adornment—just as, in the old English villages on May morning, shoals of rustics went forth to the woods and brought home hawthorns for the dressing of door and window. Hunt is always cheerful and chatty. He defends himself against the evils of life with pretty thoughts. He believes that the world is good, and that men and women are good too. He would, with a smiling face, have offered a flower to a bailiff in the execution of his duty, and been both hurt and astonished if that functionary had proved dead to its touching suggestions. His essays are much less valuable than Lamb’s, because they are neither so peculiar, nor do they touch the reader so deeply; but they are full of color and wit. They resemble the arbors we see in gardens,—not at all the kind of place one would like to spend a life-time in, but exceedingly pleasant to withdraw to for an hour when the sun is hot and no duty is

pressing. He called one of his books, “A Book for the Parlor Window;” all his books are for the parlor window.

Hazlitt, if he lacked Lamb’s quaintness and ethereal humor, and Hunt’s fancifulness, possessed a robust and passionate faculty which gave him a distinct place in the literature of his time. His feelings were keen and deep. The French Revolution seemed to him—in common with Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—in its early stages an authentic angel rising with a new morning for the race upon its forehead; and when disappointment came, and when his friends sought refuge in the old order of things, he, loyal to his youthful hope, stood aloof, hating them almost as renegades; and never ceasing to give utterance to his despair: “I started in life with the French Revolution,” he tells us; “and I have lived, alas! to see the end of it. My sun arose with the first dawn of liberty, and I did not think how soon both must set. We were strong to run a race together, and I little dreamed that, long before mine was set, the sun of liberty would turn to blood, or sink once more in the night of despotism. Since then, I confess, I have no longer felt myself young, for with that my hopes fell.” This was the central bitterness in Hazlitt’s life; but around it were grouped lesser and more personal bitteresses. His early ambition was to be a painter, and in that he failed. Coleridge was the man whom he admired most in all the world, in whose genius he stood, like an Arcadian shepherd in an Arcadian sunrise, full of admiration,—every sense absorbed in that of sight; and that genius he was fated to see coming to nothing. Then he was headstrong, violent, made many enemies, was the object of cruel criticism, his financial affairs were never prosperous, and in domestic matters he is not understood to have been happy. He was a troubled and exasperated man, and this exasperation is continually breaking out in his writings. Deeply wounded in early life, he carried the smart with him to his death-bed. And in his essays and other writings it is almost pathetic to notice how he clings to the peaceful images which the poets love; how he reposes in their restful lines; how he listens to the bleating of the lamb in the fields of imagination. He is continually quoting Sidney’s Arcadian image of the *shepherd-boy under*

the shade, piping as he would never grow old,—as if the recurrence of the image to his memory brought with it silence, sunshine, and waving trees. Hazlitt had a strong metaphysical turn; he was an acute critic in poetry and art, but he wrote too much, and he wrote too hurriedly. When at his best, his style is excellent, concise, sinewy,—laying open the stubborn thought as the sharp plowshare the glebe; while, at other times, it wants edge and sharpness, and the sentences resemble the impressions of a seal which has been blunted with too frequent use. His best essays are, in a sense, autobiographical, because in them he recalls his enthusiasms and the passionate hopes on which he fed his spirit. The essay entitled, “My First Acquaintance with Poets,” is full of memorable passages. To Hazlitt, Coleridge was a divinity. They walked from Wem to Shrewsbury on a winter day, Coleridge talking all the while; and Hazlitt recalls it after the lapse of years: “A sound was in my ears as of a syren’s song: I was stunned, startled with it as from deep sleep; but I had no notion then that I should ever be able to express my admiration to others in motley imagery and quaint allusion, till the light of his genius shone into my soul like the sun’s rays glittering in the puddles of the road. . . . My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage,—dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge.” This testimony, from a man like Hazlitt, to the worth of Coleridge’s talk is interesting, and contrasts strangely with Carlyle’s description of it, when, in later years, the silvery-haired sage looked down on the smoky London from Highgate. Nor is it without its moral. Talk, which in his early day came like a dawn upon another mind, illuminating dark recesses, kindling intellectual life, revealing itself to itself,—became, through personal indulgence and the will’s infirmity, mere glittering mists in which men were lost. Hazlitt’s other essay, on the “Pleasures of Painting,” is quite as personal as the one to which we have referred, and is perhaps the finest thing he has written. It is full of the love and the despair of art. He

tells how he was engaged for blissful days in painting a portrait of his father; how he imitated as best he could the rough texture of the skin, and the blood circulating beneath; how, when it was finished, he sat on a chair opposite, and with wild thoughts enough in his head, looked at it through the long evenings; how with a throbbing heart he sent it to the exhibition, and saw it hung up there by the side of a portrait “of the Honorable Mr. Skeffington (now Sir George).” Then he characteristically tells us, “that he finished the portrait on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came.” “I walked out in the afternoon, and as I returned, saw the evening star set over a poor man’s cottage, with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. Oh, for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that these times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly.” He was a passionate, melancholy, keen-feeling, and disappointed man; and those portions of his essays are the least valuable where his passion and his disappointment break out into spleen or irritability, just as those portions are the most valuable where bitter feelings are transfused into poetry by memory and imagination. With perhaps more intellectual, certainly with more passionate force, than either Lamb or Hunt, Hazlitt’s essays are, as a whole, inferior to theirs; but each contains passages, which not only they, but any man, might be proud to have written.

These men wrote in a period of unexampled literary activity, and in the thick of stupendous events: Scott, Moore, and Byron were writing their poems; Napoleon was shaking the thrones of the Continent. In our days the conquests of the poets seem nearly as astonishing as the conquests of the emperor. He passed from victory to victory, and so did they. When quieter days came, and when the great men of the former generation had either passed away, or were reposing on the laurels they had earned so worthily, other writers arose to sustain the glory of the English essay. The most distinguished were Lord Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle. They began to write about the same time; Lord Macaulay’s Essay on Milton appearing in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825, and Mr. Carlyle’s first Essay on Jean

Paul Richter in the same Review in 1827. The writings of these men were different from their predecessors. Mr. Carlyle's primary object was to acquaint his countrymen with the great men which Germany had produced, and to interest them in the productions of German genius. His plans widened, however, as his way cleared; and the eye which looked into the heart of Goethe, Schiller, and Richter, was in course of time turned on the Scottish Burns, the English Johnson, and the French Voltaire. It is not too much to say that he has produced the best critical and biographical essays of which the English language can boast. And it is in the curious mixture of criticism and biography in these papers—for the criticism becomes biography, and the biography criticism—that their chief charm and value consist. Mr. Carlyle is an artist, and he knows exactly what and how much to put into his picture. He has a wonderful eye for what is characteristic. He searches after the secret of a man's nature, and he finds it frequently in some trivial anecdote or careless saying, which another writer would have passed unnoticed, or tossed contemptuously aside. He hunts up every scrap of information, and he frequently finds what he wants in a corner. He judges a man by his poem, and the poem by the man. To his eye they are not separate things, but one and indivisible. A man's work is the lamp by which he reads his features. And then he so apports praise and blame, so sets off the jocose and familiar with a moral solemnity, makes anecdote and detail of dress and allusion to personal grace or deformity, to subserve, by intricate suggestion, his ultimate purpose, and so presents to us life with eternity for background, that we not only feel that the picture is the actual presentment of the man as he lived,—a veritable portrait,—we feel also that he has worked in no light or careless mood, that the poorest life is serious enough when seen against eternity, and that we ourselves, however seldom we may remember it, are but momentary shadows projected upon it. Mr. Carlyle does not write "scoundrel" on one man's forehead, and "angel" on another's; he knows that pure scoundrel and pure angel have their dwellings in other places than earth; he is too cunning an artist to use these mercilessly definite lines. He works

by allusion, suggestion, light touches of fancy, spurts of humor, grotesque exaggerations of imagination; and these things so reduce one another, so tone one another down, that the final result is perfectly natural and homogeneous. It is only by some such combination of intellectual forces that you can shadow forth the complexity of life and character. In humanity there is no such thing as a straight line or an unmixed color. You see the flesh color on the cheek of a portrait: the artist will tell you that the consummately natural result was not attained by one wash of paint, but by the mixture and reduplication of a hundred tints, the play of a myriad lights and shadows, no one of which is natural in itself, although the blending of the whole is. These essays are the completest, the most characteristic portraits in our literature. Mr. Carlyle is always at home when his subject was man.

Lord Macaulay also wrote essays critical and biographical, and has been perhaps more widely popular than his great contemporary; but he is a different kind of thinker and writer altogether. He did not brood over the abysses of being as Mr. Carlyle continually does. The sense of time and death did not haunt him as they haunt the other. The world, as it figured itself to Lord Macaulay, was a comparatively commonplace world. He cared for man, but he cared for party quite as much. He recognized man as Whigs and Tories. His idea of the universe was a parliamentary one. His insight into man was not deep: he painted in positive colors; he is never so antithetical as when describing a character; and character, if properly conceived, sets the measured antitheses of the rhetorician at defiance. It is constantly eluding them. His criticism is good enough so far as it goes, but it does not go far; it deals more with the accidents than the realities of things. Lord Macaulay, as we have said, lived quite as much for party as for man; and the men who interested him were the men who were historical centres, around whom men and events revolved. He did not, as Mr. Carlyle often does, take hold of an individual—he does not care sufficiently for man for that—and view him against immensity; he takes a man and looks at him in connection with contemporary events. When he writes of Johnson, he is thinking all the while of

Goldsmith and Garrick and Boswell and Reynolds; when he writes of Clive and Warren Hastings, he is more anxious to tell the story of their Indian conquests, than to enter into the secrets of their spirits. And for this, posterity are not likely to blame Lord Macaulay. He knew his strength. His pictorial faculty is astonishing: neither pomp nor circumstance cumbers it; it moves along like a triumphal procession, which no weight of insignia and banner can oppress. Out of the past he selects some special drama, which is vivified and held together by the life of a single individual, and that he paints with his most brilliant colors. He is the creator of the Historical Essay, and in that department is not likely soon to have a successor. His unfinished History is only a series of historical pictures pieced together into one imposing panorama, but throughout there is wonderful splendor and pomp of color. Every figure, too, is finished, down to the buttons and the finger nails.

A generation has passed since Mr. Carlyle and Lord Macaulay wrote their essays, and during the interval new men have come into the field and won deserved laurels. "Notes from Life," by the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," is a volume every way remarkable. Mr. Taylor is a fine and thoughtful poet, and he has brought with him into the essay the poet's style and the poet's wisdom. In his essays you find no cheap and flashy sentiment, no running after the popular manias of the day; the eye is never offended by a glare of color; on the contrary, there is a certain ripeness about the thought as of autumn tints, a certain stillness and meditative repose as of an autumn evening, a certain remoteness and retiredness from modern strife and bustle, as of autumn woodlands. These essays are born of wisdom and experience, and of a wisdom and experience that has ripened in solitude and self-communion. No sound reaches you from the market-place—you cannot catch the tang of any literary coterie. The style, too, is peculiar in these days, from its leisurely movement and old-fashioned elaborateness. It has an Elizabethan air about it. It is far from being unornamented: the ornaments are worn proudly as heirlooms are worn, and these never glare—they are far too precious for that, in price of gold and gem and sacredness of memory,—and

are but seldom manufactured at Birmingham. The style has not been formed on the fluent and hasty moderns, but on Bacon and Jeremy Taylor, and such old men, and is about the best that has ever been written by poet.

Mr. Helps has the credit—apart from what may fairly attach to his exquisitely pellucid English, and the intrinsic value of his thinking—of introducing a novelty into essay-writing. Naturally subtle-minded and tolerant, most courteous to everything that comes to him in the name of truth, conscientious, disposed to listen to every witness, to hesitate and weigh, he does not take up an opinion suddenly; and when he does take up one, he does not cling to it as a shipwrecked sailor to his raft, said raft being his only chance of escape from drowning. Superficially at least, an unimpassioned man, fond of limitations and of suggesting "buts," knowing that a good deal may not only be said on both sides but on a dozen sides of a thing, Mr. Helps, when he began to write, found himself environed with an artistic difficulty. He had, of course, on subjects in which he was interested, and which he wished to write about, certain definite opinions; but as he was big enough and clear-eyed enough to see all round the matter in hand, he was conscious that each of the opinions, which he accepted as a whole, was subject to limitations, that each of them was intersected and eaten into by its opposite, like the map of Scotland by branching sea-lochs, and that if he gave expression to all his doubts and hesitations in the work of essay-writing he would make no sort of direct progress. He would only be painting above his picture. His one footprint would obliterate the other. And yet to be faithful to himself and to the work in hand, these limitations of broad statements must be indicated in some way. It is from this particular difficulty surrounding Mr. Helps that we are indebted for the machinery of the "Friends in Council." From the necessity which lay on him of setting forth in fulness his views of things, he was forced to the artistic device of creating around the central essay a little drama—of one character reading the essay which contains the broad view, and of other characters who listen and criticise, who suggest the subtle difficulty, point out the hazardous spot, define the inevitable limitation. By

this device the writer's subtlety has a field to display itself in, for the objections brought forward by the listeners are not men of straw, raised up for the purpose of being knocked down again; they are other views of the central truth or opinion under discussion. The listeners do not argue, they converse amicably and thoughtfully. And more is gained than this: the author has an opportunity of introducing some admirably dramatic by-play—for Ellesmere, Dunsford, and Lucy really live—and although the subject under discussion may be as old as evil or ignorance itself, by letting in outside nature and English life upon it, the thinking is not only charmingly relieved, but it takes an essentially modern air. The subject may be old, but English gentlemen talk over it, and set forth their ideas of it from their peculiar points of view. By this method Mr. Helps is enabled to discuss his subject thoroughly, and to utter all that occurs to him of value. The essay which Melverton reads is a crystal, but by means of the other characters the crystal is held up towards the sun and turned slowly round, so that every facet catches the ray and flashes it back.

Considered as a literary form, the essay is comparatively of late growth. The first literary efforts of a people consist of song and narrative. First comes the poet or minstrel, who sings heroic exploits, the strength and courage of heroes. These songs pass from individual to individual; and are valuable not on account of the amount of historic truth, but of the amount of passion and imagery they contain. Explode tomorrow into mere myth and dream the incidents of the Iliad, and you do not affect in the slightest degree the literary merit of the poem. Still for all men, Achilles shouts in the trenches, Helen is beautiful, the towers of Ilium flame to heaven. Prove that Chevy Chase cannot in any one particular be considered a truthful relation of events, and you do it no special harm. It stirs the blood like a trumpet all the same. After the poet comes the prose narrator of events, who presents his facts peering obscurely through the mists of legends, but who has striven, as far as his ability extends, to tell us the truth. When he appears, the history of a nation has become extensive enough and important enough to awaken curiosity; men are anxious to know how events did actually

occur, and what relation one event bears to another. When he appears, the national temper has cooled down—men no longer stand blinded by the splendors of sunrise. The sunrise has melted into the light of common day. The air has become emptied of wonder. The gods have deserted earth, and men only remain. Long after the poet and the historian comes the essayist. Before the stage is prepared for him, thought must have accumulated to a certain point, a literature less or more must be in existence, and must be preserved in printed books. Songs have been sung, histories and biographies have been written; and to these songs, histories, and biographies he must have access. Then, before he can write, society must have formed itself, for in its complexity and contrasts he finds his food. Before the essayist can have free play, society must have existed long enough to have become self-conscious, introspective, to have brooded over itself and its perplexities, to have discovered its blots and weak points, to have become critical, and consequently appreciative of criticism. And as the essay does not, like the poem, or the early history or narration of events, appeal to the primitive feelings, before it can be read and enjoyed, there must exist a class who have attained wealth and leisure, and a certain acquaintance with the accumulated stores of thought on which the essayist works, else his allusions are lost, his criticism a dead letter, his satire pointless. All this takes a long time to accomplish, and it is generally late in the literary history of a country before its essayists appear. Then, the essay itself has its peculiar literary conditions. It bears the same relation to the general body of prose that the lyric bears to the general body of poetry. Like the lyric, it is brief; and like the lyric, it demands a certain literary finish and perfection. In a long epic, the poet may now and then be allowed to nod; in a history, it is not essential that every sentence should sparkle. But the essayist, from the very nature of his task, is not permitted to be dull or slovenly. He must be alert, full of intellectual life, concise, polished. He must think clearly, and express himself clearly. His style is as much an element of his success as his thought. The narrow limit in which he works demands this. In a ten-mile race it is not expected that the runners

shall go all the way at the top of their speed; in a race of three hundred yards it is not unreasonably expected that they shall do so. Then, besides all this, the essay must, as a basis or preliminary, be artistically conceived. It is neither a dissertation nor a thesis; properly speaking, it is a work of art, and must conform to artistic rules. It requires not only the intellectual qualities which we have indicated, but unity, wholeness, self-completion. In this it resembles a poem. It must hang together. It must round itself off into a separate literary entity. When finished, it must be able to sustain itself and live. The essayists of whom we have spoken fulfil these conditions more or less; and the measure of their fulfilment is the measure of success. These writers indicate in what directions the essay has manifested itself, and they may be roughly arranged in groups and clusters. There are the egotists—the most delightful of all—who choose for subject themselves, their surroundings, their moods and phantasies, whose charm consists not so much in the value or brilliancy of thought as in revelation of personal character: these are represented by Montaigne and Lamb; the satirists of society, manners, and social phenomena by Addison and Steele; the fanciful and ornamental essayists—they who wreath the human porch with the honeysuckles of poetry, by Hunt and by Hazlitt to some extent; the critical and biographical essay by Mr. Carlyle; the historical essay—the brilliant and many-colored picture of which some single man's life is the frame—by Lord Macaulay; the moral and didactic essay by Bacon in old time, and recently by Mr. Henry Taylor and Mr. Helps. Of course this is but an arrangement in the rough, and will not stand a too critical examination, for several of the writers mentioned belong now to one cluster and now to another; but it is sufficiently strict for our present purpose. Essay-writing is a craft vigorously prosecuted in England at present—witness the catalogue of recent books which head the present article—and generally the writers will be found to belong to one or other of the groups which we have indicated. It is our duty now to see of what stuff these men are made, and how as essayists they have acquitted themselves.

Mr. Hannay, whose "Essays from the *Quarterly*" appeared some eighteen months ago, has been before the world as a writer for twelve or fourteen years. Born among Galwegian moors and moss bogs, where the shells of old fortresses yet stand, their red walls clothed with ivies, their crannies inhabited by starlings and jackdaws—a native of the district to which Lord Maxwell bade "good-night" in the famous ballad, and which adjoins the Ayrshire which Burns has consecrated from pastoral hill-top to valley daisy—his first spiritual food was naturally song, ballad, tradition. For in that region—quite as much as in the regions north of the Grampians—

"The ancient spirit is not dead."

Sent into the navy at an early age, he spent several years in the Mediterranean, visited the Grecian Isles and the Syrian coast, alternating his native Scottish traditions with older classical and sacred associations. The Acropolis succeeded to Drumlanrig fair; the far-seen snowy Lebanon to blue Criffel and the Solway; Horace and the Old Testament displaced the ballad-monger. On leaving the navy, and while yet a very young man, he flung himself into London literary life, while London literary life was more brilliant, socially and conversationally, than it is at present. For a literary man, Mr. Hannay may be said to have started with a fair variety of experience as a preliminary basis. It is not every man that, into the first twenty years or so of his life has crushed gray Scotland and the glowing East, the Mediterranean and the Solway, the classical poets and the Scottish ballads, the discipline and routine of duty on board a man-of-war; nay, something of the splendor and terror of war itself. His first literary efforts consisted of sketches of naval life, which met with considerable success. In 1851 he published his first novel, "Singleton Fontenoy;" and in 1854 his first volume of essays, entitled "Satire and Satirists," appeared. These essays, in all probability suggested by Mr. Thackeray's "English Humorists," were originally delivered in the form of lectures. Whether as lectures they were successful, we cannot say; but in that form their merits were discovered, and they made their appearance in a volume shortly after.

In six essays which the book contains, Mr.

Hannay gives an account of European satire from Horace to Jerrold; and although somewhat slight, as was inevitable from its narrow limits, the work is thoroughly well done. From the polish of the suave old Roman to the wit of the Englishman, whose epigrams are yet ringing in our ears, is a journey which, if accomplished in a little book of two hundred pages, can allow but little loitering on the way. But for his task Mr. Hannay possessed abundant knowledge, and his special liking for his subject is everywhere evident. He lingers over the good things of his heroes; he relates their immortal revenges with the same pride that the members of a regiment which has become historical recalls the battle-fields on which it gathered its renown. He speaks of Erasmus, Dryden, Pope, and Byron, as the art student copying in the galleries speaks of Michael Angelo and De Vinci,—appreciating their excellences, and hoping one day to emulate them. Mr. Hannay was not only qualified to write on the Satirists from taste, enthusiasm, and loving study, but from the possession of a power somewhat akin to their own. He writes clearly, criticises soundly when occasion arises; yet one can see at a glance that the sovereign faculty of his own mind is wit. His thought is continually condensing itself into epigram. And then his wit has a certain something of poetry about it, which makes it all the more delightful; it is continually going about with a flower of fancy in its hand. In “Satire and Satirists,” Mr. Hannay—like all very clever young men—is somewhat spendthrift of his means. He is always giving sovereign “tips,” so to speak. Some of his pages are as brilliant and dangerous with squib and serpent as a London pavement on Coronation night. He cracks his satirical whip for the mere pleasure he has in hearing it. If the occasion requires it, he fires off his rockets, and he fires them off frequently when there is no occasion in the least: there is a large stock on hand, and, after all, rockets are a very pretty sight. The following passage on the “Simious Satirists” will illustrate what we mean:—

“The simious satirist is distinguished by a deficiency of natural reverence mainly. His heart is hard, rather; his feelings blunt and dull. He is blind to everything else but the satirical aspect of things; and if he is brilliant, it is as a cat’s back is when

rubbed in the dark! He has generally no sentiment of respect for form, and will spare nothing. He is born suspicious; and if he hears the world admiring anything, forthwith he concludes that it must be ‘humbug.’ He has no regard to the heaps of honour gathered round this object by time and the affection of wise men. He cries, ‘Down with it!’ As his kinsman, when looking at some vase, or curious massive specimen of gold, sees only his own image in it, our satirist sees the ridiculous only in every object, and forgets that the more clearly he sees it, the more he testifies to its brightness. Or, as his kinsman breaks a cocoanut only to get at the milk, *he* would destroy everything only to nourish his mean nature. He prides himself on his commonest qualities, as the negroes who rebelled called themselves Marquises of Lemonade. He would tear the blossoms off a rose branch to make it a stick to beat his betters with. He employs his gifts in ignoble objects, as you see in sweetmeat shops sugar shaped into dogs and pigs. He taints his mind with egotism, as if a man should spoil the sight of a telescope by clouding it with his breath. He overrates the value of his quickness and activity, and forgets that, like his kinsman, he owes his triumphant power of swinging in high places to the fact of his prehensile tail.”

Mr. Hannay, we have said, is fond of epigram, and it seems to us that in “Satire and Satirists” epigram is used at times somewhat vaingloriously. The epigram does not always arise naturally from the matter in hand; it is rather stuck upon it like a bit of tinsel; and this is perhaps the chief blot on the book. It is too clever, and it is too clever wilfully. This literary ornament, like all others, should be used sparingly. A gentleman gains nothing by covering his fingers with rings, and at any time one sole diamond is worth a dozen inferior stones. Yet it must be said that the writer is often exceedingly happy in his epigram. Take the following, for instance, on Theodore Hook: “They”—his noble patrons—“set him down to the piano, even before he had had his dinner sometimes, according to one biographer. This was too bad. He was proud, however, of the equivocal distinction he attained, and was inclined to swagger, I understand, among his equals. The plush had eaten into his very soul. Ultimately he ruined his heart, his circumstances, and (what was a still greater loss) his stomach, and so died. The biographer above mentioned observes, that his funeral was ill at-

tended by his great friends. But we need not wonder at that,—a funeral is a well-known ‘bore,’ and besides, the most brilliant wag cannot be amusing on the occasion of his own interment.” The closing sentence of this extract is perfect, and quite equal to the best thing of any epigrammatist. On the face and surface of it it is amusing. But it is more than that. It is a biography and a moral judgment in a single sentence. It reveals the relation which the wit bore to his patrons far more clearly than whole pages of writing or any amount of moral declamation. And in the book there are many sentences equally memorable.

“Essays from the *Quarterly*” is, in every way a better and riper book than its predecessor: the writing is always excellent, and if there is less epigram, there is more matter. The subjects of several of these essays lie in a region somewhat remote, not frequently visited by the modern man of letters; and on these subjects Mr. Hannay has written, not on account of their novelty, but because he was already acquainted with them, and had a special affection for them. In these essays there is little trace of “reading up;” he writes from the fulness of knowledge. Certain of the essays contained in the volume—as those on “Table Talk,” on “English Political Satires,” on “Electioneering,” and on “Horace and the Translators”—are, in the very nature of them, akin to “Satire and Satirists,” and may be considered as supplementary to that work. These he has treated everywhere with the old lightness, grace, and knowledge, but—having more space and leisure at command—with greater fulness and elaboration. It would be difficult to find pleasanter reading than these. The town is well worth seeing, and the cicerone knows every turn and winding, and is familiar with the best stand-points. It is a discourse on “good things,” by a writer who not only can appreciate them, but who can say them. It is a wit talking about wits. In these essays there is abundance of knowledge and sound sense, but the knowledge and the sense go about in sparkle and epigram.

There are two things which Mr. Hannay specially admires,—genius, wit, scholarship—literary distinction, in fact—and good blood. If you are a wit or a poet, he will take you to his heart; if you are neither wit

nor poet, he will take you to his heart equally enthusiastically if you can prove to him that your great-great-great-grandfather was ruined in the wars of the Roses. His admiration for wit, scholarship, and song he has set forth in “Satire and Satirists,” and in certain of his “Essays from the *Quarterly* ;” his admiration for ancient and historical names airs itself in his essays on “British Family Histories” and “The Historic Peerage of England.” These essays are quite peculiar in their way. It is not often that the reflected colors of *or* and *gules* lie on the popular page. But seldom have genealogical trees greened with the spring, and put forth blossoms of fancy. Genealogy itself has been the favorite pursuit of Dr. Dryasdust. But poetic association can do almost anything. An old china cup may be uninteresting enough in itself; but when one remembers the fair lips that once touched it, the dead scandals that were talked over it, it becomes at once an object of interest. An old Roman coin may be quite useless for the purchase of modern beef or bread; but when you gaze imaginatively on the half-obliterated effigy of the Roman Emperor, the intervening centuries collapse and perish, England becomes green waste and forest; up springs the triumphal arch, the conqueror passes through it with all his captives, you hear the shouts of the populace. And so, to Mr. Hannay, a great name recalls a thousand memories; he sees the chivalric and the wise faces of the men, and the beautiful eyes of the women, that belong to it. An old castle is sacred in his eyes, for noble memories grow upon it as thickly as its shrouding ivies. He sees the modern earl standing, but Agincourt is in the background, and there is always “a pomp of fancied trumpets on the wind.” He traces the stems of ancient families, and lingers over the flowers of valor, wit, genius, personal beauty, which generation after generation they put forth, and which brighten yet the air of history. He values a sprig of ivy or a wild flower from a castle wall over which a banner once flapped, more than the wealth of Rothschild. To be embalmed in a ballad is the fame which he covets most. He is fond of crests, and coats of armor, and all the insignia of the herald; but he cares nothing for these in themselves—his affection goes out towards what these symbols

represent. He reverences the Bloody Heart, and cares not on what material it may be worked—the standard's silken folds, or the gaberdine of the beggar. He laughs openly at the chivalric device and motto blazing on the coach panels of the successful coal merchant. The past moves him mightily,—he is attracted by the deeds, the wit, the splendor of long ago; and on the past he continually feels that the present is based, and is its natural outcome and result. Instinctively he feels that in history there is sequence and progression; in the face of the son he seeks to discern something of the high features of the father. And it is his belief that the ancient feudal hardihood did not die out on feudal battle-fields; that wit did not expire forever in the poem or the epigram in which it made itself visible, that beauty did not cease finally in wrinkles and gray hairs. He thinks that the virtues of race are the truest heirlooms, descending from father to son, and from mother to daughter, far more certainly than broad lands and castles. He holds that the courage which kept the trenches in the Crimea, and which subdued the Indian mutiny, is directly transmitted from the men who fought at Bosworth and Marston Moor, and that the beauty which charms us to-day is a reminiscence of the beauty which charmed the Cavaliers. Thus, by perpetuation of valor and beauty, he knits century with century, and generation with generation; thus to his mind does epoch flow out of epoch. And this theory—which doubtless many will be inclined to dispute—Mr. Hannay supports by numerous instances:—

“Few writers in our day have a word of decent civility for the family of Stewart. It would be curious to trace its hereditary character in the chief line; our present purpose is only to remark on the greatness attained by some men who descended maternally from it. We need scarcely say that the mother of William of Orange was a Stewart princess. The mother of Cromwell was, as we believe, of one branch of the family. So was the mother of the admirable Crichton; and of the famous soldier Alexander Leslie, first Earl of Leven. Chatham was nearly and directly from the royal stem, through his grandmother—a descendant of the Regent Murray. Fox's mother, Lady Lennox, was immediately descended from Charles II. Byron had the blood in his veins. How interesting to see eminent families sharing in this kind of way in a great

man's renown! The gifted Shaftesbury's mother was a Manners; Algernon Sidney's a Percy; and his famous kinsman, Philip's, a Dudley; the poet Beaumont's a Pierrepont. The mother of Marshall Stair was a Dundas; and the brilliant Peterborough was the son of one of the brilliant Carys. The Ruthvens and Carnegies gave mothers to Montrose and Dundee. The Villierses gave a mother to Chatham; the Granvilles to Pitt; the Douglasses of Strathhenry to Adam Smith. Nelson inherited the blood of the Sucklings and Walpoles; Collingwood that of the Greys and Plantagenets. From the Hampdens came the mother of Waller, and also Mary Arden (of that ancient Warwickshire family), the mother of Shakspeare. The literary talent runs through female lines like other qualities: Swift's mother was a Herrick, and his grandmother a Dryden. Donne, derived through his mother, from Sir Thomas More; and Cowper in the same way from the Donnes. Thomson had the Hume blood in his veins. A daughter of Beccaria produced Manzoni. The late Bishop Coplestone evidently got his playfulness from the Gays, as Chesterfield his wit from Lord Halifax. The relationship between Fielding and “Lady Mary” is well known. Sometimes, when a notable man comes from a family never before heard of, it happens that he just comes after a marriage with a better one: Thus the mother of Seldon was of the Knightly Bakers of Kent; Camdens, of the ancient Curwins of Workington, and Watts of the old stock of Muirhead. . . . Philosophers, like Bacon, Hume, and Berkeley; poets, like Spenser, Cowper, Shelley, and Scott; novelists, like Fielding and Smollett; historians, like Gibbon; seamen, like Collingwood, Howe, Jervis, Vanes, St. Johns, Raleighs, George Herberts, and many other men of the ancient gentry, amply vindicate the pretensions of old families to the honor of producing the best men that England has ever seen.”

Holding the theory that families can only rise to distinction through superiority of some kind,—that, having arisen, they intermarry with families on their own social level, who have also arisen, through superiority of some kind,—consequently that the offspring of such marriages have a double chance of possessing an unusual share of brain or of general power, and that the virtue of race thus built up is perpetuated in the descendants, and is continually making itself visible in them. Mr. Hannay is in politics inevitably a Conservative. A nation must be ruled by its best men, and the best men must be sought in the old houses. If a

man wishes to enter into public affairs, the best letter of introduction he can bring with him is his ancient descent. We know what his family has been in the past; and as he inherits the virtues and the traditions of his race, we can form some idea of how he will turn out. His good conduct is guaranteed by a hundred ancestors. Holding these doctrines, Mr. Hannay naturally detests democracy, looks upon universal suffrage with no favorable eye, is quite the reverse of an adherent of Mr. Bright's, and does not think that America has solved the problem of how a nation can be best governed. He does not consider that a cheap government is necessarily the best, and he expects nothing but disorder from an extension of the franchise. He thus expresses himself in the essay on "The Historic Peerage:"—"This—the great difference between the vulgar and the noble seed"—was an article of faith among the gentlemen of the kingdom. They held the old Greek doctrine, that 'nobility is virtue of race,' and believed that those who possessed it were naturally superior to other men. Their portraits—calm, stately, brave, and wise faces—justify their creed to the eye; and the men they produced—the Sydneys, Raleighs, Bacons—justify it to the understanding. By and by there will be a bearing again for this side of affairs in Europe, after the total failure of the revolutionary party to produce governing intellects has had a still wider scope to show itself in."

So, argues Mr. Hannay, the old houses possessed calmness, dignity, bravery, wisdom; they were leaders, they were statesmen; and when we wish these qualities to bear on the work of government, we cannot do better than seek for them in the persons of their descendants. There is at least *one* chance more that the governing intellect will be found there than in other regions. The quarter of the wood in which you gathered strawberries six summers ago, is the likeliest place to find strawberries when they are again wanted.

This view of the virtue of race, and its transmission in the blood from father to son, is rather indicated than formally argued out in these essays. Of course many objections will be taken to it; and as a theory, it cannot be accepted *in toto*. Its truth ends when its chapter of instances ends. Grant that a family rises above the level of mankind

through superiority of one kind or another, that superiority is not transmitted perpetually. Even when a family which has been potent does not actually die out, the superiority which it once possessed, and by virtue of which it arose, seems at times to die out. There were historical families which have disappeared entirely from history, just as there were stars known to the ancient astronomers which are not now visible in our heavens; certain families, too, seem to lose, after a generation or so, their ancient pith and force, and to lose themselves as a stream loses itself in a morass. Mr. Hannay hints that, as Cromwell had a dash of the Stewart blood in his veins, the Stewart blood should have the credit of his greatness; but Cromwell's son, Richard, had the Stewart blood also, and he let the reins of government slip from his grasp through weakness and ineptitude. Then, admitting the theory of general force in a race, you never can tell what shape that general force will take in a descendant. Every now and again, in a historical line, an alien character seems to blossom out, as the spiritual, saintly face of Edward IV. gleams among the strong-willed and masterful Tudors. Mr. Hannay tells us that many men of the "ancient gentry" amply vindicate the pretensions of old families to the honor of "producing the best men that England has ever seen." The phrase "ancient gentry" is a misleading one. How ancient? Mr. Hannay does not limit the ancient gentry to the descendants of the men who came over with the Conqueror. In every generation certain families rise out of the people into the position of gentry; and if the theory is correct, that a family only rises into eminent station through general superiority, and that that superiority is to some extent perpetuated, the governing intellect is as likely to be found in the descendant of the gentleman of one century's standing as in the descendant of the gentleman of ten. And, in point of fact, it is as readily found. Within the last seventy years the Buonapartes have become occupants of thrones, the Peel family rose into eminence quite lately, the Gladstone family yet more recently. But, putting cavil aside, Mr. Hannay's view of blood contains much truth, and is essentially poetic besides. He looks back with reverence and affection on the generations of dead Englishmen and

Englishwomen. The eyes of the Countess of Salisbury haunt him. He cannot forget Sidney's chivalric face; he enjoys the wit of Charles II. quite as much as did any of his courtiers. He walks back into history, and he is greeted by wit and song, and beautiful women and fine manners, and splendid furniture and array. The old time, with its color and high spirits, lives again for him; again the feast is spread in the feudal castle; again the feudal banners unroll themselves on the breeze; again, on the battlefield, old war-cries are shouted. And, in a country like England, so full of the past, not only in its political constitution and in its unparalleled literature, but in objects which appeal directly to the eye—in mighty castle ruins, where nobles lived who mated once with kings; cathedrals in which the sound of chanting is heard no more; Westminster Abbey with its dead; the world's first sailor and soldier beneath the dome of St. Paul's; dwellings of nobles, sequestered in oak woods, which for two hundred autumns now have shed their acorns; princely colleges, endowed by liberal and pious men of old; guns and banners captured in every quarter of the globe—this reverence and affection for the remarkable families who have headed its efforts in every direction is most natural and befitting. English history was not built up by knaves and scoundrels, and men hungry for wealth and advancement, but mainly by good and noble men and women. The virtues had more to do with it than the vices. Mr. Hannay loves his land, but it is with a love

"Far brought
From out the storied past."

And although his readers may not go all the way with him in his theories of descent, yet it may be said that even in these theories there is a great proportion of truth, and a side of the truth which has perhaps not been sufficiently dwelt upon of late. We need to be reminded at times that worth is older than the steam engine, that the present is moored upon the past, and that a great deal of what we are proudest of is drawn directly from our ancestors. Mr. Hannay has lived in close intellectual companionship with great Englishmen—the nobles, the wits, the cavaliers who could turn a stanza on the pleasures of the wine cup and the beauty of woman, as well as, on battle mornings, fling

themselves bravely on the foemen's pikes; and from this intercourse with these worthies he has gained much, for into his own writings he has imported the grace, the polish, and the wit for which they are so remarkable.

Readers of *Fraser's Magazine* have, for the last six or seven years, been familiar with critical and descriptive papers to which the signature of "Shirley" was appended—papers which, considered as literature, rose considerably above the average contents of a periodical which has always been distinguished for literary excellence. Having read these papers with singular pleasure as they appeared month by month, we are glad to see them collected in a volume, which, if it gets its deserts, will find a place in many a private as well as in many a circulating library. Shirley is a pleasantly vagrant writer; his thought gads and wanders around his subject like the wild convolvulus, taking color and fragrance with it wherever it goes. If, for the most part, he avoids profound subjects, never attempts exhaustive treatment, he is always eminently readable, charming his reader with an unusual grace of presentment and the light of pleasant fancies. He has a laudable horror of dullness; he is a bookish man, well read in the poets and prose writers—a little too indolently inclined, perhaps, to quote the poets—tasteful, acute, picturesque; and the essays now republished are the mere play and recreation of his mind. He takes up his pen from the same motive, and with the same enjoyment, that he puts his foot in the stirrup and rides into the country—down the quiet lane scented with white and red dog-roses, out to the headland which gazes upon the azure world of the Atlantic, up to the red ruin of the hill patched with ivies. In these papers there is no plodding, no burden or heat of the day; he infects the reader with his own freshness of feeling; everything is light, airy, graceful. He yachts over the shining seas of criticism and speculation. He is fond of out-door life, of bare and level sands through which the slow stream stagnates to the main, of worn and fantastic northern rocks around which sea-birds wheel and clamor, and on which the big billow smites itself into a column of foam. The sea-side he is never tired of painting; yet we feel that at the sea-side he

does not spend his days. We almost fancy that Shirley writes only in vacation. His essays do not seem to have been produced in a study littered with books; rather they seem to have been composed in tweeds and "wide-a-awake" in a clover field; for the shadows of the tall grasses are constantly chequering his pages, and the summer breeze and the lark's song seem to get entangled and mingled with his sentences somehow. He is fond of framing his criticisms with a border of landscape or incidents of country life; and it not unfrequently happens that the frame is more valuable than the picture it contains. And this constant intrusion of the outside world into the critical and more serious papers, which is at best a pretty irrelevance, symptomatic perhaps of volatility of mind and purpose, suggests the main defect of these essays, which consists in a certain lack of body and thoroughness. They have but little specific gravity. There is too much holiday and too little work in them. They are brilliant enough, but it is rather the brilliance of nebulous vapor than of the condensed and solid star. They lack personality, and the definite edge of intellectual character. They are of the stuff that dreams are made of. If a writer professes to give us a critical estimate of a book or an author, we naturally expect that he shall at once proceed to do so; if he begins with a description of a trout stream, tells us how a girl fords it with kilted petticoats, then relates how he captured a fish, and the exclamation of a certain "Bob Morris" from the opposite bank on witnessing the feat, then diverges on a yellow bee which comes humming along seeking honey on the heathery bent, we begin to suspect either that he is conscious that he has nothing critically important to say, or that he is terribly afraid of the trouble of saying it. To write critically may not be so easy as to write descriptively; but it must be done nevertheless, and especially should it be done by a writer who professes to do it. Why should not criticism be criticism and nothing else? When you have a book to review, what necessity is there for running into Arcadia with it to accomplish the task? Arcadians do not compose the modern reading world. Shirley spars prettily enough, but it is all sparring, with no close and wrestle. Before he arrives at his subject,

he has to walk into the country for a couple of miles, and has his fish to catch. In the "Sphinx," certainly one of the best of his essays, and which, as dealing with the impotence of history, might be supposed to demand a uniform seriousness of treatment, he starts off in the following manner:—

"We sat on the Devil's Bridge, and swung our legs over the parapet, Reginald de Moreville and I.

"The De Morevilles were a fine Norman family in the reign of David I., 'that sair sanct for the crown.' The present representative inherits the feudal tastes of his house, without the burden of its acres.

"The arch of a royal dome that hangs above the blue sea! Down the storm-stained sides of the precipice we can see the marrots standing like sentries along the slippery ledges, crowding around their fantastically colored eggs, indulging in expressions of uncouth fun and uncouth endearment. Farther off, the skua gulls, 'white as ocean foam in the moon,' 'white as the consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap' (choose between Shakspeare and Tennyson), float along the face of the cliffs, or hover above their nests on noiseless wings. Yet, lower, the blue and shining deep beats against the iron bases of the hills, and moans among the caverned fissures where the seal and the otter lodge."

Now, considered merely as writing, the sentences we have quoted have distinct and substantial merits; they possess music and color, and a firm consistent movement. But it seems to us that a man properly possessed with his subject, and with an instinct for the heart of it, would not have chosen to begin after this fashion. Especially would he have avoided the poetical extracts and the sentence contained in brackets, for that kind of by-play—that irrelevant thinking within thinking—does not occur to one whose loins are sufficiently girt for his work. When a man is in haste, or is impelled onward by a strong motive, he does not gather the flowers that grow by the wayside, and compare their beauties. Now, all this kind of thing is a literary iniquity, and a face of flint should be set against it. It has become far too common of late. It increases the bulk of books without increasing their value. It obstructs the literary thoroughfare as crinoline obstructs the material one. Shirley is too frequently a sinner in this way; and it is no palliation of his fault that he sins gracefully, fancifully, eloquently, because

lesser men, who have neither his grace nor his fancy, may be tempted to follow his example.

Having indicated what seems to us the defect of the book, we are prepared now to give "*Nugæ Criticæ*" our warmest welcome. It is thoroughly fresh, genial, and pleasant; and that portion of it which directly relates to out-door life—happily no inconsiderable portion—is uniformly excellent. Shirley is a sportsman; he is fond of the aquatic tribes of birds; he is familiar with the scenery of our eastern and northern coasts; and his opening paper, "*At the Seaside*," is written with humor, vividness, spirit, and a quite unusual power of picturesque presentment. It is a true vacation paper. As we read, the hum of the city dies away, and we are transported to the chalky cliffs, on whose scalps are cornfields with scarlet poppies intermixed, and beyond a whole horizonful of ocean, sleek and blue in the lazy summer day. Although everything is silent, the silence does not arise from absence of life. A gun, and the rocks are clamorous with startled sea-fowls. Shirley has affectionately watched the habits of gulls, ducks, divers, loons, herons, and cormorants, and the swan that comes out of the northern twilight; and since Christopher North dropped his pen, we have had no better ornithological writing. Take this photograph of the cormorant, or *scrath*, as he is locally called:—

"The *scrath* is not by any means a lively bird; he entertains serious, not to say gloomy, views on most of the questions of the day. I have seen the cormorants who frequent this rock sit together for hours without uttering a syllable to each other—in a kind of dyspeptic dejection. Apart from his sentiments upon serious subjects, this is probably the result of a system of over-feeding; for, even with the most perfect digestion, such excessive eating must tell upon the spirits. They are, moreover, somewhat speculative birds, and employ their leisure in various impracticable experiments. They seem, in particular, to entertain a theory that they are intended by Providence to live upon invisible pinnacles, where a titmouse could not find footing. The consequences may be easily foreseen. No sooner is the unwieldy monster seated than he loses his balance, and a fierce and violent flapping of his sable pinions is required to prevent him from falling to the bottom. Nothing can convince him of the fallacy of the notion; and it would be diffi-

cult to determine what satisfaction or enjoyment he can derive from an insane proceeding like this, which so ill consorts, moreover, with the sepulchral gravity of his appearance."

Nothing can well be better in its light way than this; and the affectionately humorous exaggeration brings out, far more vividly than any cold and exact description could do, the characteristics of the grave funereal fowl. Shirley enters into the heart of his cormorant as Mr. Carlyle enters into the heart of his hero, and works out from that. And this peculiar kind of humorous and picturesque presentment is not alone confined to the passage we have quoted. It pervades more or less every page of the opening paper, which, as we have said, is the pleasantest and ablest of his essays.

The most important papers in the book, so far at least as actual substance and gravity of treatment are concerned, are the three entitled, "*People who are not respectable*;" "*A Lay Sermon on Nonconformity, a Plea for Liberty*;" and "*William the Silent, the earliest Teacher of Toleration*." The first deals with Lola Montez, Heine, and the Abbé Domenech, and reveals an audacious generosity of sentiment; the beauty and the poet are tenderly dealt with, and when rebuked there is a sneaking kindness in the rebuke. The second is a reply to two questions, "*In the first place, how is the State—and in the second place how is the Church, to treat Nonconformity?*" while the third relates in a rapid way, somewhat after Lord Macaulay's fashion, the career of Orange the Taciturn, and rises into panegyric towards the close on that prince's tolerant and unpersecuting spirit in the midst of an intolerant and persecuting time. These essays depend one upon the other; and however diverse in subject, they form one argument. This age, it appears, is not tolerant enough; the persecuting spirit is as virulent as ever, the methods of martyrdom are only changed. Hear Shirley on the matter: "*In many circles, you would incur more odium if you told its members that you read 'Maurice' and 'Jowett,' and believed them to be good and honest men, than if you picked their pockets. Holy hands are lifted in pious horror; an inquisition is held upon the condition-of-your-soul question; your opinions, which you*

have always supposed to be at least harmless, charitable, and good-natured, if nothing better, are pronounced 'unsound' and 'unsafe' (words of evil import) by the assembled saints; and you are then solemnly tied to the stake and burned—fortunately in effigy only." "The victim may indeed retreat from the family and the sect, sever local ties which daily become more oppressive and unmanageable, and calmly appeal to a wider tribunal. But the rent is very trying to mortal nerves; the heartstrings sometimes crack in the venture." So much for social martyrdom. Now for the question between Nonconformity and the Church. "A national Church, in the largest sense, is the development of the devotional side of the national mind. . . . If this definition be accurate,—and we are convinced that it is,—then it follows that such an institution, maintained it may be out of the public purse, should be devoted to the service of the public; and that any limitations of *caste*, or of doctrine, when not absolutely indispensable, are inconsistent with its design and with the purpose for which it exists. Any condition which prevents any religious citizen from becoming a minister (and thereby partaking of the emoluments to which he would otherwise be entitled), or a member (and thereby partaking of the privileges which communion confers), is, *prima facie*, imperious and indefensible. A clear necessity alone can justify its retention. Is there, then, to be no limitation? Are men of all opinions and of no opinions to find shelter within the sanctuary? To such a question the reply is obvious. A national Church cannot be permitted to lose its representative character. The national Church of a Christian people must remain distinctively Christian, just as the national Church of a Mahometan people must remain distinctively Mahometan." Elsewhere, we find that "the clergyman, when he has once 'taken' the Articles, undergoes a species of petrification; he becomes a fossil thenceforth to the day of his death. The rich and invaluable lessons which experience teaches must not be learned by him; he must close his eyes upon the growing light; his moral and intellectual nature, like Joshua's sun at Ajalon, 'must come to a full stop.'"

In a paper like the present, it is not advisable to enter into these deep matters of

controversy, and all the less advisable that they have already been discussed in the pages of this journal. It may be permitted to be said, however, "that a national Church, in the largest sense, is the development of the devotional side of the national mind," just as a standing army is the development of the fighting side of the national character; and that Church and army, to be effective, must possess identity of purpose and uniformity of discipline. To have persons of peculiar doctrinal views within the national Church, and who give expression to these peculiar doctrines, would be quite as hurtful, and would lead to a like confusion, as to have persons in the ranks who have peculiar notions as to how marching is to be conducted, and who assert their individuality in the method of discharging their firelocks. If persons of peculiar notions on certain doctrinal points are to be admitted into the Church, you turn the Church itself into a bear garden; it immediately begins to fight with itself, instead of fighting against the evil which is in the world. Shirley very properly says, "that the national Church of a Christian people must be distinctively Christian;" but who is to be the judge of *what is* distinctively Christian? The disbeliever in the Divinity of Christ calls himself a Christian; the person enjoying the gift of the unknown tongues calls himself a Christian; the believer in purgatory and transubstantiation calls himself a Christian; and as all these accept the Scriptures, to some extent at least, as an authority, and are certainly neither Mahometans, Pagans, nor Jews, it would be difficult to rob them of the appellation. But could a Church exist with these discordant and inflammable elements in its bosom? What is "distinctively Christian" must, like every other dispute in the world, be decided practically by the majorities. And if men holding peculiar notions of doctrine or discipline shall have entered the Church, or if, after entering, they find that, from whatever reason, they cannot conscientiously give intellectual adherence to the standards of the Church, and if, in consequence of this discordance between themselves and their brethren, they are uncomfortable, ill at ease, what is the course they should adopt? They have placed themselves, or they find themselves, in a false position, and their duty is to get

out of that false position with as little delay as possible. Honesty, comfort, reverence for their own consciences and for the consciences of others, alike counsel resignation of their positions in the Church.

With respect to the social martyrdom to which Shirley refers, it may be said that, from the very constitution of things, such martyrdoms have always been and ever will be. The man who acts in the teeth of public opinion—and it matters nothing whether that opinion is local or general—must, as a matter of necessity, meet opposition; he is like a ship sailing against a head wind. A certain conformity with the existing order of things is required of all men, under penalties of discomfort. A man cannot even take mustard to his mutton, or eat peas with his knife, with impunity. This is very intolerant, it is true; but tolerance to the man who chooses to eat peas with his knife is intolerance to twenty people who may be sitting at dinner with him. Shirley tells us that there are certain circles in which a man incurs odium by reading "Maurice" and "Jowett." It is unquestionably true. And if a man chooses to attire himself in the jacket of a harlequin, he will incur odium in every circle he enters. If a man acts in opposition to the opinions, the prejudices, the traditions of the people with whom he mixes, he is just as certain to incur opposition and pain as he is to hurt himself if he runs his head against a wall. The nonconformist never did tread on roses, and till the constitution of human nature changes, on roses he will never tread. And this fate awaits not only the nonconformist in religion, but all nonconformists alike. The nonconformist in hats is liable to be stared at in the street, and it is possible that he may overhear the remarks of irreverent urchins as he passes by. The nonconformist in politics has his own annoyances: Peel had hard words and ungenerous insinuations to bear when he split with his party. The nonconformist, if he has any knowledge of men, will expect some little trouble and misrepresentation to fall to his lot, and he will not care to make a noise about it. If the path of the nonconformist were perfectly smooth, what merit would there be in his nonconformity?

Several essays in Shirley's book, other than those we have mentioned, are of great merit, especially "The Last Word on Lord

Macaulay," which indicates with clearness the limitations and defects of the great writer—altogether the best piece of critical writing which he has produced. "Terra Santa; a Peep into Italy," contains reading of the pleasantest kind; and the allusions it contains to Mr. Hawthorne and Mrs. Browning are characteristic—for, after all, this writer sees the world clearest through the window of books. On whatever subject he writes, you are sure to come into contact with the writers he most admires. In "Nugæ Criticæ" Shirley touches on many subjects, and always with grace and true literary skill; but we confess that we like him best "at the sea-side:" his vagrant, desultory, yet always pleasant and picturesque vein, flows freest when he has the eastern coast to deal with—the sea and the sea-fowl. He is always at his best when out of doors.

A. K. H. B. gathered his reputation in *Fraser*; is, we understand, exceedingly popular in England, and prodigiously so across the Atlantic. That this popularity arises from a certain merit discoverable in his essays, there can, of course, be no matter of question; he is an exceedingly clever writer, he has a happy knack of putting things, he is always readable. Yet it would be difficult to explain by what charm he leads us along his pages. One only feels that the charm exists. A. K. H. B. is as egotistical as Montaigne, but in no other particular does he resemble him. There is great sameness in his papers: reading them is like walking on an American prairie; green undulation follows on green undulation, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere, without prospect, without outlook. He starts on his subject without a pocket compass, and after a long circuit he arrives at the place from which he set out; and the worst is, he arrives as empty-handed as when he started. He could perform the feat of voyaging round the world, and bringing home nothing. A great element of success in a writer is peculiarity, and A. K. H. B. has his peculiarities. Once possessed of an idea, he can make it go farther than any of his contemporaries. Give him a bit of gold, and no man living will beat it out into a broader and thinner leaf. Mount him on a platitude, and he will make it carry him

across a county. In his essays he laughs occasionally at Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper; but he is related to the body of contemporary prose very much as Mr. Tupper is related to the body of contemporary verse, and the popularity of each arises from similar causes. For the mass of readers it is a pleasant thing to feel that they are as wise as the author they are reading, and the mass of A. K. H. B.'s readers are made happy in this way.

A. K. H. B. is an egotist; he is continually writing about his essays, his sermons, his methods of composition, his garden, his children, his man-servant—if that functionary dips furtively into *Fraser's Magazine* when his master is done with it, he must be gratified by the manifold recognition of his existence—his own horses or the horses of his friends. Now, to egotism in itself no man will object, provided the egotist is great or peculiar. We never weary of Montaigne or of Charles Lamb when they are speaking about themselves. Unhappily, however, A. K. H. B. is neither great nor peculiar; he is simply a clever, fluent man, well read up in current literature, conversant with its "slang," in the dexterous use of which one-half of his smartness consists, perfectly ready to kick a man when it is the fashion to kick him—witness his frequent sneers at Mr. Tupper and *Mr. Wordy*—and who can prattle in a pleasant way enough "Concerning Hurry and Leisure," "Tidiness," and certain "Blisters of Humanity." Egotism of the light, trifling kind, which A. H. K. B. indulges in, is apt to weary one after a little. After a very little while one gets irritated at his familiar, hail-fellow-well-met, dawdling, sauntering ways, disgusted rather with his man-servant and horses, and a little inclined to request him in a somewhat peremptory manner, to say his say "concerning" whatever subject he may have in hand, in a direct, straightforward fashion, and have done. He cannot, without protest, be permitted to take the airs of a Montaigne. If he writes "Concerning the Pairing of Nails," let him discuss the general subject with what light may be given him, and cease to linger so lovingly over his own.

And yet, after all, there is a certain charm in A. K. H. B.'s essays. He writes for the most part with grace and purity; he possesses fancy, liveliness, and his papers have now and again touches of shrewdness, in-

sight, and common sense. If some savage critic would lay hold of him, whip the pes-tilent coxcombry out of him, he would do the world some service, and confer on A. K. H. B. himself the greatest benefit he will ever receive from a fellow-mortal. For in him the elements of an excellent writer do incontestably exist. He possesses "faculties" which, hitherto, "he hath no used," or only in a perfunctory way and at long intervals. He can be direct, suggestive, pathetic even, when he chooses, but the misfortune is he so seldom chooses. The best thing which he has written is a little paper entitled "Gone," absolutely without grimace or wilful irrelevance, and into the pathetic undertone of which neither himself, nor his garden, nor his next Sunday's sermon, nor even his man-servant, does for one moment intrude. In the following passage A. K. H. B. is at his best, perhaps:—

"Every one knows what Dr. Johnson wrote about *The Last*. It is, of course, a question of individual associations, and how it may strike different minds; but I stand up for the unrivalled reach and pathos of the short word *Gone*.

"It is curious, that the saddest and most touching of human thoughts, when we run it up to its simplest form, is of so homely a thing as a material object existing in a certain space, and then removing from that space to another. *That* is the essential idea of *Gone*.

"Yet, in the commonest way, there is something touching in that: something touching in the sight of vacant space, once filled by almost anything. You feel a blankness in the landscape where a tree is gone that you have known all your life. You are conscious of a vague sense of something lacking where even a post is pulled up that you remember always in the centre of a certain field. You feel this yet more when some familiar piece of furniture is taken away from a room which you know well. Here that clumsy easy-chair used to stand: and it is gone. You feel yourself an interloper, standing in the space where it stood so long. It touches you still more to look at the empty chair which you remember so often filled by one who will never fill it more. You stand in a large railway station: you have come to see a train depart. There is a great bustle on the platform, and there is a great quantity of human life, and of the interests and cares of human life, in those twelve or fourteen carriages, and filling that little space between the rails. You stand by and watch the warm interiors of the car-

riages, looking so large and so full, as if they had so much in them. There are people of every kind of aspect, children and old folk, multitudes of railway rugs, of carpet bags, of portmanteaus, of parcels, of newspapers, of books, of magazines. At length you hear the last bell; then comes that silent, steady pull, which is always striking, though seen ever so often. The train glides away: it is gone. You stand and look vacantly at the place where it was. How little the space looks: how blank the air! There are the two rails, just four feet eight and a half inches apart; how close together they look! You can hardly think that there was so much of life, and of the interests of life, in so little room. You feel the power upon the average human being of the simple, commonplace fact, that something has been here, and is gone."

There is not very much in this, perhaps, but it is nicely felt; and the illustration, if familiar to all, cannot fail to be felt by all. Most of us have seen a railway train depart, and when nothing remains but bare rails and empty space, have been conscious, in an obscure way, of the subtly mingled strangeness and regret which A. K. H. B. so tenderly indicates.

Mr. Patterson's "Essays in History and Art" contain less of the personal element than the writings of Shirley or A. K. H. B., and are on that account perhaps less interesting. We hear nothing of his peculiar moods, of the house he lives in, or the places he visits. He does not begin a paper on the banks of a trouting stream, or seated on the parapet of the Devil's Bridge, with his legs dangling over, like Shirley; nor does he haunt stables, and make a writing-desk of a horse's face, like A. K. H. B. He has nothing of the lightness, jauntiness, and holiday feeling of these gentlemen. He means work; he desires to inform rather than to amuse. The more important papers in the volume—on the "Ethnology of Europe," "Our Indian Empire," "The National Life of China," "India, its Castes and Creeds"—are laboriously and solidly done. Into these essays he has gathered the pith and essence of many books; and to people wishing to be informed on these matters, we do not know a volume more entirely to be recommended than Mr. Patterson's. The style is always clear, if at times a little ornate; and evidences of conscientiousness and care are everywhere manifest. Mr. Patterson, when

he has a solid, useful information subject on hand, is at his best. Certain of the lighter papers—as, for instance, "Youth and Summer," "Genius and Liberty" are spoiled by an Asiatic floridity of taste. A passage like the following rather provokes a smile in the judicious:—

"But the genius of Greece is rising in beauty everywhere on land and sea—the blue *Ægean*, gemmed with the 'sparkling Cyclades,' bearing, like floating flower-baskets, the isles of Greece on its calm surface. On the lovely bay-indented shores of Iona, where the vines are trailing in festoons from tree to tree, lighting the emerald woods with their purple clusters, sits merry Anacreon, singing of love and wine in undying strains. Light-hearted old man, sing on!—until, in luckless hour, the choking grapestone end at once thy lays, thy loves, and thy life. The lofty strains of *Alcæus* and *Simonides* make the *Ægean* shores to re-echo their undying hatred of a tyrannic power; while on her Lesbian isle, hapless *Sappho*, weary of a fame that cannot bring her love, leaps from the cliffs of *Leucus* into the sea, but lives forever in her country's memory as the Tenth Muse."

This is a kind of eloquence which convulses the debating societies of young men in their teens, and the frequency of its appearance in these essays proves that Mr. Patterson retains in middle life all the juvenility and freshness of his youthful spirit.

It is with a certain proud sorrow that we regard "Essays, Historical and Critical," by Hugh Miller. Six years have passed since the writer was borne to his grave, and his place in literature is as well defined now as it was on the day in which he was laid in the Grange; and future years, with a sense of the sacredness of their task, will keep clear from all intrusion Miller's place in the literature of his country. The British Valhalla will be crowded indeed when room cannot be found for him. Miller was not only an accomplished journalist and able geologist, a writer singularly acute and picturesque, but he was something beyond all these—a great man. He possessed, in some degree, that largeness of limb and majesty of mental lineament, which distinguished Burns and Scott, Chalmers and John Wilson. He came up from the red sandstone quarries of *Cromarty* into his fame, as Burns came into his from the *Ayrshire* harvest fields. Scotland

is proud to think that she is peculiarly the mother of such men; and if Burns was her first-born and greatest, Hugh Miller was her second, and only in stature a little lower than the first. The present volume of essays is entirely selected from the file of the *Witness* newspaper; consequently it does not so much represent Miller at his best, as in his usual working attire. These papers were not written by him with a view to separate publication; they were composed in his usual course of duty as a journalist; and as newspaper articles, their concision, their wit, their fancy, their richness of sentence, are quite wonderful. The opening essay on "The New Year," is an exquisite poem. The visit of her majesty to Edinburgh in 1842 was an interesting event, but it is doubly so when we see it through the medium of Mr. Miller's graphic and picturesque prose. In the opening sentences—so exquisite in their natural analogies—of the article entitled "The Echoes of the World," an article which concerns itself with the death of Dr. Chalmers, we have the truest poetry as well as the most impressive statement of fact:—

"Has the reader ever heard a piece of heavy ordnance fired amid the mountains of our country? First, there is the ear-stunning report of the piece itself,—the prime mover of those airy undulations that travel outwards, circle beyond circle, towards the far horizon; then some hoary precipice, that rises tall and solemn in the immediate neighborhood, takes up the sound, and it comes rolling back from its rough front in thunder, like a giant wave flung far seaward from the rock against which it has broken; then some more distant hill becomes vocal, and then another, and another, and anon another; and then there is a slight pause,

as if all were over—the undulations are travelling unbroken along some flat moor or across some expansive lake, or over some deep valley, filled, haply, by some long, wide, and roaring arm of the sea; and then the more remote mountains lift up their voices in mysterious mutterings, now lower, now louder, now more abrupt, anon more prolonged, each as it recedes taking up the tale in closer succession to the one that had previously spoken, till at length their distinct utterances are lost in one low continuous sound, that at last dies out amid the shattered peaks of the desert wilderness, and unbroken stillness settles over the scene as at first. Through a scarcely voluntary exertion of that faculty of analogy and comparison, so natural to the human mind that it converts all the existences of the physical world into forms and expressions of the world intellectual, we have oftener than once thought of the phenomenon and its attendant results as strikingly representative of effects produced by the death of Chalmers. It is an event which has, we find, rendered vocal the echoes of the world, and they are still returning upon us, after measured intervals, according to the distances."

This is wonderful writing; and when Miller proceeds to complete his analogy by describing how, from every quarter of the world, there came back here, in a murmur of grief and admiration, the report of the death of Chalmers, the effect of the whole is singularly grand and complete. It is contemplated, we notice from the preface, that, should the present collection of essays meet with success, other and similar volumes may be gathered from the file of the *Witness*. Of the success of the book there can be no manner of doubt, so that we presume we may soon look for a second volume, or perhaps of a third.

A FRENCH periodical, the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique* contains a curious article by M. Oscar de Watteville, which announces the fact, not generally known, that in the lakes of Sweden there are vast layers or banks of iron, exclusively built up by animalcules, not unlike those that have laid the foundations of large islands in the ocean. The iron thus found is called in Sweden lake ore, distinguished, according to its form, into gunpowder, pearl, money, or cake-ore. These iron banks are from ten to

two hundred metres in length, from five to fifteen broad, and from a fourth to three-fourths of a metre and more in thickness.

A SPANISH journal announces that it has received the first two numbers of a clandestine journal published at Naples, and entitled "*Rome or Death*."

From The N. Y. Evening Post.
THE BATTLE AT HARPER'S FERRY AS
A WOMAN SAW IT.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5, 1862.

THE memorable Sabbath of September 14, 1862, dawned above us at Harper's Ferry in superlative splendor. Sunshine, balm, and beauty suffused the august mountains and the blue ether which ensphered us, yet all was unheeded while we awaited the terrors of the day. We had lost the Heights. Cowardice or treason had caused the surrender of our only stronghold of defence. All night the enemy had been busy erecting his batteries on the hills of Maryland and the heights of Loudon. He held us on every side. There was no corner of safety for unarmed men, women, or children. They could do nothing but look up to the frowning mountain walls and await the storm of fire about to burst from their summits. Our batteries opened at daybreak, but it was two o'clock P.M. before the rebels fired a single gun. Our long-range ammunition was squandered on Sunday, firing hap-hazard, with uncertain aim after the enemy, doing him no positive damage.

On Monday morning, when his forty batteries were hailing death upon us, we had no ammunition!

With its engirdling heights in his possession, Jackson had truthfully named Harper's Ferry a "slaughter pen." We expected the bolts to descend upon our heads. We were ready for the worst. We wondered why he did not begin. As it *must* come, we were weary of waiting.

Through that long azure-golden morning I sat at my open window making bandages. Directly before me towered Loudon Mountain. Where the great trees had fallen on its summit, I knew that the enemy was at work ranging his batteries. Across the way the red flags of the hospitals were hoisted above their chimneys, streaming toward the foe, imploring mercy for the sick and wounded. The stony streets of Camp Hill throbbed with unwonted life. Soldiers were hurrying to and from the roadside spring with their black coffee-kettles, eager to get their day's supply of water before the bombshells thickened in the air.

Many strangers, refugees from Martinsburg and Winchester, paced up and down the street. Citizens at the corners discussed

the probabilities of the day with troubled faces. Young girls and matrons passed up the hospital path laden with baskets of delicacies, mindful of the suffering soldier amid all their fears. Poor contrabands stood talking in incoherent terror of "Jackson" and the certainty of their "being cotched and sold down South." In a high yard opposite little children were rolling on the grass, amid the late blooming flowers, utterly unconscious of the impending storm. All the air was pierced with the deep trill of insect melody. Myriad butterflies flickered by on flamelike wings. The thistle-down sailed on through seas of sunshine. The spider spun his web in the tree beside my window. The sonorous rhythm of the river rhymed with the mellifluous music of the air. Nature rested in deep content. The day, serene enough for Paradise, said: "Peace." God, through his benign heavens, said: "It is my Sabbath."

THE CANNONADE.

Whiz, whiz, whiz! Whir, whir, whir! Hiss, hiss, his—s! Bang, bang, bang! Roar, roar! Crash, smash! The rebel batteries opened upon us together. The windows rattled, the house shook to its foundations. Heaven and earth seemed collapsing. The roar rolling back to the mountains died amid the deeper roar bursting from their summits. One of our batteries on Camp Hill was directly in the rear of this house, behind the garden fence.

The rebel batteries on Loudon faced us. Thus this loyal little domicile was under the heaviest fire. I intended to finish eating a piece of pie dancing on a plate before me, but the shock of the tremendous cannon behind the house sent me off my chair in defiance of my aspiration after a sublime courage. I am not a hero; I very much wish to be one, but am not. It is exceedingly mortifying amid a stupendous occasion to find yourself unequal to its sublimity. With profound humility, O *Evening Post*, I confess, that to escape the earthquake above I went down into the cellar. I concluded, as a woman cannot command a battery, she should have the privilege of trying to save her head, though of no material use to any one but herself.

We all went into the cellar. On a box sat a matron. On an old willow basket a

fair young maiden. I entrenched myself in an empty piano box, my amusement being the frequent opportunity which I enjoyed of jumping out of it, as a shell hissed or struck near the outside wall. There sat gray-haired old men and a sick young man, the most frightened of all. Poor fellow, how he dodged about. Thus in all the cellars of the street above us cowered old age, innocent childhood, helpless womanhood.

I am afraid of bomb-shells. I am far more afraid of them than I was before I heard or felt their sulphurous current hissing very near my head. If there is a sound purely devilish this side of the region of the damned, it is the scream and shriek of a bomb-shell. No matter how thickly they tear the air, each fiend of a shell persists in a diabolical individuality of its own, and never hisses or screams precisely like any one of its myriad neighbors.

The cannonading continued terrific, unremitting. The bomb-shells poured into the garden beside us, struck the pavement before us, tore the earth up on the cellar door, threw the "sacred soil" into our up-stair windows, stunned us, but did not hit us. O futile rebel shells, what rare, restraining angel withheld your force and deadened your gunpowder beneath the very eaves of our lintel? Was it the talisman of a distant mother's prayers which held the spot charmed, holy, inviolable, beneath that hellish hail?

Two hours and a half in the cellar, and we grew so strangely accustomed to this unwonted thunder that we came up to shake under it in the sunlight. Faint, then nearer, nearer drew the thunder of battle beyond the hills. It is Sigel! He is coming to help us. Ah, if we can hold out two hours, Sigel, McClellan, some one will come to our rescue.

They know our condition at Washington, they must know it. They will never leave us to the disgrace of surrender. Thus we consoled and supported each other. Thus we watched and listened and prayed for the approaching saviour. Alas, he came not.

THE SECOND NIGHT OF THE FIGHT.

At dark the cannonading ceased, and the infantry fight began. The enemy tried to storm the breastworks, but was repulsed by our brave boys. It was night—no helper had come. From the moment in which

Maryland Heights were lost we knew that the disgraceful penalty would be surrender, unless reinforcements could save us from such a hapless fate. It was the night of the second day—no helper had come.

Then, under the sheltering stars, wrapped in protecting darkness, I watched nearly three thousand cavalry men ride swiftly away, resolved to cut their way through the enemy's lines, at every hazard, rather than remain to surrender their swords to traitors. It was the cry of all: "Let us cut our way through. Let us fight our way out. Do not keep us here to surrender!" But, no; the prayer of the gallant troops was of no avail. Yet, Col. Miles coolly said: "The enemy will open upon us at daylight with forty guns." He did. And I can say, from experience, that a mortal thumped out of the arms of Morpheus by the shock of forty batteries is in no danger of lapsing back into the delicious semi-dreams which make the elysium of early morning.

The cannonading of the Sabbath had been terrific. This of Monday morning was appalling. The enemy fired upon us from seven different directions, and our guns replied with great spirit and effect. Unequal, hopeless as was this fierce fight, the heroes at our guns never faltered.

I drew my curtain and looked out. The dense fogs above Maryland Heights were already splintered with the lances of the ascending sun. The Potomac was ablaze. Deep curtains of violet mist palpitated over the greenery of Loudon Mountain. The sulphurous smoke of cannonade enveloped its summit, spreading dense and dark above our heads, broken here and there by rifts of blue sky.

COLONEL MILES SURRENDERS.

Just then Col. Miles rode past. He was going to surrender, accompanied by his handsome young "aides" in glittering uniforms, followed by an imposing retinue of mounted "orderlies." He was going to surrender, mounted for the last time on the petted princely horse which had carried him through the campaigns of Mexico. He rode to the front of the battle line amid torrents of bursting shells, and saying to one of his aids: "I have done the best I could; I have done my duty," he waved a white pocket-handkerchief as a flag of truce. But the

cannonaders upon the hills were too eager with their fiendish firing to see through the heavy clouds of smoke the craven signal of surrender.

In vain he passed up and down the line waving the white flag; the storm of death seemed only to deepen.

It was half an hour later that, hearing its forerunning triumphal shriek, he bowed his head to save it, but the avenging shell would not be defrauded of retribution; its sole errand was death to him; it struck lower, the very artery of life, and he fell. His attached aide-de-camp, Mr. Binney, after trying vainly to stay the profuse bleeding of the wound, placed him in a blanket, and with great difficulty found one willing to help carry the fallen commander from the battlefield. This was a young officer of the 120th New York Regiment. Scarcely had he taken hold of the corner of the blanket when another bomb-shell, almost grazing the head of Col. Miles, struck the stomach of this young man and shivered him to atoms. The announcement of the surrender and the fall of Col. Miles passed along the ranks almost simultaneously.

It was then that the lion-hearted, heroic Capt. McGrath, of New York, who sent fire after fire from his battery into the enemy's ranks after he had been commanded to leave the Heights, and whose splendid shots and rash bravery was the enthusiastic admiration of all, being told that all was surrendered, threw up his arms, burst into tears, exclaiming, "Boys, we have no country." It was then, amid the resounding fire and the cries of the wounded and dying, that imprecations and curses broke from the ranks. "It is well that he is wounded; if he were here we would shoot him," was the cry of the outraged soldiers.

THE END.

I stood at the foot of the hill when they brought him back, groaning and bleeding in a blanket. The man who had passed my window, so proudly mounted, one hour before! It was a sight to inspire the profoundest pity. Whatever his errors or sins, in spite of the sorrow and disgrace that he had wrought us, it was a sad, sad sight, this fallen soldier, this bleeding, gray-haired man, so justly punished.

"He is shot in the leg. I wish to God that it had been through his head." "He is a traitor, and has met a traitor's fate." "If the rebels had not shot him, I would." "He is a d——d traitor and deserves to die." These are the utterances, deep and bitter, which passed through the crowd of soldiers and civilians within his very hearing. It was terrible to pass out of the world amid so many curses; thrice terrible if he was innocent of deliberate treason to his country.

That Col. Miles did his duty not even his friends assert. That he failed to do nearly all that a loyal and able commander should have done to have saved from the enemy this most important position no one can deny. The guns on Maryland Heights were not properly mounted for defence. Loudon Heights were left open to attack. The pontoon bridge was built and left for the enemy to pass over. Stores, ammunition, arms, were held intact, ready for Jackson to seize at his leisure, after he knew that he would seize them. If he had tried to make all things ready to welcome a friend instead of a foe, he could not have done so more effectually. However innocent in intention, the result to his country was only what it could have been had he been the basest traitor. Until the very hour of attack he swore that he "could hold the place against all hell; that he did not want reinforcements." Thus thirteen thousand men were trapped, disgraced, sacrificed.

The only key was turned, the only door opened through which the rebels could escape from Maryland, or Jackson rush from Virginia to reinforce Longstreet—the war prolonged—one more opportunity given to the insulting rebels of Richmond to chant the pæans of another victory in the face of Europe—that the most ill-gotten, the most disgraceful victory of the war.

Yet with every incentive to an opposite course, what motive could have made Col. Miles a deliberate traitor? If he was not a traitor he was imbecile. A clouded brain, an overwhelming foe, perhaps, made him impotent to act; the opportunity which could have given him immortal glory lost, sent a brave soldier into a dishonored grave.

M. C. A.

To the Editor of The London Review.

SIR,—Mr. Glaisher's letter in your last Saturday's number is one of extraordinary interest, and announces a signal triumph over all previously recorded feats of aërostation, the height attained by him and his adventurous companion having exceeded by upwards of 5,000 feet the level of the highest summit of Chingopamari or Garishauka (the loftiest of the Himalayas, whose altitude is 29,002 feet), and surpassed the greatest height previously attained (those of M. Gay Lussac and Mr. Welsh) by one-half the amount of either; that is to say, if we accept as correct the indication of the minimum thermometer (*minus* 12° Fahr.) read off by Mr. Glaisher on his descent, and Mr. Coxwell's notice of the position of the aneroid index, as corresponding to a pressure of 8 inches. At any rate, Mr. Glaisher's last *reading* of the barometer may be taken as conclusive evidence of the attainment of an altitude of fully 30,000 feet, which is still 1,000 feet above the summit already mentioned.

While congratulating both these gentlemen on this narrow escape with their lives from so unheard-of a fate as that which awaited them had Mr. Coxwell's teeth been ever so little less tenacious, I must be allowed to demur to the conclusion that the height so attained is to be regarded as the limit of what man can ever expect to reach (or reach with safety), which seems to be Mr. Glaisher's opinion; and I would throw out the suggestion that were the aëronaut provided with a vessel containing a very moderate number of cubic feet of oxygen gas condensed under a pressure of four or five atmospheres, with the means of letting it out, in small quantities at a time, into a breathing-bag from which he might inhale the pure element at perfect ease, all danger of asphyxia would be avoided, and a very much greater altitude safely attained; while his strength might possibly be sustained by a supply of that wonderful stimulant, the Peruvian *coca* leaf. As the proportion of oxygen in ordinary atmospheric air is no more than one-fifth of the total volume, and as no inconvenience is experienced in breathing air of half the ordinary density, it is evident that a sufficiency of oxygen to sustain the full vital power would be thus obtained under a barometric pressure of 3 inches of

mercury, or one-tenth of that at the surface of the earth, which would correspond to a height of about 60,700 feet, or 11 1-2 miles, calculating on a decrement of temperature of 10° Fahr. per mile, and a temperature of 60° at the earth's surface. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

Collingwood, Sept. 17th, 1862.

COXWELL AND GLAISHER.

A SONG BY A SCHOOLBOY

'Tis of the youthful Icarus
The ancient poet sings,
For whom his daddy, Dædalus,
Made certain waxen wings;
But, flying up too near the sun,
His wings of wax did melt,
And then he came right down, like fun,
As hard as he could pelt.

A great deal faster than he rose
Apace descended he,
Until he ended all his woes
In the Ægean Sea.
Now what a lie is that account!
About the hour of noon
Glaisher and Coxwell bold did mount
Six miles in a balloon.

No mortal man could soar so high,
Because, at that great height,
A pigeon they let out to fly,
Could not effect its flight.
Half stifled for the want of breath
Was Coxwell, Glaisher too:
Glaisher was nearly froze to death,
And Coxwell's hands turned blue.

Aloft 'tis cold instead of hot;
Wax wings would freeze, not run,
By which a chap as near had got
As could be, to the sun;
As snow upon a mountain's top
Might show to every fool:
So that slow fable you must drop
That we are taught at school.

But Glaisher's pluck, and Coxwell's too,
Is something to admire;
As high as eagle ever flew
Those fellows went, and higher.
One kept on reading at his glass,
Whilst he could see or stand;
The other's teeth let out the gas,
When cold had numbed his hand.

'Tis true that these two men did go
Six miles towards the sky;
But as for Icarus, we know
That story's all my eye.
Then what's the use to read about
Old heroes' fabled acts,
When now they're beaten out and out,
By wonders that are facts?

—Punch.

THE STORY OF AN OAK-TREE.

On Croton's plains, where Grecian youths
In silence learned immortal truths,
And wise Pythagoras taught the schools
That Freedom reigns where Justice rules:

On Croton's plains, in days of old,
Stout Milo roved—a wrestler bold;
Whose brawny arm, as legends tell,
With one good blow an ox could fell.

And when this Milo dined, we read,
An ox would scarce his hunger feed:
So strong was he, so wide of maw,
His like, I think, the world ne'er saw.

In stalwart pride he strode the plains,
A tyrant grim o'er kine and swains;
And swung, beneath Crotona's oaks,
A woodman's axe with giant strokes;

And day by day his wedges drove
Until the goodliest oak he clove—
A lofty tree, whose branches spanned
The broad, fair fields with foliage grand;

With foliage green, like sheltering wings,
O'er flowers and fruits and breathing things:
O'er swarming bees and nestling birds,
And laboring men, with flocks and herds.

The stars were clustered round its crest,
And sunbeams striped its blooming breast;
And under it—as well might be—
Pythagoras taught how souls were free!

But Milo, mustering strength perverse,
His wedges drove with scowl and curse,
Till, rending through the oak-tree's side,
They clove its trunk with fissures wide;

And, yielding round those wedges black,
The huge tree quaked with thunderous crack,
Until, beneath their widening strain,
Its heart of oak seemed riven in twain.

Then Milo in his madness spoke:
"I think my strength can tear this oak!
These wedges I no more need drive—
My hands alone the trunks shall rive!"

With giant gripe, the oak to rend,
He bowed himself, as whirlwinds bend—
With furious tug and desperate strain,
To rive that goodly oak in twain:

Till, one by one, with loosening clang,
His iron wedges outward sprang;
And, narrowing its elastic strands,
The tough oak closed on Milo's hands.

It crushed him in its fierce rebound;
It shook each black wedge to the ground;
It lifted up its crest of stars,
And bade the sunbeams gild its scars!

I know not if Pythagoras spoke
To freeborn souls of Milo's oak:
But this I know, that, if there towers
Such oak-tree in this land of ours—

And if some impious hand should strain
To rend that goodly oak in twain—
Methinks I'd cry aloud this day,
"In God's name, strike the wedge away!"

The wedge, that rent the strands apart—
The wedge, that fain would cleave the heart;
Strike out this wedge! and God will close
The Union oak on Union's foes!

A. J. H. DUGANNE.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THOUGHTS.

The following lines, original in conception, though somewhat careless in composition, are extracted from a volume lately published by a lady in England, who withholds her name, though she need not be ashamed to append it to such a production:—

THEY come when the sunlight
Is bright on the mountain;
They come when the moonshine
Is white on the fountain;
At morn and at even,
By minutes and hours,
But not as they once were,
Of birds and of flowers.

They come when some token
Of past days will rise,
As a link to the present,
And then they bring sighs;
They come when some dreaming,
Through hopes and through fears,
Rushes on to the future,
And then they bring tears.

They come when the sea-mist
O'er ocean is rife,
And they tell of a shadow
That hangs over life;
They come when the storm
In thunder and gloom
Spreads around, and they speak
Of the earth and the tomb.

They come when the ripple
Is low on the lake,
And the plover is nestling
By fountain or brake;
And the twilight looks out
With a star on its breast,
And they whisper that all
But themselves are at rest.

They come when the low breeze
Is fanning the leaves;
They come when the flower-cup
The dewdrop receives;
By night's noontide silence,
By day's noontide hum,
And at times, oh! how deeply
And darkly they come.

THE WISHING WHISTLE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweet-heart who stood,
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood—
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine!"

"And what would you do with it? Tell me!" she said,
While an arch smile played round her beautiful face;
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours

Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so slight one's good-nature secures!"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm
Would work so, that not even Modesty's cheek

Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm!"

She smiled, and she laid her fine arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine

Would bring me, the third time, an exquisite bliss—

You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,

And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!"

For only consider, how silly 'twould be
To sit there and *whistle for*—what you might take!"

—*The Lyrical and other minor Poems of Robert Story.*

ST. SEBASTIAN.

THE Atlantic rolls around a fort of Spain.
Old towers, a bastion booming o'er the sea,
The yellow banner, floating, torn, yet free,
Cannon and shell, the trumpet's martial strain,
Bring memories of her greatness back in vain;
The shadow of the past is over thee,
Grand monument of Roland's chivalry.
And glories that can never come again—
Balconied streets, the scenes of stubborn fight
In the red days of siege, and terraced squares,
And bright eyes gleaming through the veil of night,

And feet that climb the long cathedral stairs
So softly, every sight and sound recall
Spain's worn-out flag above the ruined wall.

—*Spectator.*

J. N.

MONT BLANC.

Love has her home in valleys, weaves her spells
Of Peace among the hamlets of the plain;
Cities are rife with human loss and gain;
Breathing the air of forests Freedom dwells;
Shifting like life the ocean foams and swells;
Thou art above the reach of joy and pain,
Poets have faltered forth thy praise in vain;
For nothing here of what is mortal tells.
The silence of the everlasting snows
Is thine, the starlight on thy great white throne;
Avalanche and glacier break not thy repose;
Morning and evening find thee all alone;
Thou highest tribute to the Highest given,
Where Earth aspires to be the peer of Heaven.
—*Spectator.* J. N.

GENEVA.

HERE, centuries ago, Geneva rose,
Cradled in storms—until the iron will
Of her great preacher bade the waves be still
Cold Protestant, the stream of passion flows
More calmly in thy haven of repose;
Even in thy welcome there is something chill,
As if the glaciers of the far white hill
Crept round thee with the shadow of its snows.
Refuge of exiles—he who made thee so
Moved in a narrow path, yet mounted high
Rock-rooted on his creed, he learnt to know
Nothing of Nature's magnanimity.
His swordlike spirit, darting keenly, made
His name immortal and the world afraid.
—*Spectator.* A.

TRUST AND REST.

FRET not, poor soul; while doubt and fear
Disturb thy breast,
The pitying angels, who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, Trust and rest.

Plan not, nor scheme—but calmly wait;
His choice is best.
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right,
So trust and rest.

Strive not, nor struggle, thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will;
All power is His alone, be still,
And trust and rest.

Desire not; self-love is strong
Within thy breast;
And yet He loves thee better still,
So let Him do His loving will,
And trust and rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns
Supreme confessed;
His power is infinite; His love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above—
So trust and rest.

THE LIVING AGE.

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MOTHER.

BY THE REV. RALPH HOYT.

On, to the bosoms formed for love,
As streams are formed to seek the sea,
How bleak doth all existence prove,
When 'he sought union—may not be :
Arrested in its onward roll,
A turbid pool, the tide, the soul.

Can flowers that round its margin grow,
Or winds that o'er its surface sweep,
Say to the wave imprisoned—flow !
'The dead heart of the waters—leap !
So neither hath all earth a voice,
Can bid an unloved heart—rejoice !

Yet comes the sun with quickening ray,
And whispers tenderly—awake !
And lo, on rainbow wings, away,
Sends up its vapor-soul, the lake ;
Beyond the frowning mountains, free
Again to mingle with the sea.

O heart, that like the dancing rill,
Along the vale of life hast run,
The phantom Hope pursuing still,
But now all desolate,—undone !
Look up ! Though earth its love deny,
Hear a soft whisper from the sky.

Awake, O heart ; thy pinions spread ;
Soar, soar, and soon thy fondest aim,
To sweet fulfilment shall be lead,
In love's intensest, purest flame :
Alone, and sick, yet cannot die,—
Poor heart, one effort more,—and fly !

Fly to that far-off home for rest,
'Thy mother's home, yon radiant sphere ;
Fly, heart, to that dear faithful breast,
'That soothed thy infant sorrows here :—
My mother's love, my mother's prayer,
Celestial wings,—oh, waft me there !

THE SEASON.

SUMMER's gone and over !
Fogs are falling down ;
And with russet tinges,
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
Swallows, as they flit,
Give, like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
Weep by turns and laugh—
Night and Day together,
Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—
Cold, and most perverse ;
But the month that follows
Sure will pinch us worse.

—Thomas Hood.

SONNETS.

I.—SAMUEL HOAR.

“ *Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.* ”

A YEAR ago how often did I meet
Under these elms, once more in sober bloom,
Thy tall, sad figure pacing down 'the street,—
But now the robin sings above thy tomb.
Thy name on other shores may ne'er be known,
Though austere Rome no graver Consul knew ;
But Massachusetts her true son doth own,—
Out of her soil thy hardy virtues grew.
She loves the man who chose the conquered
cause,

The upright soul that bowed to God alone,
The clean hand that upheld her equal laws,
The old religion, never yet outgrown,
The cold demeanor and warm heart beneath,
The simple grandeur of thy life and death.

II.—JOHN BROWN, OF OSSAWATOMIE.

In thee still sternly lives our fathers' heart,
Brave Puritan. Stout Standish had praised
God

For such as thou,—of Mayflower blood thou art,
And worthier feet on Plymouth Rock ne'er trod.
Deep in thy pious soul devoutly burns
The Hebrew fire with Saxon fuel fed ;
Thy honest heart all fear and cunning spurns,
Swift hand for action hast thou and wise head.
O good old man ! the vigor of thy age
Shames into nobleness unmanly youth—
Honor shall write thy name on her fair page
Ere thou art dead ; and ancient Faith and Truth,
Valor and Constancy thy fame uphold,
When our sons' sons shall hear thy story told.
Concord, April 27th, 1857.

ON ADELE, BY MOONLIGHT.

WITH what a glory and a grace
The moonbeam lights her laughing face,
And dances in her dazzling eye ;
As liquid in its brilliancy
As the deep blue of midnight ocean,
When underneath, with trembling motion,
The phosphor light floats by !
And blushes bright pass o'er her cheek,
But pure and pale as is the glow
Of sunset on a mountain peak,
Robed in eternal snow ;
Her ruby lips half oped the while,
With careless air around her throwing,
Or, with a vivid glance, bestowing
A burning word, or silver smile.

A STORM IN AUTUMN.

It was an autumn evening, and the rain
Had ceased awhile, but the loud winds did
shriek,
And called the deluging tempest back again ;
The flag-staff on the churchyard tower did
creek,
And through the black clouds ran a lightning
vein.

And then the flapping raven came to seek
Its home : its flight was heavy, and its wing
Seemed weary with a long day's wandering.

Barry Cornwall.

From Punch.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

AN IMAGINARY MELODRAMA, CONSTRUCTED
UPON THE COMPLAINTS OF NEWS-
PAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Some youthful Clerks. Enter to them MR. MORVAYS HONT, a mild gentleman who wishes to send a message.

SCENE—*An Electric Telegraph Office.*

Mr. M. H. (approaching the counter, and speaking in a low voice.) I believe you send electric messages to the town of Forty-winks?

1st Clerk (of course). Sir?

Mr. M. H. I believe you despatch telegrams to a place called Fortywinks?

1st Clerk (loud). Smith, where's Forty-winks?

2d Clerk. Give it up.

1st Clerk. No, I say, it aint a sell. This gent wants to send there. Where is it?

2d Clerk. I don't know—isn't it out by Kent, or Wales, or that way.

[Opens a walnut.]

Mr. M. H. (meekly). It is on your own list, sir.

1st Clerk. Is it? Why didn't you say so at first. The public give a great deal of unnecessary trouble.

Mr. M. H. But I rather wanted to know what would be your charge for a message there.

1st Clerk. 'Pends on length.

Mr. M. H. Yes, of course; yes, that is so. But I have written out the message I wish to send, and you can perhaps tell me the price before I fill up one of the forms.

1st Clerk (takes the paper, and 2d and 3d Clerk come and look over their friend's shoulder.) He reads: *My dearest Maria Jane*—that's four words, unless you like to call her Mariar only—*I hope that your poor head is better (aside to one friend).* How about her poor feet?—twelve words—*Be sure to use the hoppedleaddog (a burst from his friends).*

Mr. M. H. (hurt). Opodeldoc, young gentleman. It is an application.

1st Clerk. Oh, ah! Well, you'd better say application; for I'm sure there'll be a mull with the Latin—eighteen words—and *be careful about open winders.*

Mr. H. M. I have written "windows," I think.

1st Clerk. I said so, didn't I?—twenty-four words. *I have sent the sugar-candy*—not this way, I say, no such luck. Thirty words—eight shillings. Is the house near the telegraph-station?

Mr. M. H. About three-quarters of a mile.

1st Clerk. Eighteen-pence portorage—nine-and-six.

Mr. M. H. Dear me, that is more than I expected.

2d Clerk (a smart young fellow, up to business). Well, you can cut out some of it, you know. See now. Cut out your dearest Mariar Jane, if your name's to the letter she'll know it's you as sends, at least, my Mariar Jane would—that's four out. What's the good of hoping about her poor head?—stick to the message—say "Use the ophi-cleide"—what is it?—"keep out of draughts"—fifteen words out—there, sir, we'll put that into the wire for you at a low figure, say four bob. Fill up a form—one of those before your nose.

Mr. M. H. Well, thank you, yes, that is shorter, certainly (*coloring*). But—but—you see—in fact there are circumstances, and that would read a little abrupt.

2d Clerk. Well, it's your business, you know, not mine.

[Opens a walnut.]

Enter SMALL BOY, with much clatter.

3d Clerk. Now then, you young scamp, where have you been all this while? You're in-for it, you are, I can tell you.

Small Boy (with much volubility). Well how's a fellow to go to Hislington and Chelsea and round by Brompting and the Minories and be back in five-and-twenty minutes you couldn't do it yourself come now and you've no call to put it upon me to do it and what's more I wont and I can't and that's all about it.

3d Clerk (serenely). Better tell the governor so.

S. B. I will tell the governor so and I do tell the governor so do you think I'm afraid to speak to the governor he's not the man to see a poor lad put upon and bullied out of his lifetime if he happens to be hindered five minutes out of two hours because the road's up and the buss broke down and there was a fire and we couldn't get by. Come!

3d Clerk. You'll see. Be off with this

message to Hoxton. It's been waiting here three hours.

S. B. Not till I've had my dinner if I know it and that's all about it. [*Exit.*]

2d Clerk. Nice lad that. Nothing to say for himself, oh, no!

1st Clerk. That ought to go off, you know.

2d Clerk. I know nothing about it, except that it's been lying there since eleven o'clock, and that it's a thundering message to a doctor to be off by the next train.

1st Clerk. Well, I ask you is it my fault?

2d Clerk. It's nobody's fault in particular, and everybody's in general, and we'll hope the doctor will be in time. Mind your customer.

1st Clerk. Well, sir—cooked it?

Mr. M. H. (who has been fidgeting over his document, and making faces, and showing much discomfort about it). I—I think I have reduced it a little without making it quite so peremptory—how is it now?

1st Clerk. My dearest—um—um.

2d Clerk. You stick to the polite, sir?

[*Graciously.*]

Mr. M. H. Ladies require to be addressed with consideration, you see.

[*Apologetically.*]

1st Clerk. Six shillings—seven-and-six in all.

Mr. M. H. (with a sigh). Well, so it must be. But, oh, yes, I beg your pardon, when will this be delivered?

1st Clerk. Oh, some time to-night.

Mr. M. H. Ah, but that is very important! I would not send unless you could guarantee that it would be delivered by nine, or at the latest ten minutes past, as—as the lady retires at half-past nine, and I would not have her disturbed on any account.

1st Clerk. We guarantee nothing, but I dessay you'll hear that it's all right.

Mr. M. H. It is only three o'clock now. Surely the message could go away at once.

2d Clerk. Of course it could if the wire wasn't wanted for anything else, but we'll send it as soon as we can.

Mr. M. H. But you will assure me that it

will go before five—surely, a distance of thirty-six miles——

2d Clerk. You see it aint all our line, there are two breaks, and we can't say what the other companies may do, but she'll have it to-night, and there's nothing very pressing in it.

Mr. M. H. (reddening). That, allow me to say, is a matter on which I must be permitted to have my own opinion.

2d Clerk. Have it by all means.

[*Opens a walnut.*]

Mr. M. H. (rising into wrath). And I must add that to put Fortywinks on your list, and not be able to say that you can send there in six hours is a little more than inconsistent.

2d Clerk. Well, you can write to the papers and say so. And as the papers pay our salaries, of course we shall all get the sack.

Mr. M. H. The papers may not pay your salaries, but—ha! ha! (*with mild maliciousness*) they shall pay you out. (*Rushes away on delivering this annihilating smasher, and hurries up the street.*)

2d Clerk. Not so bad of the old muff, that. But he's left his dearest Maria Jane paper behind him

Re-enter Mr. M. H. very hot.

Mr. M. H. I left a paper here. I request its return.

2d Clerk. Did you, sir? No, I think not, sir! I do not see it, sir. Have you seen it, Brown?

1st Clerk. No, I haven't, Robinson.

3d Clerk. I think you must be in herror, sir.

[*They all gaze upon him with much politeness.*]

Mr. M. H. Then I must have dropped it in the street.

2d Clerk. Very likely, sir. The public does those things occasionally. Perhaps the finder will bring it here, and forward it at his own expense; if so, it shall receive every attention, sir.

Mr. M. H. This telegraph system is——

[*Exit before completing his diagnosis.*]

CHAPTER XIX.

"MISSING"—"Lost"—"To"—all the initials of the alphabet—we read these sort of advertisements in the newspapers; and unless there happens to be in them something intensely pathetic, comical, or horrible, we think very little about them. Only those who have undergone all that such an advertisement implies, can understand its depths of misery: the sudden missing of the person out of the home-circle, whether going away in anger, or driven away by terror or disgrace; the hour after hour and day after day of agonized suspense; the self-reproach, real or imaginary, lest anything might have been said or done that was not said or done—anything prevented that was not prevented; the gnawing remorse for some cruel, or careless, or bitter word, that could so easily have been avoided.

Alas! if people could only be made to feel that every work, every action, carries with it the weight of an eternity; that the merest chance may make something said or done quite unpremeditatedly, in vexation, sullenness, or spite, the *last* action, the *last* word; which may grow into an awful remembrance, rising up between them and the irredeemable past, and blackening the future for years.

Selina was quite sure her unhappy nephew had committed suicide, and that she had been the cause of it. This conviction she impressed incessantly on her two sisters, as they waited upon her, or sat talking by her bedside during that long Saturday, when there was nothing else to be done.

That was the misery of it. There was nothing to be done. They had not the slightest clue to Ascott's haunts or associates. With the last lingering of honest shame, or honest respect for his aunts, he had kept all these things to himself. To search for him in wide London was altogether impossible.

Two courses suggested themselves to Hilary—one, to go and consult Miss Balquidder; the other—which came into her mind from some similar case she had heard of—to set on foot inquiries at all police-stations. But the first idea was soon rejected: only at the last extremity could she make patent the family misery, the family disgrace. To the second, similar and even stronger reasons applied. There was something about

the cool, matter-of-fact, business-like act of setting a detective officer to hunt out their nephew, from which these poor women recoiled. Besides, impressed as he was—he had told his Aunt Johanna so—with the relentlessness of Mr. Ascott, might not the chance of his discovering that he was hunted, drive him to desperation?

Hardly to suicide. Hilary steadfastly disbelieved in that. When Selina painted horrible pictures of his throwing himself off Waterloo Bridge; or being found hanging to a tree in one of the parks; or locking himself in a hotel bed-chamber, and blowing out his brains, her younger sister only laughed—laughed as much as she could—if only to keep Johanna quiet.

Yet she herself had few fears. For she knew that Ascott was, in a sense, too cowardly to kill himself. He so disliked physical pain; physical unpleasantness of all kinds. She felt sure he would stop short, even with the razor or the pistol in his hand, rather than do a thing so very disagreeable.

Nevertheless, in spite of herself, while she and her sisters sat together, hour after hour, in a stillness almost like that when there is a death in the house, these morbid terrors took a double size. Hilary ceased to treat them as ridiculous impossibilities, but began to argue them out rationally. The mere act of doing so made her recoil; for it seemed an acknowledgment that she was fighting not with chimeras, but realities.

"It is twenty-four hours since he went," she reasoned. "If he had done anything desperate he would have done it at once, and we should have heard of it long before now; ill news always travels fast. Besides, his name was marked on all his clothes in full. I did it myself. And his coat-pockets were always stuffed with letters; he used to cram them in as soon as he got them, you know."

And at this small remembrance of one of his "ways," even though it was an unkind way, and had caused them many a pain, from the want of confidence it showed, his poor, fond aunts turned aside to hide their starting tears. The very phrase "he used to" seemed such an unconscious admission that his life with them was over and done: that he never would either please them or vex them any more.

Yet they took care that during the whole

day, everything should be done as if he were expected minute by minute: that Elizabeth should lay the fourth knife and fork at dinner, the fourth cup and saucer at tea. Elizabeth, who throughout had faithfully kept her pledge; who went about silently and unobservantly, and by every means in her power put aside the curiosity of Mrs. Jones as to what could be the reason that her lodgers had sat up all night, and what on earth had become of young Mr. Leaf.

After tea, Johanna, quite worn out, consented to go to bed; and then Hilary, left to her own responsibility, set herself to consider how long this dreadful quietness was to last, whether nothing could be done. She could endure whatever was inevitable, but it was against her nature as well as her conscience, to sit down tamely to endure anything whatsoever, till it did become inevitable.

In the first place, she determined on that which a certain sense of honor, as well as the fear of vexing him should he come home, had hitherto prevented,—the examining of Ascott's room, drawers, clothes, and papers. It was a very dreary business—almost like doing the like to a person who was dead, only without the sad sanctity that belongs to the dead, whose very errors are forgotten and forgiven, who can neither suffer nor make others suffer any more.

Many things she found, and more she guessed at,—things which stabbed her to the heart—things that she never told, not even to Johanna; but she found no clue whatever to Ascott's whereabouts, intentions, or connections. One thing, however, struck her—that most of his clothes, and all his somewhat extensive stock of jewelry, were gone; everything, in short, that could be convertible into money. It was evident that his flight, sudden as it was, had been premeditated as at least a possibility.

This so far was satisfactory. It took away the one haunting fear of his committing suicide; and made it likely that he was still lingering about, hiding from justice and Mr. Ascott, or perhaps waiting for an opportunity to escape from England, from the fear that his godfather, even if not prosecuting him, had the power and doubtless the will completely to crush his future, wherever he was known.

Where could he go? His aunt tried to

think over every word he had ever let fall about America, Australia, or any other place to which the hopeless outlaws of this country fly; but she could recollect nothing to enable her to form any conclusion. One thing only she was sure of—that, if once he went away, his own words would come true; they would never see his face again. The last tie, the last constraint that bound him to home and a steady, righteous life would be broken: he would go all adrift, be tossed hither and thither on every wave of circumstance—what *he* called circumstance—till Heaven only knew what a total wreck he might speedily become, or in what forlorn and far-off seas his ruined life might go down. He, Ascott Leaf, the last of the name and family.

"It cannot be! it shall not be!" cried Hilary. A sharp, bitter cry of resistance to the death; and her heart seemed to go out to the wretched boy, and her hands to clutch at him, as if he were drowning, and she were the only one to save him. How could she do it?

If she could only get at him, by word or letter! But that seemed impossible, until, turning over scheme after scheme, she suddenly thought of the one which so many people had tried in similar circumstances, and which she remembered they had talked over and laughed over, they and Ascott, one Sunday evening not so very long ago. This was—a *Times* advertisement.

The difficulty how to word it, so as to catch his attention, and yet escape publicity, was very great, especially as his initials were so common. Hundreds of "A. L.'s" might be wandering away from home, to whom all that she dared say to call Ascott back would equally apply. At last a bright thought struck her.

"A leaf"—with a small *l*—"will be quite safe wherever found. Come. Saturday. 15."

As she wrote it—this wretched *double entendre*—she was seized with that sudden sense of the ludicrous which sometimes intrudes in such a ghastly fashion in the very midst of great misery. She burst into uncontrollable laughter, fit after fit; so violent, that Elizabeth, who came in by chance, was terrified out of her wits; and kneeling beside her mistress, implored her to be quiet. At last the paroxysm ended in complete ex-

haustion. The tension of the last twenty-four hours had given way; and Hilary knew her strength was gone. Yet the advertisement ought to be taken to the *Times* office that very night, in order to be inserted without fail on Monday morning.

There was but one person whom she could trust—Elizabeth.

She looked at the girl, who was kneeling beside the sofa, rubbing her feet, and sometimes casting a glance round, in the quiet way of one well used to nursing, who can find out how the sufferer is without "fussing" with questions. She noticed, probably because she had seen little of her of late, a curious change in Elizabeth. It must have been gradual, but yet its result had never been so apparent before. Her brusqueness had softened down, and there had come into her and shone out of her, spite of all her natural uncomeliness of person, that beautiful intangible something, common alike to peasant and queen, as clear to see and as sad to miss in both — womanliness. Added thereto was the gentle composure of mien which almost invariably accompanies it, which instinctively makes you feel that in great things or small, whatever the woman has to do, she will do it in the womanliest, wisest, and best way.

So thought Miss Hilary, as she lay watching her servant, and then explained to her the errand upon which she wished to send her.

Not much explanation, for she merely gave her the advertisement to read, and told her what she wished done with it. And Elizabeth, on her part, asked no questions; but simply listened and obeyed.

After she was gone, Hilary lay on the sofa, passive and motionless. Her strength and activity seemed to have collapsed at once into that heavy quietness which comes when one has endured to the utmost limit of endurance, when one feels as if to speak a word or to lift a finger would be as much as life was worth.

"Oh, if I could only go to sleep!" was all she thought.

By and by sleep did come; and she was taken far away out of these miseries. By the strange peculiarity of dreams, that we so seldom dream about any grief that oppresses us at the time, but generally of something quite different, she thought she was in some

known unknown land, lovely and beautiful, with blue hills rising in the distance, and blue seas creeping and curling on to the shore. On this shore she was walking with Robert Lyon, just as he used to be, with his true face and honest voice. He did not talk to her much; but she felt him there, and knew they had but "one heart between them." A heart which had never once swerved, either from the other; a heart, whole and sound, into which the least unfaith had never come, that had never known, or recognized even as a possibility, the one first doubt, the ominous

"Little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all."

Is it ever so in this world? Does God ever bring the faithful man to the faithful woman, and make them love one another with a righteous, holy, persistent tenderness, which dare look in his face, nor be ashamed; which sees in this life only the beginning of the life to come; and in the closest, most passionate human love, something to be held with a loose hand, something frail as glass and brittle as straw, unless it is perfected and sanctified by the love divine?

Hilary at least believed so. And when at Elizabeth's knock she woke with a start, and saw—not the sweet sea-shore and Robert Lyon, but the dull parlor, and the last flicker of the fire, she thanked God that her dream was not all a dream; that, sharp as her misery was, it did not touch this—the love of her heart: she believed in Robert Lyon still.

And so she rose and spoke quite cheerfully, asking Elizabeth how she had managed, and whether the advertisement would be sure to be in on Monday morning.

"Yes, Miss Hilary; it is sure to be all right."

And then the girl hung about the room in an uneasy way, as if she had something to tell, which was the fact.

Elizabeth had had an adventure. It was a new thing in her monotonous life; it brightened her eyes, and flushed her cheeks, and made her old nervousness of manner return. More especially as she was somewhat perplexed, being divided in her mind between the wish she had to tell her mistress everything, and the fear to trouble her, at

this troublous time, with any small matter that merely concerned herself.

The matter was this. When she had given in her advertisement at the *Times* office, and was standing behind the counter waiting for her change and receipt, there stood beside her a young man, also waiting. She had hardly noticed him, till on his talking to the clerk about some misprint in his advertisement, apparently one of the great column of "Want Places," her ear was caught by the unmistakable Stowbury accent.

It was the first time she had heard it since she left home, and to Elizabeth's tenacious nature home in absence had gained an additional charm, had grown to be the one place in the world about which her affections clung. In these dreary wilds of London, to hear a Stowbury tongue, to catch sight of a Stowbury person, or even one who might know Stowbury, made her heart leap up with a bound of joy. She turned suddenly, and looked intently at the young man, or rather the lad, for he seemed a mere lad, small, slight, and whiskerless.

"Well, miss, I hope you'll know me again next time," said the young fellow. At which remark Elizabeth saw that he was neither so young nor so simple as she had at first thought. She drew back, very much ashamed, and coloring deeply.

Now, if Elizabeth ever looked anything like comely, it was when she blushed; for she had the delicate skin peculiar to the young women of her district; and when the blood rushed through it, no cheek of lady fair ever assumed a brighter rose. That, or the natural vanity of man in being noticed by woman, caught the youth's attention.

"Come now, miss, don't be shy or offended. Perhaps I'm going your way? Would you like company home?"

"No, thank you," said Elizabeth, with great dignity.

"Well, wont you even tell a fellow your name? Mine's Tom Cliffe, and I live——"

"Cliffe! Are you little Tommy Cliffe, and do you come from Stowbury?"

And all Elizabeth's heart was in her eyes.

As has been said, she was of a specially tenacious nature. She liked few people, but those she did like she held very fast. Almost the only strong interest of her life, except Miss Hilary, had been the little boy whom she had snatched from under the

horse's heels; and though he was rather a scapegrace, and cared little for her, and his mother was a decidedly objectionable woman, she had clung to them both firmly till she lost sight of them.

Now it was not to be expected that she should recognize in this London stranger the little lad whose life she had saved—a lad, too, from her beloved Stowbury—without a certain amount of emotion, at which the individual in question broadly stared.

"Bless your heart, I am Tommy Cliffe from Stowbury, sure enough. Who are you?"

"Elizabeth Hand."

Whereupon ensued a most friendly greeting. Tom declared he should have known her anywhere, and had never forgotten her—never! How far that was true or not, he certainly looked as if it were; and two great tears of pleasure dimmed Elizabeth's kind eyes.

"You have grown a great man now, Tommy," said she, looking at him with a sort of half-maternal pride, and noticing his remarkably handsome and intelligent face,—so intelligent that it would have attracted notice, though it was set upon broad, stooping shoulders, and a small, slight body. "Let me see; how old are you?"

"I'm nineteen, I think."

"And I'm two-and-twenty. How aged we are growing!" said Elizabeth, with a smile.

Then she asked after Mrs. Cliffe, but got only the brief answer, "Mother's dead," given in a tone as if no more inquiries would be welcome. His two sisters, also, had died of typhus in one week, and Tom had been "on his own hook," as he expressed it, for the last three years.

He was extremely frank and confidential; told how he had begun life as a printer's "devil," afterwards became a compositor, and his health failing, had left the trade, and gone as servant to a literary gentleman.

"An uncommon clever fellow is master; keeps his carriage, and has dukes to dinner, all out of his books. Maybe you've heard of them, Elizabeth?" and he named a few, in a patronizing way; at which Elizabeth smiled, for she knew them well. But she nevertheless regarded with a certain awe the servant of so great a man, and "little Tommy Cliffe" took a new importance in her eyes.

Also, as he walked with her along the street to find an omnibus, she could not help perceiving what a sharp little fellow he had grown into; how, like many another printer's boy, he had caught the influence of the atmosphere of letters, and was educated, self-educated of course, to a degree far beyond his position. When she looked at him, and listened to him, Elizabeth involuntarily thought of Benjamin Franklin, and of many more who had raised themselves from the ink-pot and the compositor's desk to fame and eminence, and she fancied that such might be the lot of "little Tommy Cliffe." Why not? If so, how excessively proud she should be!

For the moment, she had forgotten her errand; forgotten even Miss Hilary. It was not till Tom Cliffe asked her where she lived, that she suddenly recollected her mistress might not like, under present circumstances, that their abode or anything concerning them should be known to a Stowbury person.

It was a struggle. She would have liked to see the lad again; have liked to talk over with him Stowbury things and Stowbury people; but she felt she ought not, and she would not.

"Tell me where you live, Tom, and that will do just as well; at least till I speak to my mistress. I never had a visitor before, and my mistress might not like it."

"No followers allowed, eh?"

Elizabeth laughed. The idea of little Tommy Cliffe as her "follower" seemed so very funny.

So she bade him good-by; having, thanks to his gay frankness, been made acquainted with all about him, but leaving him in perfect ignorance concerning herself and her mistress. She only smiled when he declared contemptuously, and with rather a romantic emphasis, that he would hunt her out, though it were half over London.

This was all her adventure. When she came to tell it, it seemed very little to tell, and Miss Hilary listened to it rather indifferently, trying hard to remember who Tommy Cliffe was, and to take an interest in him because he came from Stowbury. But Stowbury days were so far off now—with such a gulf of pain between.

Suddenly the same fear occurred to her that had occurred to Elizabeth.

"The lad did not see the advertisement, I hope? You did not tell him about us?"

"I told him nothing," said Elizabeth, speaking softly, and looking down. "I did not even mention anybody's name."

"That was right: thank you."

But oh, the bitterness of knowing, and feeling sure Elizabeth knew too, the thing for which she thanked her; and that not to mention Ascott's name was the greatest kindness the faithful servant could show towards the family.

CHAPTER XX.

ASCOTT LEAF never came home.

Day after day appeared the advertisement, sometimes slightly altered, as hope or fear suggested; but no word, no letter, no answer of any kind reached the anxious women.

By and by, moved by their distress, or perhaps feeling that the scapegrace would be safer got rid of if found and despatched abroad in some decent manner, Mr. Ascott himself took measures for privately continuing the search. Every outward-bound ship was examined; every hospital visited; every case of suicide investigated; but in vain. The unhappy young man had disappeared, suddenly and completely, as many another has disappeared, out of the home circle, and been never heard of more.

It is difficult to understand how a family can possibly bear such a sorrow, did we not know that many have had to bear it, and have borne it, with all its load of agonizing suspense, slowly dying hope,—

"The hope that keeps alive despair,"—

settling down into a permanent grief, compared to which the grief for loss by death is light and endurable.

The Leaf family went through all this. Was it better or worse for them that their anguish had to be secret? that there were no friends to pity, inquire, or console? that Johanna had to sit hour by hour and day by day in the solitary parlor, Selina having soon gone back to her old ways of "gadding about," and her marriage preparations; and that, hardest of all, Hilary had on the Monday morning to return to Kensington, and work, work, work, as if nothing were amiss?

But it was natural that all this should tell upon her; and one day Miss Balquidder said, after a long covert observation of her face,

"My dear, you look ill. Is there anything troubling you? My young people always tell me their troubles, bodily or mental. I doctor both."

"I am sure of it," said Hilary, with a sad smile, but entered into no explanation; and Miss Balquidder had the wise kindness to inquire no further. Nevertheless, on some errand or other she came to Kensington nearly every evening, and took Hilary back with her to sleep at No. 15.

"Your sister Selina must wish to have you with her as much as possible till she is married," she said, as a reason for doing this.

And Hilary acquiesced, but silently, as we often do acquiesce in what ought to be a truth, but which we know to be the saddest, most painful falsehood.

For Selina, it became plain to see, was one of the family no more. After her first burst of self-reproachful grief she took Mr. Ascott's view of her nephew's loss—that it was a good riddance; went on calmly with her bridal preparations, and seemed only afraid lest anything should interfere to prevent her marriage.

But the danger was apparently tided over. No news of Ascott came. Even the daily inquiries for him by his creditors had ceased. His Aunt Selina was beginning to breathe freely, when, the morning before the wedding-day, as they were all sitting in the midst of white finery, but as sadly and silently as if it were a funeral, a person was suddenly shown in "on business."

It was a detective officer, sent to find out from Ascott Leaf's aunts whether a certain description of him, in a printed handbill was correct. For his principal creditor, exasperated, had determined on thus advertising him in the public papers as having "absconded."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the little parlor, the three aunts could not have been more utterly overwhelmed. They made no "scene,"—a certain sense of pride kept these poor gentlewomen from betraying their misery to a strange man; though he was a very civil man, and having delivered himself of his errand, like an automaton, sat looking into his hat, and taking no notice of aught around him. He was accustomed to this sort of thing.

Hilary was the first to recover herself. She glanced round at her sisters, but they

had not a word to say. In any crisis of family difficulty they always left her to take the helm.

Rapidly she ran over in her mind all the consequences that would arise from this new trouble,—the public disgrace; Mr. Ascott's anger and annoyance, not that she cared much for this, except so far as it would affect Selina; lastly the deathblow it was to any possible hope of reclaiming the poor prodigal, who she did not believe was dead, but still fondly trusted he would return one day from his wanderings and his swine's husks, to have the fatted calf killed for him and glad tears shed over him. But after being advertised as "absconded," Ascott never would, never could, come home any more.

Taking as cool and business-like a tone as she could, she returned the paper to the detective.

"This is a summary proceeding. Is there no way of avoiding it?"

"One, miss," replied the man very respectfully. "If the family would pay the debt."

"Do you know how much it is?"

"Eighty pounds."

"Ah!"

That hopeless sigh of Johanna was sufficient answer, though no one spoke.

But in desperate cases, some women acquire a desperate courage, or rather it is less courage than faith—the faith which is said to "remove mountains," the belief that to the very last there must be something to be done, and, if it can be done, they will have strength to do it. True, the mountain may not be removed, but the mere act of faith, or courage, sometimes teaches how to climb over it.

"Very well. Take this paper back to your employer. He must be aware that his only chance of payment is by suppressing it. If he will do that, in two days he shall hear from us, and we will make arrangements about paying the debt."

Hilary said this, to her sisters' utter astonishment; so utter that they let her say it, and let the detective go away with a civil "Good-morning," before they could interfere or contradict by a word.

"Paying the debt! Hilary, what have you promised! It is an impossibility."

"Like the Frenchman's answer to his

mistress, —‘Madam, if it had been possible it would have been done already; if it is impossible, it shall be done.’ It shall, I say.”

“I wonder you can jest about our misfortunes,” said Selina, in her most querulous voice.

“I’m not jesting. But where is the use of sitting down to moan! I mean what I say. The thing *must* be done.”

Her eyes glittered—her small red lips were set tightly together.

“If it is not done, sisters—if his public disgrace is not prevented, don’t you see the result? Not as regards your marriage, Selina—the man must be a coward who would refuse to marry a woman he cared for, even though her nearest kinsman had been hanged at the Old Bailey—but Ascott himself. The boy is not a bad boy, though he has done wickedly; but there is a difference between a wicked act and a wicked nature. I mean to save him if I can.

“How?”

“By saving his good name; by paying the debt.”

“And where on earth shall you get the money?”

“I will go to Miss Balquidder and——”

“Borrow it?”

“No; never! I would as soon think of stealing it.”

Then controlling herself, Hilary explained that she meant to ask Miss Balquidder to arrange for her with the creditor to pay the eighty pounds by certain weekly or monthly instalments, to be deducted from her salary at Kensington.

“It is not a very great favor to ask of her: merely that she should say, ‘This young woman is employed by me: I believe her to be honest, respectable, and so forth: also, that when she makes a promise to pay, she will to the best of her power perform it.’ A character which is at present rather a novelty in the Leaf family.”

“Hilary!”

“I am growing bitter, Johanna; I know I am. Why should we suffer so much! Why should we be always dragged down—down—in this way? Why should we never have had any one to cherish and take care of us, like other women? Why——”

Miss Leaf laid her finger on her child’s lips,—

“Because it is the will of God.”

Hilary flung herself on her dear old sister’s neck, and burst into tears.

Selina, too, cried a little, and said that she should like to help in paying the debt, if Mr. Ascott had no objection. And then she turned back to her white splendors, and became absorbed in the annoyance of there being too much clematis and far too little orange-blossoms in the bridal bonnet—which it was now too late to change. A little, also, she vexed herself about the risk of confiding in Miss Balquidder, lest by any chance the story might get round to Russell Square; and was urgent that at least nothing should be said or done until after to-morrow. She was determined to be married, and dreaded any slip between the cup and the lip.

But Hilary was resolute. “I said that in two days the matter should be arranged, and so it must be, or the man will think we, too, break our promises.”

“You can assure him to the contrary,” said Selina with dignity. “In fact, why can’t you arrange with him without going at all to Miss Balquidder?”

Again the fierce, bitter expression returned to Hilary’s face.

“You forget, Miss Balquidder’s honest name is his only guarantee against the dishonesty of ours.”

“Hilary, you disgrace us—disgrace me—speaking in such a way. Are we not gentlewomen?”

“I don’t know, Selina. I don’t seem to know or to feel anything, except that I would live on bread and water, in order to live peaceably and honestly. Oh, will it ever, ever be!”

She walked up and down the parlor, disarranging the white draperies which lay about, feeling unutterable contempt for them and for her sister. Angry and miserable, with every nerve quivering, she was at war with the whole world.

This feeling lasted even when, after some discussion, she gained her point, and was on her way to call on Miss Balquidder. She went round and round the square many times, trying to fix in her mind word for word what she meant to say; revealing no more of the family history than was absolutely necessary, and stating her business in the briefest, hardest, most matter-of-fact way—putting it as a transaction between

employer and employed, in which there was no more favor asked or bestowed than could possibly be avoided. And as the sharp east wind blew across her at every corner, minute by minute she felt herself growing more fierce and hard and cold.

"This will never do. I shall be wicked by and by. I must go in and get it over."

Perhaps it was as well. Well for her, morally as physically, that there should have been that sudden change from the blighting weather outside to the warm, well-lighted room, where the good rich woman sat at her early and solitary tea.

Very solitary it looked—the little table in the centre of that large handsome parlor, with the one cup and saucer, the one easy-chair. And as Hilary entered, she noticed, amidst all this comfort and luxury, the still, grave, almost sad expression which solitary people always get to wear.

But the next minute Miss Balquidder had turned round, and risen, smiling.

"Miss Leaf, how very kind of you to come and see me! Just the day before the wedding, too, when you must be so busy. Sit down, and tell me all about it. But first, my dear, how wet your boots are! Let me take them off at once."

Which she did, sending for her own big slippers, and putting them on the tiny feet with her own hands.

Hilary submitted,—in truth, she was too much surprised to resist.

Miss Balquidder had, like most folk, her opinions or "crotchets"—as they might be—and one of them was, to keep her business and friendly relations entirely distinct and apart. Whenever she went to Kensington or her other establishments, she was always emphatically "the mistress"—a kindly, and even motherly mistress, certainly—but still authoritative, decided. Moreover, it was her invariable rule to treat all her *employées* alike—"making no step-bairns" among them. Thus, for some time it had happened that Hilary had been, and felt herself to be, just Miss Leaf, the bookkeeper, doing her duty to Miss Balquidder, her employer, and neither expecting nor attaining any closer relation.

But in her own house, or it might be from the sudden apparition of that young face at her lonely fireside, Miss Balquidder appeared quite different.

A small thing touches a heart that is sore with trouble. When the good woman rose up—after patting the little feet, and approving loudly of the woollen stockings—she saw that Hilary's whole face was quivering with the effort to keep back her tears.

There are some women of whom one feels by instinct that they were, as Miss Balquidder had once jokingly said of herself, specially meant to be mothers. And though, in its strange providence Heaven often denies the maternity, it cannot and does not mean to shut up the well-spring of that maternal passion—truly a passion to such women as these, almost as strong as the passion of love—but lets the stream which might otherwise have blessed one child or one family, flow out wide and far, blessing wherever it goes.

In a tone that somehow touched every fibre of Hilary's heart, Miss Balquidder said, placing her on a low chair beside her own,—

"My dear, you are in trouble. I saw it a week or two ago, but did not like to speak. Couldn't you say it out, and let me help you? You need not be afraid. I never tell anything, and everybody tells everything to me."

That was true. Added to this said motherliness of hers, Miss Balquidder possessed that faculty, which some people have in a remarkable degree, and some—very good people too—are totally deficient in, of attracting confidence. The secrets she had been trusted with, the romances she had been mixed up in, the Quixotic acts she had been called upon to perform during her long life, would have made a novel—or several novels—such as no novelist could dare to write, for the public would condemn them as impossible and unnatural. But all this experience—though happily it could never be put into a book—had given to the woman herself a view of human nature at once so large, lenient, and just, that she was the best person possible to hear the strange and pitiful story of young Ascott Leaf.

How it came out, Hilary hardly knew; she seemed to have told very little, and yet Miss Balquidder guessed it all. It did not appear to surprise or shock her. She neither began to question nor preach; she only laid her hand, her large, motherly, protecting hand, on the bowed head, saying,—

"How much you must have suffered, my poor bairn!"

The soft Scotch tone and word—the grave, quiet Scotch manner, implying more than it even expressed—was it wonderful if underlying as well as outside influences made Hilary completely give way?

Robert Lyon had had a mother, who died when he was seventeen, but of whom he kept the tenderest remembrance, often saying that of all the ladies he had met with in the world, there was none equal to her—the strong, tender, womanly, peasant woman—refined in mind and word and ways—though to the last day of her life she spoke broad Scotch, and did the work of her cottage with her own hands. It seems as if that mother—towards whom Hilary's fancy had clung, lovingly as a woman ought to cling, above all others, to the mother of the man she loves—were speaking to her now, comforting her and helping her—comfort and help that it would have been sweeter to receive from her than from any woman living.

A mere fancy; but in her state of long, uncontrolled excitement, it took such possession of her that Hilary fell on her knees, and hid her face in Miss Balquidder's lap, sobbing aloud.

The other was a little surprised; but it was not her Scotch way to yield to emotion before folk; but she was a wise woman, she asked no questions,—merely held the quivering hands and smoothed the throbbing head, till composure returned. Some people have a magical mesmeric power of soothing and controlling: it was hers. When she took the poor face between her hands, and looked straight into the eyes, with, "There you are better, now," Hilary returned the gaze as steadily, nay, smilingly, and rose.

"Now, may I tell you my business?"

"Certainly, my dear. When one's friends are in trouble, the last thing one ought to do is to sit down beside them and moan. Did you come to ask my advice, or had you any definite plan of your own?"

"I had." And Hilary told it.

"A very good plan, and very generous in you to think of it. But I see two strong objections: first, whether it can be carried out; secondly, whether it ought."

Hilary shrank sensitively.

"Not on my account, my dear, but your

own. I often see people making martyrs of themselves for some worthless character on whom the sacrifice is utterly wasted. I object to this, as I would object to throwing myself or my friend into a blazing house, unless I was morally certain there was a life to be saved. Is there in this case?"

"I think there is! I trust in Heaven there is!" said Hilary, earnestly.

There was both pleasure and pity expressed in Miss Balquidder's countenance, as she replied: "Be it so; that is a matter on which no one can judge except yourself. But on the other matter you ask my advice, and I must give it. To maintain two ladies, and pay a debt of eighty pounds out of one hundred a year is simply impossible."

"With Johanna's income and mine it will be a hundred and twenty pounds and some odd shillings a year."

"You accurate girl! But even with this it cannot be done, unless you were to live in a manner so restricted in the commonest comforts, that at your sister's age she would be sure to suffer. You must look on the question from all sides, my dear. You must be just to others, as well as to that young man, who seems never to— But I will leave him unjudged."

They were both silent for a minute; and then Miss Balquidder said: "I feel certain there is but one rational way of accomplishing the thing, if you are bent upon doing it, if your own judgment and conscience tell you it ought to be done. Is it so?"

"Yes," said Hilary, firmly.

The old Scotswoman took her hand with a warm pressure. "Very well. I don't blame you. I might have done the same myself. Now to my plan. Miss Leaf, have you known me long enough to confer on me the benediction—one of the few that we rich folk possess,—'It is more blessed to give than to receive'?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Then allow me to explain. I happen to know this creditor of your nephew. He being a tailor and an outfitter, we have had dealings together in former times, and I know him to be a hard man, an unprincipled man, such an one as no young woman should have to do with, even in business relations. To be in his power, as you would be for some years, if your scheme of gradual payment were carried out, is the last thing I should desire for you. Let me suggest another way. Take me for your creditor instead of him. Pay him at once, and I will write you a cheque for the amount."

The thing was put so delicately, in such

an ordinary manner, as if it were a mere business arrangement, that at first Hilary hardly perceived all it implied. When she did; when she found that it was in plain terms a gift or loan of eighty pounds, offered by a person almost a stranger, she was at first quite bewildered. Then (ah! let us not blame her if she carried to a morbid excess that noble independence which is the foundation of all true dignity in man or woman) she shrunk back into herself, overcome with annoyance and shame. At last she forced herself to say, though the words came out rather coldly,—

"You are very good, and I am exceedingly obliged to you; but I never borrowed money in my life. It is quite impossible."

"Very well: I can understand your feelings. I beg your pardon," replied Miss Balquidder, also somewhat coldly.

They sat silent and awkward, and then the elder lady took out a pencil, and began to make calculations in her memorandum-book.

"I am reckoning what is the largest sum per month that you could reasonably be expected to spare, and how you may make the most of what remains. Are you aware that London lodgings are very expensive? I am thinking that if you were to exchange out of the Kensington shop into another I have at Richmond, I could offer you the first floor above it for much less rent than you pay Mrs. Jones; and you could have your sister living with you."

"Ah! that would make us both so much happier! How good you are!"

"You will see, I only wish to help you to help yourself; not to put you under any obligation. Though I cannot see anything so very terrible in your being slightly indebted to an old woman, who has neither chick nor child, and is at perfect liberty to do what she likes with her own."

There was a pathos in the tone which smote Hilary into quick contrition.

"Forgive me! But I have such a horror of borrowing money—you must know why, after what I have told you of our family. You must surely understand——"

"I do, fully; but there are limits even to independence. A person who, for his own pleasure, is ready to take money from anybody and everybody, without the slightest prospect or intention of returning it, is quite different from a friend who in a case of emergency, accepts help from another friend, being ready and willing to take every means of repayment, as I knew you were, and meant you to be. I meant, as you suggested, to stop out of your salary so much per month, till I had my eighty pounds safe back again."

"But suppose you never had it back? I am young and strong; still I might fall ill—I might die, and you never be repaid."

"Yes, I should," said Miss Balquidder, with a serious smile. "You forget my dear bairn,—'*Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me.*' *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.*" I have lent him a good deal at different times, and he has always paid me back with usury."

There was something at once solemn and a little sad in the way the old lady spoke. Hilary forgot her own side of the subject; her pride, her humiliation.

"But do you not think, Miss Balquidder, that one ought to work on, struggle on, to the last extremity, before one accepts an obligation, most of all a money obligation?"

"I do, as a general principle. Yet money is not the greatest thing in this world, that a pecuniary debt should be the worst to bear. And sometimes one of the kindest acts you can do to a fellow-creature—one that touches and softens his heart, nay, perhaps wins it to you for life, is to accept a favor from him."

Hilary made no reply.

"I speak a little from experience. I have not had a very happy life myself; at least most people would say so if they knew it; but the Lord has made it up to me by giving me the means of bringing happiness, in money as well as other ways, to other people. Most of us have our favorite luxuries; this is mine. I like to do people good; I like also—though maybe that is a mean weakness—to feel that I do it. If all whom I have been made instrumental in helping had said to me, as you have done, 'I will not be helped, I will not be made happy,' it would have been rather hard for me."

And a smile, half humorous, half sad, came over the hard-featured face, spiritualizing its whole expression.

Hilary wavered. She compared her own life, happy still, and hopeful, for all its cares, with that of this lonely woman, whose only blessing was her riches, except the generous heart which sanctified them, and made them such. Humbled, nay, ashamed, she took and kissed the kindly hand which had succored so many, yet which, in the inscrutable mystery of Providence, had been left to go down to the grave alone; missing all that is personal, dear, and precious to a woman's heart, and getting instead only what Hilary now gave her—the half-sweet, half-bitter payment of gratitude.

"Well, my bairn, what is to be done?"

"I will do whatever you think right," murmured Hilary.

From The Westminster Review.
THE SLAVE POWER.

The Slave Power; its Character, Career, and Probable Designs: being an Attempt to explain the real Issues involved in the American Contest. By J. E. Cairnes, M.A., Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway; and late Whately Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin. London. 1862.

THIS volume has a twofold claim to attention; on the author's account, and on its own. Mr. Cairnes, one of the ablest of the distinguished men who have given lustre to the much-calumniated Irish colleges, as well as to the chair of Political Economy, which Ireland owes to the enlightened public spirit of Archbishop Whately, is known to the thinking part of the public as the contributor to English periodicals of the clearest and most conclusive discussions which have yet appeared on some of the most disputed and difficult economical questions of the time. He has now, in a work of larger dimensions, given the result of the study which, both as a first-rate political economist, and in the higher character of a moral and political philosopher, he has devoted to the American contest. A work more needed, or one better adapted to the need, could scarcely have been produced at the present time. It contains more than enough to give a new turn to English feeling on the subject, if those who guide and sway public opinion were ever likely to reconsider a question on which they have so deeply committed themselves. To all who are still open to conviction, it is an invaluable exposition both of the principles and the facts of the case. The last is as much required as the first; for the strange partiality of the nation which most abhors negro slavery, to those who are urging an internecine war solely for its propagation, could not have existed for a moment, had there not been, not merely a complete misunderstanding of principles, but an utter ignorance of facts.

We believe that we shall, on the present occasion, do a better service to truth and right by helping to extend the knowledge of the contents of Mr. Cairnes's treatise, than by any comments of our own. Mr. Cairnes opens up the question in so lucid and natural an order, and so exhausts it in all its

more important aspects, that a mere condensation of his book would be the most powerful argumentative discourse on the subject, which could well be given in the narrow compass of an article. Not that, as is the case with lax and diffuse writers, his argument gains by condensation. On the contrary, it loses greatly. In Mr. Cairnes's book there is nothing verbose, nothing superfluous; the effect is nowhere weakened by expansion, nor the impression of the whole frittered away by undue expatiating on parts; the work is artistic as well as scientific, observing due proportion, dwelling long enough, and not too long, on each portion of the subject, and passing to a new point exactly when the mind is prepared for it, by having completely appropriated those preceding. An attempt to convey the substance of such a composition in an abridged form, may give some idea of the skeleton, but none of the nerve and muscle: the greatest merit which it could have would be that of stimulating the reader to have recourse to Mr. Cairnes's own pages.

After sweeping away the idle notion, which never could have been entertained by any one conversant with even the surface of American history, that the quarrel is about tariffs, or anything whatever except slavery, Mr. Cairnes proceeds to the main thesis of his book, viz., that the Slave Power, whose character and aims are the cause of the American contest, is "the most formidable antagonist to civilized progress which has appeared for many centuries, representing a system of society at once retrograde and aggressive, a system which, containing within it no germs from which improvement can spring, gravitates inevitably towards barbarism, while it is impelled by exigencies inherent in its position and circumstances to a constant extension of its territorial domain." This is what a man of distinguished ability, who has deeply considered the subject, thinks of the new power, which England, by the moral influence of its opinion and sympathies, is helping to raise up. "The vastness," he continues, "of the interests at stake in the American contest, regarded under this aspect, appears to me to be very inadequately conceived in this country, and the purpose of the present work is to bring forward this view of the case more prominently than has yet been done."

Accordingly, in the first place, Mr. Cairnes expounds the economic necessities under which the Slave Power is placed by its fundamental institution. Slavery, as an industrial system, is not capable of being everywhere profitable. It requires peculiar conditions. Originally a common feature of all the Anglo-Saxon settlements in America, it took root and became permanent only in the Southern portion of them. What is the explanation of this fact? Several causes have been assigned. One is, diversity of character in the original founders of those communities; New England having been principally colonized by the middle and poorer classes, Virginia and Carolina by the higher. The fact was so, but it goes a very little way towards the explanation of the phenomenon, since "it is certain the New Englanders were not withheld from employing slaves by moral scruples;" and if slave labor had been found suitable for the requirements of the country, they would, without doubt, have adopted it in fact, as they actually did in principle. Another common explanation of the different fortune of slavery in the Northern and Southern States is, that the Southern climate is not adapted to white laborers, and that negroes will not work without slavery. The latter half of this statement is opposed to fact. Negroes are willing to work wherever they have the natural inducements to it, inducements equally indispensable to the white race. The climate theory is inapplicable to the Border Slave States, Kentucky, Virginia, and others, whose climate "is remarkably genial, and perfectly suited to the industry of Europeans." Even in the Gulf States, the alleged fact is only true, as it is in all other parts of the world, of particular localities. The Southern States, it is observed by M. de Tocqueville, "are not hotter than the south of Italy and Spain." In Texas itself there is a flourishing colony of free Germans, who carry on all the occupations of the country, growth of cotton included, by white labor; and "nearly all the heavy out-door work in the city of New Orleans is performed by whites."

What the success or failure of slavery as an industrial system depends on, is the adaptation of the productive industry of the country to the qualities and defects of slave labor. There are kinds of cultivation which

even in tropical regions cannot advantageously be carried on by slaves; there are others in which, as a mere matter of profit, slave labor has the advantage over the only kind of free labor which, as a matter of fact, comes into competition with it—the labor of peasant proprietors.

The economic advantage of slave labor is, that it admits of complete organization: "it may be combined on an extensive scale, and directed by a controlling mind to a single end." Its defects are, that it is given reluctantly; it is unskilful; it is wanting in versatility. Being given reluctantly, it can only be depended on as long as the slave is watched; but the cost of watching is too great if the workmen are dispersed over a widely extended area; their concentration, or, in other words, the employment of many workmen at the same time and place, is a condition *sine qua non* of slavery as an industrial system; while, to enable it to compete successfully with the intense industry and thrift of workmen who enjoy the entire fruits of their own labor, this concentration and combination of labor must be not merely possible, but also economically preferable. The second disadvantage of slave labor is that it is unskilful: "not only because the slave, having no interest in his work, has no inducement to exert his higher faculties, but because, from the ignorance to which he is of necessity condemned, he is incapable of doing so." This disqualification restricts the profitableness of slavery to the case of purely unskilled labor. "The slave is unsuited for all branches of industry which require the slightest care, forethought, or dexterity. He cannot be made to co-operate with machinery; he can only be trusted with the commonest implements; he is incapable of all but the rudest labor." The third defect of slave labor is but a form of the second; its want of versatility. "The difficulty of teaching the slave anything is so great, that the only chance of turning his labor to profit is, when he has once learned a lesson, to keep him to that lesson for life. Where slaves, therefore, are employed, there can be no variety of production. If tobacco be cultivated, tobacco becomes the sole staple, and tobacco is produced whatever be the state of the market, and whatever be the condition of the soil." All this, not as matter of theory merely, but of actual daily experience

in the Southern States, is superabundantly proved, as Mr. Cairnes shows, by Southern testimony.

It follows, first, that slave labor is unsuited for manufactures, and can only, in competition with free labor, be profitably carried on in a community exclusively agricultural. Secondly, that even among agricultural employments it is unsuited to those in which the laborers are, or without great economical disadvantage can be, dispersed over a wide surface; among which are nearly all kinds of cereal cultivation, including the two great staples of the Free States, maize and wheat. "A single laborer can cultivate twenty acres of wheat or Indian corn, while he cannot manage more than two of tobacco, or three of cotton." Tobacco and cotton admit, therefore, the possibility of working large numbers within a limited space: and as they also benefit in a far greater degree than wheat or maize by combination and classification of labor, the characteristic advantage of slave labor is at the highest, while its greatest drawback, the high cost of superintendence, is reduced to the minimum. It is to these kinds of cultivation, together with sugar and rice, that in America slave labor is practically confined. Wherever, even in the Southern States, "the external conditions are especially favorable to cereal crops, as in parts of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and along the slopes of the Alleghanies, there slavery has always failed to maintain itself."

But a kind of cultivation suitable to it is not the only condition which the slave system requires in order to be economically profitable. It demands in addition, an unlimited extent of highly fertile land. This arises from the other two infirmities of slave labor, its unskilfulness and its want of versatility. This point being of the very highest importance, and the foundation of the author's main argument, we give the statement of it in his own words:—

"When the soils are not of good quality, cultivation needs to be elaborate; a larger capital is expended, and with the increase of capital the processes become more varied, and the agricultural implements of a finer and more delicate construction. With such implements slaves cannot be trusted, and for such processes they are unfit. It is only, therefore, where the natural fertility of the soil is so great as to compensate for the in-

feriority of the cultivation, where nature does so much as to leave little for art, and to supersede the necessity of the more difficult contrivances of industry, that slave labor can be turned to profitable account.

"Further, slavery, as a permanent system, has need not merely of a fertile soil, but of a practically unlimited extent of it. This arises from the defect of slave labor in point of versatility. As has been already remarked, the difficulty of teaching the slave anything is so great—the result of the compulsory ignorance in which he is kept, combined with want of intelligent interest in his work—that the only chance of rendering his labor profitable is, when he has once learned a lesson, to keep him to that lesson for life. Accordingly, where agricultural operations are carried on by slaves, the business of each gang is always restricted to the raising of a single product. Whatever crop is best suited to the character of the soil and the nature of slave industry, whether cotton, tobacco, sugar, or rice, that crop is cultivated, and that crop only. Rotation of crops is thus precluded by the conditions of the case. The soil is tasked again and again to yield the same product, and the inevitable result follows. After a short series of years its fertility is completely exhausted, the planter abandons the ground which he has rendered worthless, and passes on to seek in new soils for that fertility under which alone the agencies at his disposal can be profitably employed."—(Pp. 53-6.)

Accordingly, the ruin, and in many cases the abandonment to nature, of what were once the most productive portions of the older Slave States, are facts palpable to the eye, admitted and loudly proclaimed by slaveholders. And hence that pressing demand for the perpetual extension of the area of slavery, that never-ceasing tendency westward, and unceasing struggle for the opening of fresh regions to slave-owners and their human property, which has grown with the growth of the cotton cultivation, and strengthened with its strength; which produced the seizure of Texas, the war with Mexico, the buccaneering expeditions to Central America, and the sanguinary contest for Kansas; which has been the one determining principle of Southern politics for the last quarter of a century; and because at last, though tardily, resisted by the North, has decided the Cotton States to break up the Union.

Such being the economic conditions of a slave community like those of the Southern

States, the author proceeds to show how this economic system gives rise to a social and a political organization tending in the highest degree to aggravate the evils which emanate originally from the economic system itself.

"The single merit of slave labor as an industrial instrument consists, as we have seen, in its capacity for organization, its susceptibility of being adjusted with precision to the kind of work to be done, and of being directed on a comprehensive plan towards some distinctly conceived end. Now, to give scope to this quality, the scale on which industry is carried on must be extensive; and to carry on industry on an extensive scale, large capitals are required;" moreover, a capitalist employing slave labor requires funds sufficient not merely to maintain his slaves, but to purchase their fee simple from the first. "Owing to these causes, large capitals are, relatively to small, more profitable, and are at the same time absolutely more required, in countries of slave, than in countries of free labor. It happens, however, that capital is in slave countries a particularly scarce commodity, owing partly to the exclusion from such countries of many modes of creating it—manufactures and commerce, for example—which are open to free communities; and partly to what is also a consequence of the institution, the unthrifty habits of the upper classes. From this state of things result two phenomena, which may be regarded as typical of industry carried on by slaves—the magnitude of the plantations, and the indebtedness of the planters. Wherever negro slavery has prevailed in modern times, these two phenomena will be found to exist. 'Our wealthier planters,' says Mr. Clay, 'are buying out their poorer neighbors, extending their plantations, and adding to their slave force. The wealthy few, who are able to live on smaller profits, and to give their blasted fields some rest, are thus pushing off the many who are merely independent.' At the same time these wealthier planters are, it is well known, very generally in debt, the forthcoming crops being for the most part mortgaged to Northern capitalists, who make the needful advances, and who thus become the instruments by which a considerable proportion of the slave labor of the South is maintained. The tendency of things, therefore, in slave countries, is to a very unequal distribution of wealth. The large capitalists, having a steady advantage over their smaller competitors, engross with the progress of time a larger and larger proportion of the aggregate wealth of the country, and gradually acquire the control of its collective

industry. Meantime, amongst the ascendant class a condition of general indebtedness prevails."—(Pp. 66-71.)

Side by side with these great land and slave proprietors grows up a white *proletariat* of the worst kind, known in Southern phraseology as "mean whites" or "white trash." The vast districts (becoming, under the deteriorating effects of slave industry, constantly larger) which are surrendered to nature, and relapse into wilderness,

"Become the resort of a numerous horde of people, who, too poor to keep slaves, and too proud to work, prefer a vagrant and precarious life spent in the desert, to engaging in occupations which would associate them with the slaves whom they despise. In the Southern States no less than five millions of human beings are now said to exist in this manner, in a condition little removed from savage life, eking out a wretched subsistence by hunting, by fishing, by hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, by plunder. Combining the restlessness and contempt for regular industry peculiar to the savage, with the vices of the *proletaire* of civilized communities, these people make up a class at once degraded and dangerous; and constantly reinforced as they are by all that is idle, worthless, and lawless among the population of the neighboring States, form an inexhaustible preserve of ruffianism, ready at hand for all the worst purposes of Southern ambition. The planters complain of these people for their idleness, for corrupting their slaves, for their thievish propensities; but they cannot dispense with them; for in truth they perform an indispensable function in the economy of slave societies, of which they are at once the victims and the principal supporters. It is from their ranks that those filibustering expeditions are recruited, which have been found so effective an instrument in extending the domain of the slave power; they furnish the 'Border Ruffians' who in the colonization struggle with the Northern States contend with Freesoilers on the territories, and it is to their antipathy to the negroes that the planters securely trust for repressing every attempt at servile insurrection."—(Pp. 75-76.)

Such, then, is the constitution of society in the Slave States; "it resolves itself into three classes—the slaves, on whom devolves all the regular industry; the slaveholders, who reap all its fruits; and an idle and lawless rabble who live dispersed over vast plains in a condition little removed from absolute barbarism." Of a society thus com-

posed, the political structure is determined by an inexorable law.

"When the whole wealth of a country is monopolized by a thirtieth part of its population, while the remainder are by physical or moral causes consigned to compulsory poverty and ignorance; when the persons composing the privileged thirtieth part are all engaged in pursuits of the same kind, subject to the influence of the same moral ideas, and identified with the maintenance of the same species of property; political power will of necessity reside with those in whom centre the elements of such power—wealth, knowledge, and intelligence—the small minority for whose exclusive benefit the system exists. The polity of such a society must thus, in essence, be an oligarchy, whatever be the particular mould in which it is cast. Nor is this all. A society so organized tends to develop with a peculiar intensity the distinctive vices of an oligarchy. In a country of free labor, whatever be the form of government to which it is subject, the pursuits of industry are various. Various interests, therefore, take root, and parties grow up which, regarding national questions from various points of view, become centres of opposition, whether against the undue pretensions of any one of their number, or against those of a single ruler. It is not so in the Slave States. That variety of interests which springs from the individual impulses of a free population does not here exist. The elements of a political opposition are wanting. There is but one party, but one set of men who are capable of acting together in political concert. The rest is an undisciplined rabble. From this state of things the only possible result is that which we find—a despotism, in the last degree unscrupulous and impatient of control, wielded by the wealthy few. . . .

"To sum up in a few words the general results of the foregoing discussion; the Slave Power—that power which has long held the helm of government in the Union—is, under the forms of a democracy, an uncontrolled despotism, wielded by a compact oligarchy. Supported by the labor of four millions of slaves, it rules a population of five millions of whites—a population ignorant, averse to systematic industry, and prone to irregular adventure. A system of society more formidable for evil, more menacing to the best interests of the human race, it is difficult to conceive."—(Pp. 85-87, 92.)

Are there, in the social and political system which has now been characterized, any elements of improvement, any qualities which

leave room for a reasonable hope of the ultimate, however gradual, correction of its inherent evils? Mr. Cairnes has conclusively shown that the very reverse is the case. Instead of raising themselves to the level of free societies, these communities are urged by the most imperious motives to drag down, if possible, free societies to the level of themselves.

It may be thought, perhaps, that American slavery will, from merely natural causes, share the fate of slavery elsewhere. The institution of slavery was once universal, but mankind have nevertheless improved; the most progressive communities in the ancient and modern world—the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, mediæval Europeans—have been afflicted with this scourge, but by the natural progress of improvement have got rid of it; and why, it may be said, should not this also happen in the Southern States? and if so, would not an attempt to anticipate this natural progress, and make emancipation move forward more rapidly than the preparation for it, be full of mischief even to the oppressed race itself?

Mr. Cairnes feels all the importance of this question; and no part of his book is more instructive, or more masterly, than the chapter in which he grapples with it. He shows, that "between slavery as it existed in classical and mediæval times, and the system which now erects itself defiantly in North America," there are such deep-seated distinctions, as render the analogy of the one entirely inapplicable to the other.

The first distinction is the vital fact of the difference in color between modern slaves and their masters. In the ancient world, slaves, once freed, became an integral part of free society; their descendants not only were not a class apart, but were the main source from which the members of the free community were recruited; and no obstacle, legal or moral, existed to their attainment of the highest social positions. In America, on the contrary, the freed slave transmits the external brand of his past degradation to all his descendants. However worthy of freedom, they bear an outward mark which prevents them from becoming imperceptibly blended with the mass of the free; and while that odious association lasts, it forms a great additional hindrance to the enfranchisement by their masters, of those whom, even when

enfranchised, the masters cannot endure to look upon as their fellow-citizens.

But another difference between ancient and modern slavery, which still more intimately affects the question under discussion, arises from the immense development of international commerce in modern times.

"So long as each nation was in the main dependent on the industry of its own members for the supply of its wants, a strong motive would be present for the cultivation of the intelligence, and the improvement of the condition, of the industrial classes. The commodities which minister to comfort and luxury cannot be produced without skilled labor, and skilled labor implies a certain degree of mental cultivation, and a certain progress in social respect. To attain success in the more difficult industrial arts, the workman must respect his vocation, must take an interest in his task; habits of care, deliberation, forethought, must be acquired; in short, there must be such a general awakening of the faculties, intellectual and moral, as by leading men to a knowledge of their rights and of the means of enforcing them, inevitably disqualifies them for the servile condition. Now this was the position in which the slave-master found himself in the ancient world. He was, in the main, dependent on the skill of his slaves for obtaining whatever he required. He was therefore naturally led to cultivate the faculties of his slaves, and by consequence to promote generally the improvement of their condition. His progress in the enjoyment of the material advantages of civilization depended directly upon *their* progress in knowledge and social consideration. Accordingly, the education of slaves was never prohibited in the ancient Roman world, and, in point of fact, no small number of them enjoyed the advantage of a high cultivation. 'The youths of promising genius,' says Gibbon, 'were instructed in the arts and sciences, and almost every profession, liberal and mechanical, might be found in the household of an opulent senator.' Modern slaveholders on the contrary, are independent of the skill, and therefore of the intelligence and social improvement, of their slave population. They have only need to find a commodity which is capable of being produced by crude labor, and at the same time in large demand in the markets of the world; and by applying their slaves to the production of this, they may, through an exchange with other countries, make it the means of procuring for themselves whatever they require. Cotton and sugar, for example, are commodities which fulfil these conditions; they may be raised by crude labor, and they are in large demand

throughout the world. Accordingly, Alabama and Louisiana have only to employ their slaves in raising these products, and they are enabled through their means to command the industrial resources of all commercial nations. Without cultivating one of the arts or refinements of civilization, they can possess themselves of all its material comforts. Without employing an artisan, a manufacturer, a skilled laborer of any sort, they can secure the products of the highest manufacturing and mechanical skill." —(Pp. 100-3.)

There being no inducements for cultivating the intelligence of slaves, the mighty motives which always exist *against* suffering it to be cultivated, have had full play; and in all the principal Slave States, teaching a slave to read or write is rigorously prohibited, under most severe penalties both to the teacher and the taught.

There is yet another important distinction between slavery in ancient and in modern times—namely, "the place which the slave trade fills in the organization of modern slavery. Trading in slaves was doubtless practised by the ancients, and with sufficient barbarity. But we look in vain in the records of antiquity for a traffic which, in extent, in systematic character, and above all, in the function discharged by it as the common support of countries breeding and consuming human labor, can with justice be regarded as the analogue of the modern slave trade—of that organized system which has been carried on between Guinea and the coast of America, and of that between Virginia, the Guinea of the New World, and the slave-consuming States of the South and West." The barbarous inhumanity of the slave trade has long been understood; but what has not been so often noticed is the mode in which it operates in giving increased coherence and stability to the system of which it is a part; first, "by bringing the resources of salubrious countries to supplement the waste of human life in torrid regions; and secondly, by providing a new source of profit for slaveholders, which enables them to keep up the institution, when, in the absence of this resource, it would become unprofitable and disappear." Thus, in Virginia, when slavery, by exhausting the soil, had eaten away its own profits, and the recolonization of the State by free settlers had actually begun, came suddenly the pro-

hibition of the African slave trade, and nearly at the same time the vast enlargement of the field for slave labor by the purchase of Louisiana; and these two events made slavery in Virginia again profitable, as a means of breeding slaves for exportation and sale to the South.

It is through the existence of this abundant breeding-ground for slaves, which enables their number to be kept up and increased, in the face of the most frightful mortality in the places to which they are sent, that slavery is enabled, as it exhausts old lands, to move on to new ones, preventing that condensation of population which, by depriving the "mean whites" of the means of subsisting without regular work, might render them efficient workmen, instead of, as they now are, "more inefficient, more unreliable, more unmanageable" than even the slaves, and so might gradually effect the substitution of free for slave labor. The consequence is that population under these institutions increases only by dispersion. Fifteen persons to the square mile are its maximum density in the really slave countries; a state of things under which "popular education becomes impracticable; roads, canals, railways must be losing speculations" (in South Carolina "a train has been known to travel a hundred miles with a single passenger"); all civilizing agencies, all powers capable of making improvement penetrate the mass of the poor white population, are wanting.

There remain, as a source from which the regeneration of slave society is to be looked for, the slave-owners themselves; the chance, whatever it may be, that these may be induced, without external compulsion, to free their slaves, or take some measure, great or small, to prepare the slaves for freedom. An individual here and there may be virtuous enough to do this, if the general sentiment of those by whom he is surrounded will allow him; but no one, we suppose, is simple enough to expect this sacrifice from the entire ruling class of a nation, least of all from the ruling class in the Slave States, with whom the maintenance of slavery has become a matter of social pride and political ambition as much as of pecuniary interest. "It is not simply as a productive instrument that slavery is valued by its supporters. It is far rather for its social and political re-

sults, as the means of upholding a form of society in which slaveholders are the sole depositaries of social prestige and political power, as the corner-stone of an edifice of which they are the masters, that the system is prized. Abolish slavery, and you introduce a new order of things, in which the ascendancy of the men who now rule in the South would be at an end. An immigration of new men would set in rapidly from various quarters. The planters and their adherents would soon be placed in a hopeless minority in their old dominions. New interests would take root and grow; new social ideas would germinate; new political combinations would be formed; and the power and hopes of the party which has long swayed the politics of the Union, and which now seeks to break loose from that Union in order to secure a free career for the accomplishment of bolder designs, would be gone forever." Accordingly, the South has advanced, from the modest apologies for slavery of a generation ago, to loudly vaunting it as a moral, civilizing, and every way wholesome institution; the fit condition not only for negroes but for the laboring classes of all countries; nay, as an ordinance of God, and a sacred deposit providentially entrusted to the keeping of the Southern Americans, for preservation and extension.

The energies of the Southern rulers have long been devoted to protecting themselves against the economical inconveniences of slavery in a manner directly the reverse of either its extinction or its mitigation. To obtain for it an ever wider field is the sole aim of their policy, and, as they are firmly persuaded, the condition of their social existence. "There is not a slaveholder," says Judge Warner, of Georgia, and in saying this he only expressed the general sentiment, "in this house or out of it, but who knows perfectly well that whenever slavery is confined within certain specified limits its future existence is doomed; it is only a question of time as to its final destruction. You may take any single slaveholding county in the Southern States, in which the great staples of cotton and sugar are cultivated to any extent, and confine the present slave population within the limits of that county. Such is the rapid natural increase of the slaves, and the rapid exhaustion of the soil in the cultivation of those crops (which add so

much to the commercial wealth of the country), that in a few years it would be impossible to support them within the limits of such county. Both master and slave would be starved out; and what would be the practical effect in any one county, the same result would happen to all the Slaveholding States. Slavery cannot be confined within certain limits without producing the destruction of both master and slave; it requires fresh lands, plenty of wood and water, not only for the comfort and happiness of the slave, but for the benefit of the owner." And this is the doctrine of the *advocates* of slavery! What, to any mind but that of a slaveholder, would seem at once the *reductio ad absurdum* and the bitterest moral satire on slavery, is by them brought forward—such is the state of their minds—as an unanswerable argument for bringing fresh territory under it as fast as it exhausts the old, until, we suppose, all the remaining soil of our planet is used up and depopulated.

Even were they not prompted to this aggressive ambition by pecuniary interest they would have a sufficient inducement to it in the passions which are the natural growth of slave society. "That which the necessity for fresh soils is to the political economy of such communities, a lust of power is to their morality. The slaveholder lives from infancy in an atmosphere of despotism; he sees around him none but abject creatures who, under fearful penalties to be inflicted by himself, are bound to do his slightest, his most unreasonable bidding." The commerce between master and slave, in the words of Jefferson, himself born and bred a slaveowner, "is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions—the most unremitting despotism on the one hand, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to the worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped with its odious peculiarities." The arrogance, self-will, and impatience of restraint, which are the natural fruits of the situation, and with which the Southern-American character in all its manifestations is deeply stamped, suffice of themselves to make the slaveholding class throw all their

pride and self-importance into the maintenance, extension, and exaltation of their "peculiar institution;" the more, because the institution and its upholders are generally reprobated by mankind, and because they have to defy the opinion of free nations, and may have to resist the exertion of their physical power.

Hence it is that the politicians of the Slave States have devoted themselves, with the ardor of fanaticism, to acquiring, by fair means or foul, ascendancy in the politics of the Union, in order that they might employ that ascendancy in gaining territory for the formation of new Slave States; and again to create more and more Slave States, in order to maintain their ascendancy in the Union. Mr. Cairnes has traced with a vigorous hand the history of these efforts: the struggle between freedom and slavery for the possession of Missouri; the compromise by which that new state was given up to slavery, on condition that no future Slave State should be created north of the parallel 36° 30' of north latitude; the filibustering occupation of Texas in order to detach it from Mexico, its annexation to the Union by means of slavery ascendancy, and the war with Mexico for the acquisition of more slave territory; the Missouri compromise, as soon as all its fruits had been reaped, discovered to be unconstitutional, and repudiated, the principle next set up being "squatter sovereignty" (the doctrine that Congress could not legislate for the territories, and that the first inhabitants had the right to decide whether they would allow slavery or not); the Northern territories consequently opened to slavery, and the race which followed between Northern and Southern occupants for the possession of Kansas; a slavery constitution for Kansas voted at the rifle's point by bands of "border ruffians" from the South, who did not even intend to settle in the territory; when this nefarious proceeding was frustrated by the crowds of free settlers who flocked in from the North and refused to be bound by the fictitious constitution, the principle of squatter sovereignty also repudiated, since it had failed to effect Southern objects, and the doctrine set up that slavery exists *ipso jure* in all the territories, and that not even the settlers themselves could make it illegal; and finally a decision obtained from the highest tribunal of the United States (which

Southern influence had succeeded in filling with Southern lawyers) by which not only this monstrous principle was affirmed, but the right of a slave-master was recognized to carry his slaves with him to any part of the Free States, and hold them there, any local law to the contrary notwithstanding. This was the one step too much in the otherwise well-planned progress of the Southern conspiracy. At this point the Northern allies, by whose help alone they could command a majority in the councils of the Federation, fell off from them. The defeat of the Southern candidate for the presidency followed as a consequence: and this first check to the aggressive and advancing movement of slavery, was the signal for secession and civil war. Well may Mr. Cairnes say that this series of events "is one of the most striking and alarming episodes in modern history, and furnishes a remarkable example of what a small body of men may effect against the most vital interests of human society, when, thoroughly understanding their position and its requirements, they devote themselves, deliberately, resolutely, and unscrupulously, to the accomplishment of their ends."

Should these conspirators succeed in making good their independence, and possessing themselves of a part of the territories, being those which are in immediate contact with Mexico, nothing is to be expected but the spread of the institution by conquest (unless prevented by some European power) over that vast country, and ultimately over all Spanish America, and if circumstances permit, the conquest and annexation of the West Indies; while so vast an extension of the field for the employment of slaves would raise up a demand for more, which would in all probability lead to that re-opening of the African slave-trade, the legitimacy and necessity of which have long been publicly asserted by many organs of the South. Such are the issues to humanity which are at stake in the present contest between free and slaveholding America; and such is the cause to which a majority of English writers, and of Englishmen who have the ear of the public, have given the support of their sympathies.

What is the meaning of this? Why does the English nation, which has made itself memorable to all time as the destroyer of negro slavery, which has shrunk from no sacrifices to free its own character from that

odious stain, and to close all the countries of the world against the slave merchant; why is it that the nation which is at the head of Abolitionism, not only feels no sympathy with those who are fighting against the slaveholding conspiracy, but actually desires its success? Why is the general voice of our press, the general sentiment of our people, bitterly reproachful to the North, while for the South, the aggressors in the war, we have either mild apologies or direct and downright encouragement? and this not only from the Tory and anti-democratic camp, but from Liberals, or *soi-disant* such?

This strange perversion of feeling prevails nowhere else. The public of France, and of the Continent generally, at all events the Liberal part of it, saw at once on which side were justice and moral principle, and gave its sympathies consistently and steadily to the North. Why is England an exception? Several causes may be assigned, none of them honorable to this country, though some, more than others, may seem to make the aberration excusable.

In the first place, it must, we fear, be admitted, that the anti-slavery feeling in England, though quite real, is no longer, in point of intensity, what it was. We do not ascribe this to any degeneracy in the public mind. It is because the work, so far as it specially concerns England, is done. Strong feeling on any practical subject is only kept up by constant exercise. A new generation has grown up since the great victory of slavery abolition; composed of persons whose ardor in the cause has never been wrought upon and strung up by contest. The public of the present day think as their fathers did concerning slavery, but their feelings have not been in the same degree roused against its enormities. Their minds have been employed, and their feelings excited, on other topics, on which there still remained, as it might seem, more to be done. Slavery has receded into the background of their mental prospect; it stands, to most of them, as a mere name, the name of one social evil among many others; not as, what in truth it is, the summing-up and concentration of them all; the stronghold in which the principle of tyrannical power, elsewhere only militant, reigns triumphant.

It must be remembered, too, that though the English public are averse to slavery, sev-

eral of the political and literary organs which have most influence over the public are decidedly not so. For many years the *Times* has taken every opportunity of throwing cold water, as far as decency permitted, on the cause of the negro; had its attempts succeeded, the African squadron would have been withdrawn, and the effort so long and honorably persisted in by England to close the negro coast against the man-stealer would have been ignominiously abandoned. Another of the misleaders of opinion on this subject, more intellectual in its aims, and addressing itself to a more intellectual audience, has been from its first origin, however Liberal on the surface, imbued with a deeply seated Tory feeling which makes it prefer even slavery to democratic equality; and it never loses an opportunity of saying a word for slavery, and palliating its evils.

The most operative cause, however, of the wrong direction taken on the American question by English feeling, is the general belief that Americans are hostile to England, and long to insult and humble her if they had but an opportunity; and the accumulated resentment left by a number of small diplomatic collisions, in which America has carried herself with a high hand, has bullied and blustered, or her press has bullied and blustered for her, and in which, through the reluctance of England to push matters to extremities, which do not vitally concern the national honor, bullying and blustering have been allowed to prevail. The facts are too true; but it has not been sufficiently considered, that the most foul-mouthed enemies of England in the American press and in Congress were Southern men, and men in the Southern interest; and that the offensive tone and encroaching policy of the Federal Government were the tone and policy of a succession of governments created by the South, and entirely under Southern influence. If some bitterness towards England has shown itself rather widely among the Northern people since the commencement of the war, and has been ministered to in their usual style by the hacks of the newspaper press, it must be said in excuse, that they were smarting under disappointed hopes; that they had found only rebuke where they felt that they deserved, and had counted upon finding, sympathy, and when sympathy would have been of the utmost importance

to their cause. "If England had but sympathized with us now," said recently to us one of the first of American writers, "it would have united the two nations almost to the end of time."

But none of these causes would have accounted for the sad aberration of English feeling at this momentous crisis, had they not been combined with an almost total ignorance respecting the antecedents of the struggle. England pays a heavy price for its neglect of general contemporary history, and inattention to what takes place in foreign countries. The English people did not know the past career or the present policy and purposes of the Slave Power. They did not, nor do they yet, know that the object, the avowed object, of secession was the indefinite extension of slavery; that the sole grievance alleged by the South consisted in being thwarted in this; that the resistance of the North was resistance to the spread of slavery—the aim of the North its confinement within its present bounds, which, in the opinion of the slave-owners themselves, ensures its gradual extinction, and which is the only means whereby the extinction *can* be gradual. The ignorance of the public was shared by the Foreign Minister, whose official attitude in reference to the contest has been everything which it ought to be, but who did unspeakable mischief by the extra-official opinion so often quoted, that the Southern States are in arms for independence, the Northern for dominion.

When this was the view taken of the contest in the quarter supposed to be best informed, what could be expected from the public? Could they fail to bestow their sympathies on the side which, they were told from authority, was fighting for the common right of mankind to a government of their choice, while the other had armed itself for the wicked purpose of exercising power over others against their will? The moral relations of the two parties are misplaced, are almost reversed, in Earl Russell's dictum. Could we consent to overlook the fact that the South are fighting for, and the North against, the most odious form of unjust dominion which ever existed; could we forget the slaves, and view the question as one between two white populations; even then, who, we ask, are fighting for dominion, if not those who having always before

succeeded in domineering, break off from the Union at the first moment when they find that they can domineer no longer. Did ever any other section of a nation break through the solemn contract which united them with the rest, for no reason but that they were defeated in an election? It is true, indeed, and they are welcome to the admission, that a very serious interest of the slave-owning oligarchy depended on retaining the power to domineer. They had at stake, not dominion only, but the profits of dominion; and those profits were, that the propagation of slavery might be without limit, instead of being circumscribed within the vast unoccupied space already included in the limits of the Slave States, being about half of their entire extent.

But if the South are fighting for slavery, the North, we are told, are, at all events, not fighting against it: their sole object in the struggle is the preservation of the Union.

And if it were so, is there anything so very unjustifiable in resisting, even by arms, the dismemberment of their country? Does public morality require that the United States should abdicate the character of a nation, and be ready at the first summons to allow any discontented section to dis sever itself from the rest by a single vote of a local majority, fictitious or real, taken without any established form, or public guarantee for its genuineness and deliberateness? This would be to authorize any State, or part of a State, in a mere fit of ill-temper, or under the temporary influence of intriguing politicians, to detach itself from the Union, and perhaps unite itself to some hostile power; and the end would probably be to break down the Union, from one of the great nations of the world, into as many petty republics as there are States, with lines of custom-houses all round their frontiers, and standing armies always kept up in strength to protect them against their nearest neighbors.

It is so new a thing to consider questions of national morality from the point of view of nations, instead of exclusively from that of rulers, that the conditions have not yet been defined under which it is the duty of an established government to succumb to a manifestation of hostile feeling by a portion, greater or smaller, of its citizens. Until some rule or maxim shall have grown up to govern this subject, no government is ex-

pected or bound to yield to a rebellion until after a fair trial of strength in the field. Were it not for the certainty of opposition, and the heavy penalties of failure, revolt would be as frequent a fact as it is now an unfrequent: rebellions would be attempted, not as they now are, in cases of almost unanimous discontent, but as often as any object was sought, or offence taken, by the smallest section of the community.

Would the Government or people of the United Kingdom accept for themselves this rule of duty? Would they look on quietly and see the kingdom dismembered? They might renounce transmarine possessions which they hold only as dependencies, which they care little for, and with which they are neither connected by interest nor by neighborhood; but would England acquiesce, without fighting, in the separation of Ireland or Scotland? and would she be required to do so by any recognized obligation of public morality?

Putting at the very lowest the inducements which can be supposed to have instigated the people of the Northern States to rush into the field with nearly all their available population, and pledge the collective wealth of the country to an unparalleled extent, in order to maintain its integrity: it might still be thought, that a people who were supposed to care for nothing in comparison with the "almighty dollar," ought to have some credit given them for showing, by such decisive proofs, that they are capable of sacrificing that and everything else to a patriotic impulse. It might have been supposed, too, that even had their motives been wholly selfish, all good men would have wished them success when they were fighting for the right; and, considering what it was that they were fighting against, might have been glad that even selfish motives had induced one great nation to shed its blood and expend its substance in doing battle against a monster evil which the other nations, from the height of their disinterested morality, would have allowed to grow up unchecked, until the consequences came home to themselves.

But such a view of the motives of the Northern Americans would be a flagrant injustice to them. True, the feeling which made the heroic impulse pervade the whole country, and descend to the least enlightened

classes, was the desire to uphold the Union. But not the Union, simply. Had they consented to give up the Northern interpretation of the pact; had they yielded to the Supreme Court's Southern exposition of it, they would have won back the South to the Federation by an unanimous voice. It was because they valued something else even more highly than the Union, that the Union was ever in a position in which it had to be fought for. The North fights for the Union, but the Union under conditions which deprive the Slave Power of its pernicious ascendancy. People talk as if to support the existing constitution were synonymous with altogether abandoning emancipation, and "giving guarantees to slavery." Nothing of the sort. The Constitution guarantees slavery against nothing but the interference of Congress to legislate for the legally constituted Slave States. Such legislation, in the opinion equally of North and South, is neither the only, nor the best, nor the most effectual mode of getting rid of slavery. The North may indeed be driven to it; and, in the opinion of near observers, is moving rapidly towards that issue. Mr. Russell, in his letters to the *Times*, was constantly reiterating that the war would before long become an abolition war; and Mr. Dicey, the latest traveller in America who has published his impressions, and whose book should be in every one's hand, says that this predicted consummation is now rapidly drawing near, through the conviction, becoming general in the North, that slavery and the Union are incompatible. But the Federal Government was bound to keep within the Federal Constitution: and what, that could be done against slavery consistently with the Constitution, has it left undone? The District of Columbia was constitutionally under the authority of Congress; Congress have abolished slavery in that district, granting compensation. They have offered liberal pecuniary assistance to any Slave State which will take measures for either immediately or gradually emancipating its slaves. They have admitted Western Virginia into the Union as a State, under a provision that all children born after a certain day of 1863 shall be born free. They have concluded a treaty with England for the better suppression of the slave trade, conceding, what all former American Governments have so obstinately re-

sisted, the right of search. And, what is more important than all, they have, by a legislative act, prohibited slavery in the territories. No human being can henceforth be held in bondage in any possession of the United States which has not yet been erected into a State. A barrier is thus set to all further extension of the legal area of slavery within the dominion of the United States. These things have the United States done, in opposition to the opinion of the Border States which are still true to their allegiance; at the risk of irretrievably offending those States, and deciding them to go over to the enemy. What could the party now dominant in the United States have done more, to prove the sincerity of its aversion to slavery, and its purpose to get rid of it by all lawful means?

And these means, would, in all probability, suffice for the object. To prevent the extension of slavery, is, in the general opinion of slaveholders, to ensure its extinction. It is, at any rate, the only means by which that object can be effected through the interest of the slaveholders themselves. If peaceful and gradual is preferable to sudden and violent emancipation (which we grant may in the present case be doubtful), this is the mode in which alone it can be effected. Further colonization by slaves and slave-masters being rendered impossible, the process of exhausting the lands fitted for slave cultivation would either continue, or would be arrested. If it continue, the prosperity of the country will progressively decline, until the value of slave property was reduced so low, and the need of more efficient labor so keenly felt, that there would be no motive remaining to hold the negroes in bondage. If, on the other hand, the exhaustive process should be arrested, it must be by means implying an entire renovation, economical and social, of Southern society. There would be needed new modes of cultivation, processes more refined and intellectual, and, as an indispensable condition, laborers more intelligent, who must be had either by the introduction of free labor, or by the mental improvement of the slaves. The masters must resign themselves to become efficient men of business, personal and vigilant overseers of their own laborers; and would find that in their new circumstances successful industry was impossible without calling in

other motives than the fear of the lash. The immediate mitigation of slavery, and the education of the slaves, would thus be certain consequences, and its gradual destruction by the consent of all concerned, a probable one, of the mere restriction of its area: whether brought about by the subjugation of the Southern States, and their return to the Union under the Constitution according to its Northern interpretation, or by what Mr. Cairnes regards as both more practical and more desirable, the recognition of their independence, with the Mississippi for their western boundary.

Either of these results would be a splendid, and probably a decisive and final, victory over slavery. But the only point on which we hesitate to agree with Mr. Cairnes is in preferring the latter to the former and more complete issue of the contest. Mr. Cairnes is alarmed by what he thinks the impossibility of governing this group of States after reunion, unless in a manner incompatible with free institutions—as conquered countries, and by military law. We are unable to see the impossibility. If reduced by force, the Slave States must submit at discretion. They could no longer claim to be dealt with according to the Constitution which they had rebelled against. The door which has been left open till now for their voluntary return, would be closed, it is to be presumed, after they had been brought back by force. In that case the whole slave population might, and probably would, be at once emancipated, with compensation to those masters only who had remained loyal to the Federal Government, or who may have voluntarily returned to their allegiance before a time fixed. This having been done, there would be no real danger in restoring the Southern States to their old position in the Union. It would be a diminished position, because the masters would no longer be allowed representatives in Congress in right of three-fifths of their slaves. The slaves once freed and enabled to hold property, and the country thrown open to free colonization, in a few years there would be a free population in sympathy with the rest of the Union. The most actively disloyal part of the population, already diminished by the war, would probably, in great

part, emigrate if the North were successful. Even if the negroes were not admitted to the suffrage, or if their former masters were able to control their votes, there is no probability, humbled and prostrated as the Slave Power would be, that in the next few years it would rally sufficiently to render any use which it could make of constitutional freedom again dangerous to the Union. When it is remembered that the thinly peopled Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, and some parts even of the South-Eastern States, have even now so few slaves that they may be made entirely free at a very trifling expense in the way of redemption; and when the probable great influx of Northern settlers into those provinces is considered, the chance of any dangerous power in the councils of the United States to be exercised by the six or seven Cotton States, if allowed to retain their constitutional freedom, must appear so small that there could be little temptation to deny them that common right.

It may, however, prove impossible to reduce the Seceded States to unconditional submission, without a greater lapse of time, and greater sacrifices, than the North may be willing to endure. If so, the terms of compromise suggested by Mr. Cairnes, which would secure all west of the Mississippi for free labor, would be a great immediate gain to the cause of freedom, and would probably in no long period secure its complete triumph. We agree with Mr. Cairnes that this is the only *kind* of compromise which should be entertained for a moment. That peace should be made, giving up the cause of quarrel—the exclusion of slavery from the territories—would be one of the greatest calamities which could happen to civilization and to mankind. Close the territories, prevent the spread of the disease to countries not now afflicted with it, and much will already have been done to hasten its doom. But that doom would still be distant if the vast uncolonized region of Arkansas and Texas, which alone is thought sufficient to form five States, were left to be filled up by a population of slaves and their masters; and no treaty of separation can be regarded with any satisfaction but one which should convert the whole country west of the Mississippi into free soil.

From The Saturday Review.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB.

IN the churchyard of Edmonton the inquiring traveller may, after considerable search, find the grave of Charles and Mary Lamb. The churchyard is large, and has an air of neglect and desolation, and one of the most neglected parts of it is the grave of the man whose memory gives the whole scene an interest. The grave is a little way back from a side path, and is overgrown with nettles and long grass, while over it towers a hideous erection of the fluted order of village architecture, designed to perpetuate the fame of a certain Gideon Rippon, of Eagle House. On the tombstone, between the dates recording that Charles Lamb died December 27, 1834, aged fifty-nine, and that Mary Anne Lamb died May 20, 1847, aged eighty years, are inserted twelve of the very worst verses that the ingenuity of friends could have struck out. In the beautiful and touching lines in which Wordsworth sketched the character and history of his friend, he tells us that he meant the earlier portion of the piece to be placed on Lamb's tombstone, but that other arrangements had been made. The visitor to Edmonton may see what was the effusion that was preferred to Wordsworth's. It begins by declaring that Lamb's meek and harmless mirth "no more shall gladden our domestic hearth." It goes on to assure the deceased that he is not all lost and that his writings shall "win many an English bosom pleased to see that old and happier vein revived in thee." Everything is in a sort of rude harmony—the nettles, the shrine of Gideon Rippon, and the dog-grel. We go out to see the grave of one of the most charming and original English writers of the nineteenth century, and we find a bank of weeds and a supereminent mass of stone or stucco in honor of a bank clerk, and a set of verses for which the schoolboy of Lord Macaulay's *Essays* would have been deservedly flogged.

At first the sight may awaken a little disappointment, and even indignation. If only the vicar, or the churchwardens, or some other local dignitary would but spend a shilling a year, the nettles, at least, might be uprooted. But as we get a little accustomed to the sight, we find it fits, not inaptly, into our associations with Charles Lamb. He had no great sense of the solemn

and decorous, and would perhaps have borne the thought of a neglected grave as well as any one. His life is quite as interesting as his writings are; and much of the attachment which he has inspired, even in those who never knew him, except in print, arises from the sympathy which his story excites. He had not much outward prosperity, nor did he live a life of much ease. Without complaint, and without pretension, he went on plodding through a routine he hated—wounded in his affections, liking humble pleasures, and devoted to a small circle of friends and intimates. It is because he got so much out of a life, shadowed over by so many clouds, that he delights us. To have a neglected grave in an ugly suburban village was at least a congruous end to such a career. He was not a trim man in life, nor one made much of by strangers. His poetry was all beneath the surface, and he was not the man, metaphorically or literally, to wear flowers in his button-hole. Death was, in external respects, to him pretty much what life was; and he might feel, in a strange way, at home if he could realize that he lay under a thick mat of weeds, with no traces of footsteps near, and under the immediate shadow of the mausoleum of a bank clerk. We can fancy that the fitness of the thing would have tickled him, and afforded matter for the playfulness, half sportive, half melancholy, with which he saw visions of odd personal accidents occurring to himself. Those who remember his letter on an Undertaker, and the serious drollery with which he describes himself attracted by the little trappings of a cheap funeral, will easily persuade themselves that his humor would not have refused to find some satisfaction in this Edmonton grave.

But probably the vicar, and the churchwardens, and the other people of Edmonton would pay a little more attention and respect to his grave, if only they had the slightest notion who he was. We suspect that the number of Englishmen who are acquainted with his works is exceedingly small. With all his great and genuine powers, he can scarcely be called a popular writer. There is nothing he has left behind him which every one knows as every one knows *Waverley*, *Childe Harold*, or Campbell's sea-pieces. A dry humor, and a subtlety of style, and a command of pure English

words, and a vein of delicate exaggeration, are things which, if once seen and appreciated in a writer, are appreciated very highly, but which very few persons give themselves the trouble to appreciate. We are all very apt to overrate the influence and reputation of authors whom we ourselves admire; and this is especially the case if the writer requires, in order to be admired, not only a relish for a certain kind of intellectual effort, but also a sympathy with a certain sort of moral excellence. Charles Lamb was one of the brightest wits and one of the noblest characters of the generation that has just passed away. But his fun is rather recondite, and might easily have no charms for those whose notions of fun are of a broader kind. He was, as Wordsworth said of him, "good, if e'er a good man lived." But his goodness was not of the sort that the run of men take much heed of. The goodness of a man who has a strong sense, among many personal distresses, of the value of life, who has a horror of phraseology that he would consider unmeaning or sectarian, and whose good deeds have all been done at home, hardly answers to the popular estimate of a good man. We cannot expect all the world to care about such a character, and it is, perhaps, better that when feeling is absent its absence should be undisguised. At any rate, there is no nonsense or hypocrisy about the Edmonton authorities. They have no artificial enthusiasm for the man resting in their churchyard. They do not trouble their heads about him, and they do not pretend to. All this is, however, in a great degree, a matter of chance, and some day probably there will be a vicar, a beadle, or sexton at Edmonton who is devoted to his *Essays of Elia*, and will clear the nettles away.

This churchyard, or indeed any churchyard—only that the Edmonton churchyard is a little more neglected than most others—may also awaken in us a few reflections as to literary influence generally. Literary workers, like all others, are gathered into the common grave, not only in the sense that they themselves perish, but that their work ceases, except in rare instances, to have any great prominence, and is lost in the general influence of the past on the present. There have been few writers, such as Luther and Bacon and Voltaire, who have really

moulded the thoughts of succeeding generations in a way so distinctly their own that we cannot lose the sense of their personal eminence in the contemplation of the general history of human thought. But, with most writers, this is not so. They are but part of a general movement. They carry the thinking world some little way in a particular direction, and then that which they have done becomes absorbed in the general way of thinking which is habitual to the men and the nations that come after them. The Lake Poets and their friends stood apart from the generation in which they lived. At first their writings were abused and ridiculed by the many, and admired with something of the exaggeration of contradiction by the few. Then they were for a few years supreme. A generation of young men grew up to whom Wordsworth was the source of all that was definite in poetical feeling, and to whom Coleridge opened a vision of a new Christian philosophy. They knew no wit like the wit of Charles Lamb, and honestly tried, if they failed, to find comfort in the laborious pedantry of *The Doctor*. Now Wordsworth is little read by the young. They prefer mourning imaginary friends in the metre of *In Memoriam*, or indulging in those combinations of lines of various lengths and those mysteries of phraseology which Mr. Browning has suggested as the secret of poetry. They would, indeed, think in a different way from what they do if Wordsworth and his friends had not written; but this may be said of writers that lived much longer ago. All the past affects us. As we look round the churchyard, we find the memorials of laborers in a hundred fields of labor, and in each field the laborer that is dead has done something. Even the bank clerk whose shrine overshadows the resting-place of Charles Lamb probably kept some books and accounts that, without him, might have been kept less well. The officer in an adjoining grave did something to keep up the reputation and success of the British army. The Bank of England of the present day, and the army of the present day, are the creations of numberless efforts in time past. But the officers and the clerks of other days have faded out of memory, and the living institutions they have left behind them exist without any definite traces of those who set them on foot or kept them in activity. It is

the same with almost all writers. The general thought which they have helped to mould or expand remains, but they and their influence are lost in it.

This grave of a great writer, overgrown with nettles and unnoticed by the living, also typifies the place which literature holds in English life. There is no fictitious prominence given it. A man who can may write a book if he pleases, and the book may have a reputation for more than six months if it deserves it. But the writer is left very much to his friends. If he pleases, he may go to a few London dinner-parties, and if he likes to show himself in public places, he may have the satisfaction of being stared at as if he were a wild dog. But he receives no national honors or recognition. It is no longer the custom to bury him or to raise a memorial tablet to him in Westminster Abbey. Lord Macaulay was only buried there because he was Lord Macaulay. He is left to his family and his circle of friends, and if his circle of friends is large, and his friends are warm and sincere, that is only a blessing which he shares with men of every kind of

merit. Distinguished writers like this generally, and have no wish to go out of the limits of their home. They wish to be private men, and to live and die as private men. They desire to be buried where they have lived. Wordsworth lies at Grasmere, and Southey at Crosthwaite, and Charles Lamb at Edmonton, and their graves have met with the treatment they themselves met with in their lives. Wordsworth's grave is kept with simple and affectionate reverence at Grasmere, because he was well known there, and much respected, and because the friends he has left there honor his memory. Charles Lamb's grave is neglected, because his lot in life was cast in London and its suburbs, and no one notices his neighbor much, or has any great care for literature, in a suburban town. In each case, that has happened which might have been expected, and we may perhaps lose the wonder which the sight of Charles Lamb's grave provokes, in the general satisfaction produced by the thought that this is really only a sign of the wise way in which literature is treated, and loves to be treated, in England.

COATING THE HULLS OF IRON SHIPS.—The fouling, by incrustation of barnacles and sea-weeds on their bottoms, is one of the evils of iron ships which requires remedy at the present time. Wooden vessels were once subject to the same annoyance, until it was found that a sheathing of copper prevented the adhesion of shell-fish and afforded a remedy. Copper-sheathing cannot, however, be employed on iron ships, because, by the contact of the two metals, a galvanic action is set up which decomposes the iron with great rapidity. At present the hulls of all iron vessels are merely painted, and the common paints used for the purpose are ineffective; iron vessels have, therefore, often to be put in dock to be scraped. This frequent docking is not the only evil, for when the bottom is foul the speed of the ship is diminished, and in the tropics cases are recorded in which, after one year's running, this has been to the great extent of reducing a ship from twelve to seven knots per hour. The best experiments as yet made on the subject are those of Mr. Mallet, C.E. By him it is stated that iron in water, not exposed to air, does not corrode. Iron in contact with platina does not corrode. The rate of corrosion of average iron from natural causes is six-tenths of an inch in a century. Iron could be protected in the mass by zinc in the proportion of one hundred and

twenty square feet of iron to one of zinc. Dutch metal, which is an alloy of four atoms of copper to one of zinc, is very good, for a vessel so coated is relatively as forty-nine and one-half to eighty-four. Of the effect of metallic poisons on shell-fish Mr. Mallet found that, commencing with small doses of sulphate of copper, oysters would live in a highly poisonous fluid, and on running a penknife into one thus dosed for two years, the blade came out coated with copper. The red lead generally used in England for coating the hulls of iron vessels is a very ineffective remedy, but the Americans speak highly in favor of zinc-white. Arsenic and antimony have been tried as paints, but with no sufficient results.—*London Review*.

THE Government of Greece is making great efforts to accomplish valuable works of internal improvement. It has repaired the disasters of the recent insurrection; is constructing a port on the western coast of the Peloponnesus, the necessity of which previous administrations had limited themselves to simply admitting; and is completing the system of telegraphic communication, which will put the different parts of Greece in communication with each other, and with the rest of Europe.

From The Saturday Review.
PROSAIC WORDS.

It would be an interesting subject of investigation to inquire into the causes which have determined the literary rank of words. We all know that there is a republic of letters; but if there be a republic of words, too, it is a republic of a very aristocratic cast. Some words are born to honor. Poets love to use them; the orator reserves them for his choicest metaphors or most sonorous perorations; and generally their presence indicates that you are in the company of sentiments and ideas of the most exalted quality. Their dwelling-place is in grand passages, and they furnish the raw material out of which fine metaphors and sublime similes are composed. Below them comes a useful, active class of words—the *bourgeoisie* of the dictionary. They are employed when good hard work is to be done, and no ornament is wanted. They form the staple of blue-books, scientific or learned treatises, the speeches of people who are not orators, and the like. Perversely enough, this middle class is chiefly of Norman or Latin origin, while the grandee class of words can generally boast of a Saxon pedigree. Below them again, comes the verbal proletariat—the small change of daily life, comprising many words which never find their way into composition at all, except when the writer is homely of set purpose, or when he wishes to warn his reader that he is going to be comic. We are not about to be democratic, or to murmur at any providential distinction of ranks. We know that in America, where the verbal noblesse are forced into every sort of society, and are made to do all kinds of commonplace drudgery, the literary results are often of a character which assures us that lexicographical democracy has broken down. Still, we cannot help sometimes wondering how the division of ranks came about, and how some of the words which are universally regarded as words of quality manage to climb up into that exalted position. Why is a word not “a word for a’ that?” What is it that divides words into castes? What is it that makes some words unalterably poetical, and dooms other words to be irredeemably prosaic?

Some of the rules of precedence commend themselves to the mind at first sight. It is very fitting that the works of nature should

be poetical, and that the works of man’s ingenuity should be prosaic. It is quite right, for instance, that a man of genius should be said to soar like an eagle, and not like a balloon. But this rule is not always equitably observed. Some of the works of nature, and some of the works of man, have a preference over others of the same class for which no good reason can be given. You may apply balm to a man’s wounded feelings in the highest flights of eloquence; but if you proceeded to speak of applying ginger to his failing energies, you might possibly raise a laugh. Yet this is very hard. Ginger is a very respectable vegetable product—quite as respectable as balm, and probably even a more useful member of the Pharmacopeia. Why is balm to lift up its head as a sort of duke among words, while ginger is set down among the clowns? In the same way, it would be quite dignified to speak of a man being tried in the furnace of affliction; but if, instead of that, you spoke of his being hardened in the oven of adversity, you would only excite low and culinary ideas. You may, with great propriety, make your hero explore mines of learning; but it would be wholly indecorous to allow him to pick up nuggets of wisdom there. In respect to articles of food, the distinction between the prosaic and the poetical is flagrantly inequitable. The heroes of an epic always quaff goblets of wine. As a matter of fact they probably drank black-jacks of beer. But beer is of prose prosy, and its very contact would destroy all sentiment. The same proscription seems to be extended to brandy and water. Some very lax writers may allow their characters to drink raw brandy at the close of a very exciting scene, to nerve them for some tremendous effort; but neither gods, men, nor stalls have ever suffered a hero to drink brandy and water. Perhaps, however, it may be said that beer and brandy and water reek with the associations of the pot-house, and might be out of harmony with the sublime and beautiful. But they are not the only articles of diet that are under the ban. Why is the harmless potato, which has no special connection with the pot-house, to be forever exiled from the realms of fine writing? The bread of affliction is admitted into the most fastidious compositions. Why are the potatoes of pauperism to be cast out as vulgar? Yeast is another

article of diet whose wrongs are too crying to be passed by. Its elder brother, heaven—though in actual life not a very refined sort of article—holds an acknowledged place among the stock metaphors of the poet and the essayist. As a simile for all species of moral fermentation or infection, there is no word that has a more assured position. But what writer would venture to talk of the “working of the revolutionary yeast?” Yet why is yeast less ideal than heaven?

In most of these cases, as in questions of precedence generally, it appears to be antiquity that settles the rank. All things that were invented or discovered a sufficiently long time ago are admitted to the freedom of the poetical world. All things invented in more recent times are excluded. Weapons of war appear to come specially under that canon. You may speak of the shafts of fate; but it would be incorrect to speak of the bullets of fate. Yet there must have been a time when shafts were as familiar as bullets are now. What did the poets of those days do? Did they fall back upon slings and pebbles? Either they must have entertained a very different theory touching the requisites of poetry from that which prevails among us, or they must have been sorely put to it for want of words. In respect to instruments of illumination, there is a striking graduation of rank, exactly corresponding to the progress of invention. Torch is the oldest and the most barbarous; and it is accordingly the grandest. “Handing down the torch” is one of the most respectable conventional metaphors in existence. The lamp of truth ranks very nearly as high, but it is not calculated for quite such fine writing. But when we get past these two antiquities, the poetry of artificial light evaporates. In practice, the light of torches and ancient lamps must have been very dirty, and not at all poetical. But nothing brighter is admissible into a metaphor. Candles are decidedly prosaic, and gaslight is quite intolerable.

One of the most curious portions of this subject is the different rank which is assigned to different features of the face. Nothing can be more poetical than the cheek, and nothing more ridiculous than its neighbor—the nose. This absurdity of the nose is a very difficult prejudice to fathom. There is no particular ugliness inherent in the feature.

It is at least as characteristic as any other part of the face; and if people die of broken hearts, which is the condition in which they are of most use to the poet, their noses become quite as emaciated as their cheeks. But there is a rooted prejudice against the nose, which nothing can overcome. No one will give it credit for a particle of sentiment. It never enters into any ideal. It has no rapturous epithets assigned to it. All the other features have their own special set of laudatory adjectives. Raven hair, rosy lips, dimpled cheeks, lustrous eyes, pearly teeth—but not a word for the poor nose. The lover raving over his mistress’s beauty, the poet working out the word-picture of his hero, both pass over the nose in discreet silence. Even Milton, bold though he is in breaking through conventional restraints, describes hair and cheek and eyes and brow and even wrinkles in his pictures of Satan and of Adam, but no word of the nose. Perhaps, if it were put to them, neither lover or poet would wish the object of their admiration to be without a nose; but they regard it as a necessary evil—a sort of poor relation to the rest of the features, about whom the less that is said the better. And the poets are perfectly right. Their readers would not appreciate a reference to the obnoxious feature. If Byron’s celebrated stanza had run—

“When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy nose and cold,
Colder thy kiss—”

no doubt it would have been perfectly true to nature; for it may be safely laid down that, whenever the cheeks are cold, the nose must of necessity be cold too. But still, every one would have felt that, with any allusion to the complexion or temperature of that proscribed excrescence, there was an end of pathos. The history of this mysterious feeling is worthy the research of archæologists. At what period did noses become contemptible? That the feeling was not primeval any one may see who will refer to the Hebrew original of “His wrath was kindled.” With the English feeling on the subject of noses, the exact phrase sounds too profane for us to reproduce.

In dress also, the gradations of verbal rank are very strongly marked. The order

of precedence runs thus: Robe, gown, pantaloons, breeches. Robe is sublime, and may be used in epic poetry. Gown, that is to say, an academical gown, is sufficiently staid and dignified to be mentioned in high-flying prose. Pantaloon never find their way into any composition superior to a comedy or a novel; and breeches are usually buried altogether under some euphemism. The rural magnates who preside over Agricultural Societies have fallen into great trouble from ignoring the Pariah character of this last word. No small part of the ridicule to which they have been exposed for prizes given to agricultural laborers has arisen from the fact of one of those prizes being a pair of breeches. The word is down in the world; it is an unlucky word, and will bring ridicule on any one who uses it. The different fate which attends kindred words might furnish matter of reflection to the moralist. There is nothing intrinsically more exalted in a garter than in a pair of breeches. Both are articles of dress appertaining to the legs; both are conferred as rewards, only upon different classes

of society; and neither are conferred for services of a very eminent kind. The kind of merit which procures a pair of breeches for an agricultural laborer is very much the same kind of merit as that which usually procures the garter for a peer. It consists chiefly in having kept himself out of mischief, and having got together more money than his neighbors. Yet how different is the grandeur of the two words! Perhaps, however, that is a mere question of class. Very possibly the breeches are looked on with as much reverence among the agricultural laborers as the garter is among us; and the whispered announcement, "Jim Hodges is to have the breeches," excites a thrill of interest as keen as the rumor that "the Duke of — is to have the vacant garter" does in Belgravia. Still, as there is no touching tale of the loves of a gallant sovereign to protect and apologize for the agricultural decoration, perhaps a waistcoat, or a pair of strong boots, would be better. When mankind have resolved that anything shall be prosaic, they will have their way.

THE FIRST PAPER MONEY IN EUROPE.—The following account of the first issue of paper money in Europe is taken from Washington Irving's "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada:"—

"After the city of Alhambra was taken from the Moors, the veteran Count de Tendilla was left governor, and we were informed that this cavalier at one time was destitute of gold and silver wherewith to pay the wages of his troops, and the soldiers murmured greatly, seeing that they had not the means of purchasing necessities from the people of the towns.

"In this dilemma what does this most sagacious commander? He takes him a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, according to the nature of the case, and signs them with his own hand, and these did he give to the soldiery in earnest of their pay. How, you will say, are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper? Even so, I answer, and well paid too, as I will presently make manifest; for the good count issued a proclamation ordering the inhabitants of Alhambra to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future time with silver and gold, and threatening severe punishment on all who should refuse.

"The people having full confidence in his

words, and trusting that he would be as willing to perform the one promise as he certainly was able to perform the other, took these curious morsels of paper without hesitation or demur. Thus by a subtle and most mysterious kind of alchemy did this cavalier turn a useless paper into precious gold, and make his impoverished garrison abound in money. It is but just to add that the Count of Tendilla redeemed his promise like a loyal knight; and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of Antonio Agrepieda, is the first instance on record in Europe of paper money, which has since inundated the civilized world with unbounded opulence."

DEATH OF ADAM THE BATTLE-PAINTER.—Albrecht Adam, the German battle-painter and the Nestor of Munich artists, is just dead, at the age of seventy-six. He began life, like Claude, as a pastry-cook's apprentice; and after quitting that profession, passed through stirring scenes, and saw a good deal of the life of camps. He went through the campaign in Russia as far as the burning of Moscow, in the suite of Eugène Beauharnais, and the Austrian campaign. Two of his large battle-pieces, "Novara" and "Custoza," are in the new Pinacothek in Munich; and a third, "Zorndorf" was finished shortly before his death for the Maximilianeum.

From The Saturday Review.

ROBERT STORY.*

A MAN who has been successively, or simultaneously, a shepherd, plowman, private tutor, schoolmaster, fiddler, newspaper contributor and editor, rate collector, parish clerk, and Civil Servant in Somerset House, and all along a poet, besides trying once to be a sailor, must, on the whole, be something extraordinary, and his biography cannot fail to have the interest of abrupt transitions and sudden surprises. Such was Robert Story. When we add to this large variety of the external phases of human existence, the intrinsic qualities of a fond and feeling heart, a social and genial temperament, and a firm bottom of religious principle unalloyed by cant or extravagance, and tested by many severe crises of financial distress and domestic bereavement, we must be allowed to have before us a man worthy of mark while living, and of memory when dead. A passing trance of Deism in the dreamily eager period of his intellectual development, and a youthful sin of incontinence which charged his later life with embarrassment, are all the inconsistencies with his better self which a candid examination of Story's biography reveals. No doubt the examples of imprudence, in several rash steps which he took in quest of fame, or livelihood, or mere vicissitude of task and scene, are a proper complement of his sanguine and uncalculating character. Throughout his shiftful life a man of small means but many friends, Story seems always to have found the *amicus certus* a substantial resource amidst the *res incerta*. If he was not backward to claim assistance, he found the wide circle who loved and admired him even more ready to respond to his cry of distress, or to relieve it unsolicited, than he was to invoke their aid. The fact that only in a few fitful flashes did his fame emerge from the mezzotint of provincial celebrity, is really to be set down among the substantial successes of his career. Perhaps no man ever went so far in reversing the adage of the "prophet" in "his own country." In London, he was a mere jovial, somewhat thriftless, Civil Service clerk, with a scanty inner circle of warm bosom friends. In all the land from the Humber to the

Cheviot-side he was invited, welcomed, fêted, and caressed, by duke, by mill-owner, by bagman, by tapster, and by peasant. No man, perhaps also, has ever made so much real hard cash by publication of poems by subscription. His canvassing tours for names were invariably successes, though not, of course, equally remunerative in all cases. On one occasion—

"The subscription-list did not fill as he expected; but the late Miss Currer, the amiable proprietor of Eshton Hall, and a true friend of literary merit, to whom he had dedicated the work, somewhat made up the deficiency by presenting him with twenty pounds."

On the publication of his longest poem, *Guthrum the Dane*, his biographer remarks:—

"He dedicated it, at my suggestion, to his stanch friend, Miss Reaney of Bradford, now Mrs. Thornton, who (in this and many other instances) proved that she was the worthy patroness of a worthy poet by subscribing for eighty copies."

Again, when towards the close of his life he projected a collected edition of his works, and invoked the patronage of the Duke of Northumberland, that nobleman—

"not only gave permission for the volume to be dedicated to him, but suggested that it should be adorned at his expense, in a manner befitting the contents. . . . The work was printed in colors, by Messrs. Pigg of Newcastle, and in a style of beauty and magnificence which I do not remember to have seen equalled by the provincial press. . . . The mere expense of adorning the work cost his Grace five hundred pounds."

To turn from the more bulky and elaborate to the lighter and more fugitive pieces of the volume now before us, these latter are the genuine effusions of the man in the mood of the moment. They consist of artless raptures evoked by the presence of the hills, streams, woodlands, birds, breezes, and wild-flowers of the poet's native scenery, or by the remembrance of the same, stirred up amid the contrast of other scenes. There are also addresses to friends on all occasions—the marriage-bell, the mourning, the parting, the meeting again, the festive-board, the reminiscences of the dead. These are interspersed with occasional patriotic outbursts to the "Altar," the "Throne," the "old

* *The Lyrical and Minor Poems of Robert Story, with a Sketch of his Life and Writings.* By John James, F.S.A. London: Longman & Co.

war-flag," the "ancient barons," "our Saxon fathers," "the wives and the mothers of Britain," and come down to the period when "Sebastopol" was "low." In all these our poet rather rings the changes pleasantly on a sweet peal of village bells than yields the broad swell and full deep compass which mark the higher masters of the lyric art. In the manner, too, there is sometimes a bare escape—even if an escape—from a somewhat bald and prosaic form of expression, and an occasional dip into the penny-a-liner's empty-bottle style, which makes us remember the provincial journalist in the poet. Still, with a few such exceptions, though he flies low, like a swallow skimming summer meads and streams, he is undeniably on the wing, and hardly ever drops into a *sermo pedestris*; and, though he chases the bee and butterfly, his movements are lively and varied, his flight nimble, and his turns of thought, if obvious, yet graceful. Though called the "Burns of Beaumont Side," he will remind every reader far more of Moore than of Burns. He lacks, indeed, the exquisite polish and finish of the Irish songster, and the perfect execution in rendering the thought to the ear, yet he has more of the genuine charm of sincerity, and a purer rustic grace of nature and truth. A few of Burns's lighter verses might be fairly compared with his. Yet, taking "Ye banks and braes" as a specimen of Burns in the mood of a simple nature-worshipper—in which Story, on the whole, shines most fairly and frequently—there is something quaint and exquisite in the earlier poet's simple contrast of the things without and the thoughts within the mind, which passes far beyond the superficial assonance with nature to be found in Story's endless variations on his loved Roddam, Craven, Howsden, Cheviot, and Homil-Heugh. Yet we mark the contrast in no spirit of depreciation; but rather to indicate the standard up to which our author comes more effectively, if negatively, by showing that of which he falls short.

The following, probably, treads more closely on the heels of Burns than anything in the volume. The bard, revisiting, as usual, the hills of his youth, relieves his feelings in rhyme, which turns on a flower, "a bonnie pink," he had thought of plucking; but a second and "tenderer" thought checked his hand:—

" 'For wha kens,' pled the thought, 'but this bonnie flower bloomin'
May have some kin' o' feelin' or sense of its ain ?

It'll change wi' the lift, be it smilin' or gloomin'
Exult in the sunshine, an' droop in the rain.

" 'An' wha kens that it has na some pleasure in gi'ein'

Its bloom to the e'e an' its sweets to the day ?
That it has na a secret an' sweet sense o' bein' ?'
So I left it to bloom on its ain native brae ! "

The poet then proceeds to point the moral in the next stanza—the more forcibly, we grieve to remember, as it had been the very lesson which he himself in youth forgot. The "bonnie pink" is a "bonnie lass," and the finder is admonished—

" Then if he can mak' her a wife, let him tak' her,

An' bear her in joy an' in triumph away !

But oh ! if he canna—*beguile her he manna,*
But leave her to bloom on her own native brae ! "

To say that a lyrist may be compared at once with Moore and with Burns, even though we necessarily apply each comparison with limitation, is of itself no mean praise. There is a wide range of points on which no poet can be matched with Burns. The powerful, homely vigor which drives deep the thought with a stroke, the native edge of mind that hews Scotch granite whilst others are scratching in alabaster, were the Muse's gift to him. While others, Story for example, gently tickle, Burns pokes his finger into your ribs right home upon the laughing nerve. Where others send up lively jets of sentiment, Burns unsluices his great waters of pathos. Yet in Story, too, when plaintively roused, we feel that it is a human heart pleading artlessly the bitterness of loss in those we love, or the desolating contrast in the promises of hope broken by time. Three sets of brief and tender verses, in which he mourns the deaths of three children within two years, in pages 143, 145, 148–9, are fair samples. We will quote one or two stanzas, which may bear comparison with average specimens of Hood:—

" We often laughed at Fanny,
But we loved her while we laughed ;
She was so odd a mixture
Of simplicity and craft.

Whate'er she thought she uttered,
And her words—she "reckoned nou't"
Of the fine flash talk of London—
She was Yorkshire out and out !

* * * * *

And we oft recall her sayings,
Her playfulness and craft;
But now, 'tis odd, we weep the most
At what the most we laughed!"

Again, the poet has lost a son, and sings:—

"My William died in London,
In London broad and brave;
His life was but a little drop
Dashed from her mighty wave!
And few there were that mourned my boy,
When he went to his grave.

* * * *

O London! fatal London!
How proud to come was I!
How proud was *he*! how proud were all!
And all have come—to die!
Pass on, sad years, and close the tale
With its best words—'HERE LIE.'"

And again, a daughter has dropped into
an early grave:—

"Sleep, my Mary! Sleep, my Mary!
Dream not thou art left alone;
Listen, Mary! Listen, Mary!
Well was once my footstep known!
Hush! that sob was much too loud;
Glad am I the grave is deep!
It would pain her in her shroud,
Could she hear her father weep!"

Here is a lighter specimen of thought
struck out by the damp of a new house;
but the bard—audacious trifler—is playing
with edge tools:—

"The walls yet sparkle to my lamp—
May Heaven protect us from the damp!
But if it must destroy one life,
Suppose, just now, it take my wife.
Well, free again, I chat and rove
With beauty in the moonlight grove,
Till my heart dances to the tune
Sweet of a second honeymoon.
'Tis a most pleasant thought!—But stay!
Suppose it just the other way;
Suppose it spares my loving wife,
And takes her loving husband's life;
And further, that another swain
Assumes the matrimonial rein,
And drives the team I drive at present,
By Jove! *this* thought is not so pleasant."

The troubled political waters of the period immediately before and after the passing of the Reform Bill colored Story's existence deeply, and brought out his heart warmly on the Conservative side. His partisan warmth was such as to kindle for him the fires of representative martyrdom, and

he was burnt "in effigy" out of the little town of Gargrave, near Skipton, where he had for some time had a thriving school. He lost thereby his clerkship of the parish, and threw himself for a livelihood yet deeper into the same troubled stream, becoming editor of the *Carlisle Patriot*, for which town Sir James Graham was then the Conservative candidate, in whose behalf he wrote "vigorous leaders," and who promised permanent assistance, perhaps on the chance of success, but who, it seems, on losing the election, straightway forgot his humble backer, and Story returned to the school-room once more, but not for long. On a registration objection, he was struck off the list of voters by the influence of the hostile faction, and being resolved to retain the sweet pleasure, at all hazards, of "plumping" for the Conservative candidate, made a rash investment in cottage property, which enabled his creditors to bring him to great temporary straits. He returned, on his school dwindling through his political zeal, to Gargrave again for a short while, and was soon after appointed a "supernumerary," as he too late discovered, in the audit office, through the instrumentality of the late Sir Robert Peel.

The rest of his tale is soon told. He removed on this to London, where scanty means, a precarious appointment, a sickly family, and several unhealthy abodes in succession soon brought him sore trials. His friends, however, rallied to his support, and his clerkship was made permanent, and in a few years his salary increased. Placed for the first time beyond the shifts and straits of want, his health soon began to fail. He contracted a heart-complaint, which was supposed almost to the last to be but a temporary ailment, and was cut short while yet apparently in the prime of his powers. He cherished to the last his love of friends and of the muse, and was solaced in his final sickness by the kindness of the Duke of Northumberland. But the candle of life burnt suddenly out, and a widow and several children are left to hang with trembling hopes on the profits of this and his other works.

From Punch.
THE NAGGLETONS OUT.

A SEA-SIDE DRAMA.

The Scene represents the Breakfast-Table at Mr. and Mrs. Naggleton's lodgings at a Watering-Place. The distinguished couple at breakfast.

Mr. Naggleton (who is justifiably cross, because he went out late to buy a "Times" and all the copies had been sold to unknown persons, whom he therefore hates). What bad tea!

Mrs. N. There's coffee.

Mr. N. That's worse.

Mrs. N. It was not my fault that water didn't boil, I suppose.

Mr. N. No. But I suppose it was your fault for using water that didn't boil.

Mrs. N. Do you want to have a fire in the parlor with the thermometer at 70°? or do you wish your wife to go down into the kitchen of a lodging-house, and heat the kettle?

Mr. N. I only wish to have decent tea or coffee.

Mrs. N. You have managed to drink both such as they are; so if I were you I would say no more about it.

Mr. N. I am much obliged for your advice, and should be more obliged if you would condescend to attend to what I believe is a woman's department.

Mrs. N. If you had gone to an hotel, you could have had all the luxuries, the want of which makes you so amiable.

Mr. N. I didn't choose to go to an hotel.

Mrs. N. Then you must take things as you find them.

Mr. N. I have had good breakfasts at the sea-side in other days.

Mrs. N. I am happy to hear it. That makes it all the fairer that you should sometimes put up with bad ones. Not that the breakfast has been bad to-day, only your temper.

Mr. N. I say it has been bad. The shrimps were anything but fresh.

Mrs. N. Do you wish me to get up early in the morning, and go out shrimping?

Mr. N. I certainly wish you would get up early in the morning as it is ridiculous to be breakfasting at ten o'clock at the sea-side.

Mrs. N. I don't see why people should come to the sea to make themselves uncomfortable.

Mr. N. Nor I; nor why they should make other people so.

Mrs. N. Well, as you are in a sweet humor, I shall take my novel and go down to the beach and read, and perhaps you'll be in a happier frame of mind by lunch-time.

Mr. N. When a novel-fit is on you, it is useless for me to expect any attention. If you imitated some of the perfection you are so fond of reading about, it might not be amiss.

Mrs. N. Very neat, dear, and very new, and very much calculated to make an impression.

Mr. N. (*who is, somehow, getting the worst of it, and is aware of the fact*). Of course. Any scribbler's sentiments have more weight with you than your husband's.

Mrs. N. Well, dear, I am not unreasonable. I do not ask you for sentiments. Sentiment at your time of life would be about as suitable to you as leap-frog.

Mr. N. (*in despair, castles*). Pray don't let that anchovy paste come up any more—it is not fit to be upon the table.

Mrs. N. You bought it yourself.

Mr. N. Because I could get nothing else provided for me. I shall throw it out of the window if I see it again.

Mrs. N. Pray do, or commit any other act of boyish impatience. I suppose you conduct yourself in that ridiculous way in the hope of seeming younger than you are.

Mr. N. (*thinks he sees an opening*). No, my dear. I have given sufficient proof, in the later part of my life, of not being as wise as I ought to be, considering.

Mrs. N. (*carelessly*). Have you, love? Never mind. It's too late for regrets now. But (*arrested in the midst of her victory, and angrily*) it's too early to begin smoking that abominable pipe.

Mr. N. (*availing himself of the enemy's indiscretion*). I observe, my dear, that the names of things vary with the temper of the speakers. This is a pipe, when you are in a rage, but it is a meerschaum, when you are going to fill and light it, preparatory to some little domestic manœuvre.

Mrs. N. A man who deserved to be called a husband would not make domestic manœuvres necessary, and a husband who deserved to be called a man would not reproach a wife with any little display of kindness. However, such a thing will not occur again.

Mr. N. In that case I shall lose on my fusees, and gain on my banker's book. Ha! ha!

Mrs. N. You are easily pleased.

Mr. N. Then you must reproach yourself with not oftener trying what is so easy. Come, I was only joking.

Mrs. N. I am glad you mention it. I did not see the joke. Such things are not much in your way.

Mr. N. (*furious*). A course of novels makes us critical as well as polite.

Mrs. N. Oh, there! I didn't say it. I'm sorry I spoke. I know that you are the wit of the "Flips" Club, only don't bring your wit to me, because I am unfortunately too stupid to be a good judge of that article.

Mr. N. Or of any other—potted beef included. This is the worst I ever ate.

Mrs. N. Here is the paper dear (*takes it in at the window*). Perhaps somebody else's ideas may be more amusing than your own. Just let me see who is married.

Mr. N. Inhuman satisfaction!

Mrs. N. (*scorning to notice such used-up rubbish, and reading*). Ah! Helen Sanderson's wedding at last! Alfred has got his step, then. What a happy wife she will be.

Mr. N. Yes, and will deserve her happiness. I do not know any one with such a sweet temper. She is always cheerful; always tries to make the pleasantest answer that can be made, and looks happiest when she has done any one a kind turn.

Mrs. N. And she marries a man who can appreciate those qualities, and who is worth pleasing. And how handsome Alfred Crowhurst is. He looks like a gentleman.

Mr. N. Yes, it is a very good imitation.

Mrs. N. There, now, that is just like you. So spiteful. As if anybody complained of you for being only five feet four, and being obliged to wear a wig. Do allow good looks to other persons.

Mr. N. (*solemnly*). I have told you repeatedly, Mrs. Naggleton, that I am five feet six—not, of course—ha, ha—that it signifies; but it argues a determination to be disrespectful when a person continues to repeat what is not truth.

Mrs. N. Well, you shall be six feet if you like, dear. As you say, what does it signify? And your wig's your own hair; and is there any other truth that you would like me to admit, while I am about it?

Mr. N. (*icily*). If you have done with the paper, I shall be obliged by it.

Mrs. N. There it is. I see old Mr. Bloker is gone at last. She will be well off, wont she?

Mr. N. What, John Bloker! Dear me, I am shocked.

Mrs. N. Well, I don't know what about. It must be a happy release for himself and his friends. Mrs. Bloker will marry again, I dare say.

Mr. N. Why, she's as old as you are. Marry again, indeed! However, as there's no saying what folly a woman may commit, I make no doubt that John Bloker has taken care to fortify her weak resolution by some anti-matrimonial suggestions in his will. Goose as she may be, she is hardly goose enough to suppose that anybody would think of her except in connection with his savings. What do you think? (*The above charming speech delivered slowly, and as matter long since pondered.*)

Mrs. N. (*with a curious effort*). Perhaps you are right, Henry. Indeed, I have no doubt that you are. I spoke hastily when I said—my dear Henry! Your meerschaum is nearly out. I'll get you a match. But wont you come and smoke on the beach?—I don't mean about the smell in the curtains, dear, because I rather like that,—it seems so domestic—but it is so much pleasanter to have you with me, and you can read your *Times* just as well in the shade of the bathing machines. Come, I wont be a minute putting on my hat, and as we go down, we'll call at Pickleton and Larder's for a moment, as I told them to get something which I think you'll like for breakfast—you don't half take care of yourself, and I believe I am wrong in leaving you to yourself so much, only you are so decided and imperious, dear, that I am always afraid to interfere. There—now you have a capital fire, and I wont be a minute.

[*Exit.*]

Mr. N. (*smiling to himself*). I believe that she cares about me a great deal, and that the thought of Mrs. Bloker's bereavement touched her feelings. She's not a bad sort of woman, though nothing like Mrs. Naggleton No. 1. [*Exit to wait at street-door.*]

Scene in another apartment. MRS. NAGGLETON before the looking-glass.

Mrs. N. If he has! And he is quite capable of it. As old as I am, indeed! Well, it's no use talking, but—

Scene closes.

From Punch.

THE FROG IN THE BLOCK OF COAL.

It is not generally known that the Frog, whose untimely decease the Commissioners of the International Exhibition are now mourning, continued up to the day of its death to express itself in the Welsh tongue, with a degree of fluency the more extraordinary when we consider the very lengthened period of its incarceration. The public is aware that on its first liberation from the block of coal, it made a communication in Welsh, supposed to relate to the cause of its being so immured, but in consequence of no person present understanding that language, this interesting piece of antediluvian history was lost, for since then the Frog exhibited an evident repugnance to touch upon the topic, which may, we therefore suppose, have been a tender one. As soon as it became known that the language it spoke was Welsh, an interpreter, one David ap Morgan ap Rees, gratuitously offered his services, and it is from him that we have learnt the following interesting particulars.

David ap Rees informs us that the Frog from the first displayed a great desire to ascertain the public opinion concerning itself, and on hearing that some sceptics deemed it an imposture, it swelled visibly, foamed at the mouth, and exclaimed in a most excited state, "*cwmddrwylydd llanwrst y dwyhdeswrt*," which, our informant tells us, is a malediction of most fearful import. A few days later it introduced the subject again, and on Rees telling it that public opinion had changed, and now inclined to consider it the identical Frog who was swallowed up by the lily-white duck, it appeared very uneasy, but assuming an air of nonchalance, it said the report was a *canard*. Rees judging from the agitation of the Frog when it heard of its brother's tragical end, and the concern and dejection depicted on its countenance, as it was told the nature of his ill-fated journey, says he considers the Frog had been crossed in love, and that that had something to do with the abnormal position in which it was found. This, however, is merely a conjecture.

The Frog was visited during its short sojourn in the International Exhibition by several distinguished men of science, among others, by Sir Roderick Murchison, who, after a careful inspection of the block of coal, and its late tenant, went away as much a disbeliever as he came, for he was heard

to exclaim, with great emphasis, "Blue *lias*," alluding, we suppose, in a somewhat hasty manner to the exhibitors of the Frog and Coal. Not so Mr. Max Muller, who held a lengthened conversation with the Frog, and pronounced it to be of the Aryan family, and a disciple of Zoroaster.

About a week before its death, Mr. Buckland, the naturalist, hearing that it was ailing, sent a messenger to inquire whether, in the event of its decease, it would wish to be stuffed, or preserved in spirits; offering in either case to perform the operation. The Frog returned no answer; but became from that period very nervous and hypochondriacal, took to feeling its pulse, changed color when a Frenchman passed, and showed every sign of a confirmed croaker; and shortly after, to the deep regret of Her Majesty's Commissioners and the public generally, it breathed its last.

OLD KING COAL.

"Oh, who is this toad in a hole,
With face so expressively dark,
Who spends all his life in a coal,
And only comes out for a lark?"

"It's clear he was famous of yore,
His blood is the *sangré azul*;
For his quarters are *vert piqué noir*,
And his arms *hoppant à la Grenouille*!" * . .

From Grub Street to Bridgewater Place
This *Opéra Comique*'s all the go;
Where Buckland does alto and bass,
And Brown, Jones, and Scroggins *Buffo*.
Then what awe must each bosom o'erspread
As we gaze on that petrified bark;
On the bust of this quaint figure-head
That has yachted with Noah in the ark:
When we think that these somnolent eyes
With morning primeval awoke,—
That this solo (though sweet for its size)
Preluded Lab'rinthodon's croak!

Come Mammoth and Mastodon back,
Iguanodon, Suarian grim—
You may rattle your bones till they crack,
But you can't hold a candle to him:

Trap, oblite, granite, and gneiss—
Here's a *stratum* will give you a hint;
Azoics, you're shelved in a trice,
Sand, lias, stalactite, and flint.

Hence, Ammonites! yield to your fate—
You are gravelled for many a year;—
Quartz, silica, porph'ry, and slate,
Walk your chalks! you've no chance with
what's here.

For there's nothing in bone or in shell
So ancient the *savants* can show;
As the *Restes* of this black little swell—
As the Case of poor Johnny Crapaud!

* *The Living Age* supposes this to be the *very* old French pronunciation.

From The London Anti-Slavery Advocate.

ESTRANGEMENT BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

DUBLIN, 74 LOWER MOUNT STREET, }
22d September, 1862. }

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Advocate :—

MY DEAR SIR: I have read the article in the *Leicestershire Mercury*, and freely acknowledge the fair and truthful spirit in which it is written; nevertheless, it appears to me to be open, both in its reasoning and conclusions, to grave exception.

The writer represents the estrangement between the North and Great Britain as occasioned exclusively by Northern faults and shortcomings. The people of this country were, he tells us, originally favorable to the North, and desired its success, but they have been alienated by the unreasonable violence and scurrility of the Northern press. I confess I think this account of the matter at once unfair and superficial; unfair, because it leaves wholly out of sight the provocation given on our side; and superficial, because it does not touch the more fundamental causes of the prevailing feeling. I will say a few words on both these points.

It is, perhaps, true that at a very early stage of the business the majority of people in this country, so far as they had formed any opinion on the subject (which was to a very slight extent) were favorable to the North; but, on the other hand, there was always a considerable minority which hailed with eagerness the prospect of a dissolution of the Union; and there was this difference between these two parties, that, while with the former the feeling was languid and found no distinct expression, with the latter it was energetic, and was pronounced with unmistakable emphasis.

The writers of the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, so early as April, 1861, were anything but friendly towards the North, or favorable to a restoration of the Union. I was not then in the habit of seeing the Tory prints, but, judging from the line they have since taken, I cannot doubt that they were still more decidedly anti-Northern. Therefore it is not true, as the writer represents, that the Northern press turned upon us with no other provocation than our declaration of neutrality. Before that declaration had appeared the press of this country had very freely expressed its opinion on the inevita-

bleness and desirableness of a separation; and this being so, it was not unnatural that the Northern people should see in the declaration of neutrality (however reasonable that measure was in itself)—a foregone conclusion unfavorable to them—a determination on the part of the Government to sustain the views expressed by the press.

The writer in the *Mercury* complains that “without waiting to ascertain the grounds of international law” on which the English Government acted, the Northern people raised a cry of bitter anger. This was, doubtless, very unreasonable, but I think some allowance might be made for a nation in the throes of a great civil contest, by those who here in the midst of prosperity and peace criticise its conduct. Extreme sensitiveness to foreign opinion was, under such circumstances, not unnatural, more especially when it was known that this opinion was a main element in the calculation of the rebels—when the belief of the South that King Cotton would speedily bring English and French assistance had been loudly proclaimed. England, moreover, had been known as *par excellence* the law-loving and slavery-hating nation; and if it was natural for the South to count upon the support of England on the score of cotton, it was not less natural—though perhaps somewhat more honorable to both parties—that the North should reckon on the good-will of England when engaged in the task of putting down a rebellion of slaveholders.

It should be remembered, also, that the Anti-British feeling of which the *Mercury* speaks was almost confined, at least in its most violent and scurrilous form, to a few Northern papers which were well known to be pro-slavery and Southern in their politics; a fact, which the leaders of the British press, instead of recognizing and putting clearly before their readers (as the interests of truth required), deliberately and systematically kept out of sight. I would ask those who charge the whole Northern people with unprovoked hostility to Great Britain to reflect on the reception which, less than a twelvemonth before the civil war broke out, had been given to the Prince of Wales by the Northern States—a reception which drew from the *Times* correspondent the observation that the one sentiment in which Americans were united was that of loyalty to Queen

Victoria. This, however, it was not now convenient to remember. It was resolved that the Union should be broken up; it was necessary for this end that the South should be encouraged and the North brought into odium; and accordingly the papers which were selected and placed before the English people as the true exponents of Northern views were the *New York Herald* and the *Journal of Commerce*. Worse than this—putting out of sight the fact that the previous Governments of the United States were composed for a long series of years of Southern men, those who favor the slave party in this country have endeavored (and they have succeeded in their endeavor) to make capital for the South out of the very repugnance and soreness which its own prolonged insolence towards this country had excited, turning against the North that feeling on which it had naturally counted as a bond of amity.

For these reasons I think the comments of the *Mercury* essentially unfair, but I also think them superficial; for does the writer really think that the feeling which prevails in this country on the American contest is sufficiently accounted for by exasperation produced by the sarcasms of the *New York Herald* and a few more papers? Had I no knowledge whatever of the facts, my opinion of English sense and temper would prevent me for a moment from giving credit to such a notion. If the writer in the *Mercury* would only read carefully a few of the diatribes in the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Saturday Review*, and, above all, those of the Tory press, I can hardly doubt that he will discover a far deeper chord of sympathy with Southern aims than that which a common hatred could furnish. Mere exasperation at low ribaldry never produced such unflagging energy of captious and trenchant criticism, such a sustained torrent of fierce, unsparing denunciation, as those papers have now for more than a twelvemonth poured forth.

No, the real cause lies deeper than this. It is to be found in the distaste for American institutions which has always inspired an influential portion of English society, but which Mr. Bright's unmerited abuse of the English aristocracy, and equally unmerited eulogy of the model republic, had, just before the American civil war broke out, brought to the point of positive disgust and hatred. It is to be found, again, in the seri-

ous (though, as I believe, quite unnecessary) apprehension of the growing might of the gigantic Federation; and, lastly, it is (I fear to no inconsiderable extent) to be found in real liking for the social system of the South, or, if this be too strong a statement, at least in preference for it as an alternative to that of the Northern States; for I am by no means of the opinion of the writer in the *Mercury*, that the sympathy manifested in this country for the South is free from all taint of pro-slavery feeling. If the writer thinks so, let him look to the speeches and publications of Mr. Beresford Hope, to the articles in the *Times* (and if he wishes for an example, I would refer him to the leader of Friday last denouncing a policy of emancipation), or, still better, to the work of Mr. Spence, a work which has gone through four editions, and has been received with extraordinary approbation. He will find that Mr. Spence, while, in deference to the conventionalities of English society, he pronounces slavery to be wrong, is yet in perfect accord with the most advanced slaveholders as to the grounds on which slavery is maintained. Mr. Spence, for example, holds that white labor is unsuited to Southern climes, that negroes will not work without compulsion, and that as a race they are so essentially inferior to the whites as to be incapable of taking an equal part with them in the business of civil life.

These are the premises of slaveholders all the world over, and if Mr. Spence does not draw from them the slaveholders' conclusion, it is simply because he lives in Liverpool and not in Charleston. These are the views of Mr. Spence, and these views have been accepted, assimilated, and enforced by the leading organs of public opinion in England, with a few noble exceptions. With these facts before me, I am quite unable to concur in the *Mercury's* absolute acquittal of the English people of any complicity with pro-slavery feeling. The mass of the people are, I believe, still free from it, but the leaders are not, and it is the leaders which determine our policy.

Great as is the length to which my letter has run, I must say a few words more. "The great principle that slavery is *per se* an evil," says the *Mercury*, "is with the North, subordinate to the political compact of the Union;" he infers this, and very just-

ly, from the conduct of Mr. Lincoln; and concludes that "the last claim which the North could fairly urge on the sympathies of England—its firm resolve to do justice to the colored men and favor emancipation—it has officially removed." Yet the writer commenced his article by saying that "the election of Mr. Lincoln gave genuine satisfaction to this country," because we regarded the event as an indication that a limit was to be placed on the further extension of slavery. Now, if this was a just ground of satisfaction (as the writer seems to hold) I think Mr. Lincoln and the North may fairly ask him what has since occurred in the conduct of the Federal Government to diminish the satisfaction which was then felt? Is it the abolition of slavery in Columbia, or the measure for its exclusion from the territories, or the slave trade treaty with Great Britain? Has anything occurred to show that the Republican party are prepared to sanction the extension of slavery, and, if not, why should England withdraw her sympathies from the party to which, on the ground assigned, she gave them? But we are told Mr. Lincoln will not declare that "slavery is *per se* an evil," and proceed at once to legislate on this basis. But the Republican party never made this declaration, never proposed to interfere with slavery in the existing Slave States. They proposed merely to limit slavery—to put down slavery so far as that could be done consistently with maintaining the existing Constitution; that was their position from the start; and if that was a sufficient reason for giving them our moral support at the presidential election, surely, the reasons for this are not diminished when a firm adherence to their principle has drawn upon them the terrible calamity of civil war. In short, it comes to this: is the *Mercury* prepared to counte-

nance a slave confederacy till a nation can be formed which is prepared to put down slavery on principles of pure philanthropy? If so, and if this is what abolitionism means, the Confederacy may look forward to a long tenure of power. The truth is, the world has not yet reached that point at which devotion to a high principle is to be expected from great masses of men. Englishmen once, no doubt, paid twenty millions down to be rid of slavery; that they would incur a like sacrifice now for the same object is what I desire to believe; but there is a wide difference between twenty millions sterling, and a war *à l'outrance* against the slave power. To this result the North has been led by industrial, social, and political causes, and why should we not wish it success? Grant that it is not inspired by philanthropic motives,—it is doing the work of philanthropy: it is fighting the battle of civilization. At all events, even though it should have no higher end in view than the restoration of the national integrity, will it be said that this is not a better ground for our sympathy than the attempt to establish an empire on the corner-stone of slavery?

I agree with the writer that "England as well as America is on her trial," and, as one proud of his connection with England—proud of her history, proud of her literature, proud of her generous and ennobling traditions, proud above all of that purest ray of her glory—that she has been known as the champion of the slave and the terror of the oppressor to the farthest ends of the earth, I deplore in my deepest heart the course which she is now following—a course which I cannot but think must degrade her from the high and conspicuous place among the benefactors of the human race which she has hitherto maintained.

Ever yours,

J. E. CAIRNES.

ILLINOIS COTTON.—The experimental cotton crop of Illinois is gathering. It is estimated that the State will produce twenty thousand bales for export this season. The variety grown is the upland, principally from seed procured in Tennessee. The quality (says a correspondent) is excellent, and the quantity per

acre, so far as is known, exceeds that of the cotton-growing districts further south. The uncertainty of procuring seed in the early part of the season prevented many from planting; but the result of this year's experiment is highly encouraging. Illinois could grow five hundred thousand bales profitably.

From The Spectator.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES V.*

IF we are disposed to question somewhat unceremoniously the claims of this book, author, translator, and publisher have themselves to blame. It might have been supposed that in a work of such pretensions as *The Autobiography of the Emperor Charles V.*, long lost and unexpectedly recovered, ordinary care would have been taken to inform the reader of the condition, age, and handwriting of the MS. from which it had been derived. It does not profess to be the original traced by the hand of the emperor himself, or his secretary. It is not even supposed to be in the language which Charles himself would have employed, whatever that might have been. All that its discoverer, the Baron de Lettenhove, condescends to tell us, is that in the Imperial Library at Paris he stumbled upon the MS., under the Spanish division, to which it had been consigned by some careless or ignorant librarian, instead of the Portuguese (the language in which it is written), and that a note informs the reader that it was translated from the French original, still remaining at Madrid in the year 1620. At what time, then, was this copy made? Is it a clean copy or a corrected draft? Because the best Portuguese scholar translating at once from a French original—as in this case the author professes to have done—would hardly have accomplished his task without some indications of the conditions under which he was working. He would have blotted out this word or that, he would have changed a phrase here or there, and we should then have had some approximate test as to the accuracy of his assertions. To whom do we owe the title of the book? To the MS., the transcriber, Baron de Lettenhove, Mr. Simpson, the translator, or his publishers? An autobiography it is not in any fair sense of the word. Nor in the letter prefixed to it, and professing to be addressed to Philip II. by the emperor himself, is it called by that name. “The history,” he says, “is that which I composed in French when we were travelling on the Rhine, and which I finished at Augsburg.” “It is not,” he adds, “such as

I could wish it; but God knows I did not do it out of vanity.” And then he concludes by saying, “I was on the point of throwing the whole into the fire; but, as I hope, if God gives me life, to arrange this history in such guise that he shall not find himself ill served therein, I send it to you, that it may not run the risk of being lost.” To whom, moreover, do we owe the second title, with its ostentatious air of antiquity and its portentous blunder, assigning the death of King Philip, the father of Charles, “whom God have in his glory,” to the year 1516, instead of 1506? This misstatement never issued from the pen of Charles himself; and we should have supposed the Baron de Lettenhove too well acquainted with history to fall into such an inaccuracy. Whether these things be the result of carelessness or design, they do not speak much for the authenticity of a work of such high pretensions, or for that scrupulous attention to minute points of evidence which, both from editor and translator, every reader has a right to expect.

Nor is the internal evidence of the book much more conclusive in its favor. Baron de Lettenhove, in a somewhat tumid and lumbering preface, little improved by the graces of his translator, not only claims for his discovery an importance which is natural in all discoverers of long-missing documents, but he seems to think that henceforth all histories of Charles V. are doomed to silence, and the biographers of the emperors, with Robertson at their head, must be consigned to oblivion. A new light has dawned, before which all others, be they stars, gas-lights or candle-lights, must go out, as before the meridian splendor of these new-found memoirs. “After having announced,” he says, “the ‘Commentaries of Charles V.’”—though, by the by, as we have stated already, this is not his announcement, unless Mr. Simpson has taken unwarrantable liberties—“there is nothing to be added to the title. It is just that the voice of the prince, whom the faithful Quijada called ‘the greatest man that ever lived or will live,’ should be heard after three centuries of silence, free and unshackled by murmurs and contradictors.” What this means we do not very clearly see. “At a later period history will resume her rights, but henceforth, before appreciating the political

* *The Autobiography of the Emperor Charles V., recently discovered in the Portuguese Language by Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove. Translated by L. F. Simpson, M. R. S. L.*

career of Charles V., it will be necessary to study his own judgment of it, at a moment when, the better to interrogate his conscience, he was preparing voluntarily to relinquish the most vast power that ever was known." So far as we can make it out, we demur as much to the ethics as we do to the grammar of this magniloquent sentence. We do not see that history is necessarily bound to take up the judgment of Charles V. on his own political doings and misdoings, or that she would by such a course "resume her rights," which Baron de Lettenhove and his translator, Mr. Simpson, seem to imagine have been hitherto unjustifiably withheld. But even if the historian were so bound, he need be under no great apprehension on that head, so far as this assumed autobiography is concerned. We defy the most willing or deferential inquirer to find out what that judgment was, or to point out a single new fact in this book, written at the moment when the great emperor was preparing "to interrogate his conscience," which can arrest, reverse, or even modify, the judgment which history has passed already on the political career of Charles V. In this dreary, desolate, "drowthy," uninviting narrative of one hundred and fifty pages, unilluminated by a single ray of enthusiasm, unrelieved by a passing thought of the matchless revolutions of men and times to which its author had been instrumental, with not one single trait of individual character, not one poor anecdote, not one reminiscence of love, friendship, hatred, pleasure or pain—except it be an exact enumeration of fits of the gout—what is there in all these pages, we should be glad to know, that can add any fresh halo to the memory of Charles, which ignorance and distraction have hitherto unjustly eclipsed? History will resume her rights forsooth! Well, if it should, it will be to pronounce Charles V. one of the dullest and dreariest of mankind; not a monarch of brass or bronze, but a monarch of lead, a king of more than Boëtian capacity for imposing on the imagination of posterity.

We admit that we hope, for his credit's sake, that this autobiography is not authentic; that it is nothing more than a few hasty notes or memorials, intended by the emperor, had God given him life, to serve for a larger and juster volume. No man of

that age had better opportunities than he for writing an autobiography which would have been profoundly interesting. Even the careless overflowings of his own experience, however hasty or tumultuous, would have made a volume incomparably more enchanting than any which that or almost any other age could have placed before us. No prince, past or present, was ever thrust by the force of circumstances or the advantages of position into more chequered scenes, or brought into contact with men of greater mark and force of character than Charles V.; and that not in a time when the passions of men had little means of displaying themselves in their full vigor, but when every influence was at work for good or evil, and all the civilized world, like the minds of men, was convulsed from one end of it to the other. The last of that imperial line, the inheritor of those great traditions which connected him with his namesake of the ninth century, and through him with imperial Rome, gathering up in himself the lines of kings and queens who had been famous for centuries in Christendom, connected by blood and alliance with every monarch of his time, the champion of the Church against the heretic on one hand and the Turk on the other, imagination cannot realize a grander position than that in which Charles found himself, or one which necessarily brought him into more immediate contact with all the moving incidents of that most moving age. Historians may have confounded the man with his environments, and taken his measure from his accidents; they may have too readily thought that he had achieved a greatness which was, in truth, rather thrust upon him than achieved; still, if not a great actor, he was an actor, often the prime and sole actor, in great things; and his correspondence, published and unpublished, shows he was an actor in more things than even written history gives him credit for. No king had ever seen so much as he. Twice in England, frequently in Spain, Germany, France, and Italy, more than once in Rome, in Africa against the Moors, closeted with Wolsey at Bruges, conferring with Francis I. in his prison at Madrid, debating with Luther at Worms, the sole depositary of all Queen Katharine's secrets at the unhappy period of her divorce, the prime adviser of her daughter Mary in her marriage with Philip,

as may still be seen in his correspondence preserved at Simancas, what revelations could he not have made of events and persons had he been so minded? or what autobiography so rich, when retired from the world he dictated to his secretary, Van Male, at Yuste, the rich lessons of his long and varied experience? Surely, a man of less busy life and less stirring ambition than Charles V., in his sombre solitude, as he looked back upon the breathing world which he had left, amidst "his gardens of lemon and orange trees, and sparkling fountains and basins," could not have failed to have left some impressions in his memoirs of those noble scenes—"sad, high, and working full of state and woe," in which he had once played so important a part. If, however, in the work now before us, which professes to contain his autobiography, the reader expects to meet with any such revelations, he will find himself miserably mistaken. If these are the incidents he would naturally look out for in the life of Charles V., he will look in vain for them here. Katharine and her divorce, and all its momentous consequences cannot draw from the imperial narrator a single passing expression of regret. Luther and Wolsey may as well have never been, for any notice they receive in his pages. The fall of Rhodes, which

struck all Christendom with consternation, and the battle of Mohacz, which sealed the fate of Hungary and his own sister Mary, are not even mentioned. Not a single trait of the character or personal appearance of any one of his contemporaries, great or small, seems to have fastened on his imagination or his memory. He is, indeed, the central figure of his own narrative, and the most important, but that is by wiping out of his canvas all others, and throwing them into such an immeasurable distance, that no distinct impression of them is made upon the spectator. In fact, from beginning to end, the book is full of the emperor's marches and countermarches, of what he might have done and didn't do; how he got into a wood and got out again, marched up a hill and marched down; and the marvellous minuteness with which these points are insisted on, bears a ludicrous disproportion to their want of importance. We know of no parallel to it in reality or romance, except it be in Foote's farce of "The Mayor of Garratt:" "Oh! such marchings and countermarchings! From Brentford to Ealing; from Ealing to Acton; from Acton to Uxbridge! The dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating!" Such a chronicle of *floci, nihili, parvi*, is this *Autobiography of Charles V.*, only not one-half so amusing.

GARIBALDI has written a rapturous political love-letter to Britannia; and Britannia, much as she admires the man, feels a little bashful and awkward in the unexpected situation. She is to arise with "uplifted brow," and point to her sister France the road of happy revolutionary freedom. She is to call to Helvetia—the Vestal Virgin of the Alps—to aid America, her daughter, who has so recently gone forth from her bosom and is engaged in struggling against the traders in human flesh; and when she has aided that daughter to conquer them, to call her back to her side to aid in the great Congress of liberated nations, whose judgments are to supersede war over the whole earth. Britannia is really embarrassed how to reply, and feels a little inclined to answer General Garibaldi like the fascinating child when told by its father to kiss the kind lady,—"You do it, pa; I so shy." The letter is couched in that peculiar tone of noble but hectic sentiment which scarcely realizes the heavy weight of personal responsibility attaching to national efforts

for freedom, and treats as a question of epidemic emotion what we look upon as one too sacred and solemn for the proffer of foreign sympathy and counsel.—*Spectator*, 4 Oct.

A NUMBER of operatives, trained in the different branches of flax manufacture and the power-loom weaving of linen, have been engaged at Belfast to work in mills in Prussia and Belgium. They are chiefly women, and have entered into arrangements to work for stipulated periods.

STREET railways are to be immediately introduced in the cities of Hamburg and Altona. Herr Muller, a civil engineer, has also devised a system of city railroads for Berlin and Vienna, and it is considered likely that the latter will accept the proposition.

GARIBALDI TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

A WORLD'S CONGRESS SUGGESTED.

GARIBALDI has addressed the following remarkable letter to the people of England:—

"TO THE ENGLISH NATION: It is while under the double pressure of bodily and mental pain that man can most truly and most acutely appreciate good and evil, and, leaving the authors of his misery to eternal shame, devote unlimited affection and gratitude to his benefactors. And that to you, O people of England, I owe a heavy debt for benefits bestowed, I feel in the inmost recesses of my soul. You were my friends in prosperity, and now you continue the precious boon in the days of my adversity. May God reward you! And my gratitude is the more intense, O worthy people, inasmuch as, rising as it must do beyond the mere level of individual feeling, it becomes sublime in the general sentiment toward those nations whose progress you represent.

"Yes! you are deserving of the gratitude of the world, because you offer an asylum for misfortune, from whatever part it may come; and you identify yourself with misery, pity it, and relieve it. The French and Neapolitan exile finds in your bosom shelter from his tyrant; he finds sympathy; he is helped, because an exile, because unhappy. The Haynaus—the hardened instruments of autocrats—find no rest in your liberal land, and fly terrified before the bitter scorn of your generous sons. And, in truth, without your noble bearing, what would Europe be? Tyranny seizes its exiles in those other lands where virtue is unnatural, where liberty is a lie; but they are still safe on the sacred soil of Albion. I, like so many others, seeing the cause of justice trampled under foot in so many parts of the world, despaired of human progress. But, turning to you, my mind is calmed—calmed by the contemplation of your fearless progress towards that end to which the human race seems called by Providence.

"Proceed on your way, O calm, unconquered nation, and be less tardy in calling your sister peoples into the same path of human progress. Call the French nation to co-operate with you. You two are worthy to march hand in hand in the vanguard of human progress. Yes, call her! In all your meetings let concord between the two great sisters be your cry. Yes, call her! Call to her always, and in every manner—with your voice, and with the voice of her great exiles—of Victor Hugo, the high-priest of human brotherhood. Tell her that conquest is, in this age, an anomaly—the emanation of an unsound mind. Why should we covet the land of others, when all

men should be as brethren? Yes, call her! And she, forgetting that she is temporarily under the dominion of the Genius of Evil—if not to-day, to-morrow—if not to-morrow, later—will reply as she ought to your generous and regenerating appeal. Call, and at once, the bold sons of Helvetia, and clasp them firmly to your breast! The warlike children of the Alps—the vestals of the sacred fire of liberty on the continent of Europe—they will be with you. What a host!

"Call the great American Republic, for she is in truth your daughter, and is struggling now for the abolition of that slavery which you have already so nobly proclaimed. Help her to escape from the terrible strife waged against her by the traders in human flesh. Help her, and then place her by your side at the great assembly of nations—that final work of human intellect. Call to your side all those people who would be free, and lose not an hour. The initiative which belongs to you to-day, may to-morrow concern another. May God forbid such a calamity! Who ever more gallantly than France in '89 assumed that responsibility? At that solemn moment she held up 'Reason' to the world, crushed tyranny, and consecrated free brotherhood. Now, after nearly a century, she is reduced to combat the liberty of nations, to protect tyranny, and over the altar of Reason to erect the symbol of that wicked and immoral monstrosity which is called the Papacy.

"Arise, then, Britannia, and at once! Arise with your undaunted brow and point out to the peoples the path they must tread! With a Congress of the world to decide between nations, war would be an impossibility. No longer would there exist those standing armies which make liberty impossible. What weapons! What defences! What engines of attack and defence! And then the millions squandered in implements of destruction would be employed in fostering the industry and diminishing the misery of the human race. Begin, then, O people of England; and, for the love of God, initiate the vast human compact, and bestow this great gift on the present generation! Besides Switzerland and Belgium, you would see other nations, urged on by the good sense of the people, accept your invitation, and hasten to enroll themselves under your banner. Let London now be the seat of this Congress, which shall in future be agreed on by a mutual compact of arrangement and convenience. Once more, God bless you. May he repay you for the benefits you have heaped so prodigally on me. With gratitude and affection, yours,

"GARIBALDI.

"Varignano, Sept. 28."

GARIBALDI.

THE Lion is down, and how the Dogs will run ;
 Something above the level is their delight
 For insult ; Asses lift the hoof to smite ;
 The Birds of darkness hoot, " His day is done."

" Would he had kept his attitude sublime !"
 Cry some ; " With crossed arms held his
 heart at rest,
 And left us his grand likeness at its best ;
 High on a hill up which the world might climb !"

" Better for all had he been sooner shrined ;
 The old true heart, and very foolish head !
 A model Man—especially if dead—
 Perfect as some Greek statue—and as blind !"

Friends talk of failure ; and I know how he
 Will slowly lift his loving, cordial eyes
 And look them through, with mournful,
 strange surprise,
 Until they shrink and feel 'tis Italy

Has failed instead. The words they came to
 speak
 Will sink back awed by his majestic calm.
 His wounds are such as bleed immortal balm,
 And he is strong again ; the friends are weak.

It is not failure to be thus struck down
 By Brothers who obeyed their Foe's com-
 mand,
 And in the darkness lopped the saving hand
 Put forth to reach their country her last crown.

He only sought to see her safely home ;
 The tragic trials end ; the sufferings cease,
 In wedded oneness and completing peace ;
 Then bow his gray old head and die in Rome.

It is no failure to be thus struck back—
 Caught in a Country's arms—clasped to her
 heart—
 She tends his wounds awhile, and then will
 start
 Afresh ! Some precious drops mark out her
 track.

No failure ! though the rocks may dash in foam
 This first strength of a nation's new life-
 stream,
 'Twill rise—a Bow of Promise—that shall
 gleam
 In glory over all the waves to come.

We miss a footstep, thinking " Here's a stair,"
 In some uncertain way we darkly tread ;
 But God's enduring skies are overhead,
 And spirits step their surest oft in air.

His ways are not as our ways ; the new birth,
 At cost of the old life, is often given.
 To-day God crowns the Martyrs in his heaven ;
 To-morrow whips their murderers on our earth.

You take back Garibaldi to his prison !
 Why, *this* may be the very road to Rome ;

They would have said, " She croucheth to her
 doom,"
 If Italy, in some shape, had not risen !

I say 'twas God's voice bade him offer up
 Himself for Aspromonte's sacrifice ;
 So, to that height, his countrymen might rise ;
 For them he freely drank his bitter cup.

It is a faith too many yet receive,—
 Since the false prophecy of old went forth—
 " The tribe of Judas yet shall rule the earth."
 But he is one that never would believe.

His vision is most clear where ours is dim.
 The mystic spirit of eternity
 That slumbers in us deep and dreamingly,
 Was ever quick and more awake in him.

And so he fixed his look across the night :
 His face, though bright as sunshine, often told
 How the soul's underworld in darkness rolled,
 And what he saw with sorrow's second sight :

But, like a lamp across some dismal heath,
 A light shone through his eyes no night could
 quench ;
 The winds might make it flicker, rains might
 drench ;
 Nothing could dim it save the dark of death.

And if his work's unfinished in the flesh,
 Why, then his soul will join the noble dead
 And toil till it shall be accomplished,
 And Italy hath burst this Devil's mesh.

Easier to conquer kingdoms than to breed
 A man like Garibaldi, whose great name
 Doth fence his country with his glorious fame.
 Worth many armies in her battle-need.

His is the royal heart that never quails,
 But always conquers ; wounded, pale, and
 low,
 He never was so dear as he is now :
 They bind him, and more strongly he prevails.

Greater to-day than Emperor or King,
 There, where, for throne, they seat him in the
 dust,
 The express image of sublimest Trust,
 And consecrated by his suffering.

A sovereignty that overtops success !
 Nothing but heaven might crown his patriot-
 brow,
 And lo, a Crown of Thorns is on it now,
 With higher guerdon than our world's caress.

The vision of all his glory fills our eyes,
 And with one heart expectant nations throb
 Around him—with one mighty prayer they
 sob,
 And wait God's answer to this sacrifice.

GERALD MASSEY.

—Good Words.

PALACE AND PRISON.

IN the fort of Varignano,
On a hard and narrow bed,
Brooding thoughts, as a volcano
Broodeth lava-floods unshed,
Lies a chained and crippled hero,
Balked and baffled, not subdued,
Though his fortune's sunk to zero,
At blood-heat still stands his mood.

In his sumptuous sea-side palace,
Where Biarritz looks o'er sea,
With all splendor for such solace
As from splendor wrung may be,
Sits a crowned and sceptred sovereign,
Strong in arms, more strong in art,
Wrapped in thoughts past men's discovering,
With a marble stone for heart.

From her centuries' sleep arisen,
Clenching half unfettered hands,
'Twixt that palace and that prison,
Flushed and fierce Italia stands.
Brave words she has owed that ruler,
Brave words and brave deeds as well,
Now she doubts he fain would fool her
Of the hopes he helped to swell.

So with visage dark and lowering
She that palace-threshold spurns,
And with tenderness o'erpowering
To the fortress-prison turns.
Ne'er a doubt of the devotion
Of that chained and crippled chief,
Clouds her love's profound emotion,
Stays the passion of her grief.

What's an emperor's word, whose action
To his utterance gives the lie?
But this chief for love bade faction,
Prudence, policy stand by—
Blind maybe, but blind for brightness
Of the goal to which he strove,
All his life is one long witness
Life to him is less than love.

Then what wonder to the prison
From the palace if she turn?
'Tis her star that newly risen
O'er that fortress-cell doth burn.
The true prison is that palace,
And that prisoner is true king!
Were his pallet-bed a gallows,
There Italia's heart would cling,
Not to yon man, dark and callous,
Girt by his base courtier-ring.

—Punch.

ST. PETER WITHOUT THE GATES. 1862.

"Petrus, quum venisset ad portam, vidit Christum sibi occurrentem, et ait 'Domine, quo vadis?' Qui respondit, 'Venio Romam iterum crucifigi.'"—AUREA LEGENDA, cap. 89.

"WHAT memory of my ancient life art thou?
Is there another Christ than he who trod
The shattered gates of death, and rose to God?
But no—all pain is graven on thy brow
As only one could suffer.—Thou art he!

Not thus thy own, the suffering, thought to see
Thy coming, when the rifted clouds should
gleam
To quivering wings and golden panoplies,
While high above the starry arch should rise
The jasper judgment-thrones. Was all a
dream?

Hath faith no future? Was the cross in vain?

"I travel Romewards—I must die again."

"O Lord, the story of thy death is sung
In every church, and carved on every stone;—
The glazing eye sees thee; the infant's tongue
Blends Jesus' with its household names in one;
The priest who curses those whom Christ set
free,

The freeman, cursed and cringing, call on
thee;

The *sbirro* in the desecrated home,
The soldier, whose dishonored sword is red,
The mother crouched beside the nameless
dead,

All know that thou hast died for them, for
Rome;

These wait thy judgments, Lord! thy cross
were vain.

"I travel Romewards—I must die again."

"Alas, not only the eternal shrine
And common faith witness Gethsemane;
A people, almost in great grief divine,
Hath trod the *via crucis* after thee:
The seven-hilled palace, where the city sate
Queenlike, enfolds her passion and her fate,—
Soldier and priest have bound her that she
die.

O Lord, what need that costlier blood should
flow?

Will he believe, who turns to Calvary?

With eyes averted from a nation's woe?

Come clothed in thunder, Lord! thy cross is
vain—

And Rome were hopeless though thou diedst
again."

—Spectator.

SATURDAY EVENING.

How sweet the evening shadows fall,
Advancing from the west!
As ends the weary week of toil,
And comes the day of rest.

Bright o'er the earth the star of eve
Her radiant beauty sheds;
And myriad sisters calmly weave
Their light around our heads,

Rest, man, from labor! rest from sin!
The world's hard contest close;
The holy hours with God begin—
Yield thee to sweet repose.

Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
Its sacred light will cast,
Fair emblem of that glorious day
That evermore shall last.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 964.—22 November, 1862.

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☞ The article on The Slave Power, in No. 963, is said to be by John Stuart Mill.

NEW BOOKS.

THE TWO HOMES : or, Earning and Spending. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston : Andrew F. Graves.

THE SIOUX WAR : What shall we do with it ? THE SIOUX INDIANS : What shall we do with them ? By James W. Taylor. Saint Paul, Minnesota.

THE UNITED STATES AND FRANCE. By Edward Labonlaye. Translated for, and published by, The Boston Daily Advertiser.

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"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—*Matt. 11: 28.*

PART I.

AWAY into the far, dim wood from her,
His shadow fell upon the dying leaves,
And autumn hilltops, lying faint and fair,
Beneath the sun spread out their silent sheaves.

O'er faulds and meadows old the wild bee flew,
And idle brooks sang endlessly and long;
The naked willows waved; and evening grew
Above the mallow banks and marsh weeds strong.

Majestic trees above her waved, and stood
And dropped their crimson ashes at her feet;
A passing breeze stirred through the silent wood,
And left behind the moist, dull autumn heat.

She saw his last departing shadow fall,
And from along the dark and dismal way
Faded at last, while sadly over all
A moveless shadow fell across the way.

Upon her hands she laid her aching head,
And weariness of darkness o'er her fell.
"I do not understand my life," she said;
"My soul is lost in woe unspeakable."

PART II.

We cannot conquer the great world within;
Our ceaseless pulses beat day after day,
And souls are filled with sorrow and with sin;
They labor without faith, and do not pray.

And who shall help them in their dreadful need?
And who is Lord of all our souls within?
Of far-off folds, forever fair, we read,
Where quiet sheep in peace, remote from sin,

Are guided safely by a Shepherd's love,
And ever calm are all their nights and days,
Forever calm is all their sky above,
And joy doth follow all their winding ways.*

But, Lord, some are too weak to come to thee;
They stumble and fall down in deep despair;
Their tearful eyes so blind they cannot see,
And hearts too heavy with their earthly care.

Redeemer, shall they lay their woes on thee?
Wilt fold their weary souls upon thy breast?
Thy yoke is easy and thy bondage free;
Oh, lead them home to thine eternal rest.

I know that only thou canst give them peace,
And only thou canst calm their restless souls.
Dear Saviour, bid their hopeless wanderings cease,
Gather us all to thy pure heavenly folds.

ELEANOR MATLACK.

OCTOBER.

FALLING leaves and falling men!
When the snows of winter fall,
And the winds of winter blow,
Will be woven Nature's pall.

Let us, then, forsake our dead—
For the dead will surely wait,
While we rush upon the foe,
Eager for the hero's fate.

Leaves will come upon the trees;
Spring will show the happy race;
Mothers will give birth to sons,
Loyal souls to fill our place.

Wherefore should we rest and rust?
Soldiers, we must fight and save
Freedom now, and give our foes
All their country should—a grave!
—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

DIVERSITY IN UNITY

"An appeal to the 'You' of yesterday, ought ever to be qualified by the perceptions of the 'You' of to-day and to-morrow."

"I saw it with my eyes!" I doubt you not
You saw it—yes, your lightest word is true;
But whether that same thing which once was
"You,"

May, can, or should, with retrospective thought,
Stand, like armed sentinel, and bar you out
From later lights of life, demands a doubt.

"You" may be "you:" but was that half-fledged thing,

Eyeing from downy nest its strip of sky,
The same, in very deed, as *that* whose wing
In practised flights now bears it up on high?
Or did its quondam world, its first small sweep,
Comprise all worlds? the lofty and the deep?

Or, take a higher parable.—In youth,
Vigorous and bright, you chose some worthy part,
And well you played it:—blessings on your truth,
And blessed your work, of mind, or hand, or heart.

Good roots, well planted; hence the living trees:
But TREES grow on: shall MEN be less than these?

"You" may be "you,"—th' essential man the same,
But complex, rich, and full, not lean and bare;

Holding, and rightly, by the dear old name,
Yet not, as erst, a child in eye and ear;
Be the true thing; the hours their course fulfil;
We have no right to say, "Old Time! stand still."

So friend, old friend, more dear, because that Time

Has laid its spell upon us; leaving free
The heart's affections, and the thought sublime
Of endless growth, and nobler things to be,
In the full light of life, both old and new,
I see, rejoicing see, that "you" are "you."
—*Spectator.* T.A.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

Female Life in Prison. By a Prison Matron. Hurst and Blackett.

THIS work presents an important subject in so new a point of view that to many of its readers it will be a revelation. Others have written of female prisoners—chaplains, philanthropists, lady visitors, persons who have been permitted occasional intercourse with prison life, or who have stated duties there; but the present writer lifts the veil from the daily, hourly existence of the miserable class of female convicts, and is the first, as far as we are aware, spending her life among them, and watching them at all hours of every day, who has told her experience; and told it with a distinctness, straightforwardness, and command of her subject, which enforce conviction, and powerfully impress the reader. Her purpose, beyond the natural wish to record her observations in a form sure to excite interest, seems to be to plead for her class—prison matrons, as they are called—whom she endeavors to prove, and, we think, succeeds in proving, to be overworked, their energies unduly tasked, and their services underpaid. Fourteen or fifteen hours a day of incessant labor and vigilance, and almost incessant worry, amongst beings wild, crafty, and desperate as their charges are represented to be, must be too heavy a strain on body and mind for women to bear without such a drain on health and strength, and wearing out of spirits, as government ought not to require of its servants. The term “matron” is a misnomer, for, as a class, they are young women eligible at twenty-five, some having been elected at an earlier age. And she suggests that for these “officers,” as they are further designated, the title of “sister”—“if it did not savor too much of Romanism”—would be more appropriate and more suggestive of their work, and of the spirit in which it should be carried out. They are, according to her report, in most cases, women of education and refinement, as they should be always; interested in their work, and carrying it out with tenderness and judgment. For the sake of the prisoners, too, she argues that the staff should be enlarged; for women need more individual attention than men, and cannot be treated in masses and by general rules in the degrees possible with men. And this we can readily believe.

If women cannot be trained in large masses, neither can they be reformed and punished without losing many important opportunities for favorable influence.

Putting aside the example of zealous, useful labor set us by these youthful matrons, and the good worked by them amongst the more tractable of their charges in some few redeeming instances of penitence and reformation, this book must be a sort of shock to the general reader; being, as it is, a long comment on the text, that it is easier for the leopard to change his spots, than for those to do good that are accustomed to do evil; and giving us a veritable glimpse into Pandemonium such as no other systematic review of prison life has done before, for the reason the author gives, that it is only the officials of a prison that can see prisoners at their worst. Towards occasional visitors they can exercise self-control, but anything like lasting self-control is incompatible with the feminine nature sunk in vice; and lost to self-respect, as the majority of these women are. It is much easier to believe in crimes, the motive to them, the impulses and temptations which hurry men into them, than to realize their effect upon the character, and what an unresisting abandonment to evil influences results in. It is more difficult and painful still to imagine a woman without any of the qualities we attribute to her sex. Not that the worst are wholly unsexed; bad women are not more like men than good ones—in some cases they are less so: all the weaknesses of the feminine organization are, indeed, concentrated in them, but there is a class of qualities which we are accustomed to think inseparable from womanhood, and it is a shock to find out our mistake. This writer, after her experience of prison life, quotes Tennyson:—

“For men at most differ as heaven and earth,
But women worst and best, as heaven and hell.”

Probably the warders on the men's side of Milbank Prison would have something to say in modification of this distinction, yet they agree in the difference being a wide one between bad men and bad women; a thoroughly depraved woman is more lost to reason than a man can become:—

“‘How you ladies manage to live, in such a constant state of excitement, is a puzzle to us on the men's side,’ a Milbank warder said to me one day; ‘our hours are as

long, but the male convicts are quiet and rational, and obey orders. It must be a hard time for all of you.'"—*Female Life in Prison*, vol. ii. p. 4.

A woman dead to shame and lost to reason almost ceases to be a human being; it is not easy to distinguish between her state and actual madness; and some delineations of temper in this work are scarcely compatible with sanity, though, because there are no illusions, the culprit is necessarily treated as responsible. Yet in creatures possessed with almost demoniacal fury or malice, we see strange glimpses of tempers and qualities, with which in the germ we are all familiar. The book is a suggestive one. Here are the extremes of vices, to which we only see remote tendencies in ourselves, our friends, our acquaintance in the outer world; but enough to wake painful sympathies, to see horrible likenesses, to make us own a common nature. We begin to realize, more than, in thoughtless security, men care to do, all we owe to the beneficent chains of decorous habit, to immunity from extreme temptation, to training in the humanities of life. There are people, it seems, who have been cut off from all these. We do not believe of any human beings that they have had no chance, no conscience pleading within, no example different from and above that which they have uniformly followed; but, as compared to ourselves, they have been without all privileges and advantages. These, as children, have never learnt, and it would have been out of place could they have spoken, the simple lines,—

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;"

for from the first they have been outcasts of society. Why there are beings so neglected, so lost, why there are these differences, is an inscrutable mystery; our part, as we realize them, is to recognize a work for the more favored to do, and to inquire what the share of each must be. Every prison suggests such ideas—but nowhere so forcibly as in the case of female convicts—and to see this abandonment, this extreme degradation in woman, is at once pitiable and revolting. As art personifies all graces, all virtues, under feminine forms—Justice, Mercy, Beauty, Intellect,—so Satan stamps his mark on this yielding, impressible material; and when he would represent sullenness, fury, craft,

malignity, shamelessness, impenitence, despair, he possesses with them some woman's nature, trained from her cradle in ignorance and sin.

One matter for encouragement we gather here, where we should scarcely have expected to find it, which is, that good teaching is seldom absolutely thrown away. The mind which, however unwillingly or with however little seeming profit, has received some religious truths in childhood is in a different condition from one whose earliest impressions were all evil. As far as appearances go, a tender mother, a careful home, school, and church, may be all forgotten—their good influences disregarded, their memory trampled upon—yet every seed thus sown is not utterly eradicated. No good early teaching can be quite lost while thought lasts. It asserts itself at chance moments; it enables the besotted intellect to attach meaning to better ideas when they are presented to it; it interposes itself at seasons of softening or repose, striking some chord which is never developed in a childhood restricted to things low and base:—and this record gives us the names, and something of the history, of many whose knowledge of men and things has from their birth been exclusively of this sort. Women are perhaps, from their impressible natures, more the victims of ill training than men; and there are women who have all their lives been strangers to the idea which every girl is supposed to be born with of what a woman should be; to the notions of reserve, modesty, self-respect, restraint, decorum, industry, regard for appearances, obedience to custom, deference for opinion, horror of shame, which in some degree we consider inseparable from womanhood, which, whether suppressed or not, we assume sometimes to have been there or they would not be women. There are women in our prisons to whom every appeal on the presumption of this innate knowledge would be as much thrown away as on a lioness, or she-bear, or the pythoiness of the Zoölogical Gardens; who, as far as we can see, have no sense of dignity or purity, and no admiration for them. They seem never to have heard of the power and goodness of God, never to have felt the most transient working of religion in the soul. When the chaplain preaches to them, or makes individual efforts to reach the stony and dead heart,

they frankly own themselves perplexed; they cannot tell "what the parson is driving at." It is often objected to the efforts of every order of teachers—whether in pulpits, schools, or by any other systematic mode of instructing and training the less fortunate classes—that the good done bears no appreciable relation to the labor, fuss, and noise in the doing; but it is something if they secure all who come within sound of their teaching from a certain extremity of ignorance, make them, for ever so little time, take in an idea of what religion and goodness are, and what they themselves ought to be; so that they can henceforth understand the language of exhortation, hold some ideas in common with good men, and be open, intellectually, at least, to the working of higher influences than they habitually seek and live amongst.

We learn one thing of woman's natural graces from such extreme instances of the absence of them, which is that they are natural to women if they are trained in them: if a woman is brought up in modest, decorous ways, there is a natural bias in her to approve of them, to fall into certain habits, to follow certain engaging examples; but if people ever act on the notion that the graces of womanhood are inherent and inalienable, and therefore need not be fostered, they will find themselves mistaken. All education of women, either from neglect or system, which draws them out of the retirement and reserve congenial to what Spenser calls shamefacedness, bears in most cases evident fruit. It is especially the women who have this training in its most flagrant extreme that make the most revolting prisoners; women who, from childhood, have led a public life in streets, and noise, and idleness, and promiscuous association. It is enforced in this work, that the worst and most unmanageable prisoners are not in for the gravest offences. No doubt dread of shame and fear of man have much crime to answer for, as well as such violent passions and vices as are not incompatible with a grave, decorous exterior and decent habits of life; but it is those who have been subject to least discipline, whose womanhood has been least cared for, and with whom the usual safeguards of the sex have been most systematically defied, that supply the class of, not to say unfeminine, but inhuman prisoners; brought to this pass by audacious

disregard of opinion, loss of all self-respect, craving for notoriety, necessity for excitement, intolerance of quiet, and hatred of all steady occupation.

This writer does not assume that, in the worst cases brought under her notice, there have not been better impulses and memories than found their way to the light, and which might possibly be reached; but of what she has seen she speaks:—

"But to see some of these women, hour by hour, and listen to them in their mad defiance, rage, and blasphemy, is almost to believe they are creatures of another mould and race, born with no idea of God's truth, and destined to die in their own benighted ignorance.

"As a class, they are desperately wicked; as a class, deceitful, crafty, malicious, lewd, and void of common feeling. With their various temperaments there are various ways of harmonizing them into obedience, and here and there a chance of rousing some little instinct to act and think judiciously; but it can readily be imagined that there are all the vices under the sun exemplified in these hundreds of women, and but a sparse sprinkling of those virtues which should naturally adorn and dignify womanhood. . . . In the penal classes of the male prisons there is not one man to match the worst inmates of our female prisons. There are some women so wholly and entirely bad, that chaplains give up in despair, and prison rules prove failures, and punishment has no effect, save to bring them to 'death's door,' on the threshold of which their guilty tongues still curse and revile; and one must let them have their way, or see them die. There are some women less easy to tame than the creatures of the jungle; and one is almost sceptical of believing that there ever was an innocent childhood or a better life belonging to them. And yet, strange as it may appear, there are few, if any, murderesses among them; they have been chiefly convicted of theft after theft, accompanied by violence, and they are satanically proud of the offences that have brought them within the jurisdiction of the law.

"In the prison the teaching that should have begun with the women in their girlhood is commenced, and exercises, in a few instances, a salutary influence; but ignorance, deep-besotted ignorance, displays itself with almost every fresh woman on whom the key turns in her cell. It is the great reason for keeping our prisons full, our judges always busy; three-fourths of our prisoners, before their conviction, were unable to read a word; had no knowledge of a Bible, or what was

in it; had never heard of a Saviour; and only remembered God's name as always coupled with a curse. Some women have been trained to be thieves and worse than thieves by their mothers—taking their lessons in crime with a regularity and a persistence that, turned to better things, would have made them loved and honored all their lives. They have been taught all that is evil, and the evil tree has flourished and borne fruit; it is the hardest task to train so warped and distorted a creation to the right and fitting way. Praise be to those hard-working, unflinching, prison chaplains who strive to their utmost, and are not always unsuccessful.”—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 45.

One reason for the pre-eminence in wickedness claimed for these unfortunates is, no doubt, that confinement and compulsory monotonous labor drives them into a sort of frenzy. We can hardly believe that a man is intrinsically better because he takes his punishment with phlegm, and submits to the inevitable, which a different nervous organization chafes against and defies. The great trial to the matrons and everybody connected with the female prisons is the habit of “breaking out,” as it is called—a fit of mischief which seizes some caged fury, and spreads right and left from cell to cell, wherever the sound of breaking glass and crash of crockery can reach. Hating thought, and yet driven to think in their unaccustomed dreary solitude—hating work, and yet compelled to labor at the needle, or other even more monotonous employment, hour after hour—life becomes unendurable; they must break out; they feel the fit coming; they know the consequences—worse solitude in the dark, and bread and water; but their own interest, their own future of an hour hence is nothing to them, the present is so intolerable, and the present relief of noise and excitement so irresistibly attractive.

“The male prisoners are influenced by some amount of reason and forethought, but the female prisoner flies in the very face of prudence, and acts more often like a mad woman than a rational reflective human being. Those who are cunning enough to carry on by signs and looks, and tappings on the wall, a correspondence with their neighbors, are less refractory than those of less experience in evading prison rules. I have known many women, in defiance of a day or two's bread and water, suddenly shout across the airing-yard, or from one cell to another, with a noise all the more vehement for the

long restraint to which they have been subjected; and such a proceeding, if remonstrated with, is generally followed by a smashing of windows, and a tearing up of sheets and blankets, that will often affect half a ward with a similar example, if the delinquent is not speedily carried off to refractory quarters.

“It has been long observed that the force of example in the matter of ‘breakings out’ is sure to be strikingly exemplified; that for the sake of change even, and for that excitement which appears to be part of their being, without which they must go melancholy mad, two or three women will, in a quiet aggravating manner, arrange for a systematic smashing of windows and tearing of sheets and blankets.

“I have even known women addressing their matrons in a style similar to the following—

“‘Miss G——, I’m going to break out to-night.’

“‘Oh, nonsense!—you wont think of such folly, I’m sure.’

“Persuasion is generally attempted first, as a ‘breaking out’ disturbs a whole prison for a day or two.

“‘I’m sure I shall then.’

“‘What for?’

“‘Well, I’ve made up my mind, that’s what for. I shall break out to-night—see if I don’t.’

“‘Has any one offended you, or said anything?’

“‘No—no. But I *must* break out. It’s so dull here. I’m sure to break out.’

“‘And then you’ll go to the “dark.”’

“‘I want to go to the “dark”!’ is the answer.

“And the ‘breaking out’ often occurs as promised; and the glass shatters out of the window frames, strips of sheets and blankets are passed through, or left in a heap in the cell, and the guards are sent for, and there is a scuffling and fighting and scratching and screaming that Pandemonium might equal, nothing else.”—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 52.

This is one form of the malady; but sometimes the practice is fallen into “on principle,” after a sullen vindictive nursing up of fancied wrong, for the sake of destroying government property. It is, again, the sign of a violent ebullition of temper; though constantly temper has nothing to do with it, and it is simply entered upon from a craving for change, or, deliberately, for companionship, when it is known the refractory cells are full, and they must be put into them by twos and threes. All excitement is infectious. It is easy to imagine that the im-

pulse for destruction spreads. The love of mischief has some place in all of us; it is only civilization that keeps it down.

"One matron, who has since left the service—a matron of somewhat impulsive disposition—once told me in confidence, and with a comical expression of horror on her countenance, that she was afraid she should break out herself, the temptation appeared so irresistible.

"'I have been used to a different sort of life—father, mother, brothers and sisters all around me: light-hearted and happy—that it's like becoming a prisoner one's self to follow this tedious incessant occupation. I assure you, Miss —, that when I hear the glass shattering, and the women screaming, my temples throb, my ears tingle, and I want to break something dreadfully.'"—*Ibid.* p. 136.

An excitable temperament may well find it difficult to maintain self-control in such scenes; and there are women so "desperately wicked," so resolved to resist all efforts to be made any thing less abandoned or intemperate than in their first estate, that they will be violent in this way four or five times a week for two months in succession. Indeed, the matron's sufferings from this cause never end till habit acquiesces in them as natural to the scene. Some of the dark cells at Milbank are placed near the matron's sleeping-room, a fact known to the delinquents, whom it animates to fresh exertions of kicking and screaming and singing under the notion of keeping it up while the "screws are in bed." Yet in time the matron rises superior to this stroke of malice, and she sleeps through it all—sleeps and dreams of home.

"And amidst it all, and mingling with her dreams, goes the thump, thump, of the prisoners' feet and hands; or wells up from the cell the defiant song of the caged tigress."—*Ibid.* p. 149.

Of course it must be extremely difficult to find suitable punishment for such offenders, but the writer's experience is against the "dark;" she does not know of its ever having worked in any single instance a salutary effect upon a prisoner. With the strong it proves their power of tiring out their punishers, with the weak it would soon affect the mind. The grotesque strangely mixes with the horrible in these scenes. One terrible woman sang or rather yelled

night and day at the pitch of her voice the burden of a drinking song; another, at stated intervals, uttered a piercing shriek, which for days baffled all attempts to discover its source. A young gypsy girl, one of the worst and most frenzied cases, would spend the time of her incarceration in violent dancing, and kept prisoners and matrons restless with her quick beats on the floor.

"This dance must have been entirely of her own invention, it was so odd and characteristic. There was a peculiar Juba element about it, and a series of rapid, regular beats with the heel and toe alternately, that had a frenzying effect on the listener in the dead of night. Occasionally the night matron (whose office was slowly to pace the wards through the night) would attempt a remonstrance, and Letty would assail her with a torrent of slang and Romany, dancing all the time for fear of throwing herself out of practice. Like most violent women, while the excitement of an outbreak was upon her, she was mad and dangerous. There was no reasoning with her; she had done her worst and been punished to the utmost, and now she would have her 'fling,' and dance and sing, and do what she pleased; and if the matron continued remonstrating Letty would fly at the door, and beat it with her fists, and scream."—*Ibid.* p. 266.

But violence and confinement told upon the gypsy girl, whom one of the matrons remembered a little merry child running wild, and playing antics with her brother on a common. At nineteen all traces of youth had past; she was in for stabbing a man in a brawl, a feat of which she boasted (the well-behaved murderesses are more deliberate in their crime), and was one of the worst women; but with a touch of pride in her royal ancestry, and some family feeling, especially for her brother Vangelo, also "in trouble." It is one of the cases where there was even no inherited tradition of home to temper a savage nature. She died in prison, "untrustworthy and violent to the last," but least unruly to the matron who remembered her in childhood. On one occasion, however, the "dark" had real horrors to these wild spirits:—

"It happened that one particular dark cell adjoined a portion of the pentagon belonging to the men's prison, and from this cell issued suddenly the most piteous screams and cries for help. The matron in attend-

ance hurried to the dark, and found the three inmates huddled together, shivering and horrified.

"What is the matter?—what are you calling for?" she inquired.

"Oh! miss, for the Lord's sake, let us out! We'll never break out again—we'll behave ourselves so well!"

"What is the matter?"

"Oh! there's the devil in the next cell behind here. I am sure the devil is coming to fetch us all away! There he is again! Oh! Lord have mercy upon us!"

"And sure enough there issued from immediately behind the dark cell a series of the most awful screams and yells that ever escaped human throats. It even alarmed the matron, who was accustomed to these paroxysms of passion; it expressed such fear and horror and agony, and was like no human screaming that had ever been heard in Milbank Prison. A legion of hyenas could not have given vent to a noise more unearthly; and the women added their shrieks to the general tumult, and implored to be released.

"A messenger was sent round to the men's prison to learn the reason for so unusual an occurrence, and presently the mystery was cleared up. Some Chinese prisoners had arrived and had been forced to succumb to the general system of hair-cutting, despite their energetic protests to the contrary. The cherished tails had been unmercifully shorn off amidst the screams of the Chinese; and it was their lamentations over this calamity that had so alarmed the prisoners in the cell adjoining the room where the operation had occurred."—*Ibid.* p. 152.

It conforms to the notion of possession—of these wretched women not being themselves—that in their fits of fury they have more than the strength of men. Muscularity in its highest development is not a feature of feminine Christianity. No demoniac could surpass the feats of a certain "Maria Copes," distinguished by especial mention in the report of the directors, "whose conduct was so extraordinary and outrageous as to be more that of a wild beast than a reflecting rational human being." This woman, in common with many others of this strange sisterhood, is perfectly indifferent to her own sufferings; indeed, the lowest type of criminals often show a different nervous organization, and scarcely feel pain. They will inflict horrible wounds on themselves for the sake of getting into the infirmary. Some will hang themselves, trusting to be cut

down in time, with other desperate devices of a similar nature. But the woman in question, from scarcely provoked passion, would go so near killing herself that the authorities were at their wits' end. She would take "headers" against a stone wall, or bring her head in contact with it by a series of rolling swings, till the sound of the successive cracks sickened every bystander. She would bite off her handcuffs, and liberate herself from every contrivance to restrain her movements; pull up the flooring, wrench doors off their hinges, and disfigure the padded room with her teeth. It is curious that this woman never uttered an oath the whole time she was in prison, the body was her sole engine of mischief. Another thing to remark is that this prodigious power was kept up without exercise. She would not walk or go into the air, and any attempt to force her resulted in a scene. The doctors, after a solemn sitting, pronounced this wild creature in perfectly sound mind; but the distinction between such a state—and it is only an extreme of a not uncommon condition in female prisoners—and madness must be a very subtle one. Indeed, we cannot read these records without speculating on the various degrees of responsibility among what are called rational beings. In the same class, though far worse than this "agile panther," as she is called, are other women here shown us; but like her in the wild indifference to their own well-being and in the grotesque animal form of vice they present. They stand out embodiments of gigantic evils, of which society is dimly conscious. What must be the condition of whole classes which can produce these portents? A certain "Towers, with a disproportionate revolting countenance, a cripple, white faced, and with black eyes that made one shudder," makes the reader shudder too. She was so wicked that even the prisoners were horrified at her. "She's like the devil himself, isn't she, miss?" said one of them, herself not noted for good behavior. This woman resolutely kept to her bed.

"Blaspheming and singing were her two principal employments; if needlework were given her, she would tear her work to pieces and swallow her needle to horrify the matron. She was taken to the refractory cell at times, but her crippled condition rendered her transfer thence an almost instantaneous process; and her schemes for re-

moval and self-damage were horribly ingenious. She was partial to secreting a piece of glass about her clothing, opening her veins with it, and allowing them to bleed silently, giving no hint of what she had done. It was only her gradual faintness that gave the alarm, and brought relief to her, otherwise she would have bled stoically to death in her bed; and this not once nor twice, but in a general way, however closely watched. . . . By some mystery never solvable by prison vigilance, the glass or the pebble was always available and ready to be produced from her bed, or pillow, or even her back hair, for the horrible gash which blanched the face of her watchers. If she was anxious to proceed to the infirmary, some such scheme she would always adopt, despite the vigilance of her officers, till her life was despaired of. Towers always rallied, however, and allowed herself sufficient time to recover some of her old strength, before, in a business-like manner, she would proceed to hack at her veins again. By way of change she would sometimes powder the glass and swallow it, and bring on internal hemorrhage—a practice adopted by more than one prisoner at both Milbank and Brixton. . . . Sometimes she would lie in bed, and scream for help, till assistance arrived, when she would struggle into a sitting posture, and fling every available utensil at the light, or the heads of the officers—she was not particular—accompanying every effort at damage by an oath, or an expression that made the blood run cold.”—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 286.

Another of these miserable and abandoned creatures, whose hatred and malignity overflowed upon themselves, persisted in remaining in the dark. “The dark suited her;” and she threatened to break out or attempt some one’s life if she was thwarted. There she remained, day after day, refusing all persuasion and every inducement to return to prison duties.

“The matron in attendance had a favorite little kitten which was accustomed to follow her about the wards; and it chanced that on opening the door to attend to this woman, the kitten concealed itself in the cell, and was locked up with the prisoner.

“This feline intruder would have been hailed a welcome guest by most women under the same circumstances; but this prisoner had never shown an instance of affection for any living thing within the prison walls. The kitten was missed, and search was made for it—the woman in the dark cell had seen nothing of it. ‘What made any one think she knew about the kitten?’ The cell was

opened, and the little kitten found suffocated by the prisoner. ‘That’s how I should like to serve the whole of you,’ she growled. . . . Actions that would give pain to others were Honor Matthew’s chief satisfaction. She passed from prison without a hope that one good light had been born within her during a long period of incarceration.”—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 155; ii. p. 281.

Self-preservation and self-love are, we are accustomed to think, so inseparable from rational nature, that a uniform long-continued deliberate disregard of them is scarcely compatible with sanity. But these mysteries of malignity overmastering all material pleasures and desires are, perhaps, scarcely profitable subjects of speculation: still, ignorance and the frenzied impatience of a wild nature at reproof, restraint, and punishment, do seem to interfere in these cases with responsibility.

This lady’s examples, however, are not confined to such witchlike perversions of nature; such self-tormenting selfishness. All ordinary human weaknesses have their place in the prison cell. She assures us that, as a class, these women are inordinately vain. Women so dead to self-respect that they do not care in what depths of degradation all the world sees them, are yet the slaves of personal vanity, and will resort to the most ludicrous means of gratifying it. Condemned to the company of their own sex, and to a costume the least gratifying to a gaudy taste, the passion for ornament, fashion, and color will crop out, and find indulgence too. The first cruel blow to a female convict’s pride is inflicted on her entrance into the prison. The hair is cut off; there is something pathetic in the universal recoil from this indignity, which, however necessary and merited, is yet an aggression on “nature itself.”

“Women whose hearts have not quailed, perhaps, at the murder of their infants, or the poisoning of their husbands, clasp their hands in horror at this sacrifice of their natural adornment—weep, beg, pray, occasionally assume a defiant attitude and resist to the last, and are finally only overcome by force. It is one of the most painful tasks of the prison, this hair-cutting operation—moreover, it is, in my opinion, at least, a test of character.

“One woman will be resigned to her fate on the instant, and, with a Socratic stoicism, will compress her lips and submit herself to

the shears, and march away to her bath afterwards in a business-like manner; a second will have a shivering fit over it; a third will weep, passionately; and a fourth will pray to be spared the indignity, and implore the matron on her knees to go to the lady superintendent and state her case to her. . . . I can remember one prisoner delirious for a day and night after the operation. She was a young fair Scotch girl, and her 'Dinna cut my hair; oh! dinna cut my hair!' rang along the deserted corridors with a plaintive earnestness."

Some struggle and swear, others coax, and others stoutly maintain that their hair is their husbands' and the illegality of touching it. In some she thinks the operation produces permanent effects on the temper. But, shorn as it is, it still continues an object of solicitude to the prisoner, increasing with its growth. The author describes a night scene in Milbank Prison, when a "poor delicate woman" begged to speak a word with her as she passed, candlestick in hand, towards her room:—

"'Lord bless you, miss!' observed the woman; 'I'm so glad to see you to-night—I've something on my mind.'

"'You must not talk, you'll disturb the other women.'

"'I'll only whisper it—if you wont mind just a word, miss.'

"'Just a word' is a great boon—an everlasting favor conferred—with the more grateful of this class, and I went nearer the grating to hear her statement. She began in a low and lachrymose voice, intended to arouse my sympathy and interest in her coming revelation, and then suddenly darted a long naked arm through the grating, and hooked some of the melted tallow from the candle in my hand.

"'It's on'y jist a scrap of tallow for my hair, miss,' said she, applying it to her hair very rapidly with both hands; 'it do get awful rough without fat, to be sure! And I'm very much obliged to you, miss. Good-night.'

"And, with a triumphant laugh at her own adroitness, the woman darted from the grating into her bed, where I heard her chuckling to herself over her success as I went down the ward to my room."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 111.

To superior intelligences the wiles of diplomatists, the intrigues of power, the master strokes of Machiavellian dissimulation, may possibly make the same figure as this successful and really ingenious *ruse* does to our-

selves. We are forced to admire the resources of a ruling passion under difficulties which almost amount to a disability. Some women extract a rouge out of the red line in the check shirting they are employed upon, and whiten the skin from the whitewashed walls. A certain handsome termagant showed an incorrigible taste for style, and gave even prison garments an air, "turning all the women's minds" by her expedients for "bandoline" and the art with which she twisted the most unaccommodating material into graceful lines and flowing skirts, compressing her waist to fainting with the wiring of her window, and her turning the rope and sheets of her bedding into crinoline. Nor was it safe to be too austere upon these manœuvres, as they were found some corrective to a fiendish temper; and, in fact, a woman condemned to a hideous uniform, and cut off from every exercise of freewill in her adornment, unless she is *more* than woman, will certainly become less than one. We doubt if the worst of these convicts do not resume some of the attributes of their sex with their outer-air attire. Some satisfaction in their personal *tout ensemble* is, perhaps, the nearest point they can attain to self-respect. In their most frenzied escapades they probably never lose the sense of acting in disguise; a woman in a prison uniform is, we feel as we look at her, not herself.

But the refractory, to whom prison is intolerable, are only one side of the picture. In contrast to them are others who seem to find in its stern uniformity a repose almost conventual—women submitting to every rule, liking the monotony, the silence, the compulsion; who love their cell as many a nun has done hers, and for perhaps much the same reason. There are people, in fact, everywhere who, wherever they live, contrive to confine their actual interests within a few narrow walls, and see, hear, and feel for nothing beyond. The most curious example of this content is in the case of two women, mother and daughter, guilty of manslaughter, for having starved to death their respective daughter and sister. It was quite certain that they were guilty, yet the writer attributes the crime more to a certain "unimpressibility"—a dull want of feeling and observation—than to any direct cruelty or malice. It looks like a natural deterioration,

the result of poverty and short commons, starving "the genial current of the soul." In prison they at once nestled into their place; the dull, dead neatness and order, the serenity, the absence of all fret and anxiety about a living, the still recurring meals much better and fuller than they had known before, made up all they could care for of life.

They arrived two pitiable, emaciated creatures, with whom existence had hitherto been a struggle, and, under prison diet, gained health and vigor. Placed in separate cells, it was supposed that they would be solicitous about each other, and information was volunteered.

"Don't you wish to hear how your daughter is getting on?" was asked of the elder Garnett one day.

"She's getting on very well," answered the mother; "she 'be a quiet girl, and no trouble to you I'm sure, lady."

"Not much trouble, certainly."

"On the same question being put to the daughter respecting the mother, she looked quietly from her coir-picking, and hoped mother had not been fidgeting."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 72.

The matrons could not believe in the coolness of their interest in each other, and, considering their excellent conduct, brought about a meeting, appointing both at once to some kitchen service, performed by the prisoners. The scene precisely resembled what we have seen between tortoises first introduced to their own kind:—

"It was not intended that any conversation should ensue between them, but it was thought that there would be a pleasant satisfaction to both in their silent meeting, the remembrance of which would help to lighten their solitary labors. The result was a failure. The coldest and most unconcerned of glances passed between mother and daughter, one slight stare, and then an assiduous devotion to their present duties; and never a second look from one to another; on the contrary, the most perfect ignoring of one another's presence. They went on their separate tasks in the old icy fashion, and showed no sign of any mental disturbance during that day, or even alluded to the circumstance of their meeting."—*Ibid.* p. 74.

In fact, they were naturally in that condition of mind towards each other which extreme monastic austerity enforces as the highest perfection. On one occasion, the elder looked abstracted, and was supposed

to be in trouble of mind. She was asked if she wished for anything:—

"Oh! no, lady," she replied.

"I thought you were dull."

"I'm very comfortable, thank you."

"You are not fretting about the length of your sentence?"

"I've nothing to fret about, lady; I'm better off here than ever I was in —shire. We were all starving together there; and my husband, who was a shepherd, was very ill, and my daughter was weak too, and we had nothing to give them—nothing at all to give them, or ourselves. And so my daughter died. But, lady, it was not in our power to help her."—*Ibid.* p. 76.

This was the only plea of innocence she ever made, and in distinction to the protestations she was in the habit of hearing, the writer was disposed to believe it. After a time, "they worked their way to association," as a reward for good and "religious" conduct, and the mother and daughter were placed together:—

"Their first meeting was after the old apathetic fashion.

"Well, Elizabeth?"

"Well, mother?"

"They were seated opposite each other at the table two minutes after their meeting, working—silently and monotonously. There appeared to be no subject between them on which they cared to converse; they took up their new position without any display of feeling, just as if it were a prison rule to which they were compelled to conform, and had no particular objection.

"After a week's association, a matron asked the daughter whether she was not glad to have her mother as a companion.

"Ye'es, lady," was the hesitating answer; "it's a kind of change, but"—with a little impulsive dash—"she do make a great mess and litter, to be sure!"—*Ibid.* p. 77.

Nor is it only to stolid temperaments that prison life is attractive. As a class, this writer says, the prisoners are not unhappy. The diet at Milbank and Brixton is better than in our workhouses; the treatment, she is ready to say, more kind and sympathizing; and the monotony of employment, where it does not exasperate, soothes and quiets. She gives an interview between a young convict and her honest mother, in which the old woman complains of poverty at home, and looks forward to "the house" as her refuge. "Don't go into the house," says the prisoner. "What can I do, dear?"

replies the mother. "Come here," is the reply, the daughter going on to prove how much better off she will be in gaol; that she will have no hard words, enough to eat and drink; such blankets and sheets to lie on! and the doctor every day, if she likes; and "it's like heaven in the infirmary." And proceeding to show—till checked by the matron in attendance—how the thing could be managed. There is quite an engaging account of one old woman of seventy, who had grown into prison life and could fancy no other; "a quiet, meek, obedient prisoner, truthful, reading her Bible without parade, and a communicant;" proud of still being able to do her stroke of allotted work, and making her age no excuse to evade it; keeping her cell a pattern of neatness, calling it her "little room," and feeling it her only home. It is naturally a matter of inquiry how this virtuous matron reconciled to her conscience the crime necessary to secure to herself this asylum in perpetuity. When the end of the term for her first offence drew near, she felt the difficulty herself:—

"'I don't know what I shall do when my time's up,' she said to me once; 'there's no one to take care of me outside, and I'm afraid they'll treat me very badly at the workhouse. Well, I suppose, miss, I must make the best of it.'"—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 193.

She evidently dreaded the loss of respect to which she was accustomed; besides, she liked the chaplain, and would miss his ministrations, therefore clinging to the idea of coming back again—

"'I'll try the workhouse,' was her remark one day, 'but I'm thinking it won't suit me like this—not half so comfortable and quiet.'"

In this frame the "cheerful, feeble old woman" passed out into the world:—

"But in a few months she re-appeared at Milbank Prison. Old Mary Collis had been convicted of a petty theft again, and was sentenced to a second term of imprisonment.

"'I have come back to settle down for good,' she said. 'I know I've done very wrong, and that I'm old enough to know what's right by this time, but I couldn't keep away! I have tried the workhouse; they're so terribly noisy there, and there's not half the order there should be, and everybody wants to quarrel so. Besides,' she added,

with characteristic naïveté, 'they don't understand my ways at the workhouse, and you are all so used to me by this time.' . . . She fell into the same old habits—read her Bible as industriously as ever, took the Sacrament, preserved ever the same good temper, and *did* die before her term of imprisonment was ended. . . . A good prisoner, and as good a Christian as it was possible for a prisoner to be perhaps. She died, I think, at the age of seventy-six, in the infirmary ward of Brixton Prison."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 193.

Another model prisoner of this class was, strange to say, a murderess—a life prisoner for poisoning her husband. She denied the crime, "but there was no breaking through the circumstantial evidence," though it was difficult for even a "prison matron" to reconcile the charge with her appearance and conduct. A woman with a kind motherly face, "nearly bent double, and leaning on a stick," that one took naturally to, "and whom the prisoners called 'mother,' by consent:—

"'Oh, isn't she like the mother I ran away from, twenty years ago?' a prisoner cried once, with a little shudder; 'I wish they'd put her somewhere else than near me!' And again, when she was sent home to die. 'She was just like a mother to us,' one remarked. 'A blessed sight better mother than ever I had the luck of,' was the reply."—*Ibid.* p. 266.

It disturbs all our ideas that the magnitude of the crime should be so fallacious an index of the conduct; but, as we have said, the every-day habits of the past life seem rather to regulate prison morality than individual acts of any kind. There are people whom prison frenzies, some few whom it sobers and refines, while it leaves no scope for their besetting temptations. One may note here, too, that within the prison walls public opinion seems to make few distinctions. We do not gather that the prisoners express horror at each other's crimes; and it is next to impossible for the officers to measure the characters of those under their care by any abstract standard. They must speak as they find. Whatever a person has done before they entered these walls, submission, decency, and good temper are paramount claims to a lenient judgment. A murderess, who behaves herself, is not pointed at, or shuddered at, as she would be out of doors. In some cases our prison ma-

tron is disposed to trace the act so much at variance with the seeming character to incipient insanity, and Celestina Sommer, who finished her life in the criminal lunatic asylum, is, for the atrocity of her crime, a notorious example in point. Where a dread of shame leads to the act, this solution is not called for. The character of a certain Elizabeth Harris, guilty of the cold-blooded murder of two children, leads to the following remarks:—

“She was another of those women who, in captivity for crimes of the deepest dye, became the most quiet and best-behaved of prisoners. As a rule, murderesses are the women most apt to conform to prison discipline, most anxious to gain the good-will of their officers, and easily swayed by a kind word. They are not generally of the lowest grade—that is, not the most illiterate and mentally depraved.”—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 259.

And again—

“Women who are in for murder, more especially the murder of their children, are, as a rule, the best-behaved, and the most light-hearted of prisoners.”—*Ibid.* p. 84.

And this leads to another observation concerning this class of criminals; and, indeed, the light in which crime is viewed generally by prisoners. Amongst bad and good indiscriminately, we can see scarcely a trace of real repentance, or even remorse. They uniformly seem to accept the punishment as plenary absolution; even if the more thoughtful and decent see the harm of what they have done, and recognize the duty of admitting their guilt. We cannot but suppose that, in the case of some of these women guilty of murder, if their crime had never been found out, they would have suffered agonies of remorse—possibly even made confession; but *conviction* and *punishment* seem in all cases to stand for confession and absolution; there are no traces of an uneasy conscience. Now and then, very rarely, a depressed manner leads to the surmise that thoughts may be passing within, but, whatever the chaplain may hear, the matron, at least, is not made the confidant of broken-hearted self-reproach. She speaks of the awful rule of “non-repentance,” and again—

“It is a remarkable fact that, with most female convicts, the sentence is considered a fair equivalent for the act committed, and

they think there is no further occasion to trouble their heads about the matter. ‘The deed is done,’ and prison life is penance and absolution for it. Elizabeth Harris, who had deliberately drowned her two children, was ever a cheerful woman, possessing a brisk step and a bright smile.”—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 164.

With Sarah Baker, who had thrown her baby down a pit-shaft:—

“The past crime did not press heavily on her conscience; I have observed, but it is a remarkable fact, that these serious acts seldom do. . . . I may add here that with all the prisoners the crime is of little account, and the sentence for it only a thing to be deplored.”

Does remorse, then, mean in most cases dread of discovery? It would seem so. It is the weight of a secret—not only fear of punishment, but the burden of a mystery which human nature cannot bear. It is conscience convicting us of having sinned against human judgment and feeling; it is the horror of what men will say. When man knows and has done his worst, this aspect of conscience is at rest, though there is no repentance; though the sin is not mourned for, and there is no thought even of the Divine Judge.

The chaplain, she admits, hears words of contrition and resolutions of amendment, but people in scenes like these are mainly, though not always reasonably, guided by their personal observation and experience. In one case she mentions the deep and vivid effect of a rousing sermon on that most favorite of all occasions for popular emotion, a funeral sermon:—

“That the chaplain’s exhortations, for the most part, have little effect, may be readily imagined from the character of the congregation; but still, here and there, the good seed falls at times and bears some fruit, and preaching is not always a ceremony, even in prisons, that is dry and unprofitable and disheartening. . . . It happened that Julia McCoy, one of the prisoners, had died the previous week; and the minister, who chanced at that time to be officiating, took advantage of the occasion to speak of her death and of the circumstances connected with it, in simple, earnest language that struck home to those stubborn hearts, and brought tears into all eyes. It was an affecting sight; here were women, whose whole term of confinement had been an outrage against common

sense and propriety, making the chapel echo with their stifled sobs; there were women who had not shrunk at murder, infanticide, and all the crimes that degrade our poor humanity, weeping like children at the thought of their fellow-prisoner's natural death. The subject was well chosen, skilfully handled, and the right chord had been struck; there were purer, better thoughts rising from the depths that morning than it was ever guessed could have life amid such darkness."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 250.

This is pleasant to read; and good thoughts have an influence independent, perhaps, of their immediate, perhaps physical, effects; but the sequel to this scene is curious. Something of the kind, no doubt, may often be observed after religious excitement, on its more undisciplined, unrestrained subjects:—

"But still, one sermon will not regenerate a prison; and though some good possibly followed it, yet I cannot honestly aver that there was much sign of general amendment. Some of the women were even so unsettled as to 'break out' shortly afterwards; the new thoughts troubled them, and they must shake them off or go mad. Better back to the old life than to be troubled with *them*; and so the glass was crashing in the wards again, and the dark cells were once more full of inmates."

Thought, as such, is horrible to these poor creatures, and no doubt dimly full of fears. Even their compulsory schooling drives the more densely ignorant wild: "I can't stand it, miss," one exclaimed; "it only drives me silly. I'm sick of schooling; you'd better take me back to my cell, I shall only make a row here. Don't say I have not given you warning."—P. 251.

It is remarked, however, that something of benignant Sunday influence is to be found even in a prison, some little respect for the Sabbath by the most obstinate prisoners:—

"It has struck me more than once that the best women—the good-conduct women of all classes—are often grave and thoughtful (on Sunday). Now and then a matron, suddenly entering a cell, may find a prisoner in tears; and it is always a prisoner who has had some semblance of a home in early days, or some well-meaning father or mother."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 254.

The instances of insubordination are less on Sunday than on any other day throughout the year; while, on the contrary, the

Christmas season—no doubt, in days of liberty, always profaned by some greater excess of riot—was found a period of especial turbulence. In fact, prison is a place to show the supremacy of habit. We are all of us weak against temptation, but the habit of non-resistance in these wild natures turns temptation into a sort of law. "You see, miss, I did try very hard, but it *wasn't* to be," said one of them on her recommitment; "I was obliged to steal; I did try my best, but it couldn't be helped, and here I am. It wasn't my fault exactly, because I *did* try, you see, miss;" and this is called "the common excuse"—a woman always asserts that it was not to be avoided. And there are one or two melancholy instances of women entering upon a new and creditable mode of life relapsing, not without agony of mind, at the first word from an old intimate, or "pal," as a convict friend is always called. The slang epithet would not be misapplied to many a so-called friendship out of prison walls, wherever there is intimacy without respect, or regard, or confidence. Where all these are wanting, the necessity for companionship makes the "pal" a very important need. The first term of imprisonment is one of solitude; it is only at rare intervals that association is allowed. After a time, two are placed together, and at Brixton the solitary system is not at all observed. But no restraint can prevent partial intercourse; the freemasonry of prisoners is a mystery which cannot be got at. They contrive means of communication, written and by signs, in their dreary single-file promenades. They even converse and concoct schemes of rebellion by silent movements of the lips from opposite galleries of the chapel, which, from various indications, must be a strange theatre for prison tactics; disorder, under the mask of an exact conformity, presenting in startling parable, what may be the contrast between seeming and reality amongst many a free congregation, if wandering thoughts and rebellious attention could make themselves heard and seen by the senses. No woman will make her "pal" a confidant of any good thoughts or softening of heart; all this is for the matron. No doubt it would be regarded as meanness, as a giving in, by a society which has respect for no other quality but daring audacity, and which supports the spirit by recollections of past feats and

schemes for future mischief. Yet, though there is not much love in these alliances, there is a great deal of jealousy. Nothing is more curious and noteworthy than the influence of this passion in these narrow, selfish minds. Indeed, it is a scene to show us the anatomy of all the vices, amongst ourselves decently skinned over. With us jealousy may be even attractive as the morbid working of a too deep and concentrated affection; but nothing can be said for the envious discontent which will keep a woman brooding, scowling, and sullen for days, because a favorite matron has spoken a word of kindness to a fellow-prisoner, grudging another any share of a tenderness which has no value to her but as being exclusive. Yet, perhaps, as a sign of some feeling, it is better than mere indifference.

On this head of sentiment there is one curious feature which may illustrate the natural history of crime, though we can see no connection between an innocent propensity and an inherent tendency to deceit. Those who have read Mr. Wilkie Collins's last novel will remember the amiable villain Fosco (the best character by far in the story) and his pet canaries. The two female swindlers in this book show the same turn for taming animals, and the same strange fascination over them. A woman who had used her lady-like manners to defraud innumerable shopkeepers, and who in prison had capabilities of "talking over totally out of the common," established a friendship with a mouse, which she tamed to the most perfect subservience, bestowing on it that exclusive affection which natures cold towards their own kind sometimes bestow on animals. In the case of this woman, her contempt for her fellow-prisoners met with a repulsive, rough revenge, for one of them got into her cell in her absence and bit off her friend's tail. The other case of this tendency was in Alice Grey, whom our readers may remember as "the fascinating Alice Grey," as she loved to call herself, who perpetrated so many feats of swindling, perjury, and false accusation. This woman showed no spark of interest for any human being during her imprisonment, but became passionately fond of a sparrow, which she would sing and talk to in a simple artless way, wholly at variance with her manner to her fellow-men. The bird seemed to exercise a salutary influence over her, for,

when it was lost, she degenerated, became violent and fierce, and her fine manners, which could at any time give place to the lowest scurrility of language, seemed to desert her. Instances of more wholesome feeling are not wanting in these annals. Few women are without something of the mother's instinct, and are kind in their way to their children born in the prison, of whom there are not a few; but beyond this, they are not without some sense of the sanctity of childhood, however wickedly, in many instances, this is violated. Mention is made of one child-prisoner, apparently only ten years, a pretty little girl, on whom the prison garments hung loose and incongruous. At first sight of her, at the first shock of the contrast between the look of innocence and the place,—

"Women looked from one to another, wringing their hands and compressing their lips together; one woman clasped her hands instinctively, and cried, 'My God, look here!' and presently there was a deep convulsive sob escaping on all sides. 'It's a shame—it's an awful shame!—she shouldn't have come here!' more than one woman ventured to exclaim; and it became necessary to pass Lydia Camblin to her cell as quickly as possible, in order to calm the excitement of the women."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 179.

The child herself, however, too well fitted her new sphere, and might, we are told, have been "an old prison bird of forty years of age for her coolness, presence of mind, craft," and general delinquency. Another trait of feeling is more remarkable still in such a place, and impresses us very painfully with the thought how much poetry and sentiment may lie hid and overlaid in these outcasts of society, exposed to so few bright and pure influences. One suffering common to all these women is the absence of anything to please the taste. They evidently hunger for some gratification to the eye, will tear out the pictures from the library books to stick them on their cell walls, though but for an hour or two; and will infringe the rules by snatching at the few and homely flowers in the airing-ground, which, when secured, become such objects of envy and contention, that the theft is immediately discovered:—

"I have a remembrance of looking through the 'inspection' of a cell some years ago, and perceiving a prisoner, with her elbows

on the table, staring at a common daisy, which she had plucked from the central patch of grass during her rounds—one of those rude, repulsive, yet not wholly bad prisoners, from whom no display of sentiment was anticipated. Yet the wistful look of that woman at her stolen prize was a gleam of as true sentiment as ever breathed in a poet's lines. A painter might have made much of her position, and a philosopher might have moralized concerning it; for the woman wept at last, dropped her head down on the table between her clasped hands, and shed her bitter tears silently and noiselessly.”—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 103.

• Nor are our sympathies only awakened by the transient regrets and pathetic sorrows of these poor creatures; some of their pleasures, rare, chance, and only what are inevitable, awake a strong fellow-feeling. This clear and lively writer brings before us some pleasant glimpses in the description of the matron's “escort” of prisoners from one place to another. The peep at the outer world from their omnibus is full of delight to these women, by no means so burdened by a sense of shame or guilt as not to be open to every pleasant impression, every suggestive sight. And they are able to express their thoughts. The reputed talk of these women gives us no mean idea of their intellect and power of expression, though probably it is only the more acute whose talk is fluent and connected enough, and their thoughts sufficiently distinct, to be committed to memory. Thus, as they drive through the streets, the size of everything fills their minds:—

“‘Everything looks so large, miss,’ was the remark of one woman to the matron; ‘it isn't like the streets and houses somehow, it's something new and BIG.’

“And this impression seems conveyed to the minds of most women. What a large dog!—what a large house!—what large gardens to all the forecourts! It almost appears as if ten or twelve months' confinement to a narrow cell had diminished their power of comparison, and narrowed their busy plotting minds.

“Spasmodic observations on the passers-by are not unfrequent, despite all efforts to keep silence. ‘That's like my brother Jack! That's like my mother!’

“At the corner of the Vauxhall Bridge Road, before the railway arch is passed under, and the Vauxhall station passed, there is an evident anxiety to see the shops

amongst the London-bred girls—it's so like old times to see the shops. Women will slily turn round in their seats, or lean over their fellow-prisoners, to look at the play-bills before the doors of the tobacconists.

“‘I wonder what's out now at the Vic. or the Surrey? Oh, what treats I have had there!’ a woman once sighed in confidence to her neighbor. ‘Weren't they jolly nights up in the gallery at Christmas time?’ ‘Ah! it was all along o' the play I ever came here!’ I heard a woman mutter in response.

“It's always along o' something—the play, the concert-room, the streets, the false friend who tried to lead her wrong, and she so innocent!—the bad advisers, the cruel mother, father, husband, anybody—never her own weakness, or headlong desperate plunge to ruin.”—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 7.

Then come the suburbs, the flowers, the peep at the river, with the steamers, the barges, the boats flashing on the water—and the rapturous exclamation, “Isn't this first-rate! and they're all at chapel now at Brixton.” Alas! that there are any excluded from these common joys, that it is necessary to shut out some while they live from all the eye craves for, forcing thought and memory to feed upon themselves. What have we done that in contrast with these cold privations the vast world of eye and ear in their immense variety and beauty should be open to us at our will, too familiar to be valued, too accessible at all times to tempt us to the trouble of enjoying them in all their fulness?

Thus it is. We cannot write or read of men and women, whatever they are, however deeply they have sunk, but we come to pity and to feel for them at last. This very intelligent observer certainly set about detailing her experience with no romantic intention of engaging our interest in criminals and their crimes. She has found the criminals too repulsive, too ungrateful, too hopelessly weak, too willing slaves, and their passions too troublesome and exasperating, perhaps, for her to entertain other than the most orthodox and anti-French notions on the loathsomeness of evil. But it is impossible, writing in a candid and good spirit, not to temper the harsh picture with some warm, kindly touches, forcing on us such a sense of kindred that we cannot recoil from the worst without a sense of compassion, and a thankful recognition of the safeguards

which have surrounded us from childhood to maturity, and never once allowed us to come in contact with the form of temptation under which they have fallen.

One instance we are tempted to give of the inequality of punishment for the same offence which in *this* world is permitted. It is in the case of one of the worst and most violent women in the prison, who had been brought up virtuously and respectably, but had possessed the fatal gift of beauty, which had attracted a young college student in his summer excursion. At the time of this incident her health was suffering from her own frenzied insubordination, and the door of her cell was permitted to be open for more air, the entrance being secured by a grating.

"One day visitors were expected in the prison; when they arrived, they were escorted round the wards in the usual manner. The gentlemen were more interested in minor details than strangers on a visit to our Government establishments usually are. In due course, the ward wherein Jane Ellis (the name is a feigned one) was confined was reached. Glancing towards her cell, and perceiving that only one door was secured in lieu of two, an inquiry was made as to the reason of that cell's being more open than the rest. Suddenly there was a strange silence—a silence that struck even the matron of the ward with surprise—and the inquiring visitor stood, as rigid as a statue, staring at a face white as death, that glared back at him through the iron grating.

"The visitor moved on, asked if the woman were seriously ill, the nature of her sentence, etc., and then passed on his tour of inspection, and left the prison shortly afterwards. Presently it was noticed that Ellis was still standing at the grated door, as though she had been turned to stone.

"'What is the matter, Ellis?' asked her matron.

"'Who was that man? What was his name?'

"'I do not know. I have not heard.'

"'Did you see him look at me?'

"The matron could not but answer in the affirmative.

"'Oh, my God, well he might! Miss —,' she cried in a stifled whisper, 'as God's my judge, that was the man who led me first to ruin. Before I knew him, I was an innocent girl.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 226.

The man had had a hundred ways of retrieving himself; the woman had slid from bad to worse till she was now an object from which he would recoil with virtuous antipathy. From the story we may infer that *neither* had repented. Yet the difference now was that she was a bad and infamous woman, he a "respectable" man. Such differences are not, however, what they *seem*. It may after all bear analogy with the difference between male and female convicts, the former of whom are reasonable by contrast, and much more manageable and tractable as prisoners. Yet if we can judge by the indignant reports of those now opposing the ticket-of-leave system, their reason which has helped these men to obtain a commutation of punishment does not hinder their returning to the old villanous mode of life more a child of hell than before.

On this question of tickets-of-leave our thoress is disposed to speak in favor of them, though she throws some discredit on the official statistics proving the success of the system by calling attention to the fact that licensed female convicts are not unfrequently reconvicted under a new name, a change not discovered till they have passed through all formal entries in the prison books. Since, however, women are apt to show their real character with little attempt at reserve or self-restraint, good conduct in prison may be a higher test in their case, and be worth more than where there is a man's deliberate forethought and resolution to bide his time. In *his* case, at any rate, experience seems to show that justice had better be allowed to take its course, and that he himself is seldom a real gainer by an indulgence which exposes the innocent to such formidable risks.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was not a cheerful morning on which to be married. A dense, yellow, London fog, the like of which the Misses Leaf had never yet seen, penetrated into every corner of the parlor at No. 15, where they were breakfasting drearily by candle-light, all in their wedding attire. They had been up since six in the morning, and Elizabeth had dressed her three mistresses one after the other, taking exceeding pleasure in the performance. For she was still little more than a girl, to whom a wedding was a wedding, and this was the first she had ever had to do with in her life.

True, it disappointed her in some things. She was a little surprised that last evening had passed off just like all other evenings. The interest and bustle of packing soon subsided—the packing consisting only of the travelling trunk, for the rest of the *trousseau* went straight to Russell Square, every means having been taken to ignore the very existence of No. 15; and then the three ladies had supper as usual, and went to bed at their customary hour, without any special demonstration of emotion or affection. To Elizabeth this was strange. She had not yet learnt the unspeakable bitterness of a parting where nobody has any grief to restrain.

On a wedding morning, of course, there is no time to be spared for sentiment. The principal business appeared to be—dressing. Mr. Ascott had insisted on doing his part in making his new connections appear “respectable” at his marriage, and for Selina’s sake they had consented. Indeed, it was inevitable; they had no money whatever to clothe themselves withal. They must either have accepted Mr. Ascott’s gifts—in which, to do him justice, he was both thoughtful and liberal—or they must have stayed away from the wedding altogether, which they did not like to do “for the sake of the family.”

So, with a sense of doing their last duty by the sister, who would be, they felt, henceforward a sister no more, Miss Leaf attired herself in her violet silk and white China shawl, and Miss Hilary put on her silver-gray poplin, with a cardinal cape, as was then in fashion, trimmed with white swan’s-down. It was rather an elderly costume for a bridesmaid; but she was determined to dress warmly, and not risk, in muslins and

laces, the health which to her now was money, life—nay honor.

For Ascott’s creditor had been already paid. Miss Balquidder never let grass grow under her feet. When Hilary returned to her sisters that day, there was no longer any fear of public exposure; she had the receipted bill in her hand, and she was Miss Balquidder’s debtor to the extent of eighty pounds.

But it was no debt of disgrace or humiliation, nor did she feel it as such. She had learned the lesson which the large-hearted rich can always teach the poor, that, while there is sometimes, to some people, no more galling chain, there is to others—and these are the highest natures, too—no more firm and sacred bond than gratitude. But still the debt was there; and Hilary would never feel quite easy till it was paid—in money, at least. The generosity she never wished to repay. She would rather feel it wrapping her round, like an arm that was heavy only through its exceeding tenderness, to the end of her days.

Nevertheless, she had arranged that there was to be a regular monthly deduction from her salary; and how, by retrenchment, to make this monthly payment as large as she could, was a question which had occupied herself and Johanna for a good while after they retired to rest. For there was no time to be lost. Mrs. Jones must be given notice to; and there was another notice to be given, if the Richmond plan were carried out; another sad retrenchment, foreboding which, when Elizabeth brought up supper, Miss Hilary could hardly look the girl in the face, and, when she bade her good-night, had felt almost like a secret conspirator.

For she knew that, if the money to clear this debt was to be saved, they must part with Elizabeth.

No doubt the personal sacrifice would be considerable, for Hilary would have to do the work of their two rooms with her own hands, and give up a hundred little comforts in which Elizabeth, now become a most clever and efficient servant, had made herself necessary to them both. But the two ladies did not think of that at the moment; they only thought of the pain of parting with her. They thought of it sorely, even though she was but a servant, and there was a family parting close at hand. Alas! peo-

ple must take what they earn. It was a melancholy fact that, of the two impending losses, the person they should miss most would be—not their sister, but Elizabeth.

Both regrets combined made them sit at the breakfast-table—the last meal they should ever take together as a family—sad and sorry, speaking about little else than the subject which presented itself as easiest and uppermost, namely, clothes.

Finally, they stood all completely arrayed, even to bonnets; Hilary looking wonderfully bewitching in hers, which was the very pattern of one that may still be seen in a youthful portrait of our gracious Queen—a large round brim, with a wreath of roses inside; while Miss Leaf's was somewhat like it, only with little bunches of white ribbon, "for," she said, "my time of roses has gone by." But her sweet faded face had a peace that was not in the other two—not even in Hilary's.

But the time arrived; the carriage drew up at the door. Then nature and sisterly feeling asserted themselves for a minute. Miss Selina "gave way," not to any loud or indecorous extent, to nothing that could in the least harm her white satin, or crumple her laces and ribbons; but she did shed a tear or two—real honest tears—kissed her sisters affectionately, hoped they would be very happy at Richmond, and that they would often come to see her at Russell Square.

"You know," said she, half apologetically, "it is a great deal better for one of us at least to be married and settled. Indeed, I assure you, I have done it all for the good of my family."

And for the time being she devoutly believed she had.

So it was all over. Elizabeth herself, from the aisle of St. Pancras Church, watched the beginning and ending of the show; a very fine show, with a number of handsomely dressed people, wedding guests, who seemed to stare about them a good deal, and take little interest in either bride or bridegroom. The only persons Elizabeth recognized were her mistresses,—Miss Leaf, who kept her veil down and never stirred; and Miss Hilary, who stood close behind the bride, listening with downcast eyes to the beautiful marriage service. It must have touched her; more than on her

sister's account, for a tear, gathered under each eyelash, silently rolled down the soft cheek and fell.

"Miss Hilary's an angel, and he'll be a lucky man that gets *her*," meditated her faithful "bower-maiden" of old; as, a little excited by the event of the morning, she stood by the mantelpiece, and contemplated a letter which had come after the ladies departed; one of those regular monthly Indian letters, after which, Elizabeth was sharp enough to notice, Miss Hilary's step always grew lighter and her eye brighter, for many days.

"It must be a nice thing to have somebody fond of one, and somebody to be fond of," meditated she. And "old-fashioned piece of goods" as she was—according to Mrs. Jones (who now, from the use she was in the Jones' *ménage*, patronized and confided in her extremely)—some little bit of womanly craving after the woman's one hope and crown of bliss crept into the poor maid-servant's heart. But it was not for the maid-servant's usual necessity—a "sweet-heart" somebody to "keep company with;" it was rather for somebody to love, and perhaps take care of a little. People love according to their natures; and Elizabeth's was a strong nature; its principal element being a capacity for passionate devotedness, almost unlimited in extent. Such women, who love most, are not always, indeed, very rarely, loved best. And so it was perhaps as well that poor Elizabeth should make up her mind, as she did very composedly, that she herself should never be married; but after that glorious wedding of Miss Hilary to Mr. Lyon, should settle down to take care of Miss Leaf all her days.

"And if I turn out only half as good and contented as my mistress, it can't be such a dreadful thing to be an old maid after all," stoically said Elizabeth Hand.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when her attention was caught by some one in the passage inquiring for her; yes, actually for her. She could hardly believe her eyes when she perceived it was her new-found old acquaintance, Tom Cliffe.

He was dressed very well, out of livery; indeed, he looked so extremely like a gentleman, that Mrs. Jones' little girl took him for one, called him "Sir," and showed him into the parlor.

"All right. I thought this was the house. Uncommon sharp of me to hunt you out, wasn't it, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth was a little stiff, flurried, and perplexed. Her mistresses were out; she did not know whether she ought to ask Tom in, especially as it must be into the parlor; there was no other place to take him to.

However, Tom settled the matter with a conclusive "Oh, gammon!"—sat himself down, and made himself quite comfortable. And Elizabeth was so glad to see him—glad to have another chance of talking about dear old Stowbury. It could not be wrong; she would not say a word about the family, not even tell him she lived with the Misses Leaf, if she could help it. And Tom did not seem in the least curious.

"Now I call this quite a coincidence. I was stopping at St. Pancras Church to look at a wedding; some old city fogie who lives in Russell Square, and is making a great splash; and there I saw you, Elizabeth, standing in the crowd, and looking so nice and spicy; as fresh as an apple and as brisk as a bee. I hummed and hawed and whistled, but I couldn't catch your eye; then I missed you, and was vexed above a bit, till I saw some one like you going in at this door, so I just knocked and asked; and here you are! 'Pon my life, I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you, Tom," said Elizabeth, pleased, even grateful for the trouble he had taken about her; she had so few friends; in truth, actually none.

They began to talk, and Tom Cliffe talked exceedingly well. He had added to his natural cleverness a degree of London sharpness, the result of much "knocking about" ever since childhood. Besides, his master, the literary gentleman, who had picked him out of the printing-office, had taken a deal of pains with him. Tom was, for his station, a very intelligent and superior young man. Not a boy, though he was still under twenty, but a young man: that precocity of development which often accompanies a delicate constitution, making him appear, as he was indeed in mind and character, fully six or seven years older than his real age.

He was a handsome fellow, too, though small; dark-haired, dark-eyed, with regu-

lar and yet sensitive and mobile features. Altogether Tom Cliffe was decidedly interesting, and Elizabeth took great pleasure in looking at him, and in thinking, with a certain half-motherly, half-romantic satisfaction, that but for her, and her carrying him home from under the horse's heels, he might, humanly speaking, have been long ago buried in Stowbury churchyard.

"I have a 'churchyard cough' at times still," said he, when speaking of this little episode of early life. "I don't think I shall ever live to be a middle-aged man." And he shook his head, and looked melancholy and poetical; nay, even showed Elizabeth some poetry that he himself had written on the subject, which was clever enough in its way.

Elizabeth's interest grew. An ordinary baker or butcher-boy would not have attracted her in the least; but here was something in the shape of a hero, somebody who at once touched her sympathies and roused her admiration. For Tom was quite as well informed as she was herself; more so, indeed. He was one of the many shrewd and clever working men who were then beginning to rise up and think for themselves, and educate themselves. He attended classes at mechanics' institutions, and young men's debating societies; where every topic of the day, religion, politics, political economy, was handled freely, as the young do handle these serious things. He threw himself, heart and soul, into the new movement, which, like all revolutions, had at first its great and fatal dangers, but yet resulted in much good; clearing the political sky, and bringing all sorts of hidden abuses under the sharp eyes of that great scourge of evil-doers—public opinion.

Yet Elizabeth, reared under the wing of the conservative Misses Leaf, was a little startled when Tom Cliffe, who apparently liked talking and being listened to, gave her a long dissertation on the true principles of the Charter, and how Frost, Williams, and Jones—names all but forgotten now—were very ill-used men, actual martyrs. She was more than startled,—shocked, indeed,—until there came a reaction of the deepest pity,—when he confessed that he never went to church. He saw no use in going, he said; the parsons were all shams, paid largely to chatter about what they did not understand;

the only real religion was that which a man thought out for himself, and acted out for himself. Which was true enough, though only a half-truth; and innocent Elizabeth did not see the other half.

But she was touched and carried away by the earnestness and enthusiasm of the lad, wild, fierce iconoclast as he was, ready to cast down the whole fabric of Church and State; though without any personal hankering after lawless rights and low pleasures. His sole idol was, as he said, intellect, and that was his preservation.

Also, the fragile health which was betrayed in every flash of his eye, every flush of his sallow cheek, made Tom Cliffe, even in the two hours he stayed with her, come very close to Elizabeth's heart. It was such a warm heart, such a liberal heart, thinking so little of itself or of its own value.

So here began to be told the old story, familiar in kitchens as parlors; but, from the higher bringing-up of the two parties concerned, conducted in this case more after the fashion of the latter than the former.

Elizabeth Hand was an exceptional person, and Tom had the sense to see that at once. He paid her no coarse attentions, did not attempt to make love to her; but he liked her, and he let her see that he did. True, she was not pretty, and she was older than he; but that to a boy of nineteen is rather flattering than otherwise. Also, for there is a law even under the blind mystery of likings and fallings in love—a certain weakness in him, that weakness which generally accompanies the poetical nature, clung to the quiet, solid, practical strength of hers. He liked to talk, and he listened to by those silent, admiring, gentle gray eyes; and he thought it very pleasant when, with a motherly prudence, she warned him to be careful over his cough, and gave him a flannel breastplate to protect his chest against the cold.

When he went away, Tom was so far in love, that, following the free-and-easy ways of his class, he attempted to give Elizabeth a kiss; but she drew back so hotly, that he begged her pardon, and slipped away rather confounded.

"That's an odd sort of young woman; there's something in her," said he to himself. "I'll get a kiss though, by and by."

Meanwhile Elizabeth having forgotten all about her dinner, sat thinking, actually doing nothing but thinking, until within half an hour of the time when her mistresses might be expected back. They were to go direct to the hotel, breakfast, wait till the newly married couple had departed, and then come home. They would be sure to be weary, and want their tea.

So Elizabeth made everything ready for them, steadily putting Tom Cliffe out of her mind. One thing she was glad of, that, talking so much about his own affairs, he had forgotten to inquire concerning hers, and was still quite ignorant even of her mistresses' name. He therefore could tell no tales of the Leaf family at Stowbury. Still, she determined at once to inform Miss Hilary that he had been there, but that, if she wished it, he should never come again. And it spoke well for her resolve, that while resolving, she was startled to find how very sorry she should feel if Tom Cliffe never came again.

I know I am painting this young woman with a strangely tender conscience, a refinement of feeling and a general moral sensitiveness, which people say is seldom or never to be found in her rank of life. And why not? Because mistresses treat servants as servants, and not as women; because, in the sharp, hard line they draw, at the outset, between themselves and their domestics, they give no chance for any womanliness to be developed. And therefore since human nature is weak, and without help from without, a long-degraded class can never rise, sweethearts will still come crawling through back entries and down at area-doors; mistresses will still have to dismiss, helpless and fallen, or brazen in iniquity, many a wretched girl who once was innocent; or, if nothing actually vicious results, may have many a good respectable servant who left her to get married, return, complaining that her "young man," whom she knew so little about, has turned out a drunken scoundrel of a husband, who drives her back to her old comfortable "place" to beg for herself and her starving babies a morsel of bread.

When, with a vivid blush that she could not repress, Elizabeth told her mistress that Tom Cliffe had been to see her, the latter

replied at first carelessly, for her mind was pre-occupied. Then, her attention caught by the aforesaid blush, Miss Hilary asked—

“How old is the lad?”

“Nineteen.”

“That’s a bad age, Elizabeth. Too old to be a pet, and rather too young for a husband.”

“I never thought of such a thing,” said Elizabeth, warmly, — and honestly, at the time.

“Did he want to come and see you again?”

“He said so.”

“Oh, well, if he’s a steady, respectable lad, there can be no objection. I should like to see him myself next time.”

And then a sudden sharp recollection, that there would likely be no next time, in their service at least, made Miss Hilary feel quite a hypocrite.

“Elizabeth,” said she, “we will speak about Tom Cliffe—is not that his name?—by and by. Now, as soon as tea is over, my sister wants to talk to you. When you are ready, will you come up-stairs?”

She spoke in an especially gentle tone, so that by no possibility could Elizabeth fancy they were displeased with her.

Now, knowing the circumstances of the family, Elizabeth’s conscience had often smitten her that she must eat a great deal, that her wages, paid regularly month by month, must make a great hole in her mistress’ income. She was, alack! a sad expense, and she tried to lighten her cost in every possible way. But it never struck her that they could do without her, or that any need would arise for their doing so. So she went into the parlor quite unsuspectingly, and found Miss Leaf lying on the sofa, and Miss Hilary reading aloud the letter from India. But it was laid quietly aside, as she said,—

“Johanna, Elizabeth is here.”

Then Johanna, rousing herself to say what must be said, but putting it as gently and kindly as she could, told Elizabeth, what mistresses often think it below their dignity to tell to servants, the plain truth; namely, that circumstances obliged herself and Miss Hilary to retrench their expenses as much as they possibly could. That they were going to live in two little rooms at Richmond, where they would board with the inmates of the house.

“And so, and so——” Miss Leaf faltered. It was very hard to say it with those eager eyes fixed upon her.

Hilary took up the word,—

“And so, Elizabeth, much as it grieves us, we shall be obliged to part with you. We cannot any longer afford to keep a servant.”

No answer.

“It is not even as it was once before, when we thought you might do better for yourself. We know, if it were possible, you would rather stay with us, and we would rather keep you. It is like parting with one of our own family.” And Miss Hilary’s voice too failed. “However, there is no help for it; we must part.”

Elizabeth, recovered from her first bewildered grief, was on the point of bursting out into entreaties that she might do like many another faithful servant, live without wages, put up with any hardships, rather than be sent away. But something in Miss Hilary’s manner told her it would be useless,—worse than useless, painful; and she would do anything rather than give her mistress pain. When, utterly unable to control it, she gave vent to one loud sob, the expression of acute suffering on Miss Hilary’s countenance was such that she determined to sob no more. She felt that, for some reason or other, the thing was inevitable; that she must take up her burden, as her mistress had done, even though it were the last grief of all,—leaving that beloved mistress.

“That’s right, Elizabeth,” said Miss Hilary, softly. “All these changes are very bitter to us also, but we bear them. There is nothing lasting in this world, except doing right, and being good and faithful and helpful to one another.”

She sighed. Possibly there had been sad tidings in the letter which she still held in her hand, clinging to it as we do to something which, however sorely it hurts us, we would not part with for the whole world. But there was no hopelessness or despair in her tone, and Elizabeth caught the influence of that true courageous heart.

“Perhaps, you may be able to take me back again soon, ma’am,” said she, looking towards Miss Leaf. “And meantime I might get a place; Mrs. Jones has told me of several,” and she stopped, afraid lest it

might be found out how often Mrs. Jones had urged her to "better herself," and she had indignantly refused. "Or,"—a bright idea occurred,—“I wonder if Miss Selina, that is, Mrs. Ascott, would take me in at Russell Square?”

Hilary looked hard at her.

"Would you really like that?"

"Yes, I should; for I should see and hear of you. Miss Hilary, if you please, I wish you would ask Mrs. Ascott to take me."

And Hilary, much surprised,—for she was well acquainted with Elizabeth's sentiments towards both Mr. Ascott and the late Miss Selina,—promised.

CHAPTER XXII.

AND now I leave Miss Hilary for a time; leave her in, if not happiness, great peace. Peace, which after these stormy months was an actual paradise of calm to both herself and Johanna.

Their grief for Ascott had softened down. Its very hopelessness gave it resignation. There was nothing more to be done; they had done all they could, both to find him out, and to save him from the public disgrace which might blight any hope of reformation. Now the result must be left in higher hands.

Only at times fits of restless trouble would come; times when a sudden knock at the door would make Johanna shake nervously for minutes afterwards; when Hilary walked about everywhere with her mind pre-occupied, and her eyes open to notice every chance passer-by; nay, she had sometimes secretly followed down a whole street, some figure, which in its light jaunty step and long, fashionably-cut hair, reminded her of Ascott.

Otherwise they were not unhappy, she and her dearest sister. Poor as they were, they were together, and their poverty had no sting. They knew exactly how much they would receive, monthly, and how much they ought to spend. Though obliged to calculate every penny, still their income and their expenses were alike certain; there was no anxiety about money matters, which of itself was an indescribable relief. Also there was that best blessing—peace at home. Never in all her days had Johanna known such an easy life; sitting quietly in her parlor while Hilary was engaged in the shop below: de-

scending to dinner, where she took the head of the table, and the young people soon learnt to treat her with great respect and even affection; then waiting for the happy tea in their own room, and the walk afterwards, in Richmond Park or along the Thames banks towards Twickenham. Perhaps it was partly from the contrast to that weary year in London, but never in any spring had the air seemed so balmy, or the trees so green. They brought back to Hilary's face the youthful bloom which she had begun to lose; and, in degree, her youthful brightness, which had also become slightly overclouded. Again she laughed and made her little domestic jokes, and regained her pretty way of putting things, so that everything always appeared to have a cheerful, and even a comical side.

Also—for while we are made as we are, with capacity for happiness, and especially the happiness of love, it is sure to be thus—she had a little private sunbeam in her own heart, which brightened outside things. After that sad letter from India which came on Selina's wedding-day, every succeeding one grew more cheerful, more demonstrative, nay, even affectionate; though still with that queer Scotch pride of his, that would ask for nothing till it could ask, and have everything, and give everything in return,—the letters were all addressed to Johanna.

"What an advantage it is to be an old woman," Miss Leaf would sometimes say mischievously, when she received them. But more often she said nothing: waiting in peace for events to develop themselves. She did not think much about herself, and had no mean jealousy over her child; she knew that a righteous and holy love only makes all natural affections more sacred and more dear.

And Hilary? She held her head higher and prouder; and the spring trees looked greener, and the river ran brighter in the sunshine. Ah, Heaven pity us all! it is a good thing to have love in one's life; it is a good thing, if only for a time, to be actually *happy*. Not merely contented, but *happy*!

And so I will leave her, this little woman; and nobody need mourn over her because she is working too hard, or pity her because she is obliged to work; has to wear common clothes, and live in narrow rooms, and pass on her poor weary feet the grand carriages

of the Richmond gentry, who are not a bit more well-born, or well-educated, than she;—who never take the least notice of her, except sometimes to peer curiously at the desk where she sits in the shop-corner, and wonder who “that young person with the rather pretty curls” can be. No matter, she is happy.

How much happiness was there in the large house at Russell Square?

The Misses Leaf could not tell; their sister never gave them an opportunity of judging.

“My son’s my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter’s my daughter all her life.”

And so, most frequently is “my sister.” But not in this case. It could not be; they never expected it would.

When, on her rare visits to town, Hilary called at Russell Square, she always found Mrs. Ascott handsomely dressed, dignified, and gracious. Not in the slightest degree uncivil or unsisterly, but gracious; perhaps a thought too gracious. Most condescendingly anxious that she should stay to luncheon, and eat and drink the best the house afforded, but never by any chance inviting her to stay to dinner. Consequently, as Mr. Ascott was always absent in the city until dinner, Hilary did not see him for months together, and her brother-in-law was, she declared, no more to her than any other man upon ‘change, or the man in the moon, or the Great Mogul.

His wife spoke little about him. After a few faint, formal questions concerning Richmond affairs, somehow her conversation always recurred to her own: the dinners she had been at, those she was going to give; her carriages, clothes, jewelry, and so on. She was altogether a very great lady, and Hilary, as she avouched laughingly—it was, in this case, better to laugh than to grieve—felt an exceedingly small person beside her.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Ascott showed no unkindness—nay, among the various changes that matrimony had produced in her, her temper appeared rather to have improved than otherwise; there was now seldom any trace of that touchy sharpness which used to be called “poor Selina’s way.” And yet Hilary never quitted the house without saying to herself, with a sigh, the old phrase, “Poor Selina!”

Thus, in the inevitable consequences of things, her visits to Russell Square became fewer and fewer; she kept them up as a duty, not exacting any return, for she felt that was impossible, though still keeping up the ghostly shadow of sisterly intimacy. Nevertheless, she knew well it was but a shadow; that the only face that looked honest, glad, welcome, or that she was honestly glad to see, in her brother-in-law’s house, was the under-housemaid, Elizabeth Hand.

Contrary to all expectations, Mrs. Ascott had consented to take Elizabeth into her service. With many stipulations and warnings never to presume on past relations, never even to mention Stowbury, on pain of instant dismissal—still, she did take her, and Elizabeth stayed. At every one of Miss Hilary’s visits, lying in wait in the bed-chamber, or on the staircase, or creeping up at the last minute to open the hall-door, was sure to appear the familiar face, beaming all over. Little conversation passed between them—Mrs. Ascott evidently disliked it; still Elizabeth looked well and happy, and when Miss Hilary told her so, she always silently smiled.

But this story must tell the whole truth which lay beneath that fond acquiescing smile.

Elizabeth was certainly in good health, being well-fed, well-housed, and leading, on the whole, an easy life; happy, too, when she looked at Miss Hilary. But her migration from Mrs. Jones’ lodgings to this grand mansion had not been altogether the translation from Purgatory to Paradise that some would have supposed.

The author of this simple story having—unfortunately for it—never been in domestic service, especially in the great houses of London, does not pretend to describe the ins and outs of their “high life below stairs,” to repeat kitchen conversations, to paint the humors of the servants’ hall—the butler and housekeeper getting tipsy together, the cook courting the policeman, and the footman making love successively to every housemaid and lady’s-maid. Some writers have depicted all this, whether faithfully or not, they know best; but the present writer declines to attempt anything of the kind. Her business is solely with the one domestic, the country-girl who came unexpectedly into this new world of London

servant-life; a world essentially its own, and a life of which the upper classes are as ignorant as they are of what goes on in Madagascar or Tahiti.

This fact was the first which struck the unsophisticated Elizabeth. She, who had been brought up in a sort of feudal relationship to her dear mistresses, was astonished to find the domestics of Russell Square banded together into a community which, in spite of their personal bickerings and jealousies, ended in alliance offensive and defensive against the superior powers, whom they looked upon as their natural enemies. Invisible enemies, certainly; for "master" they hardly ever saw; and, excepting the lady's-maid, were mostly as ignorant of "missis." The housekeeper was the middle link between the two estates; the person with whom all business was transacted, and to whom all complaints had to be made. Beyond being sometimes talked over, generally in a quiscial, depreciatory, or condemnatory way, the heads of the establishment were no more to their domestics than the people who paid wages, and exacted in return certain duties, which most of them made as small as possible, and escaped whenever they could.

If this be an exaggerated picture of a state of things perhaps in degree inevitable,—and yet it should not be, for it is the source of incalculable evil, this dividing of a house against itself,—if I have in any way said what is not true, I would that some intelligent "voice from the kitchen" would rise up and tell us what is true, and whether it be possible on either side to find means of amending what so sorely needs reformation.

Elizabeth sometimes wanted Tom Cliffe to do this—to "write a book," which he, eager young malcontent, was always threatening to do, upon the evils of society, and especially the tyranny of the upper classes. Tom Cliffe was the only person to whom she imparted her troubles and perplexities: how different her life was from that she had been used to; how among her fellow-servants there was not one who did not seem to think and act in a manner totally opposed to everything she had learnt from Miss Hilary. How consequently she herself was teased, bullied, threatened, or at best "sent to Coventry," from morning till night.

"I'm quite alone, Tom; I am, indeed,"

said she, almost crying, the first Sunday night when she met him accidentally in going to church, and, in her dreary state of mind, was exceedingly glad to see him. He consoled her, and even went to church with her, half promising to do the same next Sunday, and calling her "a good little Christian, who almost inclined him to be a Christian too."

And so, with the vague feeling that she was doing him good, and keeping him out of harm,—that lad who had so much that was kindly and nice about him,—Elizabeth consented, not exactly to an appointment, but she told him what were her "Sundays out," and the church she usually attended, if he liked to take the chance of her being there.

Alack! she had so few pleasures; she so seldom got even a breath of outside-air; it was not thought necessary for servants. The only hour she was allowed out, was the church-going on alternate Sunday evenings. How pleasant it was to creep out then, and see Tom waiting for her under the opposite trees, dressed so smart and gentleman-like, looking so handsome and so glad to see her,—her, the poor, countrified Elizabeth, who was quizzed incessantly by her fellow-servants on her oddness, plainness, and stupidity.

Tom did not seem to think her stupid, for he talked to her of all his doings and plans, vague and wild as those of the young tailor in *Alton Locke*, yet with a romantic energy about them that strongly interested his companion; and he read her his poetry, and addressed a few lines to herself beginning—

"Dearest and best, my long familiar friend,"

which was rather a poetical exaggeration, since he had altogether forgotten her in the interval of their separation. But she never guessed this; and so they both clung to the early tie, making it out to be ten times stronger than it really was, as people do who are glad of any excuse for being fond of one another.

Tom really was getting fond of Elizabeth. She touched the higher half of his nature—the spiritual and imaginative half. That he had it, though only a working man, and she too, though only a domestic servant, was most true: probably many more of their

class have it than we are at all aware of. Therefore, these two, being special individuals, were attracted by each other; she by him, because he was so clever, and he by her, because she was so good. For he had an ideal, poor Tom Cliffe! and though it had been smothered and laid to sleep by a not too regular life, it woke up again under the kind, sincere eyes of this plain, simple-minded, honest Elizabeth Hand.

He knew she was plain, and so old-fashioned in her dress, that Tom, who was particular about such things, did not always like walking with her: but she was so interesting and true; she sympathized with him so warmly; he found her so unfailingly and unvaryingly good to him through all the little humors and pettishnesses that almost always accompany a large brain, a nervous temperament, and delicate health. Her quietness soothed him, her strength of character supported him; he at once leaned on her, and ruled over her.

As to Elizabeth's feelings towards Tom, they will hardly bear analyzing; probably hardly any strong emotion will, especially one that is not sudden but progressive. She admired him extremely, and yet she was half sorry for him. Some things in him she did not at all like, and tried heartily to amend. His nervous fancies, irritations, and vagaries she was exceedingly tender over: she looked up to him, and yet took care of him; this thought of him, and anxiety over him, became by degrees the habit of her life. People love in so many different ways; and perhaps that was the natural way in which a woman like Elizabeth would love, or creep into love without knowing it, which is either the safest or the saddest form which the passion can assume.

Thus things went on, till one dark, rainy Sunday night, walking round and round the inner circle of the square, Tom expressed his feelings. At first, in somewhat high-flown and poetical phrases, then melting into the one, eternally old and eternally new, "Do you love me?" followed by a long, long kiss, given under shelter of the umbrella, and in mortal fear of the approaching policeman; who, however, never saw them, or saw them only as "a pair of sweethearts," too common an occurrence on his beat to excite any attention.

But to Elizabeth the whole thing was new,

wonderful; a bliss so far beyond anything that had ever befallen her simple life, and so utterly unexpected therein, that when she went to her bed that night, she cried like a child over the happiness of Tom's loving her, and her exceeding unworthiness of the same.

Then difficulties arose in her mind. "No followers allowed," was one of the strict laws of the Russell Square dynasty. Like many another law of that and of much higher dynasties, it was only made to be broken; for stray sweethearts were continually climbing down area railings, or over garden walls, or hiding themselves behind kitchen doors. Nay, to such an extent was the system carried out, each servant being, from self-interest, a safe co-conspirator, that very often when Mr. and Mrs. Ascott went out to dinner, and the old housekeeper retired to bed, there were regular symposia held below-stairs—nice little supper-parties, where all the viands in the pantry and the wines in the cellar were freely used; where every domestic had his or her "young man" or "young woman," and the goings-on, though not actually discreditable, were of the most lively kind.

To be cognizant of these, and yet to feel that, as there was no actual wickedness going on, she was not justified in "blabbing," was a severe and perpetual trial to Elizabeth. To join them, or bring Tom among them as her "young man," was impossible.

"No, Tom," she said, when he begged hard to come in one evening—for it was raining fast, and he had a bad cough—"No, Tom, I can't let you. If other folk break the laws of the house, I won't—you must go. I can only meet you out of doors."

And yet to do this surreptitiously, just as if she were ashamed of him, or as if there were something wrong in their being fond of one another, jarred upon Elizabeth's honest nature. She did not want to make a show of him, especially to her fellow-servants; she had the true woman's instinct of liking to keep her treasures all to herself; but she had also her sex's natural yearning for sympathy in the great event of a woman's life. She would have liked to have somebody unto whom she could say, "Tom has asked me to marry him," and who would have answered cordially, "It's all right; he is a good fellow: you are sure to be happy."

Not that she doubted this; but it would have been an additional comfort to have a mother's blessing, or a sister's, or even a friend's, upon this strange and sweet emotion which had come into her life. So long as it was thus kept secret, there seemed a certain incompleteness and unsanctity about even their happy love.

Tom did not comprehend this at all. He only laughed at her feeling so "nesh" (that means, tender, sensitive,—but the word is almost unexplainable to other than Stowbury ears) on the subject. He liked the romance and excitement of secret courtship—men often do; rarely women, unless there is something in them not quite right, not entirely womanly.

But Tom was very considerate, and though he called it "silly," and took a little fit of crossness on the occasion, he allowed Elizabeth to write to her mother about him, and consented that on her next holiday she should go to Richmond, in order to speak to Miss Hilary on the same subject, and ask her also to write to Mrs. Hand, stating how good and clever Tom was, and how exceedingly happy was Tom's Elizabeth.

"And wont you come and fetch me, Tom?" asked she shyly. "I am sure Miss Hilary would not object, nor Miss Leaf neither."

Tom protested he did not care two straws whether they objected or not; he was a man of twenty, in a good trade,—he had lately gone back to the printing, and being a clever workman, earned capital wages. He had a right to choose whom he liked, and marry when he pleased. If Elizabeth didn't care for him, she might leave him alone.

"O Tom!" was all she answered, with a strange gentleness, that no one could have belived would ever have come into the manner of South Sea Islander. And quitting the subject then, she afterwards persuaded him, and not for the first time, into consenting to what she thought right.

There is something rather touching in a servant's holiday. It comes so seldom. She must count on it for so long beforehand, and remember it for so long afterwards. This present writer owns to a strong sympathy with the holiday-makers on the grand galadays of the English calendar. It is a pleasure to watch the innumerable groups of family folk little children, and 'prentice lads,—

—"Dressed in all their best,
To walk abroad with Sally."

And the various "Sallys" and their corresponding swains can hardly feel more regret than she when it happens to be wet weather in Easter week or at Whitsuntide.

Whit-Monday, the day when Tom escaped from the printing-office, and Elizabeth got leave of absence for six hours, was as glorious a June day as well could be. As the two young people perched themselves on the top of the Richmond omnibus, and drove through Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green, and over Kew Bridge,—Tom pointing out all the places, and giving much curious information about them,—Elizabeth thought there never was a more beautiful country, or a more lovely summer day: she was, she truly said, "as happy as a queen."

Nevertheless, when the omnibus stopped, she, with great self-denial, insisted on getting rid of Tom for a time. She thought Miss Hilary might not quite like Tom's knowing where she lived, or what her occupation was, lest he might gossip about it to Stowbury people; so she determined to pay her visit by herself, and appointed to meet him at a certain hour on Richmond Bridge, over which bridge she watched him march sulkily, not without a natural pleasure that he should be so much vexed at losing her company for an hour or two. But she knew he would soon come to himself;—as he did, before he had been half a mile on the road to Hampton Court, meeting a young fellow he knew, and going with him over that grand old palace, which furnished them with a subject at their next debating society, where they both came out very strong on the question of hypocritical priests and obnoxious kings, with especial reference to Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth went in search of the little shop—which nobody need expect to find at Richmond now—bearing the well-known name "Janet Balquidder." Entering it, for there was no private door, she saw, in the far corner above the curtained desk, the pretty curls of her dear Miss Hilary.

Elizabeth had long known that her mistress "kept a shop," and with the notions of gentility which are just as rife in her class as in any other, had mourned bitterly over this fact. But when she saw how fresh and well the young lady looked, how busily and

cheerfully she seemed to work with her great books before her, and with what a composed grace and dignity she came forward when asked for, Elizabeth secretly confessed that not even keeping a shop had made or could make the smallest difference in Miss Hilary.

She herself was much more changed.

"Why, Elizabeth, I should hardly have known you!" was the involuntary exclamation of her late mistress.

She certainly did look very nice; not smart—for her sober taste preferred quiet colors—but excessively neat and well-dressed. In her new gown of gray "coburg," her one handsome shawl, which had been honored several times by Miss Hilary's wearing, her white straw bonnet and white ribbons, underneath which the smooth black hair and soft eyes showed to great advantage, she appeared—not "like a lady," a servant can seldom do that, let her dress be ever so fine—but like a thoroughly respectable, intelligent, and pleasant-faced young woman.

And her blushes came and went so fast; she was so nervous, and yet so beamingly happy, that Miss Hilary soon suspected there was more in this visit than at first appeared. Knowing that with Elizabeth's great shyness the mystery would never come out in public, she took an opportunity of asking her to help her in the bedroom, and there with the folding-doors safely shut, discovered the whole secret.

Miss Hilary was a good deal surprised at first. She had never thought of Elizabeth as likely to get married at all—and to Tom Cliffe.

"Why, isn't he a mere boy; ever so much younger than you are?"

"Three years."

"That is a pity; a great pity; women grow old so much faster than men."

"I know that," said Elizabeth, somewhat sorrowfully.

"Besides, did you not tell me he was very handsome and clever?"

"Yes; and I'm neither the one nor the other. I have thought all that over too; many a time; indeed I have, Miss Hilary. But Tom likes me—or fancies he does. Do you think"—and the intense humility which true love always has, struck into Miss Hilary's own conscious heart a conviction of how very true this poor girl's love must be. "Do you think he is mistaken? that his liking

me—I mean in that sort of way—is quite impossible?"

"No indeed, and I never said it; never thought it," was the earnest reply. "But consider; three years younger than yourself; handsomer and cleverer than you are——"

Miss Hilary stopped; it seemed so cruel to say such things, and yet she felt bound to say them. She knew her former "bower-maiden" well enough to be convinced that if Elizabeth were not happy in marriage, she would be worse than unhappy—might grow actually bad.

"He loves you now; you are sure of that; but are you sure that he is a thoroughly stable and reliable character? Do you believe he will love you always?"

"I can't tell. Perhaps, if I deserved it," said poor Elizabeth.

And, looking at the downcast eyes, at the thorough womanly sweetness and tenderness which suffused the whole face, Hilary's doubts began to melt away. She thought, how sometimes men, captivated by inward rather than outward graces, have fallen in love with plain women, or women older than themselves, and actually kept to their attachment through life, with a fidelity rare as beautiful. Perhaps this young fellow, who seemed by all accounts superior to his class—having had the sense to choose that pearl in an oyster-shell, Elizabeth Hand—might also have the sense to appreciate her, and go on loving her to the end of his days. Anyhow, he loved her now, and she loved him; and it was useless reasoning any more about it.

"Come, Elizabeth," cried her mistress, cheerfully. "I have said all my say, and now I have only to give my good wishes. If Tom Cliff deserves you, I am sure you deserve him, and I should like to tell him so."

"Should you, Miss Hilary?" and with a visible brightening up, Elizabeth betrayed Tom's whereabouts, and her little conspiracy to bring him here, and her hesitation lest it might be "intruding."

"Not at all. Tell him to come at once. I am not like my sister; we always allow 'followers.' I think a mistress stands in the relation of a parent, for the time being; and that cannot be a right or good love which is concealed from her, as if it were a thing to be ashamed of."

"I think so too. And I'm not a bit

ashamed of Tom, nor he of me," said Elizabeth—so energetically, that Miss Hilary smiled.

"Very well; take him to have his tea in the kitchen, and then bring him up-stairs, to speak to my sister and me."

At that interview, which of course was rather trying, Tom acquitted himself to everybody's satisfaction. He was manly, modest, self-possessed; did not say much—his usual talkativeness being restrained by the circumstances of the case, and the great impression made upon him by Miss Hilary, who, he afterwards admitted to Elizabeth, "was a real angel, and he should write a poem upon her." But the little he did say gave the ladies a very good impression of the intelligence and even refinement of Elizabeth's sweetheart. And though they were sorry to see him look so delicate, still there was a something better than handsomeness in his handsome face which made them not altogether surprised at Elizabeth's being so fond of him.

As she watched the young couple down Richmond Street, in the soft summer twilight,—Elizabeth taking Tom's arm, and Tom drawing up his stooping figure to its utmost extent, both a little ill-matched in height as they were in some other things, but walking with that air of perfect confidence and perfect contentedness in each other, which always betrays, to a quick eye, those who have agreed to walk through the world together,—Miss Hilary turned from the window, and—sighed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOLLOWING Miss Hilary's earnest advice that everything should be fair and open, Elizabeth, on the very next day after that happy Whit-Monday, mustered up her courage, asked permission to speak to her mistress, and told her she was going to be married to Tom Cliffe: not immediately, but in a year's time or so, if all went well.

Mrs. Ascott replied sharply that it was no affair of hers, and she could not be troubled about it. For her part, she thought if servants knew their own advantages, they would keep a good place when they had it, and never get married at all. And then, saying she had heard a good character of her from the housekeeper, she offered Elizabeth the place of upper housemaid, a young girl, a

protégée of the housekeeper's being substituted in hers.

"And when you have sixteen pounds a year, and somebody to do all your hard work for you, I dare say you'll think better of it, and not be so foolish as to go and get married."

But Elizabeth had her own private opinion on the matter. She was but a woman—poor thing! and two tiny rooms of her own, with Tom to care for and look after, seemed a far happier home than that great house, where she had not only her own work to do, but the responsibility of teaching and taking charge of that careless, stupid, pretty Esther, who had all the forwardness, untidiness, and unconscientiousness of a regular London maid-servant, and was a sore trial to the staid, steady Elizabeth.

Tom consoled her, in his careless but affectionate way; and another silent consolation was the "little bits of things," bought out of her additional wages, which she began to put by in her box; sticks and straws for the new sweet nest that was a-building: a metal tea-pot, two neat glass salt-cellars, and—awful extravagance!—two real second-hand silver spoons—Tom did so like having things nice about him. These purchases, picked up at stray times, were solid, substantial, and useful; domestic rather than personal; and all with a view to Tom rather than herself. She hid them with a magpie-like closeness, for Esther and she shared the same room; but sometimes when Esther was asleep she would peep at them with an anxious, lingering tenderness, as if they made more of an assured reality what even now seemed so very like a dream.

—Except indeed on those Sunday nights when Tom and she went to church together, and afterwards took a walk, but always parted at the corner of the square. She never brought him into the house, nor spoke of him to her fellow-servants. How much they guessed of her engagement she neither knew nor cared.

Mrs. Ascott, too, had apparently quite forgotten it. She seemed to take as little interest in her servants' affairs as they in hers.

Nevertheless, ignorant as the lower regions were in general of what was passing in the upper, occasionally rumors began to reach the kitchen that "Master had been a-blowing up missis, rather!" And once, after

the solemn dinner, with three footmen to wait on two people, was over, Elizabeth, passing through the hall, caught the said domestics laughing together, and saying it was "as good as a play; cat and dog was nothing to it." After which "the rows upstairs" became a favorite joke in the servants' hall.

But still Mr. Ascott went out daily after breakfast, and came home to dinner; and Mrs. Ascott spent the morning in her private sitting-room, or "boudoir," as she called it; lunched, and drove out in her handsome carriage, with her footman behind; dressed elegantly for dinner, and presided at her own table, with an air of magnificent satisfaction in all things. She had perfectly accommodated herself to her new position; and if under her satins and laces beat a solitary, dissatisfied, or aching heart, it was nobody's business but her own. At least, she kept up the splendid sham with a most creditable persistency.

But all shams are dangerous things. Be the surface ever so smooth and green, it will crack sometimes, and a faint wreath of smoke betray the inward volcano. The like had happened, once or twice, as on the day when the men-servants were so intensely amused. Also Elizabeth, when putting in order her mistress' bedroom, which was about the hour Mr. Ascott left for the city, had several times seen Mrs. Ascott come in there suddenly, white and trembling. Once, so agitated was she, that Elizabeth had brought her a glass of water; and instead of being angry or treating her with the distant dignity which she had always kept up, her mistress had said, almost in the old Stowbury tone, "Thank you, Elizabeth."

However, Elizabeth had the wisdom to take no notice, but to slip from the room, and keep her own counsel.

At last one day the smouldering domestic earthquake broke out. There was "a precious good row," the footman suspected, at the breakfast table; and after breakfast, master, without waiting for the usual attendance of that functionary, with his hat and gloves, and a Hansom cab, had flung himself out at the hall-door, slamming it after him with a noise that startled the whole house. Shortly afterwards, "missis'" bell had rung violently, and she had been found lying on the floor of her bedroom in a dead

faint, her maid, a foolish little Frenchwoman, screaming over her.

The frightened servants gathered round in a cluster, but nobody attempted to touch the poor lady, who lay rigid and helpless, hearing none of the comments that were freely made upon her, or the conjectures as to what master had done or said, that produced this state of things. Mistress she was, and these four or five women, her servants, had lived in her house for months, but nobody loved her; nobody knew anything about her; nobody thought of doing aught for her, till a kitchen maid, probably out of former experience in some domestic emergency, suggested, "Fetch Elizabeth."

The advice was eagerly caught at, everybody being so thankful to have the responsibility shifted to some other body's shoulders; so in five minutes Elizabeth had the room cleared, and her mistress laid upon the bed, with nobody near, except herself and the French maid.

By and by, Mrs. Ascott opened her eyes.

"Who's that? What are you doing to me?"

"Nothing, ma'am. It's only me—Elizabeth."

At the familiar soothing voice, the poor woman—a poor wretched forlorn woman she looked, lying there, in spite of all her grandeur,—turned feebly round.

"O Elizabeth, I'm so ill; take care of me." And she fainted away once more.

It was some time before she came quite to herself, and then the first thing she said, was to bid Elizabeth bolt the door, and keep everybody out.

"The doctor, ma'am; if he comes?"

"I'll not see him. I don't want him. I know what it is. I——"

She pulled Elizabeth closer to her, whispered something in her ear, and then burst into a violent fit of hysterical weeping.

Amazed, shocked, Elizabeth at first did not know what to do; then she took her mistress' head on her shoulder, and quieted her by degrees almost as she would a child. The sobbing ceased, and Mrs. Ascott lay still a minute, till suddenly she clutched Elizabeth's arm.

"Mind you don't tell. *He* doesn't know, and he shall not; it would please him so. It does not please me. Sometimes I almost think I shall hate it, because it is his child."

She spoke with a fierceness that was hardly credible either in the dignified Mrs. Peter Ascott, or the languid Miss Selina. To think of Miss Selina's expecting a baby! The idea perfectly confounded poor Elizabeth.

"I don't know very much about such matters," said she, deprecatingly, "but I'm sure, ma'am, you ought to keep yourself quiet, and I wouldn't hate the poor little baby, if I were you. It may be a very nice little thing, and turn out a great comfort to you."

Mrs. Ascott lifted her heavy eyes to the kindly, sympathetic, womanly face—thorough woman, for as Elizabeth went on, her heart warmed with the strong instinct which comes almost of itself.

"Think, to have a tiny little creature lying here beside you; something your very own, with its pretty face looking so innocent and sweet at you, and its pretty fingers touching you." Here Elizabeth's voice quite faltered over the picture she had drawn. "O ma'am, I'm sure you would be so fond of it."

Human nature is strong. This cold, selfish woman, living her forty years without any strong emotion, marrying without love, and reaping, not in contrition but angry bitterness, the certain punishment of such a marriage, even this woman was not proof against the glorious mystery of maternity, which should make every daughter of Eve feel the first sure hope of her first-born child to be a sort of divine annunciation.

Mrs. Ascott lay, listening to Elizabeth. Gradually through her shut eyelids a few quiet tears began to flow.

"Do you mind me talking to you this way, ma'am?"

"No, no! Say what you like. I'm glad to have anybody to speak to. Oh, I'm a very miserable woman!"

Strange that Selina Ascott should come to betray, and to Elizabeth Hand, of all people, that she was a "miserable woman." But circumstances bring about unforeseen confidences; and the confidence once given, is not easily recalled. Apparently the lady did not wish to recall it. In the solitude of her splendid house; in her total want of all female companionship—for she refused to have her sisters sent for—"he would only insult them, and I'll not have my family in-

sulted,"—poor Selina clung to her old servant as the only comfort she had.

During the dreary months that followed, when, during the long, close summer days, the sick lady scarcely stirred from her bedroom, and, fretful, peevish, made the very most of what to women in general are such patiently borne and sacred sufferings, Elizabeth was her constant attendant. She humored all her whims, endured all her ill-temper, cheered her in her low spirits, and was, in fact, her mistress's sole companion and friend.

This position no one disputed with her. It is not every woman who has, as Miss Leaf used to say of Elizabeth, "a genius for nursing;" and very few patients make nursing a labor of love. The whole household were considerably relieved by her taking a responsibility for which she was so well fitted, and so little envied. Even Mr. Ascott, who, when his approaching honors could no longer be concealed from him, became for the nonce a most attentive husband, and succumbed dutifully to every fancy his wife entertained, openly expressed his satisfaction in Elizabeth, and gave her one or two bright golden guineas in earnest of his gratitude.

How far she herself appreciated her new and important position; whether her duties were done from duty, or pity, or that determined self-devotedness which some women are always ready to carry out towards any helpless thing that needs them, I cannot say, for she never told. Not even to Miss Hilary, who at last was permitted to come and pay a formal visit; nor to Tom Cliffe, whom she now saw very rarely, for her mistress, with characteristic selfishness, would hardly let her out of her sight for half an hour.

Tom at first was exceedingly savage at this: by degrees he got more reconciled, and met his sweetheart now and then for a few minutes at the area-gate, or wrote her long poetical letters, which he confided to some of her fellow-servants, who thereby got acquainted with their secret. But it mattered little, as Elizabeth had faithfully promised that, when her mistress's trial was over, and everything smooth and happy, she would marry Tom at once. So she took the jokes below-stairs with great composure; feeling, indeed, too proud and content to perplex herself much about anything.

Nevertheless, her life was not easy, for Mrs. Ascott was very difficult to manage. She resisted angrily all the personal sacrifices entailed by impending motherhood, and its terrors and forebodings used to come over her—poor weak woman that she was!—in a way that required all Elizabeth's reasonings to counteract, and all her self-control to hide the presentiment of evil, not unnatural under the circumstances.

Yet sometimes poor Mrs. Ascott would take fits of pathetic happiness; when she busied herself eagerly over the preparations for the new-comer; would make Elizabeth take out, over and over again, the little clothes, and examine them with childish delight. Sometimes she would gossip for hours over the blessing that was sent to her so late in life—half-regretting that it had come so late; that she should be almost an old woman before her little son or daughter was grown up.

"Still, I may live to see it, you know: to have a pretty girl to take on my arm into a ball-room, or a big fellow to send to college: the Leafs always went to college in old times. He shall be Henry Leaf Ascott, that I am determined on; and if it's a girl, perhaps I may call her Johanna. My sister would like it; wouldn't she?"

For more and more, in the strange softening of her nature, did Selina go back to the old ties.

"I am not older than my mother was when Hilary was born. She died, but that was because of trouble. Women do not necessarily die in childbirth even at forty; and in twenty years more I shall only be sixty—not such a very old woman. Besides, mothers never are old; at least not to their children. Don't you think so, Elizabeth?"

And Elizabeth answered as she best could. She too, out of sympathy or instinct, was becoming wondrous wise.

But I am aware all this will be thought very uninteresting, except by women and mothers. Let me hasten on.

By degrees, as Mrs. Ascott's hour approached, a curious tranquillity and even gentleness came over her. Her fretful dislike of seeing any face about her but Elizabeth's became less. She even endured her husband's company for an hour of an evening; and at last humbled her pride enough to beg him to invite her sisters to Russell

Square from Saturday to Monday, the only time when Hilary could be spared.

"For we don't know what may happen," said she to him, rather seriously.

And though he answered, "Oh, nonsense!" and desired her to get such ridiculous fancies out of her head, still he consented, and himself wrote to Miss Leaf, giving the formal invitation.

The three sisters spent a happy time together, and Hilary made some highly appreciated family jokes about the handsome Christmas box that Selina was going to be so kind as to give them, and the small probability that she would have much enjoyment of the Christmas dinner to which Mr. Ascott, in the superabundance of his good feeling, had invited his sisters-in-law. The baby, blessed innocent! seemed to have softened down all things—as babies often do.

Altogether, it was with great cheerfulness, affectionateness, and hope that they took leave of Selina: she, with unwonted consideration, insisting that the carriage should convey them all the way to Richmond.

"And," she said, "perhaps some of these days my son, if he is a son, may have the pleasure of escorting his aunts home. I shall certainly call him 'Henry Leaf,' and bring him up to be in every way a credit to our family.

When the ladies were away, and Mrs. Ascott had retired to bed, it was still only nine o'clock, and a bright moonlight night. Elizabeth thought she could steal downstairs and try to get a breath of fresh air round the square. Her long confinement made her almost sick sometimes for a sight of the outer world, a sight of—let me tell the entire truth—her own faithful Tom.

She had not seen him now for fourteen days, and though his letters were very nice and exceedingly clever, still she craved for a look at his face, a grasp of his hand, perhaps even a kiss, long and close and tender, such as he would sometimes insist upon giving her, in spite of all policemen. His love for her, demonstrative as was his nature, had become to this still, quiet girl inexpressibly sweet, far sweeter than she knew.

It was a clear winter night, and the moon went climbing over the fleecy white clouds in a way that made beauty even in Russell Square. Elizabeth looked up at the sky, and thought how Tom would have enjoyed

it, and wished he were beside her, and was so glad to think he would soon be beside her always, with all his humors and weaknesses, and all his little crossnesses and complainings; she could put up with all, and be happy through all, if only she had him with her and loving her.

His love for her, though fitful and fanciful, was yet so warm and real, that it had become a necessity of her life. As he always told her—especially after he had had one of his little quarrels with her—hers was to him.

“Poor Tom, I wonder how he gets on without me! Well, it won’t be for long.”

And she wished she could have let him know she was out here, that they might have a chat for just ten minutes.

Unconsciously she walked towards their usual trysting-place, a large overhanging plane-tree on the Keppel Street corner of the square.

Surely, surely, that could not be Tom! Quite impossible, for he was not alone. Two people, a young man and a young woman, stood at the tryst, absorbed in conversation: evidently sweethearts, for he had one arm round her, and he kissed her, unresisted, several times.

Elizabeth gazed, fascinated, almost doubting the evidence of her own senses. For the young man’s figure was so excessively like Tom’s. At length with the sort of feeling that makes one go steadily up to a shadow by the roadside, some ugly spectre that we feel sure, if we stare it out, will prove to be a mere imagination, she walked deliberately up to and past these “sweethearts.”

They did not see her; they were far too much occupied with one another: but she saw them, and saw at once that it was Tom, Tom’s own self, and with him her fellow-servant, Esther.

People may write volumes on jealousy, and volumes will still remain to be written. It is, next to remorse for guilt, the sharpest, sorest, most maddening torment that human nature can endure.

We may sit and gaze from the boxes at our *Othellos* and *Biancas*; we may laugh at the silly heart-burnings between Cousin Kate and Cousin Lucy in the ball-room, or the squabbles of Mary and Sally in the kitchen over the gardener’s lad; but there the thing remains. A man cannot make

love to two women, a woman cannot coquette with two men, without causing in degree that horrible agony, cruel as death, which is at the root of half the tragedies, and the cause of half the crimes of this world.

The complaint comes in different forms; sometimes it is a case of slow poisoning, or of ordeal by red-hot irons, which, though not fatal, undermines the whole character, and burns ineffaceable scars into the soul. And people take it in various ways; some fiercely, stung by a sense of wounded self-love; others haughtily:

“Pride’s a safe robe, I’ll wear it: but no rags.”

Others, again, humble, self-distrustful natures, whose only pride came through love, have nothing left them except rags. In a moment, all their thin robes of happiness are torn off; they stand shivering, naked, and helpless, before the blasts of the bitter world.

This was Elizabeth’s case. After the first instant of stunned bewilderment and despair, she took it all quite naturally, as if it were a thing which she ought all along to have known was sure to happen, and which was no more than she expected and deserved.

She passed the couple, still unobserved by them; and then walked round the other side of the square, deliberately home.

I am not going to make a tragic heroine of this poor servant-girl. Perhaps, people may say, there is nothing tragic about the incident. Merely a plain, quiet, old-fashioned woman, who is so foolish as to like a handsome young swain, and to believe in him, and to be surprised when he deserts her for a pretty girl of eighteen. All quite after the way things go on in the world, especially in the servant-world; and the best she can do is to get over it, or take another sweetheart as quickly as possible. A very common story after all, and more of a farce than a tragedy.

But there are some farces, which, if you look underneath the surface, have a good many of the elements of tragedy.

I shall neither paint Elizabeth tearing her own hair, or Esther’s; or going raging about the square in moonlight, in an insane fit of jealousy. She was not given to “fits” under any circumstances, or about anything. All she felt went deep down into her heart, rooted itself, and either blossomed or cankered there.

On this night she, as I said, walked round the square to her home; then quietly went up-stairs to her garret, locked the door, and sat down upon her bed.

She might have sat there for an hour or more, her bonnet and shawl still on, without stirring, without crying, altogether cold and hard like a stone, when she fancied she heard her mistress' bell ring, and mechanically rose up and went down-stairs to listen. Nothing was wanted, so she returned to her garret and crept to bed in the dark.

When, soon afterwards, Esther likewise came up to bed, Elizabeth pretended to be asleep. Only once, taking a stealthy glance at the pretty girl who stood combing her hair at the looking-glass, she was conscious of a sick sense of repulsion, a pain like a knife running through her, at sight of the red young lips which Tom had just been kiss-

ing, of the light figure which he had clasped, as he used to clasp her. But she never spoke, not one word.

Half an hour after she was roused by the nurse coming to her bedside. Mrs. Ascott was very ill, and was calling for Elizabeth. Soon the whole establishment was in confusion, and in the sharp struggle between birth and death, Elizabeth had no time to think of anything but her mistress.

Contrary to every expectation, all ended speedily and happily; and before he went off to the city next day, the master of the house, who in the midst of his anxiety and felicity, had managed to secure a good night's sleep and a good breakfast, had the pleasure of sending off a special messenger to the *Times'* office with the notification, "The Lady of Peter Ascott, Esq., of a son and heir."

THE ITALIAN TRIO.

The Pope to Louis Napoleon.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,
That threatens most my Temporal Power,
Oh, do not leave me, pray!
I own I've called you many a name,
But who would hate a poor old dame
For aught that she can say.

Louis Napoleon.

I've stayed, old lady, far too long
In fact I feel I'm in the wrong,
And off I mean to go.
Your neighbor there has shown he's quite
Prepared and willing, m'm, to fight
Against your every foe.

King Victor.

Yes, leave the poor old girl to me,
You'll see how quickly we'll agree,
When you are out of sight,
And she shall walk in silk attire,
And go to church in glory, sire,
And I'll do all that's right.

The Pope.

I do not like the plan at all,
My fortune's tottering to its fall.

Louis Napoleon.

Oh, don't say that, but bless our plan,
Be friends with brave King Gallantman.

King Victor.

Yes, take my arm, and never mind,
Our plan is all that's good and kind.

The Pope.

Oh, dear, oh, dear, I quake with fear.

Louis Napoleon.

Why quake, old girl, no foes are here?

King Victor.

I am not cruel, nor severe.

All.

But Fate must call the dance.

The Pope.

It's very hard to leave me so.

Louis Napoleon.

Trials are blessings, don't you know?

King Victor.

We'll talk about the *Statu quo*.

All.

The word is "*Exit France*."

—*Punch*.

FOLLOW MY LEADER.—A grand ball was held the other day at the Imperial Villa at Biarritz, and according to a letter from that place:—

"The toilettes of the ladies were richer than ever. Hair-powder seems to be coming into vogue again, for many of the ladies used it on this occasion."

Very probably. The admirable revival of hoops should naturally be followed by a return to hair-powder. The sequacious gregariousness with which the French ladies follow their leader, and the English ladies them, is, though a gooselike, a gratifying attestation of their attachment to the Crinoline Dynasty. Venus forbid that the Empress of the French should wear rings in her nose; but if she were to adopt such ornaments, her example would doubtless be followed by our wives and daughters.—*Punch*.

From Punch.

THE NAGGLETONS ON THEIR TOUR.

The Scene represents the Interior of a First-Class Carriage. The distinguished Couple have it all to themselves, and are going from one Seaside place to another at an hour's distance.

Mrs. Naggleton. Of course you've left the keys behind.

Mr. Naggleton. Why of course? Because you always do? It happens that I haven't, for here they are. What else may be left behind I can't say.

Mrs. N. No, you took care to have business to go out about when you might have helped me in packing.

Mr. N. Yes, for the last time I made the offer, you sent *me* packing myself. Ha! ha!

Mrs. N. You intend that for some kind of joke, I suppose. It would be a very good thing if people didn't attempt what they don't understand. But because Wyndham Wareham says clever things, all the "Flips" club must try to imitate him, which is very pitiable.

Mr. N. I thought, my dear, that having (*ironically*) so many accomplishments, you could afford not to set up for a judge of wit.

Mrs. N. I know real wit when I hear it, and I know that it is very unlike the ridiculous and vulgar banter that passes for it at the "Flips," at least if I may judge by the specimens you bring home, though to be sure you may spoil them in bringing; likely enough, considering the state in which you come home.

Mr. N. There are so many counts to that indictment, my dear, that I will plead to the last only, and say that you never saw me the worse for what I had taken at the little social meeting that always excites your spite.

Mrs. N. I didn't say you were the worse. On the contrary, if you come home rather foolish, you are good-natured, and not much inclined to talk.

Mr. N. Your amiability, my dear, is an encouragement to me to persevere in pressing these little holidays upon you. A cheerful companion more than repays any trouble or expense she may occasion.

Mrs. N. I understand your manly and generous meaning, Mr. Naggleton. But I am neither vexed nor surprised. I require

no new proof that your earlier life was not passed in good society. The idea that, in return for her railway fare a lady is to amuse you, is so essentially commercial that it would make one smile, but that the children are in daily danger of imbibing such lessons.

Mr. N. If they imbibe nothing worse than my teaching, Mrs. Naggleton, they will do no harm. I can't say as much if they imbibe what I have seen you giving them at lunch; namely, Burton ale.

Mrs. N. I believe that I am responsible to their medical attendant for their dietary, Mr. Naggleton.

Mr. N. Has your own dietary included a dictionary, swallowed by mistake, my love? Because you are bringing out the long words, uncommon, this morning.

Mrs. N. I can well understand (*smiling*) that you had no such complaint to make of the first Mrs. Naggleton. I think she spelt coffee with the same letters as cough, did she not, dear?

Mr. N. It's untrue. And whatever she *spelt* coffee with, m'm, she *made* it with hot water, which is a precious deal more than I can get her successor to do.

Mrs. N. Her successor should have been a kitchen maid, my dear.

Mr. N. Well, in the matter of tongue and temper, that might have involved no great change in my present happiness, my love.

Mrs. N. Wyndham Wareham must have given you quite a heap of his old sayings, which he has worn threadbare, and can't use any longer. Are they the perquisites of his followers? You come out quite smart in them. What a pity it is you forget them before company, and try nonsense of your own!

Mr. N. Ah, my dear, when we want to wound we shouldn't show that we are in a rage. Calm yourself down to your usual ill-temper, and you may be more disagreeable. At present you are a study—and I may add, thanks to sea air, a brown study.

[*Proud of his victory, he begins to read the paper, elaborately.*

Mrs. N. (*sadly*). If anything should happen to you, Henry, I will try to forget all the insults you have rejoiced to heap upon me. But you will make that duty very, very, *very* difficult.

Mr. N. Indeed, love? Well, I promise you this. I'll try and postpone it for you as long as I possibly can.

Mrs. N. Yes, it is very well to talk so, but I assure you, Henry, the thought comes to me very often, and prevents my taking notice of many and many a thing which I ought to resent.

Mr. N. Deuce it does? You resent most things, and grumble at the rest. What was that station we passed?

Mrs. N. Tinkleby. Couldn't you read that? How your eyes are failing, and what childish vanity not to wear spectacles.

Mr. N. Vanity. Ha! ha! what have I to be vain of?

[*Meaning a bitter satire on his matrimonial acquisition.*]

Mrs. N. (*accepting the challenge*). I really don't know. And pride, which is a nobler thing, I do not suppose you are capable of feeling. I have read that it is much dulled by the instincts of commerce. Certainly Wyndham Wareham, your model, did say that you had reason to be proud of your marriage, but it is not for me to recall such expressions of opinion.

Mr. N. Well, strictly speaking, my dear, it is not, but their rarity shall be your excuse. And Wareham's so good a judge on conjugal matters that he has kept himself single, and means to do so.

Mrs. N. Ah! a joke redolent of spirits and water and tobacco-smoke, and would suit the "Flips" at two in the morning.

Mr. N. Your ridiculous animosity to that harmless meeting is perfectly unaccountable, Mrs. Naggleton.

Mrs. N. Animosity?—no. But I regret that the children are liable to hear, through servants, who may learn it from tradesmen, that you are in that kind of society. I wish you could pass by another name than your own among such a set.

Mr. N. (*furious*). Set! By Jove, Mrs. Naggleton, you talk as if you had been born in the purple—that is to say, to suit your understanding, as if your uncle had been a marquis instead of a man—

Mrs. N. The department of the medical profession more especially pursued by my lamented uncle, is one which can afford to disregard the scoffs of vulgarity.

Mr. N. Another burst of dictionary talk. Do you think it proper in a first-class carriage. If you cut your words in proportion to the fares, I should like to travel third.

Mrs. N. I make no doubt that in the third-class carriage you would find companions who would suit you. You might even fancy yourself at the "Flips," humbly listening to Wyndham Wareham.

Mr. N. That's about the tenth time you've dragged in that man's name by the head and shoulders. What has he done to offend you?

Mrs. N. He? Nothing. I shouldn't speak to him if we met, for I think him a bad style of man, and though one rather likes anybody who is first in his way, it is really such a very small triumph to be first at the "Flips," that I cannot make a hero out of Wyndham Wareham. Perhaps I should, like you, if I looked at him through a glass of spirits.

Mr. N. I had thoughts of withdrawing from that club, Mrs. Naggleton, but I am now resolved that I will accept the invitation to take the chair at the next monthly meeting.

Mrs. N. Lor, why shouldn't you. I dare say you will not make much of a failure. I know Edward Clarkson took it, and they say did very well, and you know he is the greatest idiot in the world.

Mr. N. (*emphatically*). No, madam, he is not. That name belongs to a man who did not know when he was well off, but must needs—

Guard. Tickets, all tickets ready.

Mr. N. I gave them to you. Why don't you get them out?

Mrs. N. I shall get them out when they're wanted, and not till then.

Mr. N. (*angrily*). You have no right to delay the whole train by your petulance.

Mrs. N. (*unmoved*). Haven't I? But I shall, if I please.

[*And she does please.*]

From The National Review.

MR. HENRY TAYLOR'S NEW DRAMA.

St. Clement's Eve: a Play. By Henry Taylor, author of "Philip von Artevelde." Chapman and Hall, 1862.

WE ought to have reviewed this poem in our last number, and at one time had intended to do so, but were withheld by the consideration, that we had nothing to say regarding it that was not eulogistic, and that unmixed eulogy, however sincere and well deserved, is dull writing, and duller reading. But *St. Clement's Eve* is far too meritorious a production to be passed over without notice; and hitherto it has not received that attention from critics which its very unusual excellences ought to have secured. It will never attain the popularity of *Philip von Artevelde*, for it has no salient character of surpassing interest and matchless grandeur like his, nor are the events of which it treats at all parallel in importance or attractiveness. It is, too, both shorter and slighter in texture; and compared even with the author's second drama, *Edwin the Fair*, it lacks both variety and stir. But it is far more free from defects and weak places than either; it bears the impress of a purer taste, more finished skill and a mellower and maturer mind. The workmanship, too, seems to us absolutely faultless, and such as only a lifetime of conscientious and fastidious labor could have achieved. It bespeaks an artist who has never, even in moments of fatigue and relaxed exertion, allowed any slipshod or slovenly composition to pass from his pen. The mingled dignity and sweetness of the diction bespeak a student who has drank deep at the rich fountains of our earlier and nobler writers, and the harmony of the verse is almost monotonously perfect. The tone of sentiment and morals which pervades the poem is throughout pure and noble, though very simple; there are no perplexing questionings, no subtle problems either of feeling or of thought; the passions dealt with are those of ordinary men in rude and violent ages; and the story derives its chief interest from that sad and touching conflict between woman's virtue and woman's love which is of all times, and which, though ever recurring, is ever new.

The subject seems to us meagre and ill-chosen. The scene is laid in the reign of

Charles VI. of France, at the early part of the fifteenth century, when the country was torn and devastated by the quarrels and private wars of the two great princes of the land, the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy; the one the brother, the other the cousin, of the king. The monarch himself, eminently amiable, well-intentioned, and beloved, was powerless to restrain his nobles or protect his people, in consequence of the frequent attacks of insanity to which he was subject, and which neither physicians nor exorcists had been able to cure. A terrible picture of the state of the unhappy country under such a *régime* is drawn by a Hermit, who is introduced at the council-board during one of the lucid intervals enjoyed by the king, to deliver a message with which he says that God had charged him. The rough and fierce Duke of Burgundy bids him beware of giving offence. The Hermit replies:—

"What God commands,
How smacks it of offence? But dire offence
There were if fear of man should choke God's
word.

I heard and saw, and I am here to speak.
Nigh forty days I sped from town to town,
Hamlet to hamlet, and from grange to grange,
And wheresoe'er I set my foot, behold!
The foot of war had been before, and there
Did nothing grow; and in the fruitless fields,
Whence ruffian hands had snatched the beasts
of draught,

Women and children to the plough were yoked.
The very sheep had learned the ways of war,
And soon as from the citadel rang out
The larum-peal, flocked to the city gates.
And tilth was none by day, for none durst forth;
But, wronging the night season, which God gave
To minister sweet forgetfulness and rest,
Was labor and a spur. I journeyed on,
And near a burning village in a wood
Were huddled, 'neath a drift of blood-stained
snow,

The houseless villagers. I journeyed on,
And as I passed a convent, at the gate
Were famished peasants, hustling each the other,
Half-fed by famished nuns. I journeyed on,
And 'twixt a hamlet and a church, the road
Was black with biers, for famine-fever raged.
I journeyed on: a trumpet's brazen clang
Died in the distance; at my side I heard
A child's weak wail, that on its mother's breast
Drooped its thin face and died;—then pealed to
Heaven

The mother's funeral cry, 'My child is dead!
For lack of food; he hungered unto death.
A soldier ate his food, and what was left
He trampled in the mire. My child is dead!
Hear me, O God! a soldier killed my child!
See to that soldier's quitance—blood for blood!
Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge!'—
The woman ceased; but voices in the air,

Yea, and in me, a thousand voices cried,
'Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge!'
Then they, too, ceased, and sterner still the
voice,

Slow and sepulchral, that the word took up:
'Him, God, but not him only, nor him most;
Look thou to them that breed the men of blood,
That breed and feed the murderers of the realm.
Look thou to them that, hither and thither tost
Between their quarrels and their pleasures,
laugh

At torments that they taste not; bid them learn
That there are torments terribler than these,
Whereof it is thy will that they shall taste,
So they repent not, in the belly of Hell!'"

The most moving scenes and incidents of the story arise out of the rescue, by the chivalrous, cultivated, and seductive Duke of Orleans, from outrage and abduction of a young novice named Iolande, who was residing in the Convent of the Celestins, which the duke himself had founded. A mutual affection springs up between the duke and his *protégée*, and he has several interviews with her in the convent,—she knowing him only as a knight who had befriended and saved her. In one of these he avows his love, and the scene which ensues seems to us exquisitely natural and touching.

"THE DUKE.

"O Iolande!

I love you,—yet to say so is a sin;
And such a sin as only such a love
And veriest inebriety of heart
Can palliate or excuse. An earthly bond,
Earthly, as it was woven of earthly aims
By earthly hands, when I was but a child,
Yet sacred, as it binds me to a wife,—
This earthly-sacred bond forbids my soul
To seek the holier and the heavenlier peace
It might have found with you.

"IOLANDE.

"Go back! go back!

I knew not you were married; back to your wife.
Leave me—forget me—God will give me
strength;
There yet is time, for I am innocent still,
And I was happy yesterday. Go back.—
Is your wife good?

"DUKE OF ORLEANS.

"Yes, she is gentle, pure,
Most loving, and much injured.

"IOLANDE.

"Oh, go back,
And never wrong her more; and never more
Say you love me.

"THE DUKE.

"And yet in loving you,
I love my wife not less, and virtue more.

* * * *

"IOLANDE.

"Home to your wife, go home;

Your heart betrays itself and truth and me.
You know not love, speaking of love for two.
I knew not love till now, and love and shame
Have flung themselves upon me both at once.
One will be with me till my death, I know;
The other not an hour. Oh, brave and true
And loyal as you are, from deadly wrong
You rescued me, now rescue me from shame;
For shame it is to hear you speak of love,
And shame it is to answer you with tears
That seem like softness; but my trust is this,
That in myself I trust not, nor in you,—
Save only if you trust yourself no more,
And fly from sin."

It had been resolved, as a last hope of redeeming the king from the thralldom of those evil spirits who were supposed to cause his malady, to try the efficacy of a famous relic, the tears of St. Mary Magdalene sprinkled on the forehead of the maniac by a spotless maiden, "whom no sin nor thought of sin had violated." Iolande, whose purity and spiritual enthusiasm had won her the respect of all, was fixed upon for this task; and she, full of holy aspiration, and conscious of no wrong, deemed she might undertake it, and by prayer and religious preparation labored to fit herself for the signal privilege. But the spell failed,—the king became madder than ever; and both Iolande herself and her ghostly adviser, Robert the Hermit, attributed the failure to the influence of an earthly passion, which had stained and dimmed the purity of her soul. She is in despair; and the Duke of Orleans endeavors to comfort and re-assure her, and declares that now in her sorrow he cannot bear to leave her.

"I could have borne—

I thought I could have borne—to lose thee, love
Caught in a blaze of triumph and of joy
That snatched thee from my sight; but as thou
art,
Nor Earth nor Hell shall part us.

"IOLANDE.

"Earth and Hell!

It is for Heaven to part us. Earth and Hell
Are closing round and pressing in upon us,
That neither may escape the other's snare.
My strength has left me. I am fallen, fallen!
And know myself no more as once I was,
A free and fearless ranger of the skies,
Bathing in sunshine and in rainbow lights,
And dreaming things divine. Earth hath me
now;

My spirit is in chains; and if I dream,
'Tis of a darkness blacker than Earth knows,
And of a bitterer bondage.

"DUKE OF ORLEANS.

"Look not back ;

'Tis that way darkness lies. God's will it was
That thou shouldst faithfully strive, yet strive in
vain,

To bring the afflicted succor. That is past. . .
Come forth then from the past ; come bravely
forth,

And bid it get behind thee. We will fly
To fields where Nature consecrates the joys
Of liberty and love. With thee to rove
Through field and pathless forest, or to lie
By sunlit fountain or by garrulous brook,
And pour love's hoarded treasures in thy lap,
Bright as the fountain, endless as the stream,
Wild as the forest glades,—oh, what were this
But to foretaste the joys of Paradise,
And by a sweet oblivion forget
That Earth hath unblest hours and dim abodes,
Where Pain and Sorrow dwell.

"IOLANDE.

"Alas ! alas !

'Twere to forget there is a God in Heaven.
Prince, I have told thee I am weak through
grief ;

Weak, through the overthrow of faith and hope ;
Weak, through the triumph of malignant pow-
ers ;

And weak,—through what beside I will not say.
And here I stand before thee, a poor child,

Unutterably wretched and abased,
But knowing there is yet a further fall.
Oh, spare me ! save me ! make me not a prey !
For I am wounded almost unto death,
And cannot fly.

"DUKE OF ORLEANS.

"Enough, O Iolande !

Thy spirit in its weakest hour is strong,
And rules us both ; and where thy spirit rules
Is sanctity supreme ; and Passion's self
Is in thy presence purified and purged
From earthly stain, and ministers to grace.
No word nor wish shall henceforth violate
That sacred precinct."

The drama is interspersed with lighter characters and gayer scenes, which are full of taste and playfulness, and relieve the gravity of the deeper portions. Such are Flos and her dream, the advice of the duke's jester to a gay gallant of the duke's court, and a short madrigal by the duke's minstrel. But we are in no mood to quote these now. Mr. Taylor is evidently in the full zenith of his powers ; and we can only hope that his next choice may fall upon a richer subject and more modern times.

THE phrase "*a violation of nature*," artfully put forward by infidels, and most inconsiderately adopted or repeated by Christian writers, mystifies what is very clear. Miracles are always attributed to a certain cause—not to no cause—not to a cause that is foreign to the universe ; they are not a breaking in upon order in any sense other than that in which the will of man in every moment of every man's conscious existence, is a breaking in upon the order of nature. In this sense all the world is a scene of perpetual confusion ; it is a chaos of "violences ;" for wherever man comes in upon the material world, he comes in to turn aside its course, or to interrupt, or to give a new direction to its order. The order of nature allows the bird to wing itself from east to west, or from tree to tree ; but the shaft of the savage, or the gun of the sportsman, brings its plumage to the dust. How obvious is this ; and yet we hear it affirmed that the smallest imaginable intervention, disturbing the fated order of nature, linked as are its parts irrevocably from eternity, must issue, if it were possible, in breaking up the vast framework of the material universe. If only the free will of man be acknowledged, then this entire sophism comes down in worthless fragments. So long as we allow ourselves to speak as *theists*, then miracles which we attribute to the *will*, the *purpose*, the *power* of God, are not in any sense violations of nature ; or

they are so in the same sense in which the entireness of our human existence—our active converse with the material world from morning to night of every day—is also a violation of nature.

In a word, is the universe a vast machine of mindless sequences, eternally fated, and therefore exclusive of whatever gives room for conceptions of moral and religious relations ? Miracles can have no place in a universe thus ruled by fate. Pantheism, atheism, has no room for the supernatural ; for it has no room in the world, either for man or God : it has no room for man, such as he feels himself to be, free, responsible, and related to a moral government ; it has no room for God, thought of as we must think of him, or not think at all.—*North British Review*.

CIRCULAR PANORAMIC PRINTS.—Mr. Sutton proposes to make the panoramic lens available for producing photographic pictures including an angle of 90°, vertically as well as horizontally, by using glasses in the form of a segment of a sphere, instead of that of a cylinder now in use. The focus in such pictures would be perfect in every part except where an object happened to be nearer to the operator than ten or twelve yards, and which would rarely happen.—*London Review*.

From The Spectator.

NEW TALES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.*

THE many admirers of Hans Andersen in England will be glad to hear that he has lately published a little volume of new tales, which will, doubtless, in due course of time be translated. They are worth reading, but they are not equal to his earlier efforts. There is the same *naïf* and pleasant style, lighted up with touches of the old humor, but the author has followed an unfortunate inspiration in turning his inimitable sketches of animal life into novellettes of veritable men and women. It is the old blunder, which his autobiography exhibits in almost every page, of mistaking a playful and creative fancy for imagination. We regret the error almost more than we wonder at it; Hans Andersen has a strange power of skimming the surface of deep thought, which he has not unnaturally confounded with philosophical insight, much as he has mistaken quick and manifold perceptions for wide sympathies. He is at home with children and animals precisely because he is unable to understand strong passion or the problems of genuine speculation; and if he can make a china image talk like a man it is at the price of appreciating men and women like china images; they have color and form, and even movement, but we feel that they have not life. He speaks himself of the powerful influence Heine has exercised on him, but he does himself injustice if he supposes that he has copied more than a certain bizarre trick of style from the thoughtful German poet. After all, we have no reason to complain when M. Andersen has done so much so well. Even his failures are redeemed by touches which no one but himself could have imagined, and the execution almost atones for the faulty composition of his sketches.

The first of the "New Tales" is founded on the true story of two Swiss lovers who went the day before their marriage to a little island near Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva. Their boat drifted away from its moorings, and the young man was drowned before his betrothed's eyes in trying to bring it back. From this incident Hans Andersen works back to the history of their lives. He tells

us how Rudy's father and mother and uncle had all perished in the snow of the Alps and in the embrace of "Our Lady of the Ice." The picturesque name has a household interest to Andersen, who heard it first from his own father, predicting his death from a chill in the Danish fogs. But the Erl King's daughter, whose kiss is death, does not bear to be metamorphosed into a weird lady—half giantess, half sorceress—who floats up over the cliffs on the north wind, and bears an angry grudge against the sons of men who scale her rocks for eagles' eggs and pierce her mountains for railways. She looks out scornfully through her veil of mist on the first train. "They are amusing themselves, the gentlemen, down there—the powers of thought," said our Lady of the Ice; "but the powers of nature will prevail in the end;" and she laughed, she sang, till it rang again in the valleys. "There fell an avalanche," said the people below. Between "Our Lady" and Rudy is a wager of life and death; for Rudy, when a child, has been snatched as if by a miracle from her embrace. More than once she seems to reclaim him; always her own cold touch and the strokes of her sisters, the powers of dizziness, fail against the steady foot and eye of the stout-hearted mountain climber. Even when he scales the eagle's nest, on a jutting brow of icy cliff, and guarded by the furious mother bird, his courage and skill carry him through. He wins the rich reward an Englishman has promised for the eaglets, and is able to claim the hand of Babette, the miller's daughter. After a little jealous quarrel with his betrothed, all seems to be smoothed over, and the lovers start for Geneva that the marriage ceremony may be performed. They stop on the way at Chillon and the catastrophe happens. The story would be almost without a plot, if our Lady of the Ice were not introduced; and the half supernatural machinery only serves to lengthen and perplex a tale of real life. The descriptions of Alpine climbing and the conversation of the two cats at the mill are the best part of the story. The history of Rudy's first visit, when the miller turns him out of doors as too poor, is full of genuine humor. The parlor-cat is the first to speak. "Do you know, you from the kitchen, the miller knows everything? That was a rare ending it had. Rudy came here towards evening,

* *Nye Eventyr og Historier af H. C. Andersen.* Copenhagen: C. A. Reitzel.

and he and Babette had a lot to whisper and tattle about; they stood in the passage just outside the miller's room. I lay at their feet, but they had no eyes or thoughts for me. 'I will go at once in to your father,' said Rudy, 'that is acting honorably.' 'Shall I follow you?' said Babette, 'that will give you courage.' 'I have courage enough,' said Rudy; 'but if you are there, he must be good-humored, whether he likes it or not.' And so they went in. Rudy trod heavily on my tail. Rudy is very awkward. I mewed; but neither he nor Babette had any ears to listen with. They opened the door, and both went in, I first; but I sprang up on the back of a chair; I could not conceive how Rudy would kick out. But the miller kicked out; that was a jolly row; 'out at the doors, up on the mountains to the chamois; Rudy may now aim at them, and not at our little Babette.' And Babette said good-by to him as demurely as a little kitten that cannot see its mother." Pity a man who can write like this should mistake his genuine knowledge of cats for sympathy with human sorrows and love!

A little short story, how the swallow would have a love, is a gem in its way. The unhappy bird was fastidious. He first rejected the spring flowers, snowdrops, and crocuses; "they are too neat,—tidy girls, just confirmed,—though fresh enough." Like all young men, he was sweet upon ripe beauties. So he flew to the anemones, but they were too prudish; the violets were too romantic, the tulips were too gorgeous, the daffodils too homely. He was on the point of courting the sweet-pea; but, on coming up, saw a pod hanging on a tendril close by. "Who is that?" he asked. "That is my sister," said the sweet-pea. "Then you will look like that when you are older." The suitor was frightened and flew away. Autumn came, and it was time, if ever, to make a choice. The swallow fixed on mint. "She has no flower exactly, and yet is a flower every inch of her, and smells from the root to the top." But the mint stood stiff and still, and at last said, "Friendship, but really nothing more. I am old and you are old; we can very well live for one another, but marriage—no, do not let us play the fool in our old age." Winter comes, and the swallow lingering too long, is caught, stuffed, and put in a case as a curiosity. "Now am

I, too, perched on a stalk like the flowers," said the swallow. "It is not altogether pleasant, but it is like being married; one is fixed fast;" and he comforted himself with this. "That is poor comfort," said the flowers in pots in the windows. "But flowers in pots cannot be quite trusted," thought the swallow; "they are too much about with men."

The third story, "Psyche," is the most ambitious of the series, and is more like a sketch by Hawthorne than like Andersen's earlier works. A young painter is living in Rome during the great days of the Renaissance, when Michael Angelo and Raphael were contemporaries. In spite of the times, in spite of Raphael's example, although his companions constantly urge him to enjoy life, and take "cakes and ale" like his fellows, the sculptor remains faithful to his better nature, and is kept from all uncleanness by a feeling for some unachieved, unknown ideal. Suddenly his dreams seem to be realized in the garden of a great Roman palace, where "the large white lallae shoot up with their green fleshy leaves in the marble basin, where the clear water was plashing." He sees a young girl, graceful and pure as he has seen no woman yet, except in a picture of Psyche by Raphael. He returns home to breathe his new feeling into his work, and a statue of Psyche grows gradually under his hand, in which his friends see that his genius has at last found play. Rome rings with the report of a new sculptor, and among the visitors to his studio is the father of the unconscious model. The prince is struck with the likeness to his daughter, and commissions the artist to execute it in marble. The workman's task is at last done, and the sculptor goes to announce the result to his patron. Unhappily he is allowed to see the young girl alone; there has been no thought of social "*convenance*" where the difference of rank is insuperable; and the artist in a moment of madness tells everything and pleads for hope. "He knew not what he was saying; does the crater know that it is vomiting glowing lava?" A look of scorn and abhorrence, an indignant order to leave the room, end the interview. He rushes half-frenzied to his studio, and is about to shiver the statue to pieces, when a friend interferes, and hurries him off to a bacchanalian carouse in a tavern outside the

walls. He seems to have shaken off the old sickness of unquiet aspiration, and to be living in every pulse for the first time. Next morning the "light of the clear star fell in the rosy tinted dawn upon himself and the marble Psyche; he trembled to look on the image of the incorruptible; it seemed as if his glance were pollution." He veils it; but he cannot be easy while its presence, speechless and reproachful, is in the room. There is an old well in his yard, half choked with rubbish and overgrown with creepers; he casts the statue into it. But the shock of disappointed passion and moral revulsion has been too much for him; he is prostrated by fever, and when he wakes again it is as a strange man in a new world, with only a few ghostlike memories from his old life, which seems nothing to the ever-present realities of Heaven and Hell. The thought of passing from trouble and change into God's peace upon earth overpowers him, and he becomes a monk. His friends tell him that he has betrayed the trust given him by God in forsaking art; he crosses himself, "*avaunt Satanas,*" and goes on his way praying. Visions of his buried Psyche rise before him, but he kneels before the crucifix till they depart. So years glide on, and at last the cloister bell tolls for him, and he is laid in earth brought from Jerusalem, among good men gone before him. Nothing seems to be left of his work or of his name on earth. But after many years the workmen who are laying the foundations of a new street disinter the statue of a beautiful girl with butterfly wings from the rubbish of an old well; and critics know it for a noble work of the Renaissance time. "What is earthly is blown away, disappears; only the stars in the infinite know of it. What is heavenly shines in its own light, and when the light is quenched, even then the thought lives."

We have tried to do justice to the real beauty of this story without criticising it in detail as we went on. We think it Andersen's best effort of the kind, but we must repeat that we think him unequal to the work. The very peculiarities of his style, the power of homely illustration and fanciful allusion, which make him the poet of common life, have a tendency to degenerate into farce in a higher region. When he wishes to paint the disgust of the young princess at the ar-

tist's presumption, he tells us that her face had an expression "as if she had suddenly touched a wet, clammy frog." He describes in a passage that reads like a reminiscence of Hamlet, how a maggot wriggled and crawled in the skull of a dead artist, as if the same quaint humor that draws its occasion in Shakspeare from the contrast of the gravedigger and the churchyard, was appropriate to the thought of spiritual beauty. These, it may be said, are mere faults of style, but they are faults that indicate deeper deficiencies. That the purpose of a life may subsist when the life itself is wrecked, as the soul may outlast its tenement, is undoubtedly true. But the story could not well have been worse told than in "*Psyche.*" For we require some evidence that the artist's sense of the beautiful was indeed a serious conviction, interwoven with his very existence, out of which a great work might grow naturally, and not a mere borrowed opinion or vagrant dream. He falls too easily and completely to have had in him the stuff of which men and artists are made. The man who is exhausted by one feeling would be incapable of even one immortal work. Precisely the history of his long, shattered after-life—the miserable years during which he might have risen again, and did not—make it impossible to believe in him as a sculptor. His true life, his real Psyche, if his story has been rightly told, was at the foot of the Cross.

But M. Andersen has his revenge upon us and all critics in his last story. It tells how the snail reproached the dog-rose for its luxuriant bloom and frivolous life. "You have given the world all you have had in you; whether that had any worth is a question I have not time to think over, but the serious point is, you have done nothing for your inner development." The rose humbly admits its inferiority. "You are one of those thoughtful, deep natures, one of the highly gifted, who will astonish the world." "That is not my idea," said the snail. "The world does nothing for me; what should I do for the world? I have enough to do with myself, and enough in myself." And years went on. The snail was earth in the earth; the rose tree was earth in the earth; but new flowers were blooming in the garden, and new snails grew there; they crept into their houses and spat; what was the world to them?

From The Press.

Verses and Translations. By C. S. C. Cambridge : Deighton, Bell, and Co.

HUMOROUS poetry is too often a failure. It is apt, in weak hands, to become vulgar. Even Tom Hood failed sometimes, as might be expected from one who wrote so much ; and, Ingoldsby and Bon Gaultier excepted, we have recently had no humorous writers of any mark. C. S. C. is, to our mind, capable of taking a high rank among humorists in verse. He is not so wildly laughable as Ingoldsby, nor does he so felicitously as Bon Gaultier mingle poetry with his fun. But he is always amusing, always polished and scholarly, never coarse. Rather fond, perhaps, of beer and tobacco : he tells us that

"The heart which grief hath cankered
Hath one unfailing remedy—the tankard."

And again he laughs at those intemperate opponents of smoking who attribute to tobacco all possible evil results :—

"How they who use fuses
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards ;
Go mad, and beat their wives ;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving-knives
Into their gizzards."

Very fantastic are some of his rhymes, as in the following quatrain :—

"Ere the morn the east has crimsoned,
When the stars are twinkling there
(As they did in Watts's Hymns, and
Made him wonder what they were)."

Very dry, too, are some of his whimsicalities : here is his description of a schoolboy friend :—

"And such was he. A calm-browed lad
Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter :
Why hatters as a race are mad
I never knew, nor does it matter.

"He was what nurses call a 'limb ;'
One of those small misguided creatures,
Who, though their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers :

"And, if you asked of him to say
What twice 10 was, or 3 times 7,

He'd glance (in quite a placid way)
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,

"And smile, and look politely round,
To catch a casual suggestion ;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question."

It is sad to think that this friendship was interrupted by a love passage ; both young gentlemen became amorous of the schoolmaster's daughter, and of course fought a deadly battle for her.

"The people said that she was blue :
But I was green, and loved her dearly.
She was approaching thirty-two ;
And I was then eleven, nearly.

"I did not love as others do
(None ever did that I've heard tell of) ;
My passion was a byword through
The town she was, of course, the belle of."

It is curious to find C. S. C.'s humorous verses supplemented by some graceful and elegant translations both from and into Latin. The rendering of Milton's "Lycidas" is extremely happy, as are also some of the translations from Horace. As a sample of humor in Latin we quote a verse of "Laura Matilda's Dirge :"—

"Lo ! from Lemnos limping lamely,
Lags the lowly Lord of Fire,
Cytherea yielding tamely
To the Cyclops dark and dire."

Thus rendered by C. S. C.,—

"Lustra sed ecce labans claudio pede Lemnia
linquit
Luridus (at lente lugubriterque) Deus :
Amisit veteres, amisit inultus, amores ;
Teter habet Venerem terribilisque Cyclops."

The volume contains a few charades, which we think hardly equal to the rest of its contents. Praed was the master of the art of charade-writing. C. S. C. does not condense sufficiently and has not picturesqueness enough. But the volume is altogether a very pleasant one ; pleasant to read as one smokes one's evening cigar ; and this the author will assuredly deem high praise.

From The Examiner, 27 Sept.

THE ALLIANCES OF FRANCE.

THE sagacious emperor and consummate politician who has now for ten years ruled the destinies of France, finds himself singularly isolated after the lapse of so many years of a certainly not unsuccessful or inglorious policy. During much of that period, if not during all of it, his most palpable aim has been to acquire friends and secure allies. For this purpose the means first employed were personal interviews designed to cement personal friendships with his brother sovereigns. There is no one of them whom he has not met, as host or as guest, and under circumstances calculated to do away with the prejudices naturally entertained against the nephew of the first Napoleon. Some time, however, has already elapsed since the French Emperor was made fully aware that all his efforts in this direction, and by these means, have been fruitless. However cordial and satisfactory for awhile were the relations between the Tuileries and other courts, they gradually became colder. We hear no more of personal interviews or royal visits. Even Alexander and Napoleon are not the Pylades and Orestes they once promised to be. Alexander, indeed, is quite ready to do any small thing to oblige his brother; he can recognize, for example, the Italian King *de facto*, under reserves and restrictions. He would do even more than this in return for the consideration of France in continuing to shut her eyes against the Poles. But that the active alliance between France and Russia has declined we need no other proof than the abandonment of Montenegro to the Turks.

It was, probably, the conviction that no solid or profitable alliance would be formed with the old and great sovereigns of Europe by means of personal or other intercourse, which prompted Napoleon to turn his attention to the work of making friends of nationalities. This it was that opened his ear to the insinuating proffers of Cavour. No two leading spirits, indeed, ever entered upon a common task with more complete dissentiment between them than Cavour and Napoleon. If Cavour looked to unite at least North Italy under the house of Savoy, the emperor looked to becoming himself the Pole Star of Italian hopes, and the regener-

ator of Italian destinies. He had no forecast that Victor Emmanuel would rise at once so completely in the ascendant as to occupy the Italian zenith totally to his eclipse. The moment Napoleon discovered the actual tendency of things that way, he stood still in his own path.

The probability then was a complete quarrel between the future King of Italy, and the French Emperor. But the latter could not afford to lose the profit of all that he had done. He has therefore continued to befriend Victor Emmanuel in order not to lose his hold of Italy. And he has fed both that sovereign and his people with promises which he is no longer prepared to fulfil. There is little doubt that when Napoleon made these promises he looked to the provisional state of his relations with Italy being completely broken in upon by foreign war. It is evident from his dealings with, and promises to, the Hungarian exiles, that he, too, as well as Garibaldi, looked to a renewal of the war with Austria as a necessity. But a change has come over the spirit of the imperial dream. Reasons have been found showing the bad policy of depressing Austria altogether, and so probably leaning to the formation of a stronger and more united Germany, a consummation to which the French have ever had the deepest objection. Whatever the motive, it appears certain that the project once entertained by France of renewing her attack upon Austria has been abandoned.

The emperor, as the *Moniteur* has this week been reminding the world, made efforts to settle the Roman difficulty. He offered the Pope Cavour's programme of a free Church in free Italy, with the revenues of Umbria and the patrimony secured. There are many who hold that the day in which this compact should be concluded would be a fatal one for the house of Savoy. It would establish permanently not only in the midst of Italy but throughout it, a Church more powerful than it is at present, less obedient to civil authority, more determined and more able than ever to dispute the prerogatives of an Italian Parliament in education, in religious influence, in a thousand ways; more able also than it is, even with a prætorian guard of French bayonets, to make itself the spring and centre of that reaction which may

thrust Italy back to the condition of five years ago.

However, the Church will not consent to this. And Napoleon cannot quarrel outright with the Church. Universal suffrage is the law of his land, and elections for its representative Assembly are approaching. The Liberals are awake, and the Orleanists have leagued with them. The Church is angry, and the Legitimists have received orders to act as auxiliaries to this anger. A hostile majority, or even a formidable minority in the Chamber, would be most inconvenient, when it is considered that a Chamber without an Opposition at all has still succeeded in restricting the Budget, flinging out a Dotation bill, and filling the Tuileries with six months of annoyance and anxiety.

The Italian Ministry have, therefore, been told they must wait. They answer, — We can wait if permitted to announce a definitive settlement in any time. But that would be a threat to Rome, and would exasperate the Church as much as immediate violence. Signor Rattazzi has, therefore, announced the determination of his sovereign to declare that the Government considers Rome to be a necessary portion of Italy, and its inhabitants the subjects of that kingdom. France forthwith deprecated any such sweeping announcement, which would anger the Pope's court, and even give it a fair excuse for declining all future negotiations. The Italian Ministry has put off the Chamber and the declaration till November, but proclaims that it can do no more. If a settlement cannot then be announced, a dissolution of the Chamber must take place, and what resolve a Chamber elected under such a pressure of circumstances might take, is what neither Victor Emmanuel nor Rattazzi can answer for. In this way stand the relations between the governments and the courts. La Guérronière's articles have added to the exasperation, and the clauses of the Treaty of Commerce have been left unconcluded by the negotiators.

In the efforts made by Napoleon the Third to secure alliances, there were none on which he laid more stress than those with his southern neighbors, Spain and Italy. If secure of these he might easily, it was thought, meet the hostility of the north. But he has been unable to secure the friendship even of the second-rate sovereigns of the south.

Spain rebels against the high-handed dealings of the French in Mexico. Italy shows her teeth also in a very natural fit of resentment and almost despair.

BRITISH OPINIONS.

THE last numbers of the two great leaders, Tory and Whig, have long articles on the War to overthrow the American Republic. The concluding paragraphs are copied.

From The Quarterly Review, Oct., 1862.

But, whatever the probable fate of slavery in the Confederacy may be, it cannot affect the national duties of England. We are very good friends with the Kingdom of Spain and the Empire of Brazil, in both of which slavery flourishes, and where there is neither an immediate nor a proximate probability of emancipation.* Nor ought we to forget that ten years have not elapsed since we plunged into a bloody war, and spent some eighty millions of money, to uphold the integrity of an empire in which the white slave-trade is still carried on. A country which is united to Turkey by diplomatic ties so affectionate and confidential is not called upon to be squeamish about the domestic institutions of its allies. But, in the interest of the anti-slavery party themselves, we ought to be careful that no hostility to us should be excited in the minds of the Confederates by any undue favor shown to their opponents. The new State will be bound by no treaties to suppress the slave-trade, and the precedent we ourselves set in the case of the traders of the United States will preclude us from demanding a right of search, except where it has been voluntarily conceded.

But, in truth, the whole slavery dispute seems petty and trivial, when we read the weekly narrative of American carnage or the daily tale of Lancashire starvation. With every respect to the negro, we cannot stop to inquire into wrongs under which he apparently thrives and is happy, when the blood of our own race is being poured out like water, and our own fellow-citizens are perishing by inches. We cannot contemplate the battle-fields strown with corpses, or vast regions once busy and prosperous now laid

* In Brazil even emancipated slaves are disqualified by law from voting for Senators, Deputies to the Imperial Parliament, and Members of the Provincial Assemblies, and from being elected Senators, Deputies, or Members of Provincial Assemblies. These are the only civil rights which they do not enjoy.

waste by war, and console ourselves with the reflection that, if it be only continued long enough, it may possibly end in promoting the negroes suddenly to a freedom which they will not appreciate, and will certainly misuse. We cannot reconcile ourselves to the sight of a famine-stricken population at home by the hope that, if their sufferings are sufficiently prolonged, the integrity of an aggressive and unscrupulous empire may possibly be restored. Every consideration of humanity to those abroad and those at home demands that we should do everything in our power, and, if need be, risk something, to bring this fearful desolation to a close. As soon as the time comes—we trust that it may be close at hand—when, by a fair interpretation of international law, we can join with other European powers in recognizing an independence which is already an accomplished fact, there is a fair hope that the Federals may see in our declaration an honorable plea for retreating from a contest from which they will assuredly never be extricated by success.

From *The Edinburgh Review*, Oct., 1862.

We do not deny the obligations of national morality. We fully admit that every people is responsible for its acts, and for the way in which it exercises its influence over others. A violation of national faith, or a wanton provocation of the greatest of all evils—war—is never committed with impunity. As it is, however, with private, so it is with public, morality; the providence of God has ordained, that the real prosperity of nations, as of individuals, and the good government of the civilized world, should be worked out by the action of each seeking, within certain limits, that which is for his own interest. When a nation oversteps those limits there is a Nemesis waiting patiently to avenge the crime—a Nemesis not the less sure because the retribution is not always undergone by the generation which committed the offence, nor understood by those on whom it falls. What is the meaning of the instinct of patriotism and the love of one's own country, except that men, in dealing with other nations, should keep steadily in view the welfare of their own?

On no other principle can a State maintain its place in the civilized world, and on no other principle do we assign honors and rewards to our statesmen and our soldiers. On no other principle, certainly, can the prolonged war of the North against the South be for a moment defended.

If this be so, why are we in this case to "discard all selfish considerations"? Why specially on the question of Secession and our sympathy with the South or North, are we to neglect the element of advantage to England? It can hardly be said that the Government of the United States in their dealings with us have set us the example of unselfishness, although their feeling has been sometimes adverse to us, when there was no apparent interest to guide it in that direction; as for instance at the time of the Crimean War.

As a people, it is not our business to say what interpretation of the American Constitution is the right one. Whether we approve or disapprove of the municipal laws and institutions of the South, their independence of the Government at Washington is not the less a fact. If it be manifestly for the advantage of England to acknowledge that fact by recognizing the national character of the Southern Confederacy, we cannot see why their morality, for which we are not responsible, should stand in the way of such recognition. Neither the peace of the world nor the triumph of good over evil will be promoted by shutting our eyes to facts and events on such grounds as these.

But, on the other hand, we do not say that it is for the interests of England wisely considered, at the present moment to recognize the Southern Confederacy. We are inclined to believe that Lord Palmerston's policy has been hitherto right—that at this moment the acknowledgment of the South as a nation would of itself effect very little, and might cause to England evils greater than those which it would remove.

If this be so we have nothing to do but to lament the civil war which is raging in the United States, and we must bear as well as we can the suffering of Lancashire, whilst we wait patiently and calmly for the course of events.

It is the misfortune of excellence to be parodied. No one dreams of burlesquing shallow mediocrity. "Gray's Elegy" has often been parodied. The best specimen of this is to be found in the *Legal Examiner*, published in London in 1844, the authorship of which is unknown. Here it is: from its title and allusions evidently the production of a lawyer—*Transcript*.

ELEGY IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

THE gardener rings the bell at close of day,
The motley crowd wind slowly home to tea;
Soft on the Thames the daylight fades away,
And leaves the walks to darkness and to me.

Now shine the glimmering gas-lamps on the sight,
The wardens now the outer portals lock,
And deepest stillness marks the approach of night,
Save when the watchman calls "Past ten o'clock."

Save, also, when from yonder antique tower,*
With solemn sound the bell strikes on the ear,
And wandering damsels, as they hear the hour,
Trip through the gloomy courts with haste and fear.

In those high rooms where clients ne'er intrude,
And here and there a light doth dimly peep,
Each in his lonely set of chambers mewed,
The briefless crowd their nightly vigils keep:

The grave attorney, knocking frequently,
The tittering clerk, who hastens to the door,
The bulky brief and corresponding fee,
Are things unknown to all that lofty floor.

Small comfort theirs when each dull day is o'er,
No gentle wife their joys and griefs to share:
No quiet homeward walk at half-past four
To some snug tenement near Russell Square.

Oft have they read each prosing term report,
Dull treatises and statutes not a few;
How many a vacant day they've passed in court!
How many a barren circuit travelled through!

Yet let not judges mock their useless toil,
And joke at sapient faces no one knows;
Nor ask, with careless and contemptuous smile,
If no one moves in all the long black rows?

Vain is the coif, the ermined robe, the strife
Of courts, and vain is all success e'er gave;
Say, can the judge, whose word gives death or life,
Reprieve *himself*, when summoned to the grave?

Nor you, ye leaders, view them with ill-will,
If no one sees their speeches in the *Times*,
Where long-drawn columns oft proclaim your skill,
To blacken innocence and palliate crimes.

* The Middle Temple Hall Tower—a modern antique.

Can legal lore or animated speech
Avert that sentence which awaits us all?
Can *nisi prius* craft and snares o'erreach
That Judge whose look the boldest must appall?

Perhaps in those neglected rooms abound
Men deeply versed in all the quirks of laws,
Who could, with cases, right and wrong confound,
And common sense upset, by splitting straws.

But, ah! to them no clerk his golden page,
Rich with retaining fees, did e'er unroll;
Chill negligence repressed their legal rage,
And froze the quibbling current of the soul.

Full many a barrister, who well could plead,
Those dark and unfrequented chambers bear;
Full many a pleader born to draw unfee'd,
And waste its counts upon the desert air!

Some Follett, whom no client e'er would trust,
Some Wilde, who gained no verdict in his life;
In den obscure, some Denman there may rust,
Some Campbell, with no peeress for his wife.

The wits of wondering juries to beguile,
The wrongs of injured clients to redress,
To gain or lose their verdict with a smile,
And read their speeches in the daily press.

Their lot forbade:—nor was it theirs—d'ye see?—
The wretched in the toils of law to lure;
To prostitute their conscience for a fee,
And shut the gates of justice on the poor.

To try mean tricks to win a paltry cause,
With threadbare jests, to catch the laugh of fools,
Or puff in court, before all human laws,
The lofty wisdom of the last New Rules.

Not one rule *nisi* even "to compute,"
Their gentle voices e'er were heard to pray,
Calm and sequestered, motionless and mute,
In the remote back seats they passed each day.

Yet e'en their names are sometimes seen in print;
For frail memorials, on the outer doors,
Disclose in letters large, and dingy tint,
The unknown tenants of the upper floors.

Door-posts supply the place of Term Reports,
And splendid plates around the painter sticks,
To show that he who never moved the courts,
Has moved from number two to number six.

For who, to cold neglect a luckless prey,
His unfrequented attic e'er resigned,
E'er moved, with better hopes, across the way,
And did not leave a spruce tin plate behind?

Strong is the love of fame in noble minds,
And he, whose bold aspirings fate doth crush,
Receives some consolation when he finds
His name recorded by the painter's brush.

For thee, who, mindful of each briefless wight,
Dost in these motley rhymes their tale relate,
If musing in his lonely attic flight,
Some youthful student should inquire thy
fate,

Haply some usher of the court may say :—
At morn I've marked him oft, 'twixt nine
and ten,

Striding with hasty step, the Strand away,
At four o'clock to saunter back again ;

There in the Bail Court, where yon quaint old
judge,

Doth twist his nose, and wreath his wig awry;
Listless for hours he'd sit, and never budge,
And pore upon a book,—the Lord knows
why !

Oft would he bid me fetch him some report,
And turn from case to case, with look forlorn ;
Then bustling would he run from court to court,
As if some rule of *his* ! were coming on.

One morn I missed that figure lean and lank,
And that pale face, so often marked by me,
Another came,—nor yet was he in Bank,
Nor th' Exchequer, nor at the Plees was he.

The next day, as at morn, I chanced to see
Death's peremptory paper in the *Times* ;
I read his name, which there stood number three,
And there I also read these doleful rhymes—

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests a youth lamented but by few,
A barrister to fame and courts unknown ;
Brief was his life—yet was it briefless too,
For no attorney marked him for his own.

Deep and correct his knowledge of the laws,
No judge a rule of his could e'er refuse ;
He never lost a client or a cause,—
Because, forsooth, he ne'er had one to lose.

Even as he lived unknown—unknown he dies ;
Calm be his rest, from hopeless struggle free,
Till that dread Court, from which no error lies,
Shall final judgment pass on him and thee.

If the gentle reader will take the trouble of
comparing stanza for stanza, and even line for
line of the parody with the original poem, he
will see how closely the witty rhymester fol-
lowed the original.

PARIS.

IMPERIAL mistress of a thousand shows,
City scarce second in the world's renown,
Thy baubles are a sceptre and a crown
To play with, as thy favor comes and goes.
Between thy palaces the river flows,
Smiling, yet mindful of the Bastille's frown,
Its fall—and his who hurled empires down,
As he went crashing to his fiery close :

He watches silent on his column there,
Lights gleam beneath, crowds flow, and
coursers prance ;
The sight is dazzled by the sound and glare
Of chariots that through green Elysiums
glance.

All that there is of pleasure is most fair—
The type and cynosure of courtly France.
—*Spectator*. J. N.

LONDON.

DIM miles of smoke behind. I look before
Through looming curtains of November rain,
Till eyes and ears are weary with the strain :
Amid the glare and gloom I hear the roar
Of Life's sea beating on a barren shore.

Terrible arbiter of joy and pain !
A thousand hopes are wrecks of thy disdain ;
A thousand hearts have learned to love no
more.

Over thy gleaming bridges—on the street
That ebbs and flows beneath the silent dome,
Life's pulse is throbbing at a fever heat :
City of cities, battle-field and home
Of England's greatest, greatly wear their
spoils,

Thou front and emblem of the Old World's
toils. J. N.

—*Spectator*.

"Men sought to prove me vile,
Because I wished to give them larger minds."

STAND fast, thou later saint and modern sage,
Calmly across Contention's stormy night,
Shed, over angry waves, a broader light :
Shine on alone, and, when their little rage
Has lashed itself to silence, still the page
Stamped with thy work will stand ; the larger
sight

Of after days will learn to read thee right,
Thinker and teacher of a faithless age.
Thy peers may pass thee ; to the glittering
prize
Of pomp and fame and power let others
climb :

The slow and sure award of Justice lies,
For thee laid up beyond the sands of time.
"Far-off divine events" are in thine eyes,—
Truth that endures, and Love's eternal prime.
—*Spectator*. J. N.

THE TIRED SPIRIT.

FULL many a storm on this gray head has beat ;
And now, on my high station do I stand,
Like the tired watchman in his air-rocked tower,
Who looketh for the hour of his release.
I'm sick of worldly broils, and fain would rest
With those who war no more.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 965.—29 November, 1862.

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MONT BLANC REVISITED.

9TH JUNE, 1845.

O MOUNT beloved ! mine eyes again
Behold the twilight's sanguine stain
Along thy peaks expire ;
O Mount beloved ; thy frontier waste
I seek with a religious haste,
And reverent desire.

They meet me midst thy shadows cold,—
Such thoughts as holy men of old
Amidst the desert found ;
Such gladness as in Him they felt,
Who with them through the darkness dwelt,
And compassed all around.

Oh ! happy if His will were so,
To give me manna here for snow,
And by the torrent side,
To lead me as he leads his flocks
Of wild deer, through the lonely rocks,
In peace untrifled ;

Since, from the things that trustful rest,—
The partridge on her purple nest,
The marmot in his den,—
God wins a worship more resigned,—
A purer praise than he can find
Upon the lips of men.

Alas, for man ! who hath no sense
Of gratefulness nor confidence,
But still rejects and raves ;
That all God's love can hardly win
One soul from taking pride in sin,
And pleasure over graves.

Yet let me not, like him who trod
In wrath, of old, the mount of God,
Forget the thousands left ;
Lest haply, when I seek his face,
The whirlwind of the cave replace
The glory of the cleft.

But teach me, God, a milder thought,
Lest I, of all thy blood has bought,
Least honorable be ;
And this, that moves me to condemn,
Be rather want of love for them,
Than jealousy for thee.

THE GLACIER.

THE mountains have a peace which none disturb—

The stars and clouds a course which none restrain—

The wild sea waves rejoice without a curb,
And rest without a passion ; but the chain
Of Death, upon this ghastly cliff and chasm,
Is broken evermore to bind again,
Nor lulls nor looses. Hark ! a voice of pain,
Suddenly silenced ; a quick-passing spasm,
That startles rest, but grants not liberty—
A shudder, or a struggle, or a cry—
And then sepulchral stillness. Look on us,
God ! who hast given these hills their place
Of pride,
If Death's captivity be sleepless thus,
For those who sink to it unsanctified.

IMPATIENCE.

OUR life is spent on little things,
In little cares our hearts are drowned ;
We move, with heavy-laden wings,
In the same narrow round.

We waste on wars and petty strife,
And squander in a thousand ways,
The fire that should have been the life
And power of after days.

We toil to make an outward show,
And only now and then reveal
How far the undercurrents flow
Of all we think and feel.

Mining in caves of ancient lore,
Unweaving endless webs of thought,
We do what has been done before ;
And so we come to naught.

The spirit longs for wider scope,
And room to let its fountains play,
Ere it has lost its Love and Hope,—
Tamed down or worn away.

I wander by the cloister wall,
My fancy fretting to be free,
As, through the twilight, voices call
From mountain and from sea.

Forgive me, if I feel oppressed
By Custom, lord of all and me ;
My soul springs upward, seeking Rest,
And cries for Liberty. J. N.
—Spectator.

AUTUMN PICTURES.

EVENING.

THE grass is dank with twilight dew ;
The sky is throbbing thick with stars—
I see the never-parted Twins,
And, guarding them, the warrior Mars,
High, too, above the dark elm-trees,
Glitter the sister Pleiades.

No foot upon the quiet bridge—
No foot upon the quiet road ;
No bird stirs in the covert walks ;
Only the watchman is abroad.
From distant gate the mastiff's bark
Comes sounding cheerly through the dark

The hazel leaves, black velvet now,
Rise patterned 'gainst the twilight sky ;
The restless swallow sleeps at last,
The owl unveils its luminous eye ;
Our cottage like a lighthouse shines
From out its covering of vines.

I know above my lamp-lit room
The kindly angel-stars are watching,
O'er the long line of dark-ridged roof,
Far o'er the gable-end and thatching :
And now I blow the light out—pray,
Dear wife, for him who's far away.
—Chambers's Journal.

From The Spectator.

THE ANTI-PAPAL LITERATURE OF ITALY.*

As soon as any intellectual movement has really made some general hold, it at once reveals itself by the production of a literature. So long as this is not forthcoming, so long may a movement be safely set down as confined to merely individual minds, for it is not in human nature that any considerable number of people can be affected at heart with a fixed current of feelings without instinctively trying to give expression to them. Brought to the test of this touchstone there can be no disputing the fact that the genuineness and spread, amongst the religious and ecclesiastical sections of society of Italy, of that strictly canonical and theological opposition against the temporal power of the Pope, which was first distinctly enunciated by Father Passaglia, may fairly be assumed as proved. There has sprung up recently in Italy a complete literature of *ecclesiastical* polemic against the court of Rome, which is highly deserving of attention, as the unmistakable symptom of a great and growing movement that is daily waxing in strength, and in clear consciousness of its power and its aims. The movement is in itself of a nature far more important than almost any of the otherwise more noisy and immediately startling moves on the chess-board of the politics of the day; for whether or not it should succeed at this moment in fully establishing its triumph, yet the progress made will be such as radically to modify the feelings of the country regarding the Papacy, and thereby to inflict an injury on it which no degree of merely material assistance from abroad will be able lastingly to make good. For the especial feature of the movement is, that it is not the expression of hostility on the part of the classes which have always, on principle, been opposed to the Church, but of the very men who, in temper and thought, are thoroughly adherents of the Catholic Church, have no sympathies whether with dissent or freethinking, and as the professed champions of High Church orthodoxy are impugning the conduct of the court of Rome. It is the old case over again, of the Parliament making war upon the king in the king's name, and

the Pope would do well to read a history which would show him the lengths to which people may be carried when once fairly entangled in the current of controversy, and might warn him to avoid the danger of pushing matters to such extreme issues.

Whoever should chance to walk into a bookseller's shop in Central Italy, especially in the former territory of the Pope, will find the counter strewn with publications treating the great question of the temporal power, and if he is not scared by their number from looking at them, he will find that a large proportion is written by priests. Of course, there must be a great difference between the tone of these numerous writers. Many of them approach the subject with cumbersome learning, while there are others who treat it in a more popular manner, combining their grave polemics with smart and telling hits at the court of Rome. Of these more popular publications there are two which have had especial success, both of them being written by ecclesiastics of very considerable ability, and intimately acquainted with Rome, from many years' residence there. These were *The Papacy, the Empire, and the Kingdom of Italy*, by Monsignor Liverani, and *The Recollections of Rome*, by Filippo Perfetti. Both these books have run through several editions, and have had what may really be called an immense success. Yet there is much to be said against both as serious treatises on a most serious question. Monsignor Liverani is a prelate of reading and consideration, but his book is disfigured by a pervading tone of querulous acrimony, which has a sound of disappointed ambition and consequent rancor that, in our opinion, tends to detract from its still considerable worth. As a literary composition, the pamphlet of the Abate Perfetti is superior. He was long Cardinal Marini's private secretary, and afterwards librarian at the Sapienza in Rome, and deserves the reputation of brilliant talents. His defect is a certain want of ecclesiastical gravity, which renders his graphic sketches of Roman doings somewhat startling as the composition of an ecclesiastic. Both these books are, however, very remarkable productions, especially as written by eminent ecclesiastics, not to be treated as of slight influence, and which, by their popular reception, have exercised a very great effect in giving definite

* *Il Mediatore*. Turin.

points to the general feeling against the court of Rome.

But if these two publications have met with a truly popular reception from all classes of readers in Italy, there is a third, greatly differing from them in style and composition, which, though favored with a less glaring success, merits in a higher degree the attention of a close observer of what is really at work in Italy. This is *The Mediatore*, a weekly periodical appearing at Turin, and edited by Father Passaglia, who, with the assistance of one fellow-laborer, writes himself almost the whole of it. His periodical, as regards the movement in the strictly ecclesiastical sense, is out and out the most important publication that has yet appeared, and a real sign of the times. It is entirely devoted to arguing against the attitude of the court of Rome, on grounds exclusively taken from the most orthodox canonical doctrine. Precisely what is likely to appear tiresome and not to the point in its mode of reasoning for the general reader constitutes the peculiar attraction and value of the periodical to the ecclesiastical classes, who are there supplied with the one kind of argument which, because it accommodates itself to their particular horizon of thought, is to them the most telling. Also, it is because Father Passaglia feels how much must depend for the success of his efforts upon the incontrovertible strictness of his reasoning that he has avoided inviting fellow-laborers to his assistance. The whole value of the publication, as a means of influencing the minds of devout churchmen, would be at once destroyed were it ever to fall into language which the wakeful vigilance of Rome could convict of being not orthodox. Therefore, with immense labor and wonderful assiduity, Father Passaglia, week after week, himself addresses the Italian clergy in papers full of his own profound and vast theological reasoning, which are attaining a circulation that is rendering the court of Rome furious. We are informed that the *Mediatore*, which has been started only a few months, numbers already two thousand subscribers, and that among its eager readers are not a few bishops. That it ever can become a great popular periodical is not to be expected. Its scope is one that cannot allow it to become so. It addresses itself simply to a class, and that class it addresses

powerfully and effectively. This is known in the court of Rome, and a subject of sore annoyance to it; for so thoroughly respectful and proper is the language employed, that many are the priests who have never taken any hostile decision against the temporal power, and who yet read with interest the *Mediatore*. Next to the first great public protest put forth by Father Passaglia in his celebrated letter to the bishops, this periodical of his is undoubtedly the most important thing he has done, for thereby he has contrived a means of carrying successfully the seeds of liberal thought into fields which are notoriously the most difficult to reach, and the most stubborn in resisting such cultivation. Already, indeed, the progress made good is visibly and unmistakably apparent. The ecclesiastical opposition to the present attitude of the Holy See is gaining confidence to come forward and avow its opinions. It is no longer skulking in the timid retirement of troubled minds, trembling at the bare thought of daring to say openly a word in dissent from the Pope. The clergy are growing strong in their conviction of the canonical soundness of their views against the temporal power, and have begun not to flinch from speaking their mind to the Pope. This must be taken as the capital step due to the particular action of Father Passaglia's example and argument. It is acknowledged in the Vatican that the Pope has received appeals from members of the Italian clergy urging him to resign his temporal authority, as hurtful to the Church in the present state of the world. It is, however, there affirmed that these appeals are utterly insignificant, proceeding either from reprobate priests, or from individuals who had not the strength of mind to resist coercion, but who mostly have privately sought the Pope's forgiveness for an act committed under pressure. This is the story freely circulated by the great upholders of the Vatican, but which we have reason to believe utterly without foundation. Whatever appeals the Pope may have received as yet are merely desultory effusions on the part of individuals. There is at the present moment, however, on foot a great collective declaration in regard to the temporal power by the Liberal clergy in Italy, which will soon be published, with the names of its subscribers; and the appearance of this doc-

ument will enable everybody to judge himself as to the extent of the movement, and the character of its supporters, while it must impose silence upon the false statements that could be freely indulged in by the court of Rome as long as the whole matter was in a state of suspense. If the names are in number and character anything like what we have good grounds for expecting to see attached to the document, its publication will prove an event, and it will then tax even the monstrous audacity of the French Ultramontanes to persevere in their swaggering assertion that no genuine Catholic, and no one truly imbued with the doctrine and

spirit of Roman divinity, is to be found amongst the enemies to the Pope's temporal power. The work now in progress in Italy, under the influence of Father Passaglia and some other theologians, is one of great and sterling value, for it is changing the hostile temper of a large and most important Catholic body upon the point the most vital to the lasting success of an Italian Kingdom; and it is as a standard whereby to mark the growing strength of this rising flood of opinion that we draw attention to the rapidly increasing mass of anti-Papal literature in Italy.

THE WALLED LAKE.—The wonderful Walled Lake is situated in the central part of Wright County, Iowa. The shape of the lake is oval. It is about two miles in length, and one mile wide in the widest part, comprising an area of some 2000 acres. The wall inclosing this lake is over six miles in length, and is built or composed of stones varying in size from boulders of two tons weight down to small pebbles, and is intermixed with earth. The top of the wall is uniform in height above the water in all parts, which makes its height to vary on the land side according to the unevenness of the country, from two to twelve feet in height. In the highest part the wall measures from ten to twelve feet thick at the base, and from four to six at the top, inclining each way—outward and inward. There is no outlet, but the lake frequently rises and flows over the top of the wall. The lake at the deepest part is about ten feet in depth, and abounds with large and fine fish, such as pike, pickerel, bass, perch, etc. The water is as clear as crystal, and there is no bubbling or agitation to indicate any large springs or feeders. Wild fowl of all kind are plenty upon its bosom. At the north end are two small groves of about ten acres each, no timber being near. It has the appearance of having been walled up by human hands, and looks like a huge fortress, yet there are no rock in that vicinity for miles around. There are no visible signs of the lake being the result of volcanic action, the bed being perfectly smooth and the border of regular form. The lake is seventeen miles from Boon River on the west, eight miles from Iowa on the east, and about one hundred miles from Cedar Rapids. It is one of the greatest wonders of the West, and has already been visited by hundreds of curiosity seekers.

STATUE OF HALLAM IN ST. PAUL'S.—An addition of a most interesting character has recently been made in the fine array of monuments

in St. Paul's Cathedral—a statue of the historian Hallam having just been placed in that *walhalla* of illustrious Englishmen. The statue is of pure white marble, is seven feet six inches in height, and has been erected by public subscription in commemoration of the esteem in which this distinguished writer is held by his numerous admirers. The historian is represented holding in his right hand a pencil, and in his left a manuscript or note-book, under which are placed a volume of each of his two principal works, "The Constitutional History," and "The Middle Ages." He wears the robe of a doctor of civil law.

Great pains have been taken by the sculptor to make the drapery at once graceful and natural, and as much as possible to represent the texture of the dress. In these aims he has been very successful, and we are accordingly pleased, but nowise surprised, to learn that Mr. Theed's work has received the unqualified approval of the committee to whose care the erection of the statue has been entrusted, most of whom were personal friends of Hallam, all, as well as his family, considering the likeness admirable.

NEW MODE OF GOLD MINING.—The gold miners of California have had the felicitous idea of attacking with water the masses of sand and earth forming the auriferous deposits. The water is brought in pipes and thrown in powerful jets upon the soil, producing an astonishing action in levelling the mounds and washing out the nuggets of gold. At Brandy City, in the hilly county of the northern parts, there are numerous rich diggings, but the soil is very hard, and the application of water has proved highly beneficial, and rendered the work incomparably more rapid and more productive. One of the columns of water there falls for more than eighty yards, and detaches great masses of earth, while at the same time it washes and separates from it the gold it contains.—*London Review*.

THE WATER BABIES: A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY.

L'ENVOI.

HENCE, unbelieving Sadducees,
And less-believing Pharisees,
With dull conventionalities;
And leave a country muse at ease
To play at leap-frog, if she please,
With children and realities.

CHAPTER I.

ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He never had heard of God, or of Christ except in words which you never have heard, and which it would have been well if he had never heard. He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw; and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week; and when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise. And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing half-pennies with the other boys, or playing leap-frog over the posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by, which last was excellent fun, when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide. As for chimney-sweeping and being hungry and being beaten, he took all that for the way of the world, like the rain and snow and thunder, and stood manfully with his back to it till it was over, as his old donkey did to a hail-storm; and then shook his ears and was as jolly as ever; and thought of the fine times coming, when he would be a man, and a master sweep, and sit in the public house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play cards for silver money, and wear velveteens and ankle-jacks,

and keep a white bull-dog with one gray ear, and carry her puppies in his pocket, just like a man. And he would have apprentices; one, two, three, if he could. How he would bully them, and knock them about, just as his master did to him; and make them carry home the soot sacks, while he rode before them on his donkey, with a pipe in his mouth and a flower in his button-hole, like a king at the head of his army. Yes, there were good times coming; and, when his master let him have a pull at the leavings of his beer, Tom was the jolliest boy in the whole town.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just hiding behind a wall, to heave half a brick at his horse's legs, as is the custom of that country when they welcome strangers; but the groom saw him, and halloed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chimney-sweep, lived. Now Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master, and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers, so he put the half-brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Place, for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping. And so he rode away, not giving Tom time to ask what the sweep had gone to prison for, which was a matter of interest to Tom, as he had been in prison once or twice himself. Moreover, the groom looked so very neat and clean, with his drab gaiters, drab breeches, drab jacket, snow-white tie with a smart pin in it, and clean, round, ruddy face, that Tom was offended and disgusted at his appearance, and considered him a stuck-up fellow, who gave himself airs because he wore smart clothes, and other people paid for them; and went behind the wall to fetch the half-brick after all: but did not, remembering that he had come in the way

of business, and was, as it were, under a flag of truce.

His master was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down out of hand, and drank more beer that night than he usually did in two, in order to be sure of getting up in time next morning; for the more a man's head aches when he wakes, the more glad he is to turn out, and have a breath of fresh air. And, when he did get up at four the next morning, he knocked Tom down again, in order to teach him (as young gentlemen used to be taught at public schools) that he must be an extra good boy that day, as they were going to a very great house, and might make a very good thing of it, if they could but give satisfaction.

And Tom thought so likewise, and, indeed, would have done and behaved his best, even without being knocked down. For, of all places upon earth, Harthover Place (which he had never seen) was the most wonderful; and, of all men on earth, Sir John (whom he had seen, having been sent to gaol by him twice) was the most awful.

For Harthover Place was really a grand place, even for the rich North country; with a house so large that in the frame-breaking riots, which Tom could just remember, the Duke of Wellington, with ten thousand soldiers and cannon to match, were easily housed therein; at least, so Tom believed; with a park full of deer, which Tom believed to be monsters who were in the habit of eating children; with miles of game-preserves, in which Mr. Grimes and the collier-lads poached at times, on which occasions Tom saw pheasants, and wondered what they tasted like; with a noble salmon river, in which Mr. Grimes and his friends would have liked to poach; but then they must have got into cold water, and that they did not like at all. In short, Harthover was a grand place, and Sir John a grand old man, whom even Mr. Grimes respected, for not only could he send Mr. Grimes to prison when he deserved it, as he did once or twice a week; not only did he own all the land about for miles; not only was he a jolly, honest, sensible squire as ever kept a pack of hounds, who would do what he thought right by his neighbors, as well as get what he thought right for himself, but what was more, he weighed full fifteen stone, was nobody knew how many inches round the chest,

and could have thrashed Mr. Grimes himself in fair fight, which very few folk round there could do, and which, my dear little boy, would not have been right for him to do, as a great many things are not which one both can do, and would like very much to do. So Mr. Grimes touched his hat to him when he rode through the town, and called him a "buidly awd chap," and his young ladies "gradely lasses," which are two high compliments in the North country; and thought that that made up for his poaching Sir John's pheasants; whereby you may perceive that Mr. Grimes had not been to a properly inspected Government National School.

Now, I dare say, you never got up at three o'clock on a midsummer morning. Some people get up then because they want to catch salmon; and some, because they want to climb Alps; and a great many more, because they must, like Tom. But, I assure you, that three o'clock on a midsummer morning is the pleasantest time of all the twenty-four hours, and all the three hundred and sixty-five days; and why every one does not get up then, I never could tell, save that they are all determined to spoil their nerves and their complexions, by doing all night, what they might just as well do by day. But Tom, instead of going out to dinner at half-past eight at night, and to a ball at ten, and finishing off somewhere between twelve and four, went to bed at seven, when his master went to the public house, and slept like a dead pig: for which reason he was as pert as a game-cock (who always gets up early to wake the maids), and just ready to get up when the fine gentlemen and ladies were just ready to go to bed.

So he and his master set out; Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind; out of the court, and up the street, past the closed window-shutters, and the winking weary policemen, and the roofs all shining gray in the gray dawn.

They passed through the pitman's village, all shut up and silent now; and through the turnpike; and then they were out in the real country, and plodding along the black dusty road, between black slag walls, with no sound but the groaning and thumping of the pit-engine in the next field. But soon the road grew white, and the walls likewise; and at the wall's foot grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew; and instead of

the groaning of the pit-engine, they heard the skylark saying his matins high up in the air, and the pit-bird warbling in the sedges, as he had warbled all night long.

All else was silent. For old Mrs. Earth was still fast asleep; and, like many pretty people, she looked still prettier asleep than awake. The great elm trees, in the gold-green meadows, were fast asleep above, and the cows fast asleep beneath them; nay, the few clouds which were about, were fast asleep likewise, and so tired that they had lain down on the earth to rest, in long white flakes and bars, among the stems of the elm-trees, and along the tops of the alders by the stream, waiting for the sun to bid them rise and go about their day's business in the clear blue overhead.

On they went, and Tom looked and looked, for he never had been so far into the country before, and longed to get over a gate, and pick buttercups, and look for birds' nests in the hedge; but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring: not such a spring as you see here, which soaks up out of a white gravel in the bog, among red fly-catchers and pink bottle-heath and sweet white orchis; nor such a one as you may see, too, here, which bubbles up under the warm sand-bank in the hollow lane, by the great tuft of lady ferns, and makes the sand dance reels at the bottom, day and night, all the year round; not such a spring as either of those: but a real North country limestone fountain, like one of those in Sicily or Greece, where the old heathen fancied the nymphs sat cooling themselves the hot summer's day, while the shepherds peeped at them from behind the bushes. Out of a low cave of rock, at the foot of a limestone crag, the great fountain rose, quelling and bubbling and gurgling, so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began; and ran away under the road, a stream large enough to turn a mill: among blue geranium and golden globe-flower and wild raspberries and the bird-cherry with its tassels of snow.

And there Grimes stopped and looked; and Tom looked too. Tom was wondering whether anything lived in that dark cave, and came out at night to fly in the meadows. But Grimes was not wondering at all. With-

out a word, he got off his donkey, and clambered over the low road wall, and knelt down, and began dipping his ugly head into the spring—and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could, and a very pretty nosegay he had made. But when he saw Grimes do that, he stopped, quite astonished; and when Grimes had finished, and began shaking his ears to dry them, he said,—

"Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. 'Twasn't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier-lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be as good as putting it under the town-pump; and there is no beadle here to drive a chap away."

"Thou come along," said Grimes, "what dost want with washing thyself? Thou did not drink half a gallon of beer last night, like me."

So little Tom was forced to come along, looking back wistfully at the cool clear spring.

And now they had gone three miles and more, and came to Sir John's lodge-gates.

Very grand lodges they were, with very grand iron gates, and stone gateposts and on the top of each a most dreadful boggy, all teeth, horns, and tail; which was the crest which Sir John's ancestors wore in the Wars of the Roses; and very prudent men they were to wear it, for all their enemies must have run for their lives at the very first sight of them.

Grimes rang at the gate, and out came a keeper on the spot, and opened.

"I was told to expect thee," he said "Now, thou'lt be so good as to keep to the main avenue, and not let me find a hare or a rabbit on thee when thou comest back. I shall look sharp for one, I tell thee."

"Not if it's in the bottom of the soot-bag," quoth Grimes, and at that he laughed; and the keeper laughed and said,—

"If that's thy sort, I may as well walk up with thee to the hall."

"I think thou best had. It's thy business to see after thy game, man, and not mine."

So the keeper went with them; and to

Tom's surprise, he and Grimes chatted together all the way quite pleasantly. He did not know that a keeper is only a poacher turned inside out, and a poacher a keeper turned outside in.

They walked up a great lime-avenue, a full mile long, and between their stems Tom peeped trembling at the horns of the sleeping deer, which stood up among the ferns. Tom had never seen such enormous trees, and as he looked up he fancied that the blue sky rested on their heads. But he was puzzled very much by a strange murmuring noise, which followed them all the way. So much puzzled, that at last he took courage to ask the keeper what it was.

He spoke very civilly, and called him sir, for he was horribly afraid of him, which pleased the keeper, and he told him that they were the bees about the lime-flowers.

"What are bees?" asked Tom.

"What make honey?"

"What is honey?" asked Tom.

"Thou hold thy noise," said Grimes.

"Let the boy be," said the keeper. "He's a civil young chap now, and that's more than he'll be long, if he bides with thee."

Grimes laughed, for he took that for a compliment.

"I wish I were a keeper," said Tom, "to live in such a beautiful place, and wear green velveteens, and have a real dog-whistle at my button, like you."

The keeper laughed; he was a kind-hearted fellow enough.

"Let well alone, lad, and ill too, at times. Thy life's safer than mine at all events, eh, Mr. Grimes?"

And Grimes laughed again, and then the two men began talking quite low. Tom could hear, though, that it was about some poaching fight—and at last Grimes said, surlily,—

"Hast thou anything against me?"

"Not now."

"Then don't ask me any questions till thou hast, for I am a man of honor."

And at that they both laughed again, and thought it a very good joke.

And by this time they were come up to the great iron gates in front of the house, and Tom stared through them at the rhododendrons and azaleas, which were all in flower; and then at the house itself, and wondered how many chimneys there were in

it, and how long ago it was built, and what was the man's name that built it, and whether he got much money for his job?"

These last were very difficult questions to answer. For Harthover had been built at ninety different times, and in nineteen different styles, and looked as if somebody had built a whole street of houses of every imaginable shape, and then stirred them together with a spoon.

For the attics were Anglo-Saxon.

The third-floor Norman.

The second Cinque-cento.

The first-floor Elizabethan.

The right wing Pure Doric.

The centre Early English, with a huge portico, copied from the Parthenon.

The left wing Pure Bæotian, which the country folk admired most of all, because it was just like the new barracks in the town, only three times as big.

The grand staircase was copied from the Catacombs at Rome.

The back staircase from the Tajmahal at Agra. This was built by Sir John's great-great-great-uncle, who won, in Lord Clive's Indian wars, plenty of money, plenty of wounds, and no more taste than his betters.

The cellars were copied from the Caves of Elephanta.

The offices from the Pavilion at Brighton.

And the rest from nothing in heaven, or earth, or under the earth.

So that Harthover House was a great puzzle to antiquarians, and a thorough Naboth's vineyard to critics and architects, and all persons who like meddling with other men's business, and spending other men's money. So they all were setting upon poor Sir John, year after year, and trying to talk him into spending a hundred thousand pounds or so, in building to please them and not himself. But he always put them off, like a canny North countryman as he was. One wanted him to build a Gothic house, but he said he was no Goth; and another to build an Elizabethan, but he said he lived under good Queen Victoria, and not good Queen Bess; and another was bold enough to tell him that his house was ugly, but he said he lived inside it, and not outside; and another, that there was no unity in it; but he said that that was just why he liked the old place. For he liked to see how each Sir John and Sir Hugh and Sir Ralph and Sir Randal

had left his mark upon the place, each after his own taste; and he had no more notion of disturbing his ancestors' work than of disturbing their graves. For now the house looked like a real live house, that had a history, and had grown and grown as the world grew; and that it was only an upstart fellow who did not know who his own grandfather was who would change it for some spick-and-span new Gothic or Elizabethan thing, which looked as if it had been all spawned in a night, as mushrooms are. From which you may collect—if you have wit enough—that Sir John was a very sound-headed, sound-hearted squire, and just the man to keep the country side in order, and show good sport with his hounds.

But Tom and his master did not go in through the great iron gates, as if they had been dukes or bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was; and into a little back-door, where the ash-boy let them in, yawning horribly; and then in a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a flowered chintz dressing-gown, that Tom mistook her for my lady herself, and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he were going up the chimneys, and not Tom. And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar?" and Tom did mind, all at least that he could. And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin, in a lofty and tremendous voice; and so, after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture; to whom Mr. Grimes paid many playful and chivalrous compliments, but met with very slight encouragement in return.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say: but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was accustomed, but such as you would find—if you would only get up them and look, which perhaps you would not like to do—in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran one into another, anastomosing—as Professor Owen would say—considerably.

So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is under ground; but at last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearth-rug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms but when the carpets were all up, and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters; and he had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white—white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers; and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs. The horses he liked; but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bull-dogs among them, not even a terrier. But the two pictures which took his fancy most were, one of a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room. For he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He fancied that he had seen something like it in a shop window. But why was it there? "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture as that in her room? Perhaps it was some kinsman of hers, who had been murdered by the savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad and awed, and turned to look at something else.

The next thing he saw, and that too puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes and towels; and a large bath, full of clean water—

what a heap of things all for washing! "She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "by my master's rule, to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt out of the way so well afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or may be a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her, as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

No. She cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty, thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "And are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes, and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and burst into tears with shame and anger; and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob,

plunder, and destroy and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom had been in a policeman's hands many a time, and out of them too, what is more; and he would have been ashamed to face his friends forever if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman; so he doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough. Nor even to let himself down a spout, which would have been an old game to him; for once he got up by a spout to the church roof, he said to take jackdaws' eggs, but the policemen said to steal lead; and when he was seen on high, sat there till the sun got too hot, and came down by another spout, leaving the policemen to go back to the station-house and eat their dinners.

But all under the window spread a tree, with great leaves, and sweet white flowers, almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia, I suppose; but Tom knew nothing about that, and cared less; for down the tree he went, like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

The under-gardener, mowing, saw Tom, and threw down his scythe; caught his leg in it, and cut his shin open, whereby he kept his bed for a week: but in his hurry he never knew it, and gave chase to poor Tom. The dairymaid heard the noise, got the churn between her knees, and tumbled over it, spilling all the cream; and yet she jumped up, and gave chase to Tom. A groom cleaning Sir John's hack at the stables let him go loose, whereby he kicked himself lame in five minutes; but he ran out and gave chase to Tom. His master upset the soot-sack in the new-gravelled yard, and spoilt it all utterly; but he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The old steward opened the park gate in such a hurry, that he hung up his pony's chin upon the spikes, and for aught I know it hangs there still; but he jumped off, and gave chase to Tom. The plowman left his horses at the headland, and one jumped over the fence, and pulled the other into the ditch, plow and all; but he ran after Tom. The keeper, who was taking a stoat out of a trap,

let the stoat go, and caught his own finger ; but he jumped up and ran after Tom, and considering what he said, and how he looked, I should have been sorry for Tom if he had caught him. Sir John looked out of his study window (for he was an early old gentleman), and up at the nurse, and a marten dropt mud in his eye, so that he had at last to send for the doctor ; and yet he ran out and gave chase to Tom. Only my lady did not give chase ; for when she had put her head out of the window, her night-wig fell into the garden, and she had to ring up her lady's-maid, and send her down for it privately, which quite put her out of the running, so that she came in nowhere, and is consequently not placed.

In a word, never was there heard at Hall Place, not even when the fox was killed in the conservatory, among acres of broken glass and tons of smashed flower-pots, such a noise, row, hubbub, babel, shindy, hulla-baloo, stramash, charivari, and total contempt of dignity, repose, and order, as that day, when the gardener, the groom, the dairymaid, Sir John, the steward, the ploughman, and the keeper all ran up the park, shouting "Stop thief," in the belief that Tom had at least a thousand pounds' worth of jewels in his empty pockets ; and the very magpies and jays followed Tom up, screaming and screaming, as if he were a hunted fox, beginning to droop his brush.

And all the while poor Tom paddled up the park with his little bare feet, like a small black gorilla fleeing to the forest. Alas for him ; there was no big father gorilla therein to take his part ; to scratch out the gardener's inside with one paw, toss the dairymaid into a tree with another, and wrench off Sir John's head with a third, while he cracked the keeper's scull with his teeth, as easily as if it had been a cocoa-nut or a paving-stone.

However, Tom had never had a father ; so certainly he did not want one, and expected to have to take care of himself ; and as for running, he could keep up for a couple of miles with any stage-coach, if there was the chance of a copper or a cigar-end, and turn coach wheels on his hands and feet ten times following, which is more than you can do. And so his pursuers found it very difficult to catch him, and we will hope that they did not catch him at all.

Tom, of course, made for the woods. He

had never been in a wood in his life ; but he was sharp enough to know that he might hide in a bush, or swarm up a tree, and, altogether, had more chance there than in the open. If he had not known that, he would have been foolisher than a mouse or a minnow.

But when he got into the wood, he found it a very different sort of place from what he had fancied. He pushed into a thick cover of rhododendrons, and found himself at once caught in a trap. The boughs laid hold of his legs and arms, poked him in his face and his stomach, made him shut his eyes tight (though that was no great loss, for he could not see at best a yard before his nose), and when he got through the rhododendrons, the hassock-grass and sedges tumbled him over, and cut his poor little fingers afterwards most spitefully ; the birches birched him as soundly as if he had been a nobleman at Eton, and over the face too (which is not fair swishing, as all brave boys will agree), and the lawyers tripped him up, and tore his shins as if they had sharks' teeth—which lawyers are likely enough to have.

"I must get out of this," thought Tom, "or I shall stay here till somebody comes to help me—which is just what I don't want."

But how to get out was the difficult matter. And, indeed, I don't think he would ever have got out at all, but stayed there till the cock-robins covered him with leaves, if he had not suddenly run his head against a wall.

Now, running your head against a wall is not pleasant, especially if it is a loose wall, with the stones all set on edge, and a sharp-cornered one hits you between the eyes, and makes you see all manner of beautiful stars. The stars are very beautiful certainly, but unfortunately they go in the twenty-thousandth part of a split second, and the pain which comes after them does not. And so Tom hurt his head ; but he was a brave boy, and did not mind that a penny. He guessed that over the wall the cover would end ; and up it he went, and over like a squirrel.

And there he was, out on the great grouse moors, which the country folk called Harth-over Fell ; heather and bog and rock stretching away and up, up to the very sky.

Now Tom was a cunning little fellow—as cunning as an old Exmoor stag. Why not ?

Though he was but ten years old, he had lived longer than most stags, and had more wits to start with into the bargain.

He knew as well as a stag, that if he backed, he might throw the hounds out. So the first thing he did when he was over the wall, was to make the neatest double sharp to his right, and run along under the wall for nearly half a mile.

Whereby Sir John, and the keeper, and the steward, and the gardener, and the plowman, and the dairymaid, and all the hue and cry together, went on ahead half a mile in the very opposite direction, and inside the wall, leaving him a mile off on the outside, while Tom heard their shouts die away in the wood, and chuckled to himself merrily.

At last he came to a dip in the land, and went to the bottom of it, and then he turned bravely away from the wall, and up the moor; for he knew that he had put a hill between him and his enemies, and could go on without their seeing him.

And now he was right away into the heather, over just such a moor as those in which you have been bred, except that there were rocks and stones lying about everywhere, and that instead of the moor growing flat as he went upwards, it grew more and more broken and hilly; but not so rough but that little Tom could jog along well enough, and find time, too, to stare about him at the strange place, which was like a new world to him. He saw great spiders there, with crowns and crosses marked on their backs, who sat in the middle of their webs, and when they saw Tom coming, shook them so fast that they became invisible. Then he saw lizards, brown and gray and green, and thought they were snakes, and would sting him; but they were as much frightened as he, and shot away into the heath.

And then, under a rock, he saw a pretty sight. A great brown, sharp-nosed creature, with a white tag to her brush, and round her, four or five smutty little cubs, the funniest fellows Tom ever saw. She lay on her back, rolling about, and stretching out her legs and head and tail in the bright sunshine; and the cubs jumped over her, and ran round her, and nibbled her paws, and lugged her about by the tail; and she seemed to enjoy it mightily. But one self-

ish little fellow stole away from the rest to a dead crow close by, and dragged it off to hide it, though it was nearly as big as he was. Whereat all his little brothers set off after him in full cry, and saw Tom; and then all ran back, and up jumped Mrs. Vixen, and caught one up in her mouth, and the rest toddled after her, and into a dark crack in the rocks; and there was an end of the show.

And next he had a fright, for as he scrambled up a sandy brow—whirr-pooof-pooof-cock-cock-kick—something went off in his face, with a most horrid noise. He thought the ground had blown up, and the end of the world come.

And when he opened his eyes,—for he shut them very tight,—it was only an old cock-grouse, who had been washing himself in sand, like an Arab, for want of water; and who, when Tom had all but trodden on him, jumped up, with a noise like the express train, leaving his wife and children to shift for themselves, like an old coward, and went off, screaming, “Tipsalteery, tipsalteery—murder, thieves, fire—tipsalcock-cock-kick—the end of the world is come—kick-kick-cock-kick.” He was always fancying the end of the world was come, when anything happened which was farther off than the end of his own nose. But the end of the world was not come, any more than the twelfth of August was; though the old grouse-cock was quite certain of it.

So the old grouse came back to his wife and family an hour afterwards, and said, solemnly, “Cock-cock-kick; my dears, the end of the world is not quite come; but I assure you it is coming the day after to-morrow—cock.” But his wife had heard that so often, that she knew all about it, and a little more. And, beside, she was the mother of a family, and had seven little poults to wash and feed every day, and that made her very practical, and a little sharp-tempered: so all she answered was: “Kick-kick-kick—go and catch spiders, go and catch spiders—kick.”

So Tom went on and on, he hardly knew why: but he liked the great, wide, strange place, and the cool, fresh, bracing air. But he went more and more slowly as he got higher up the hill; for now the ground grew very bad indeed. Instead of soft turf and springy heather, he met great patches of flat limestone rock, just like ill-made pavements,

with deep cracks between the stones and ledges, filled with ferns. So he had to hop from stone to stone, and now and then he slipped in between, and hurt his little bare toes, though they were tolerably tough ones : but still he would go on and up, he could not tell why.

And now he began to get a little hungry and very thirsty, for he had run a long way ; and the sun had risen high in heaven, and the rock was as hot as an oven, and the air danced reels over it, as it does over a lime-kiln, till everything round seemed quivering and melting in the glare.

But he could see nothing to eat anywhere, and still less to drink.

The heath was full of bilberries and whimb-berries, but they were only in flower yet, for it was June. And as for water, who can find that on the top of a limestone rock ? Now and then he passed by a deep dark swallow-hole, going down into the earth, as if it were the chimney of some dwarf's house under ground ; and more than once as he passed, he could hear water falling, trickling, tinkling, many, many feet below. How he longed to get down to it, and cool his poor baked lips ! But, brave little chimney-sweep as he was, he dared not climb down such chimneys as those.

So he went on and on, till his head spun round with the heat, and he thought he heard church-bells ringing a long way off.

"Ah !" he thought, "where there is a church, there will be houses and people ; and perhaps some one will give me a bit and a sup." So he set off again, to look for the church, for he was sure that he heard the bells quite plain.

And in a minute more, when he looked round, he stopped again, and said, "Why, what a big place the world is !"

And so it was ; for, from the top of the mountain he could see—what could he not see ?

Behind him, far below, was Harthover, and the dark woods and the shining salmon river ; and on his left, far below, was the town and the smoking chimneys of the collieries ; and far, far away, the river widened to the shining sea, and little white specks, which were ships, lay on its bosom. And before him lay, spread out like a map, great plains and farms and villages, amid dark knots of trees. They all seemed at his very feet, but he had sense to see that they were long miles away.

And to his right rose moor after moor, hill after hill, till they faded away, blue into blue sky. But between him and those moors, and really at his very feet, lay something, to which, as soon as Tom saw it, he

determined to go, for that was the place for him.

A deep, deep green and rocky valley, very narrow and filled with wood, but through the wood, hundreds of feet below him, he could see a clear stream glance. Oh, if he could but get down to that stream ! And now, by the stream, he saw the roof of a little cottage, and a little garden, set out in squares and beds. And there was a tiny little red thing moving in the garden, no bigger than a fly. And as Tom looked down, he saw that it was a woman in a red petticoat. "Ah ! perhaps she would give him something to eat." And there were the church-bells ringing again. Surely, there must be a village down there. Well, nobody would know him or what had happened at the Place. The news could not have got there yet, even if Sir John had set all the policemen in the county after him, and he could get down there in five minutes.

Tom was quite right about the hue and cry not having got thither ; for he had come, without knowing it, the best part of ten miles from Harthover : but he was wrong about getting down in five minutes, for the cottage was more than a mile off, and a good thousand feet below.

But down he went, like a brave little man as he was, though he was very footsore and tired and hungry and thirsty ; while the church-bells rang so loud, he began to think they must be inside his own head, and the river chimed and trickled far below ; and this was the song which it sang :—

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming wear ;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undeified, for the undeified ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoke-grimed town in its murky cowl ;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.

Undeified, for the undeified ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Aids to Faith; a Series of Theological Essays by several Writers.* Edited by William Thomson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. 1861.
2. *Replies to "Essays and Reviews."* With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Oxford. 1862.
3. *Seven Answers to Seven Essays and Reviews.* By J. R. Griffiths; with an Introduction by the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland. 1862.
4. *A Letter to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford on the Defence of the "Essays and Reviews."* By the Rev. A. T. Russell. 1862.
5. *Inspiration and Interpretation.* By the Rev. J. W. Burgon. 1861.
6. *Scepticism and the Church of England.* By Lord Lindsay. 1861.
7. *Preface to Sermons on the Beatitudes.* By the Rev. G. Moberly, D.D.
8. *The Revelation of God the Probation of Man: Two Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford.* By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford. 1861.
9. *Tracts for Priests and People.* First Series, 1861. Second Series, 1862.
10. *The Philosophical Answer to the "Essays and Reviews."* 1862.
11. *Charge of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.* 1861.
12. *Speech of R. Phillimore. D.C.L., Q.C.* 1862.
13. *Defence of Dr. Williams.* By J. F. Stephen. 1862.
14. *Judgment on "Essays and Reviews."* 1862.
15. *Persecution for the Word.* By Rowland Williams, D.D. 1862.
16. *Observations on Pantheistic Principles.* By W. H. Mill, D.D. 1861.

THE controversy, which the publication of "Essays and Reviews" woke up, has been running its various course since, in January, 1861, we called the attention of our readers to that disastrous volume.* To many of them, we believe, the subject was then strange: and to many more, we have no doubt, the great gravity of the occasion was till then unknown. Our warmest antagonists have charged upon us the crime of waking up the slumbering garrison to the coming assault. We accept these bitter invectives as a praise, which, not in this instance first, the *Quarterly Review* has deserved from all lovers at once of the truth, and of our time-honored institutions.

* *Living Age*, No. 876.

We shall, perhaps, best fulfil the task we are undertaking, if, before we review the present state of this controversy, we examine some portions of the literature to which it has given birth. How large and varied this has become, the list at the head of this article—though it does not contain the titles of half which has been written—will, we think, prove. Writers of every class, and of most various merit and demerit, have mingled in the strife. Even the versifier and the maker of jokes has found a congenial theme in a warfare which has really had, as its subject, the very foundations of the Christian faith.

Midway between these lighter skirmishers and some really valuable works, which the needs of the times have called into being, stand an anomalous set of volumes as to which it is difficult to say, with perfect fairness, to which side of the controversy they belong. These are typically represented in the "Tracts for Priests and People," on which, therefore, we will first say a few words. The writers of these volumes are in a great measure occupied in replying to the essayists, whilst yet their own positions are little more defensible or less remote from orthodoxy than those which they think it worth while to attack. They were begun, we are told, when "the controversy respecting the 'Essays and Reviews' was at its height" (Preface, i.);—that their writers could not sympathize with the Essays because of their negative character; nor with those who condemned them, because the condemnation also was negative;—that they felt it to be their business to "express sympathy with the strong convictions of all parties and of all men" (p. ix.); and not "to tremble at the censures of mobs" or "of Convocations" (p. x.); and further, that it was "a special object of the writers . . . to show that opposite conclusions" reached "by opposite processes of thought" are "necessary to the existence of the English Church; and that, if she fall into the condition of a Church standing on opinions, she will renounce her position, and be deserted by God" (p. xi.).

When we add that one of the chief writers in these volumes is the Rev. F. Maurice, we shall at once have prepared our readers to expect, what they will assuredly find, that they have to do with noble instincts, with high aspirations, with considerable subtlety

and power; but, withal, with strange luminous mists which repeatedly promise us enlightenment on the deepest and most interesting of unanswered questions, whilst, instead of giving it, they are ever hiding from us, in the puzzling involutions with which their impalpable wreaths invest them, some of the greatest truths which were plain to us before.

There are notable instances of all this in the two Tracts entitled the "Mote and the Beam," and "Morality and Divinity." Sprinkled through these there are, we gladly allow, many noble thoughts nobly expressed. There is also a great deal of the hard language with which Mr. Maurice seems increasingly to treat all who differ from him. Thus, for instance,—because we urged * upon those who are too often divided asunder as High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, that, since both perceived the importance of the great truths now in dispute, it was a time for healing animosities by a common earnest contention for the faith once delivered to the saints, we are anathematized in terms not unworthy of a legitimate descendant of the Great Lord Peter in such words as these: "Merciful God! to what is" this writer "leading these schools? . . . to drown them in a dead negation of other men's opinions; in a fellowship of hatred—accursed arrangement!" (Tract ii. p. 67.)

The leading idea of both tracts is the defence of Creeds and Articles; and here there gathers thickly over every well-known headland what we have ventured to designate as this writer's luminous vapor. Of course we agree altogether with him in defending Creeds and Articles against all comers: but with his mode of defence, which is most characteristic, we have no sympathy whatever. Creeds, we are assured, must not be regarded as containing any dogma. They are not, that is to say, what the Church has always deemed them to be, statements of the great facts of revelation, derived partly from primitive tradition, partly from the judgment of the whole Church on questions raised by heretics; and therefore, for those who believe in the collective Church as the transmitter of the witness of the Spirit, authentic statements of those facts. No! thus to treat them, we are taught, is their most deplorable use. "A mere authoritative declaration of faith" carries no moral power with it (Tract vi., p. 22). "It demands moral slavery, prostration of heart as well as intellect, and involves all those fatal consequences which the Bishop of Oxford has pointed out in his first sermon, and which he so happily describes as a neglect of revelation" (p. 28). "When the Reformers," we are told again (Tract ii. p. 43), acting on this mistake, "put forward dogmatic constitution" of error . . . and penal sentences . . . "their own doctrine shrivelled into a dry, dead, cruel formula, powerful only for cursing." So momentous does the writer think it to avoid these evils, that he consents to be "at variance with his dearest friends, and to incur the suspicion of deliberate dishonesty" (vi. p. 36), as the price of maintaining that in the Athanasian Creed, "in speaking of the Trinity, we *cannot* be speaking of a dogma;" whilst, if that Creed "does canonize a mere dogma, and anathematize those who dissent from it, we should wish it to perish utterly and forever" (vi. 36).

After the most patient and repeated endeavors to understand what all this means, we confess ourselves entirely baffled. The Creeds, beyond all question or dispute, are—as the tract writers argue with a great deal of pomp of reasoning, as if persons could be found who denied the self-evident proposition—statements about the Divine persons of the blessed Godhead, not those persons themselves. Such statements are dogma: dogma concerning the facts which are the most real and most important to the whole reasonable creation. They have, in every age of the Church, been used as pointing out the right faith and guarding the humble from errors concerning it. Mr. Maurice has invented for them the newest and the most marvellous use. Creeds are meant to deliver us from the worship of opinions (ii. 38). "One of the blessings of having Articles" of the Faith is "that they permit partial statements" of the truth (p. 65). Surely common sense rejects such glosses as these. Mr. Maurice, it seems to us, might just as well, when seeking his way through an unknown country by the help of direction-posts, address his driver with the words, "Sign-posts are all important. Little do men who despise them know how often they themselves have profited by them. Yes;

ly Review, vol. cix. p. 303.

treat them with all honor, but do not turn them into an intolerable abuse by conceiving that they are to guide your course! No; they are facts. To make them guides would be an intolerable tyranny. Accursed be such slavery! Why am I to go that path because another has set up the sign? The proper use of such instruments is to protect our liberty; to witness to us that we may drive where we will, may do everything, except receive their testimony to direct our steps." Conceive of such an address delivered with enormous energy, and you have, we believe, Mr. Maurice's whole doctrine on Creeds full of his mystical eloquence; but we greatly doubt whether the wayward philosopher would not be benighted before he reached his home.

We have dwelt longer upon all this than it may seem to deserve. But, in truth, it is of no small moment thoroughly to understand how far in the great struggle with unbelief these writers will help us. For they offer us their service: they condemn alike the open infidel, the German rationalist, and the essayists. They are for maintaining the Faith; whilst their names, their high moral tone, their intellectual subtlety, and, above all, their loud, and we doubt not sincere, expressions of sympathy with the young and the tempted, must invest their writings with much that is attractive. Yet, alas! almost the whole of these two volumes is characterized by these hazy mists, amidst which the old landmarks are scarcely to be seen, and which can hardly fail to betray the wanderer to the false guidance of the bolder spirits of unbelief.

One main subject of these attacks is the second of two sermons preached before the University of Oxford by the Bishop of Oxford, and published with the title of "The Revelation of God the Probation of Man."* These sermons ran rapidly through several editions, and gave rise to a controversy of which Mr. Maurice says, "The subject is one of permanent interest. The author criticised is the most eloquent of modern divines; the critic represents a widely diffused lay feeling. Pamphlets have appeared in answer to the Layman. He has replied.

The controversy, which has risen out of that concerning 'Essays and Reviews,' may continue when they are forgotten" (Tract ii). The main object of the bishop's sermon is to set plainly before the young the principle that doubts about the truth of Revelation are to be met like any other temptations to evil thoughts. On the wickedness of such a doctrine the authors of the "Tracts" are very eloquent. Mr. Maurice thinks that these "doubts may have been cast into the soul by a gracious Spirit" (Tract vi. 30); whilst one of his comrades defines doubts as "a sacred agony of man's nature (vi. 4) in its noblest and most typical embodiments;" claims, in words we will not reprint, our blessed Lord as an instance of them. He then proceeds to revile, in good set terms, the bishop as coming under the condemnation of the friends of Job, because he would deprive men of the full and innocent enjoyment of this "sacred agony." Almost the only comment we will make on all this wasted abuse is to quote for our reader's own judgment the especial passage in the sermon against which it is directed:—

"But go one step further, and see, if you would know the utter extremity of this loss, what is the doubter's death. It is always awful to meet great and unchangeable realities with which we have trifled as if they were meaningless shadows. And what a meeting with them is there upon that death-bed, when conscience, at last awake, is crowding on the astonished memory the record of a life's transgressions; when the enemy is accusing and tormenting the soul, which is all but his own; when the terrible summons to the judgment of the just God, like the low deep voices of advancing thunder-clouds, is beginning to shake the heart; when to have a firm hold on one sure promise; when to cling to the hem of the Healer's garment; when to see, as the ransom of a multitude of sins, the blood of his wounded side, would be indeed the soul's only and its sufficient refuge: then in that hour of agony to be compassed about with self-chosen doubts, to have the refinements and the subtleties and the questions and the uncertainties which the man had taken to himself instead of God's sure word of promise and the atoning blood, gather in troops around him like the very fiends of the pit snatching for his soul; to have some doubt ever intervening between his eager grasp and every promise; between his wretched soul and every vision of the Lord

* "The Revelation of God the Probation of Man." Two Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, Jan. 27 and Feb. 3, 1861. By Samuel Lord Bishop of Oxford. Parkers, Oxford.

Jesus Christ; to have all this and to find no escape from it; to have lost the power of believing, and to know, when it is too late to win it, that it is lost forever; to have in that hour, at best, 'thy life hang in doubt before thee,' because only that sure definiteness of a fixed faith which thou hast thrown away can shelter thee in that shock; to have, too probably, thy doubts close in upon thee in an unutterable despair,—this is to die the doubter's death. From such a death may the good Lord of his great mercy deliver us.

"It is from this, brethren, that I would help to save you. It is with this you are unawares trifling, when you open your soul to the first plausible approaches of the habit of doubting; it is this harvest of despair for which they are sowing who fling broadcast into the open furrows of young and generous natures the deadly seeds of doubtfulness. Oh, cruel and most fatal labor! For by no after act of his can the teacher root out of the heart of another the seed of death which he has planted in it. Surely for such, above others, was the caution written, 'Whoso shall make to stumble one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.' It is not from the imagination that I have drawn this warning. I can tell you of an overshadowing grave which closed in on such a struggle and such an end as that at which I have glanced. In it was laid a form which had hardly reached the fulness of earliest manhood. That young man had gone, young, ardent, and simply faithful, to the tutelage of one, himself, I doubt not, a sincere believer, but who sought to reconcile the teaching of our Church, in which he ministered, with the dreams of rationalism. His favorite pupil learned his lore, and it sufficed for his needs whilst health beat high in his youthful veins. But on him sickness and decay closed early in; and as the glow of health faded, the intellectual lights for which he had exchanged the simplicity of faith began to pale; whilst the viper brood of doubts which almost unawares he had let slip into his soul crept forth from their hiding-places, and raised against him fearfully their envenomed heads. And they were too strong for him. The teacher who had suggested could not remove them; and in darkness and despair his victim died before his eyes the doubter's death."

We can easily understand that such words as these, spoken with authority to a listening crowd of undergraduates, must be as gall and wormwood to those who see but "a sacred agony of the soul" in that deadly habit

of encouraging religious uncertainty at which the preacher strikes. For it is against this encouragement of doubt alone that the preacher argues. He distinguishes directly between the "fullest religious inquiry into Revelation from which Christianity has nothing to lose,"* and the sinfulness of encouraged doubts. This wide distinction it is the great effort of the tract writers to obliterate, and yet what can be more real? It is not that all doubt is sinful; some minds, perhaps the deepest, must be visited by it; it is a correlative of their greater expanse that the very breath of Heaven as it sweeps over them should break their calm into the uneasiness of a troubled swell. Doubt therefore, in itself, is not sinful; it is the allowance and the encouragement of doubting which are sinful. It is essentially a peculiar form of temptation, and it is to be resisted as a temptation. Nor does this of necessity mean, as our tract writers assert that it does, that we are to make the vain attempt of crushing it mechanically out of the soul, but that regarding it not as a "sacred agony" to be gloried in, but as a temptation to be resisted, we are to use all those means—and they are many—by which faith can be directly strengthened, and doubts therefore indirectly subdued. The weeds are to be acknowledged to be weeds, and are to be got rid of by draining and manuring and cultivating the soil—the exactly opposite treatment from that recommended by our writers to priests and people.

Doubts then about God's truth being thus canonized by the writers of the "Tracts," we learn that it was Anselm's "theory of satisfaction which led . . . to the notion of Christ being punished for our sins" (Tract iii. p. 6); and further that "the difference between the inspiration of Isaiah and Shakespeare is not expressible in words" (i. 23); that "the appeal to the hope of reward and the fear of punishment is not in Christ's Gospel" (i. 31); that "the Scriptures do not contain the modern logical notion of a Revelation attested by miracles" (iv. 11); that "the evidential definition of miracles is entirely absent from them" (iv. 13); that "the Scriptures do not place the acts of Christ in a class called supernatural," and therefore that "if one should . . . maintain that . . . through the advancing

* Introduction to Sermon.

knowledge and power bestowed by the Creator upon the human race, men will be enabled, without supernatural agency, to do the very works which Christ did, no sentence could be quoted from Scripture to condemn the hypothesis" (iv. 1). We learn that "we possess and use the same kind of advantages which the apostles possessed and used in those mighty works by which their Gospel was commended" (iv. 41); that "missionaries like Dr. Livingstone . . . are only too readily taken for superhuman personages;" and that "it is a most dangerous innovation to attempt to impose miracles, as if by divine authority, upon the faith of man" (iv. 32). Nay, further: it is suggested to us, to ease our minds as to the miraculous interpositions which are recorded in the Bible, that, considering all things, their paucity rather than their presence is the marvel; for that "in the time of our Lord even the most cultivated of mankind were victims of magic and sorcery and enchantments . . . that in Judea a peculiarly dark and irrational fanaticism prevailed . . . that our sacred books were not written by some well-known author, but were the legendary product of convictions and sentiments working in the popular mind" (iv. 40). But we have done. The intentions of the writers of the "Tracts for Priests and People" are, no doubt, the best and purest; but we fear that, when the harboring of religious doubts has become man's sacred duty; when the creeds have been emptied of dogma; the doctrine of the atonement brought very near to the Socinian level; the difference as to their inspiration between Shakspeare and Isaiah found not to be expressible in words, and miracles to be no longer supernatural,—there will remain very little chance of defending the innermost citadel against assailants, though they be as weak as our writers agree with us in thinking the unhappy essayists, the most remarkable feature of whose work, say the tract writers, is, "its general intrinsic dullness and feebleness" (vii. 2).

We turn now to works of a very different character. So long as the heart of faith remains sound in any branch of the Church, the putting forth among its members of heretical views acts as some external violence does on the healthy body. It calls out its slumbering vitality to repair the wrong. In this way, so long as the general constitution

is sound and healthful, the attempts of teachers of error are overruled, to the ultimate benefit of the Church. Truths which slept unpronounced in their unconscious possession become suddenly instinct with a new life. In the event Arius was, though the most unintentional, yet the greatest teacher of the Athanasian doctrine. The history of our own Church, true in the main everywhere to the great Catholic traditions, may supply us with many instances of this salutary reaction. Nothing, we believe, has more tended to diffuse throughout our communion sound views on the sacrament of baptism, than the attacks made upon the doctrine of the Church concerning it during the whole process of the Gorham controversy. So we believe it has been already, and will be still more, in the course of the discussions to which the publication of "Essays and Reviews" has given birth. The tendency of the human mind, in the individual and in that aggregate of individuals which makes up any community, is to be comparatively careless about truths which it holds without dispute or trouble. The attempt to steal away this possession first wakes up the possessor to its value, and, turning its maintenance into an active effort, gives consciousness and reality to what was before a mere instinctive habit.

The attack upon dogma amongst ourselves has awoken numbers to a sense of the value of dogmatic truth. It is worse than idle to represent this, as Mr. Maurice does, as the community in hatred of those who had differed from each other by being each the representative of different sides of the common truth. It is the agreement of men who have inherited jointly some vast treasure, and who in times of security have differed, it may be, something in their several estimates of the value of its various parts, to defend in a moment of danger the priceless deposit against the common robber. Their bond of union is not hatred of the assailant, but love for that which he assails. It is that which is so forcibly described in the sacred words "*striving together for the faith of the Gospel.*" (Philipp. i. 27.)

There are two distinct modes which this defence may assume. It may act by a direct assault on the assailant in defence of the doctrine threatened, or it may proceed by the more positive course of maintaining

the threatened truths, and so strengthening the whole system against attack.

Each course has its separate advantages. The first is more direct in its action upon the teachers of the special error to be refuted: it exposes their fallacies, and by so doing it damages their claims to authority, and destroys their arms of offence; and it is therefore surest to attract attention and to create immediate interest. There is far more of dramatic power about it. The refutation of error—often a somewhat dull matter in the abstract—is rendered exciting by the satisfied indignation with which the sense of justice sees the individual offenders pursued, brought to trial, and condemned. But against this is to be set the negative tendency of this treatment. To condemn error is not necessarily to maintain truth; and after the satisfaction of a righteous indignation against an offender there is not seldom a reactionary slumber, as if all had been accomplished by his chastisement, although the treasure for the sake of which he was pursued has not been itself recovered. The second mode, though far less exciting, is free from this evil. It proceeds by building up against the perversion or negation of error the positive truth, and so smites the robber of our faith only incidentally. But whilst it lacks much of the strong interest of the former method, it is, in the long run, the most valuable. The work is purely positive, and its interest is enduring. The mere barricade against an enemy may at the moment of attack be the defence of all we value, but when the assault is over it is worthless. But the opening of some great military road, though rendered needful at the time of its construction by some passing exigency of warfare, is of perpetual value, by opening what remains as a permanent approach to districts closed heretofore to all necessary intercommunication.

The "Replies to Essays and Reviews," to which the Bishop of Oxford has contributed a preface, and the "Aids to Faith," of which the Bishop (Thomson) of Gloucester and Bristol is the editor, are good examples of these two methods. The "Aids to Faith," as its title signifies, proposes, upon the matters which have come recently into question, to supply detailed statements of, and arguments for, positive truth, which may so inform the reader upon the whole question

that he shall be himself a match for the set-ter-forth of old objections under new garbs, and see at once through the subtleties which would suggest difficulties, and insinuate the charge of impossibility against that which has been received from the beginning as the voice of God in the Revelation of his Truth.

The volume is, in our judgment, worthy of its occasion and its argument. It deals with the foundations of the faith upon all the great matters which have come into dispute; and though with various power and success, in almost every instance it deals with them in a mode well calculated to confirm the faith it is intended to secure. The work consists of nine essays, dealing respectively with Miracles as Evidences of Christianity; with the Study of the Evidences of Christianity; with Prophecy; with Ideology and Subscription; with the Mosaic Record of Creation; the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Pentateuch; Inspiration; the Death of Christ; and Scripture and its Interpretation.

There is less to object to or allow for than we should have thought possible in so many essays on such high subjects, contributed by such different writers. In the second essay, indeed, we think that the writer sometimes pushes too far the inferences which he draws from his leading principle, that Christianity is an historical religion. He sometimes, doubtless quite unintentionally, slides into language which would appear, in exalting the historical, to undervalue the internal evidence of our faith. This has led him, in our judgment, to condemn too sweepingly what has been called the "Evangelical" movement in our own Church. We have never been amongst those who have closed their eyes to the many evils which waited upon that really great awakening. But we do not think that the first loss of theological knowledge amongst us is fairly to be traced to that source. It began earlier. It was the fruit, in great measure, of that wretched policy which, under the influence of Bishop Hoadley and his fellows, discouraged the promotion to the high places of the Church of sound and learned theologians, and thought it wiser to fill our great chairs with safe men, who would be obedient to the party which promoted them, whilst it discouraged divines of powerful minds, high attainments, and holy lives, who might have proved, in the evil days which followed, leaders alike to the

clergy and to the laity. This policy led, as it always must lead, to an age of cold hearts, of worldly lives, and of doubting spirits; and in this dark time these evils had spread to a fearful extent amongst our clergy as well as our laity. The Evangelical movement was the awakening reaction of the great soul of the nation against this deathlike slumber. It had not long established itself amongst us, and had scarcely reached up to the high places of the land, when the preliminary throes of the great revolutionary earthquake began to make themselves felt; and it was not long before the full consequences of such a decay of faith were written broad before our eyes as in characters of fire in the convulsions of the neighboring continent; and especially of France, in which from many causes the sleep had been the deepest.

The immediate work of the leaders of the new movement was, it is true, far more to awaken souls, and to guide those which were just awakening, than to be great in theological attainments. But they were not a set of ignorant men amongst men of learning, who fought for unlettered subjective religiousness against a school of well-furnished theologians; they were men whose hearts were warmed by the great truths of the gospel in the midst of an apathetic generation. The evil of exclusiveness, it is true, fell upon their party at a later period, when the followers of the first ranks narrowed all the faith to the comparatively small range of truths (mighty as those truths were) which their fathers had won, and refused to share in the increasing breadth of view which was dawning on the awakened Church. We are bound, therefore, to admit that the indignation which some statements of this essay have aroused in those who represent the party to whose doors he seeks to lay this great reproach, is not unnatural. We cannot wonder at the aggrieved feelings with which those who know the depth and truthfulness of that hold upon the doctrine of the Atonement and the influences of the Holy Spirit, which was the sheet-anchor of the early Evangelical movement, have seen their fathers in the Christian strife here at home described as co-operating in any sense whatever with the authors of that German movement, which brought it to pass among our foreign brethren that "religion was regarded as an affair of sentiment."—(P. 60.)

Closely connected with this vein of thought is another tendency which may perhaps, as we have hinted, be traced here and there in this essay—we mean a depreciation of the full weight of authority, and of internal evidence, in the exaltation of the importance of that which is external. We quite agree with the writer, that to abandon the historical and external evidence for the truth of our faith would be alike foolish and fatal. But, in establishing this, we cannot venture to assert "that the gospel certainly never made its way by first recommending itself to the conscious wants and wishes of mankind" (p. 63). It is true, indeed, as the essayist says, that "it was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness" (p. 63); but that was because in them its accents were drowned by the storm of their prejudices: but wherever it broke upon an ear prepared to receive it, its voice awoke at once in the listener's heart a burst of unutterable joy. We think, too, that he has stated with a breadth which might lead to a misapprehension of what we doubt not is his true meaning, the proposition that "the minds of many among the humbler classes in Christian lands base their faith upon rational evidence" (p. 70). We cannot doubt that he would readily admit that the gospel has spread through its divine power of meeting "the conscious wants and wishes of mankind," and that to the mass of the people in Christian lands it must always be propounded by authority and received by the action of a faithful obedience. When St. Paul preached the Gospel at Athens, declaring to her philosophers the Unknown God, after whom, in their ignorance, they were so passionately reaching forth, he appealed to their "conscious wants" and inarticulate "wishes;" and when the Moravian brethren preached to the poor Greenlanders the doctrine of the Atonement through the Cross, and found those dull hearts melt beneath the heavenly warmth, the process in such different materials was exactly the same. Surely it is to such an inward answering to those conscious wants in the listeners' heart of hearts, which had long been craving in their dumb misery for some deliverer, and not to teaching them the evidences, that St. Paul refers when he speaks of "commending himself to every man's conscience in the fear of God." (2 Cor. iv. 2.) Nor amidst the hundred thousand cottages

of England in which the souls of the rustic inhabitants have received the truth and been so enlightened by it as to do patiently their duty here and to know the calm peacefulness of a believer's death-bed at last—can we conceive that their hopes rested upon their having “felt the force of evidence,” though they “never consciously framed a syllogism” (p. 69); but upon the fact that the Gospel of our Lord, propounded to them on the authority of the Church into which they had been baptized, did meet all “the wants and wishes of their own souls.”

Of course, the Gospel ever had a whole system of external evidences on which to fall back. There were, its history, its miracles, its fulfilled prophecies—all ready to satisfy the most intelligent inquirers. But these were not its instruments of conversion—these were not the arms with which it subdued the world. They were the great Reserve of Truth on which the Evangelist could fall back, and which distinguished the present victory which the announcement of the glad tidings had won in the souls whose conscious wants it met, from the mere passing triumph of a groundless enthusiasm.

The truth is—and it is this we think which Bishop Fitzgerald has somewhat failed to notice—that whilst the great value of external evidence is in the battle with the world and the unbeliever, internal evidences are the strength of the Gospel for the listener and the faithful. Even miracles themselves were not, properly speaking, instruments of conversion to those before whose eyes they were wrought; they did but call attention to the message which was the instrument of conversion, and the strength of that message lay in its marvellous answer to all “the conscious wants and wishes of the hearts” of fallen men.

With this qualification, then, we can heartily commend this volume as one valuable product, at the least, of this sad and wearisome strife. Bishop Thomson's own essay, especially in its closing pages, rises often to the height of his great argument; and there are some quite excellent passages both in Mr. Cook's handling of ideology and subscription, and in Mr. Rawlinson's “Proof of the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Pentateuch.”

But, besides these, there are two essays which rise amongst their fellows as the lofti-

est peaks of some mountain range where all are giants. These two essays—Professor Mansel's and Dean Ellicott's—seem to us to satisfy every reasonable requirement, and successfully to fulfil their own high design. Mr. Mansel deals with “Miracles as Evidences of Christianity,” and his treatise dispels, like the sun upon the mountain-side, the mists and confusions with which the subtleties of doubt and error have sought to invest this most important question. It is hardly possible to give a fair sample of his mode of treating the question, because the terse conciseness of his style and the close texture of his argument will not bear compression. But we must make the attempt. We will take the point where, having shown that it is impossible to believe at all in Christ if we disbelieve the truth of his miracles—for that from the mode in which he refers to them any natural explanation of them deals the death-blow to the moral character of the teacher no less than to the sensible evidence of his mission—having demolished the plausible objection that “no testimony can reach to the supernatural, because testimony can apply only to apparent sensible facts” (“Essays and Reviews,” p. 107), by showing that this applies only to the testimony of the observer and not the performer of the act; having shown how entirely the improbability of miracles may be removed by the moral circumstances which may call for them and transform them from “uncouth prodigies of the kingdom of Nature into the fitting splendors of the kingdom of Grace;” having exposed the old fallacy of treating miracles as an infraction of the laws of Nature, by showing what such a violation would really be—namely, the obtaining in two cases different resulting facts from the same antecedent causes; whereas the believer in miracles avers not this, but that there is the special intervention of a personal agent to prevent, in this particular instance, the action of these causes; he thus replies to the seemingly learned objection:—

“In an age of physical research like the present all highly cultivated minds and duly advanced intellects have imbibed, more or less, the lessons of the inductive philosophy, and have at least in some measure learned to appreciate the grand foundation conception of universal law—to recognize the impossibility even of *any two material atoms* subsisting together without a determinate

relation—of any action of the one or the other, whether of equilibrium or of motion, without reference to a physical cause—of any modification whatsoever in the existing conditions of material agents, unless through the invariable operation of a series of eternally impressed consequences, following in some necessary chain of orderly connection, however imperfectly known to us.

“This operation of ‘a series of eternally impressed consequences’ could hardly be described more graphically or forcibly than in the following words of a great German philosopher: ‘Let us imagine, for instance, this grain of sand lying some few feet further inland than it actually does. Then must the storm-wind that drove it in from the sea-shore have been stronger than it actually was. Then must the preceding state of the atmosphere, by which this wind was occasioned and its degree of strength determined, have been different from what it actually was; and the previous changes which gave rise to this particular weather; and so on. We must suppose a different temperature from that which really existed, and a different constitution of the bodies which influenced this temperature. The fertility or barrenness of countries, the duration of the life of man, depend, unquestionably, in a great degree on temperature. How can you know—since it is not given us to penetrate the arcana of nature, and it is therefore allowable to speak of possibilities—how can you know that in such a state of weather as we have been supposing, in order to carry this grain of sand a few yards further, some ancestor of yours might not have perished from hunger, or cold, or heat long before the birth of that son from whom you are descended; that thus you might never have been at all; and all that you have ever done, and all that you ever hope to do in this world, must have been hindered in order that a grain of sand might lie in a different place?’

“Without attempting to criticise the argument as thus eloquently stated, let us make one alteration in the circumstances supposed—an alteration necessary to make it relevant to the present question. Let us suppose that the grain of sand, instead of being carried to its present position by wind, has been placed there by a man. . . . The most rigid prevalence of law, and necessary sequence among purely material phenomena, may be admitted without apprehension by the firmest believer in miracles so long as that sequence is so interpreted as to leave room for a power indispensable to all moral obligation and to all religious belief—the power of Free Will in man. Deny the existence of a free will in man, and neither the possibility of miracles, nor any other ques-

tion of religion or morality, is worth contending about. Admit the existence of a free will in man, and we have the experience of a power analogous, however inferior, to that which is supposed to operate in the production of a miracle, and forming the basis of a legitimate argument from the less to the greater. In the will of man we have the solitary instance of an efficient cause in the highest sense of the term, acting among and along with the physical causes of the material world, and producing results which would not have been brought about by any invariable sequence of physical causes left to their own action. We have evidence also of an *elasticity*, so to speak, in the constitution of nature which permits the influence of human power on the phenomena of the world to be exercised or suspended at will without affecting the stability of the whole. We have thus a precedent for allowing the possibility of a similar interference of a higher will on a grander scale, provided for by a similar elasticity of the matter subjected to its influence. Such interferences, whether produced by human or by superhuman will, are not contrary to the laws of matter; but neither are they the results of those laws. They are the work of an agent who is independent of the laws, and who, therefore, neither obeys nor disobeys them. . . .

“Substitute the will of God for the will of man, and the argument, which in the above instance is limited to the narrow sphere within which man’s power can be exercised, becomes applicable to the whole extent of creation, and to all the phenomena which it embraces.

“The fundamental conception which is indispensable to a true apprehension of the nature of a miracle, is that of the distinction of mind from matter, and of the power of the former, as a personal, conscious, and free agent, to influence the phenomena of the latter. We are conscious of this power in ourselves; we experience it in our everyday life; but we experience also its restriction within certain narrow limits, the principal one being, that man’s influence upon foreign bodies is only possible through the instrumentality of his own body. Beyond these limits is the region of the miraculous. In at least the great majority of the miracles recorded in Scripture the supernatural element appears, not in the relation of matter to matter, but in that of matter to mind—in the exercise of a personal power transcending the limits of man’s will. They are not so much *supernatural* as *superhuman*. Miracles, as evidences of religion, are connected with a teacher of that religion; and their evidential character consists in the witness

which they bear to him as 'a man approved of God by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him.' He may make use of natural agents, acting by their own laws, or he may not: on this question various conjectures may be hazarded, more or less plausible. The miracle consists in his making use of them, so far as he does so, under circumstances which no human skill could bring about." *

We know not where to find a finer specimen of close reasoning and happy illustration than all this; but wellnigh every page of this essay would furnish others like it, nor could we exhaust them without transferring the whole bodily to our pages.

Dean Ellicott's contribution, whilst differing in almost every characteristic of style, treatment, and illustration from Mr. Mansel's, is marked by equal excellence. There is a completeness in his treatment of the objections of the gainsayer which could be obtained only by a fulness of admission of all that is to be urged against the truth, which at first sight is sometimes positively alarming. This element of his strength is well exhibited in the manner in which he deals with the favorite objection that Holy Scripture is not treated as other books are, that different interpretations of the same passage are equally admitted until all reality of meaning is destroyed. Here, having first proved that there "has been from the first a substantive agreement, not only in the mode of interpreting Scripture, but in many of its most important details" (p. 389), he proceeds to admit "frankly the existence of diversity of interpretation," and then asks, "How can we in the same breath assert prevailing unity and yet admit diversity? How do we account for a state of things which in Sophocles or Plato would be pronounced incredible or absurd?" At first sight we might almost suppose that we had got hold of one of Professor Jowett's insinuations of the fallaciousness of the Scriptures; but mark the fulness of the answer, and the wisdom as well as the safety of the most complete admission of everything the adversary can claim will be at once apparent. "Our answer," continues the Dean, "is of a three-fold nature. We account for this by observing: *first*, that the Bible is different from every other book in the world, and that its

interpretation may well be supposed to involve many difficulties and diversities; *secondly*, that the words of Scripture in many parts have more than one meaning and application; *thirdly*, that Scripture is inspired, and that, though written by man, it is a revelation from God, and adumbrates his eternal plenitudes and perfections."

Each of which pregnant propositions of refutation he expands into a crushing demolition of the whole system of the objectors. Nor does this fulness in admitting all that is to be said against his argument ever degenerate with Dean Ellicott into a mawkish tenderness for the enemies of truth. So far is this from being the case, that perhaps the severest treatment of their offences against honesty is to be found in his pages. The following passage well illustrates both of these peculiarities. He is enforcing his third proposition, that Scripture is divinely inspired, and proceeds (p. 403), "In the outset let it be said that we heartily concur with the majority of our opponents in rejecting all theories of inspiration, and in sweeping aside all those distinctions and definitions which in too many cases have been merely called forth by emergencies, and drawn up for no other purpose than to meet real and supposed difficulties. Hence all such terms as 'mechanical' and 'dynamical' inspiration, and all the theories which have grown round these epithets, etc., etc., . . . may be most profitably dismissed from our thoughts. . . . The Holy Volume itself shall explain to us the nature of that influence by which it is pervaded and quickened. Thus far we are perfectly in accord with our opponents. . . . Here, however, all agreement completely ceases. . . . Let us observe that nothing can really be less tenable than the assertion that there is no foundation in the Gospels or Epistles for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration" . . . which assertion—one of those well denominated in the words of Dr. Moberly "random scatterings of uneasiness,"*—is then contradicted by a whole pageful of direct quotations summed up with the telling conclusion, "We pause, not from lack of further statements, but from the feeling that quite enough has been said to lead any fair reader to pronounce the assertion of there being 'no foundation' in the

* "Aids to Faith," pp. 17, 19, 20.

* Preface to "Sermons on the Beatitudes," p. 11.

Gospels or Epistles for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration contrary to evidence, and perhaps even to admit that such assertions *where ignorance cannot be pleaded in extenuation* are not to be deemed consistent with fair and creditable argument" (p. 407). And again: "We are told that the term 'inspiration' is but of yesterday . . . and that the question was not determined by Fathers of the Church" (p. 408); . . . when again succeeds a pageful of crushing quotations calmly summed up by the declaration, "Again we pause. We could continue such quotations almost indefinitely; we could put our fingers positively on hundreds of such passages in the writings of the Fathers of the first five or six centuries; we could quote the language of early councils; we could point to the plain testimony of early controversies, each side claiming Scripture to be that from which there could be no appeal; we could even call in heretics, and prove, from their own defences of their own tenets, from their own admissions and their own assumptions, that the inspiration of Scripture was of all subjects one that was conceived thoroughly settled and agreed upon."

We hardly know where to point to a better specimen of controversial writing than this. For fairness of admission, for completeness of reply, and for a just severity in censure, it is thoroughly admirable. Nor are these the writer's only merits; there are occasions when, abandoning this sterner severity, he treats his adversaries with a quiet humor which sometimes tells more than even the most solemn logic. Thus in expounding the first of his five rules for interpreting Scripture, which he paraphrases thus: "Ascertain first what is the ordinary lexical meaning of the individual words; and next, what, according to the ordinary rules of syntax, is the first and simplest meaning of the sentence which they make up" (p. 427),—"a threadbare rule," which he tells us "it must be clear to every quiet observer that there is a strong desire" evinced in many quarters to evade and

none that is more thoroughly welcome to the excessive self-sufficiency in regard to scriptural interpretation, of which we are now having so much clear and so much melancholy evidence. To sit calmly in our studies, to give force and meaning to the faltering utterances of inspired men, to correct the tottering logic of an apostle, to clear up the misconceptions of an evangelist—and to do this without dust and toil, without expositors and without versions—without anxieties about the meanings of particles, or humiliations at discoveries of lacking scholarship—to do all this thus easily and serenely, is the temptation held out: and the weak, the vain, the ignorant, and the prejudiced are clearly proving unable to resist it."*

The five rules themselves, worked out in a detail of the greatest power and interest, with a refreshing abundance of texts rightly quoted, and subjected to a really scholar-like process of investigation, are so simple and complete that we print them as golden canons for all who would study the Scriptures aright. They are these: "1. Ascertain as clearly as it may be possible the literal and grammatical meaning of the words. 2. Illustrate wherever possible by reference to history, topography, and antiquities. 3. Develop and enunciate the meaning under the limitations assigned by the context; or, in other words, interpret contextually. 4. In every passage elicit the full significance of all details." Which four he gathers up into this one: "Interpret grammatically, historically, contextually, and minutely." From which he ascends through the two minor suggestions—"Let the writer interpret himself," and "Where possible let Scripture interpret itself;" or, in other words, "Interpret according to the analogy of Scripture,"—to his fifth rule, "Interpret according to the analogy of faith." We would gladly give instances of the application of each of these rules, but we must content ourselves with one by way of example. It seems to us to rise to the best of those observations of undesigned coincidences which have given such an undying value to the "*Horæ Paulinæ*" of Archdeacon Paley. He is showing the way in which the sense of the Gospels is brought out by a faithful use of his fourth rule of "eliciting the full significance of all details" (p. 436):—

"Of what importance, historically considered, is the simple addition of the word

"Aids to Faith," p. 428.

"Rectify, by the aid of our own 'verifying faculty,' the imperfect utterance of the words of which it is assumed we have caught the real and intended meaning! No mode of interpretation is more completely fascinating than this intuitional method,

ἱερουσαλήμ in Luke v. 17, as showing the quarter whence the spies came, and marking, throughout this portion of the narrative, that most of the charges and machinations came, not from natives of Galilee, but from emissaries from a hostile centre! What a picture does the *ἦν προάγων αὐτοῖς* of Mark x. 32, present to us of the Lord's bearing and attitude in this last journey, and how fully it explains the *ἐθαμβοῦντο* which follows! How expressive is the single word *καθήμεναι* (Matt. xxvii. 61) in the narrative of the Lord's burial, as depicting the stupefying grief that left others to do what the sitters-by might in part have shared in! How full of wondrous significance is the notice of the state of the abandoned grave-clothes in the rock-hewn sepulchre (John xx. 7)! What mystery is there in the recorded position and attitude of the heavenly watchers (ver. 12)! What a real force there is in the simple numeral in the record of the *two* mites which the widow cast into the treasury! She might have given one (in spite of what Schoettgen says to the contrary); she gave her all. How the frightful *ἔα* of the demoniac (Luke iv. 34) tells almost pictorially of the horror and recoil which was felt by the spirits of darkness when they came in proximity to our Saviour (compare Matt. viii. 29; Mark i. 23, v. 7; Luke viii. 28); and what light and interest it throws upon the *καὶ ἰδὼν κ. τ. λ.* of Mark ix. 20, in the case of the demoniac boy! Again, of what real importance is the simple *πορευθεὶς* both in 1 Peter, iii. 19 and 22! How it hints at a literal and local descent in one case, and how it enables us to cite an apostle as attesting the literal and local ascent in the other! When we combine the latter with the *ἀνεβήκετο* of Luke xxiv. 51 (a passage undoubtedly genuine), and pause to mark the tense, can we share in any of the modern difficulties that have been felt about the actual, and so to say material, nature of the heavenly mystery of the Lord's Ascension? * *

We must indulge in one more quotation, in order to show a wholly different vein of thought. How well does the deep philosophic tone of the following remarks kindle at its close into eloquent grandeur!—

“In the case of unfulfilled prophecy, especially, the temptation to indulge in unauthorized speculation is often excessive. Uneducated and undisciplined minds are completely carried away by it, and even the more devout and self-restrained frequently give themselves up to sad extravagances in this form of the application of God's Word. The result is, only too often, that better ed-

ucated and more logical minds, in recoiling from what they justly deem unlicensed and preposterous, pass over too much into the other extreme, and deem prophecy in every form as a subject far too doubtful and debatable ever to fall within the province of Scripture application. It is, we fear, by no means too much to say, that a great part of the present melancholy scepticism as to Messianic prophecy is due to the almost indignant reaction which has been brought about by the excesses of apocalyptic interpretation. The utmost caution, then, is justly called for: nay, it perhaps would be well if unfulfilled prophecy were never to be applied to any other purposes than those of general encouragement and consolation. We may often be thus made to feel that we are in the midst of a providential dispensation—that though our eyes may be holden as to the relations of contemporaneous events to the future, whether of the Church or of the world, we may yet deservy certain bold and broad outlines, certain tendencies and developments, which make us wend our way onward, thoughtfully and circumspectly—wayfarers, who gaze with ever-deepening interest on the contour of the distant hills, even though we cannot clearly distinguish the clustered details of the nearer and separating plain.” *

We turn to the next volume on our catalogue, constructed in the main on the same principle of different writers of high reputation undertaking to furnish replies to difficulties raised by the essayists. For though this volume takes more distinctly the form of replies to the essays, yet, as it is explained by the Bishop of Oxford in his preface, its purpose is “not so much to reply directly to error as to establish truth, and so to remove the foundations on which error rests” (Pref. p. iii). This preface is brief and purely introductory, but it contains a sketch of the whole controversy; and there is one suggestion in it of such gravity that we must place it in the writer's own words before our readers. After having given his reasons for considering it a short-sighted explanation which saw in this movement nothing more than a reaction from some extreme views which have disfigured the great re-awakening of the Church of England, he adds (Pref. v.), “The movement of the human mind has been far too wide spread, and connects itself with far too general conditions, to be capable of so narrow a solution. Much more

* “Aids to Faith,” pp. 436–437.

* Ibid., pp. 448–449.

true is the explanation which sees in it the first stealing over the sky of the lurid lights which shall be shed profusely around the great Antichrist. For these difficulties gather their strength from a spirit of lawless rejection of all authority, from a class of claims for the unassisted human intellect to be able to discover, measure, and explain all things." If this view be true, and we believe that it is, it invests this whole controversy with an almost fearful importance. It is not the paltry and often answered objections of the essayists with which we have to deal: they are but the preliminary drops which tell of the coming storm. Rather have we to call upon men to prepare for that last and mighty tempest which shall precede the blessed restoration; for "the hail and fire mingled with the hail very grievous;" that they who "fear the word of the Lord may make their servants and their cattle flee into the houses."

There is throughout this volume a close and distinct dealing with the essayists themselves, which the more general purpose of the last made impossible. And here accordingly, as in every other case where these writers have been met by men at once thoroughly honest and learned, there is the complaint which at the first we raised of too constant recurrence of that which it is impossible to account for, except on the supposition either of extraordinary shallowness or of moral defects, which it is far more painful to predicate of any man than mere intellectual feebleness or even than discreditable ignorance. Thus, by way of example, Mr. Rose ("Replies," etc. p. 66) charges Dr. R. Williams with "discussing the truth and the interpretation of Scripture in a manner which must leave an impression on the minds of those who have not leisure or opportunity to study deeply such questions, that their faith is founded on ignorance or misapprehension; and thus a general spirit of scepticism is likely to be promoted." Mr. Rose proceeds further to distinctly charge the writer with endeavoring to create this impression by having recourse to (ibid.) "a series of misrepresentations of the most unfair and one-sided character." With the chief of these he goes on to deal, showing that what Dr. Williams asserts "concerning the state of opinion as to the Scriptures amongst the learned men of Germany, is utterly at vari-

ance with fact" (p. 67). Next, that his statements concerning "the interpretation of prophecy in our country" and many particular passages of Scripture "are great misrepresentations." In how complete a manner he establishes his charges we may most conveniently show our readers by quoting one single passage which occurs under the second of these heads:—

"'Bishop Chandler is said to have thought.' Surely this phrase is strange in regard to a book so well known as Chandler's 'Answers to Collins!' Why should not Dr. Williams have taken the trouble to ascertain what Bishop Chandler does say, before he made so loose a statement?"

"We shall simply place Bishop Chandler's own words in apposition with Dr. Williams's own report of them:—

"'DR. WILLIAMS.

"'Bishop Chandler is said to have thought twelve passages in the Old Testament directly Messianic.'

"'BISHOP CHANDLER.

"'But not to rest in generals, let the disquisition of particular texts determine the truth of this author's assertion. To name them all would carry me into too great length. I shall therefore select some of the principal prophecies, which being proved to regard the Messias immediately and solely, in the obvious and literal sense according to scholastic rules, may serve as a specimen of what the Scriptures have predicted of a Messias that was to come.'

"It seems very clear that Dr. Williams knows even less of Bishop Chandler than he appears to know of Bishop Butler. But before we pass on to Bishop Butler, let me ask those who read this essay what faith they can put in any statements it contains after reading these words? The allusion to Paley is even worse. Paley was not writing a book on prophecy, but in treating of the evidences of Christianity he contents himself with quoting only one prophecy, and assigns his reason for limiting his quotation to that one, viz., 'as well because I think it the clearest and strongest of all, as because most of the rest, in order that their value might be represented with any tolerable degree of fidelity, require a discussion unsuitable to the limits and nature of this work.' He then refers with approbation to Bishop Chandler's dissertations, and asks the infidel to try the experiment whether he could find any other eminent person to the history of whose life so many circumstances can be made to apply. It is not that he 'ventures to quote' only this, as if he were afraid to meet the question, but he

actually refers to the book where these questions, which lie out of his own path, are specially treated. And now, what becomes of the list of prophecies, 'fine by degrees and beautifully less' as years roll on, which Dr. Williams would persuade his readers have been given up till a grave divine 'ventured to quote' only one? The subject is really too sacred, too solemn, to be treated in a manner like this. On any subject such misrepresentation would be very discreditable, but in treating of the evidence for the truth of Holy Scripture it becomes positively criminal.

"But if Paley and Bishop Chandler are thus misrepresented, what shall we say to the insinuation about Bishop Butler? Instead of Bishop Butler having turned aside from a future prospect of probable interpretations, he distinctly grapples with those that have been made on this principle, and denies that they have any weight. So that in the representation of Bishop Chandler, Dr. Paley, and Bishop Butler, the author of this essay may be said to have misrepresented every one of them, and to have interwoven his misrepresentations together into a statement which it would be difficult to parallel for its contempt of truth."

We know not when any reputable divine of the Church of England has received, still less has justified, such charges of direct falsification of facts as are fixed here upon the essayists in straightforward words.

Not different in fact, though more gently framed, is Mr. Haddan's complaint against the Rector of Lincoln, that he has been "tempted" by "the Dalilah of a neat historical formula to sacrifice Laud and his school to an antithesis" ("Replies," i. 390); a delicate suggestion of historical inaccuracy, which is expanded into five pages of crushing proof that "the Caroline divines were so far from assuming either of the suppositions" imputed to them by the rector "that *they unhesitatingly deny both.*"

But of all the replies no answer falls so heavily as to the charge of want of accuracy in stating facts as the blow of Dr. C. Wordsworth (that of a very hæreticorum malleus) on Professor Jowett. Having shown ("Replies," p. 427, etc.) the entire want of foundation for the extraordinary assertions with regard to "our own scriptural literature," which the professor has "hazarded," and proved "that his statements concerning the condition of biblical interpretation in Germany are not more accurate;" after having

dwelt on the strange ignorance or misrepresentation (first noted, we believe, in our own pages) * with which, in his eager desire to prove the prophecy has failed, he pretends to quote as a falsified prediction of Amos the "message of Amaziah, the priest of Bethel, in which he falsely attributes to Amos words he had not spoken" ("Replies," p. 435); and having shown that in all his labored catalogue of Scripture errors the professor has shown an inaccuracy near akin to this, Dr. Wordsworth proceeds to examine Mr. Jowett's general statements touching the great question of inspiration; and amongst other similar misstatements he fixes the following upon him:—

"The Reformers also are cited by the essayist as favoring his own opinions. 'The word (inspiration),' he says, 'is but of yesterday, not found in the earlier confessions of the reformed faith.'

"The writer lays a heavy tax on the credulity of his readers—'The word inspiration is but of yesterday!' Have we not the word '*inspiration*' in our own authorized version of the Bible, and has it not stood there for two hundred and fifty years? Is not the word *inspiration* to be found in that place in the Genevan version of 1557, and in Cranmer's version of 1539, and in Tyndale's version of 1534? Is it not as old as St. Cyprian, who wrote in the third century? Does he not say that the apostles teach us what they learnt from the precepts of the Lord, being full of the grace of the *inspiration* of their Lord? Does not Origen say that 'the Holy Ghost *inspired* every one of the holy prophets and apostles in the Old and New Testaments'? Nay, is not the word used by St. Justin Martyr in the second century, who says that the prophets taught us by *Divine inspiration*? Does not St. Irenæus, the scholar of Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, say that the prophets received Divine inspiration, and does not all Christian antiquity testify that the Scriptures are *θεόπνευστοι*, given by *inspiration* of God? And if the ancient Fathers witnessed to the *thing*, why should we dispute about the *word*?

"With regard also to the *Reformers*, it is equally certain that they asserted the inspiration of Scripture in the strongest terms in their public confessions of faith. Let the essayist be requested to look again at the 'earlier confessions of the reformed faith.'

"The Bohemian Confession of 1535 thus begins: 'First of all, we all receive with unanimous consent the Holy Scriptures which are contained in the Bible, and were

* "*Quarterly Review*," vol. cix., p. 298.

received by our fathers, and accounted canonical, as immovably true and most certain, and to be preferred in all things to *all other books*, as sacred books ought to be preferred to profane, and divine books to human; and to be believed with sincerity and simplicity of mind; and that they were delivered and inspired by God himself, as Peter and Paul and others do affirm."

Having shown that with this agreed the Helvetic Confession of 1536, the Gallican of 1561, the Scottish and the Belgic, and having quoted the doctrine of the old Lutheran divines, at least from the end of the sixteenth century, in these words: "*Inspiration* is the act by which God communicated supernaturally to the mind of the writers of Scripture not only the ideas of the things which they were to write, but also the conceptions of the words by which they were to be expressed. The true author of the Holy Scripture is God,"—he sums up his argument in these words:—

"Can any language be more explicit? And yet the essayist suggests that the Reformers laid little stress on the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible. What else is the meaning of his language, 'The word' inspiration 'is but of yesterday, not found in the earlier confessions of the reformed faith'—taken in connection with his assertion that Scripture is to be interpreted like 'any other book;' and that 'the question of inspiration is one with which the interpreter of Scripture has nothing to do'? Is he ready to adopt the language of those confessions to which he appeals? If he is not, why did he refer to them? If he is, must he not retract almost all that he has said in this essay on the subject of inspiration?"

Surely as a matter of mere literary discredit this can scarcely be exceeded; and yet there is one element of literary shame behind, which we must say that Dr. Wordsworth fixes on Professor Jowett; for he shows, so far as it is possible to establish such an unacknowledged appropriation of other men's writings, that in all this the professor does not deserve even the poor praise of originating error, but is content, if he can but sow the seeds of sceptical doubtfulness, to stoop to be a plagiarist also. Dr. Wordsworth first points out what we ourselves noted at the outset of this controversy, that it is not the power, or the originality, or the clearness of these writers which has given importance to their

volume, for that it signally lacks every one of these qualities, but that it has owed its notoriety to the one fact that the authors of its sceptical lucubrations were not avowed unbelievers, but (all save one) clergymen of the Church of England. "When," he says, "six persons dressed in academic hoods, cassocks, and surplices come forth and preach scepticism, they do more mischief than six hundred sceptics clad in their own clothes. They wear the uniform of the Church, and are mingled in her ranks, and fight against her, and therefore they may well say,—

"*Vadimus immixti Danais, haud numine nostro,
Multaque per cæcam congressi prælia noctem
Conserimus, multos Danaûm demittimus
Oreo.*"

("Replies," p. 430); and then he offers one "general remark" on these allegations:—

"They are not original. The allegation just quoted may serve as a specimen. It is only a *repetition* of an objection which appeared ten years ago in a sceptical book (which, because it was not written by a clergyman fell still-born from the press) called 'The Creed of Christendom.' . . . Let us place the passages from the two volumes side by side:—

"*'CREED OF CHRISTENDOM,'* p. 55.

"It is now clearly ascertained and generally admitted amongst critics that several of the most remarkable prophecies were never fulfilled at all, or only very partially and loosely fulfilled. Among these may be specified the denunciation of *Jeremiah* (xxii. 18, 19; xxxvi. 30) against Jehoiakim, as may be seen by comparing 2 Kings xxiv. 6; and the denunciation of *Amos* against Jeroboam (vii. 11), as may be seen by comparing 2 Kings xiv. 23-29."

"*'ESSAYS AND REVIEWS,'* pp. 342, 343.

"*'The failure of a prophecy is never admitted, in spite of Scripture and history (Jer. xxxvi. 30; Isaiah xxiii.; Amos vii. 10, 17).'*

I will not affirm that the essayist copied from the sceptic, but the coincidence is certainly remarkable."

"How," asks Dr. Wordsworth, "are we to account for such blunders?"

"Our answer is, We have seen that the sceptical writer to whom we have referred quotes precisely the same prophecy of Amos, and asserts that it failed. It seems most

probable that our essayist borrowed his examples of supposed failure from that or some other similar work, but did *not stop to examine them.*"

This is severe, but, we are forced to add, it is most just criticism. It is for the sake of the highest truth, and not for what, if it were not thus made necessary, would be mere cruelty, that the great literary professions of our new sceptics are thus rudely plucked from them; and, inspired by this love of truth, Dr. Wordsworth is, indeed, without pity, both in the exposures we have already quoted, and when he resolves the dolorous dirge of the first six pages of the professor's essay into "the effeminate effusions of a maudlin sentimentalism" ("Replies," p. 411), and drily hints at the depth of his German erudition in the words "*Lachman*, as the essayist calls him, p. 352, and again *Meier*, as our author writes his name, p. 339" (p. 414).

But Dr. Wordsworth is not content with the annihilation of his opponent. Though he refers to another of his publications * for "establishing the truth," his present essay is full of valuable suggestions on this most important point; and for these and for his proofs that the calm sagacity of Lord Bacon and the impartial majesty of Bishop Butler's philosophy had preceded him in some of them, we gladly refer our readers to his pages. There is another essay in this volume, on which we heartily wish that our limits would allow us to dwell as its carefulness, its breadth, and its power deserve. It is that in which, not as a counter-essay to Mr. Wilson's, but rather as a thorough discussion of the great subject, Dr. Irons examines the whole question of a National Church. But for this we must refer our readers to the volume itself, assuring them that they will find that essay well worthy of the most careful study.

Here we are compelled, by lack of room for dwelling further on it, to quit what we may term the literature of this controversy, or there are other works which we would gladly examine, particularly Lord Lindsay's new volume, in which he traces the retrogressive character of Scepticism, and contrasts it with the stable and progressive character of the Church of England, with

all his usual depth of thought; the Rev. A. T. Russell's "Letter to the Bishop of Oxford," a vigorous and original volume; Mr. Burgon's essay "On Inspiration;" and "Seven Answers to the Seven Essayists," by the Rev. T. N. Griffin, to which an Introduction has been contributed by an ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Right Honorable Joseph Napier. A very few words of his, indeed, we must quote, because they add to Dr. Wordsworth's heavy charges against the essayists, the solemn confirmation of one not himself a divine, but whose naturally great faculties have been trained throughout the professional career which seated him on one of the highest eminences of the law to the calm and dispassionate weighing of evidence. Thus he speaks:—

"It is well worthy of observation that, throughout the volume of 'Essays and Reviews,' there is not a new objection to be found; its scepticism is second-hand, if not stale. . . . To reproduce in an English dress the exhausted sophistry of Continental sceptics, and bring out in a modern style the old exploded fallacies of our own native Deists, to ignore the detection of the sophistry, and to disparage the authority of those who have answered and exposed the fallacies—these are perverted efforts, of which we may say 'an enemy hath done this.'"

This charge of repeating as original, and without a hint of their staleness, the already refuted objections of others which we at first brought against these writers, is strikingly confirmed by every subsequent examination we have made as to the sources of their inspirations. Dr. Goulburn has already suggested that Dr. Temple's slight and somewhat wearisome introductory essay cannot claim the merit of originality. He has pointed out more than one passage in the writings of Lessing with a most suspicious and fatherly resemblance to the colossal man of the Head Master of Rugby. We need not tell those of our readers who are acquainted with German literature that Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, who was born in 1729, was one of those early Deists who, by the doubts they sowed, prepared Germany for all the long sufferings which she has since endured.

Michelet ("Hist. de France," ii. 380. ed. Paris, 1852) says, as to the doctrine of certain people in the thirteenth century, that

* "Lectures on the Inspiration and on the Interpretation of the Bible, delivered at Westminster Abbey." Rivingtons, 1861.

the reign of God the Son was at an end, and the reign of the Holy Ghost was at hand—"C'est sous quelque rapport l'idée de Lessing sur l'éducation du genre humain." Lessing himself alludes to those thirteenth-century people. In his pages we find the following:—

"That which education is to the individual, revelation is to the race. Education is revelation coming to the individual man; and revelation is education which has come and is yet coming to the human race. . . . Education gives to man nothing which he might not educe out of himself; it gives him that which he might educe out of himself, only quicker and more easily. In the same way, too, revelation gives nothing to the human species which the human reason, if left to itself, might not attain; it only has given, and still gives to it the most important of these things earlier"* [than man could of himself reach them].†

We leave our readers to conclude for themselves how far this disposes of Dr. Temple's claim to originality, and what is the true sequence of the theory which pervades his essay.

But whilst we admit that Dr. Goulburn seems to have traced some of Dr. Temple's essay to the pages of Lessing, we are inclined ourselves to believe that as a whole it was copied more immediately from the writings of Hegel. The whole idea of the essay seems to us to be borrowed from his "Philosophy of History;" whilst in many particular passages the identity of expression is so great that Dr. Temple may almost be thought to have translated into English, with due regard for our lack of metaphysical genius, the enlarged speculations of the German philosopher. We will ask our readers to cast their eyes from one to the other of the passages which we print side by side, and decide for themselves if the similarity between them can by any laws of probability be held to be purely accidental. We quote from

* "Replies," pp. 45, 46, 47.

† "Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts," occupying pp. 308-329 in vol. x of Lessing's Works, Lachmann's ed., Berlin, 1839. This work was published by Lessing as "edited" by him, and it has been questioned whether he was the author: it is now, however, generally admitted that the work is Lessing's own. The question is discussed in Gervinus, "History of German Literature;" and some remarks on it will be found in the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques," edited by Frank, under the article "Lessing."

Mr. Sibree's translation of Hegel's work (1861), first published by Mr. Bohn in 1857:—

"THE EDUCATION OF THE WORLD.

"In a world of mere phenomena . . . it is possible to imagine the course of a long period bringing all things at the end of it into exactly the same relations as they occupied at the beginning. We should then obviously have a succession of cycles rigidly similar to one another, both in events and in the sequence of them. The universe would eternally repeat the same changes in a fixed order of recurrence. . . . Such a supposition is possible to the logical understanding; it is not possible to the Spirit."—Pp. 1, 2.

"To the Spirit all things that exist must have a purpose; and nothing can pass away till that purpose be fulfilled. The lapse of time is no exception to this demand. Each moment of time, as it passes, is taken up in the shape of permanent results into the time that follows, and only perishes by being converted into something more substantial than itself."—P. 2.

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

"The changes that take place in Nature—how infinitely manifold soever they may be—exhibit only a perpetually self-repeating cycle. . . . Only in those changes which take place in the region of Spirit does anything new arise."—P. 56.

"We are thus concerned exclusively with the idea of Spirit. . . . Nothing in the past is lost for it; for the idea is ever present; Spirit is immortal; with it there is no past, no future, but an essential *now*. This necessarily implies that the present form of Spirit comprehends within it all earlier steps. . . . The life of the ever-present Spirit is a circle of progressive embodiments. . . . The grades which Spirit seems to have left behind it, it still possesses in the depths of its present."—P. 82.

"Change, while it imports dissolution, involves at the same time the rise of a new life. . . . Spirit, consuming the envelope of its existence, comes forth exalted, glorified, a purer spirit. . . . Each successive phase becomes in its turn a material, working on which it exalts itself to a new grade."—P. 76.

We must exhibit to our readers one other of these parallels, which seem to us to prove a remarkable though unacknowledged borrowing from the German speculator:—

"We may then, rightly speak of a childhood, a youth, and a manhood of the world (p. 4). In childhood we are subject to positive rules which . . . we are bound implice-

itly to obey. In youth we are subject to the influence of example, and soon break loose from all rules unless. . . . In manhood we are comparatively free from external restraints, etc. (p. 5). Precisely analogous to all this is the history of the education of the early world (p. 6). When the seed of the Gospel was first sown, the field which had been prepared to receive it may be divided into four chief divisions: Rome, Greece, Asia, and Judea. Each of these contributed something, etc. (p. 15). Rome contributed her admirable spirit of order and organization (*ibid.*). To Greece was entrusted the cultivation of the reason and the taste. . . . Her highest idea was not holiness, as with the Hebrews, nor law, as with the Romans; but beauty, etc. (p. 47). The discipline of Asia was the never-ending succession of conquering dynasties. . . . Cycles of changes were successively passing over her, and yet at the end of every cycle she stood where she had stood before."—P. 18.

"This is the childhood of history . . . etc. Continuing the comparison with the ages of the individual man, this would be the boyhood of history; no longer manifesting the repose and trustfulness of the child, but boisterous and turbulent. The Greek world may, then, be compared with the period of adolescence. . . . Here is the kingdom of beautiful freedom. . . . The third phase . . . is the Roman state, the severe labors of the manhood of history.

"The first phase . . . is the East . . . It is the childhood of history. . . . We find the wild hordes breaking out . . . falling upon the countries . . . but in all cases resultlessly . . . etc. On the one side we see duration, stability . . . the states . . . without undergoing any change . . . are constantly changing their position toward each other."—Pp. 111–113.

There is one other passage in another work of Hegel's, between which and Dr. Temple's Essay the similarity is equally striking. According to Dr. Temple there were four great instructors of mankind in the early stage of education, viz.—Judæa, which taught Monotheism and chastity; Greece, science and art; Rome, order and organization; Asia, which contributed the mysterious element in religion, disciplining the spiritual imagination. And so, according to Hegel, "The Jewish religion is that of sublimity; the religion of Greece is that of beauty; the religion of Rome that of organization or purpose (as we may perhaps translate the German *Zweckmässigkeit*); whilst Asia is the seat of Pantheism in its

various forms (in China, in India, in Thibet); the general principle of which he regards as being an elevation of the spirit from the finite and contingent conceived as a mere negation, to the consciousness of absolute power as the one universal existence."*

We can hardly conceive it possible that these strict resemblances are the result of mere chance. We cannot but believe that "The Philosophy of History," in conjunction perhaps with the same author's lectures on the "Philosophy of Religion," was, in truth, the parent of "The Education of the World." Nor, if we are right in this, is it worth notice only because it is another instance of the "staleness" of these essays, and a new proof of the degree to which they are obnoxious, as literary productions, to the grave charge of abounding in plagiarisms. There is yet another deduction to be drawn from this, over and above the literary reproach which attaches to it. It is highly indicative of the real spirit of the essay. For it is the characteristic of the whole Hegelian theory, that whilst its propounder continually wrote as being himself a believer in the truth of the Christian Revelation, yet the inevitable conclusion of his system, as it developed itself in its completeness, was to oscillate between two results, equally inconsistent with all Revelation; either, that is, to resolve with the Pantheist all created life into a mere phenomenal mode of a higher and more absolute existence, and so to destroy, in fact, personality in God, and personality and responsibility in man; or to cut the knot of difficulty by denying altogether with the Atheist the existence of God. We doubt not that Dr. Temple would recoil as honestly as we should from either of these alternatives; but we believe that, with the seeds of Hegelian teaching, the tendency to one or other of these monstrous conclusions does really pervade what has sometimes been considered as his comparatively harmless contribution to this volume.

Besides the new volumes which we have passed under review, we must also note with pleasure that the controversy has occasioned the reprinting of the late Dr. Mill's "Observations on Pantheistic Principles," a work worthy of the great name of its writer, and which by anticipation supplied wellnigh all the materials necessary for exposing the recent attempts of our new sceptics to shake the ancient faith of Christendom.

* Hegel's works, vol. xi., p. 308. Ed. 1840.

From The London Review, 18 Oct.
THE RECOGNITION OF THE SOUTH.

THERE seems a general disposition to assume that the rhetoric of Mr. Gladstone is the serious exposition of a substantial change of policy on the part of the English Cabinet with respect to American affairs. If that really were so, we could conceive nothing more to be deplored than the change itself, except it were the manner selected for its announcement. Of all the events of modern times, by far the most momentous is the drama now playing out of the dissolution of the American Union. The proper attitude of England with regard to this great end seemed so obvious and so unquestionable that no considerable politician of any party has seriously ventured to recommend any other course than that of strict and impartial neutrality. Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, have hitherto unanimously concurred in approving that true policy which the English Government has, up to this time, consistently and successfully pursued. There have not been wanting persons like Mr. Gregory in the House of Commons and Mr. Spence out of it, who have endeavored to force the nation into the position of partisans of Secession and the South. But these persons have been neither numerous nor influential, and the common sense of the country has ratified the exclamation of Lord Russell in the earliest stage of the business: "For God's sake, let this country keep out of the quarrel." Now, there may or may not have been good and sufficient reasons arising out of recent events to justify a departure from this wise and dignified resolve. But this at least we will venture to say, that the consequences of any departure from the policy of neutrality must be so capital that the decision is one which should neither have been lightly made nor incautiously announced. The recognition of the Southern Confederacy is not a matter to be disposed of in an after-dinner conversation. Such a step, if it is to be taken at all, is one which profoundly involves the responsibility of the Administration as it most capitally concerns the interests of the nation.

The public announcement of a Cabinet Council for next week significantly reminds us that no collective meeting of ministers has taken place since the rising of Parliament; yet it is quite impossible that anything short

of the authority of a Cabinet could have sanctioned so serious a decision as that which Mr. Gladstone is supposed to have announced at Newcastle. We were not therefore surprised to see in a semi-official evening journal a paragraph explicitly disclaiming, on the part of the Government, all responsibility for the sentiments of Mr. Gladstone. For our part we have very little doubt that this disclaimer is well founded, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be taken to have expressed nothing more than his own individual opinion. As to the policy or propriety of a man in Mr. Gladstone's position compromising himself, his colleagues, and the country by the indiscreet expression of crude and unauthorized sentiments, we have already sufficiently spoken. It happily, however, makes a considerable difference whether we have to discuss the question as the isolated view of an individual politician or as the pregnant conclusion of the Executive Government. It is not improbable that the approaching Cabinet may have been summoned for the express purpose of deliberating upon the very question which some people have assumed from Mr. Gladstone's speech to have been already settled. If this be so it may be worth while, before so vital a matter is finally resolved upon, seriously to consider what reasons can be alleged why England should be induced to depart from the course of policy which has been hitherto pursued by unanimous accord. No wise man will take a decided step of this character—especially when he is perfectly free to stand neutral—without asking himself "What next?" Assume the independence of the South to be recognized, what would be the advantage either to the South or to England? In a certain sense perhaps it would be a sort of moral triumph to the Confederacy, inasmuch as it would be a public mortification to the Union party. But how it could operate in any manner to the advantage of England it is very difficult to conjecture. It is not very easy to bring the advocates of the recognition of the South to look into their ulterior wishes or policy. Do they look upon the dissolution of the Union as an object of hope or fear to England? Covertly, we believe, if not avowedly, the great majority of Southern sympathizers in this country, at the bottom of their hearts, desire American disrup-

tion of the United States because they think that the weakness of America is the strength of England. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, disclaims this view. Indeed, it would be strange if the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who may be regarded as the official head of English commerce, should view with special complacency the ruin of our best customer. The statesmen of the last century, it is true, did not hesitate to preach and practise the doctrine that to foster the disasters of your neighbor was the height of political wisdom. It was on this principle that the ministers of Louis XV. were in such a hurry to recognize the rebellious colonies of North America. And we are by no means sure that English public opinion has yet cleared itself from the delusion engendered by this moral and political fallacy. But assume that the disruption of the Union were as highly desirable for this country as some people are inclined to believe, why is it necessary or advisable that we should interfere or contribute to its consummation? According to Mr. Gladstone and those who think with him, that end is already finally and irrevocably accomplished. The Union, according to them, is finally dissevered. If this is what we want, why not leave alone a work which is ready done to our hands? Why officiously meddle in a catastrophe of which we may reap the advantage—if it be an advantage—without the invidiousness of having in any way contributed to it? The reasoning of those who are in favor of recognizing the South is essentially vicious in its construction. The very reasons which they allege in favor of making the recognition show it to be superfluous and unnecessary. But such a step, if it be unnecessary, is certainly by no means innocuous. The simple recognition of the independence of the South would be a mere act of defiance and irritation to the Government of Washington, without producing any one beneficial result. In their present embarrassed and crippled condition, we do not, it is true, contemplate that the North would make war upon us. But it would certainly breed a feeling towards this country of the most bitter and not altogether unmerited hostility, which might display itself in a thousand ways which it is impossible precisely to anticipate. We should, at all events, have flung down to them a menace, from the

consequences of which we must always be in a state of preparation to defend ourselves. And what possible good should we gain in exchange by such an act of gratuitous offence? To recognize the independence of the South, without taking any ulterior step, is to do nothing at all, except, indeed, to exasperate the North. Either the South is independent already, or it is not. If it is so already, our recognition of its independence will not alter the case. If it is not independent, our saying it is will leave it just where it was. A mere formal recognition is either superfluous or insufficient. If the fact is accomplished, it is unnecessary; if something still remains to be done, we must help to accomplish the state of things we have thought fit to recognize. But if the real cause of this impatience to depart from an attitude of neutrality is a desire to emancipate our trade from the inconvenience it suffers by the civil war in America, it is plain that mere recognition of the South will be wholly inoperative for that purpose. If what we want is cotton, then the remedy is not the recognition of the South, which would do nothing, but a breach of the blockade, which would open the ports. Yet this, which is the only efficient measure for the purpose, is one which neither Mr. Gladstone nor the other English advocates of the South have yet ventured to propound.

But then, apart from recognition, there is another project which has found favor in some quarters, viz., the offer on the part of the European powers of a mediation between the belligerents. To us, we confess, this scheme, though less directly offensive to the North, practically implies pretty much the same thing, and is not likely to be more acceptable or successful. Indeed, in some ways, of all plans this is probably the worst. If the offer of mediation were rejected, as it would most probably be, the mere circumstance of its offer would have proved a useless and impertinent interference. To enforce a mediation by arms is a thing so monstrous that we believe no one has yet been found absurd enough to propound such an idea. But assume, even, the improbable contingency that the offer of mediation were accepted, the impracticable nature of the intervention would then become conspicuous. The mediators would then become the moral promoters of the project they recom-

mended to the acceptance of the rival parties. Is the English Government, then, to undertake the task of settling the principles and limits of secession, and to regulate the new code of slavery? Does not the very statement of the proposition demonstrate how impossible it is that an English Government should be able to take any part in the discussion? What proposals are there which we could either propound or support, that could have a chance of acceptance by the South, and which would not at the same time profoundly shock the moral sense of the English people? Are we to propose to the North, and to sustain by the weight of our influence, some scheme by which such and such States are to be consigned to the assured dominion of slavery? Are we to give the seal of European sanction to a new constitution whose leading object is to establish forever the permanence of the "peculiar institution"? Is an English Government to take a leading part in a negotiation the fundamental basis of which must necessarily be the recognition of slavery, and whose leading articles must be the regulation of its limits, and the securities for its preservation?

No doubt the desire of every wise and every humane man must be that this terrible strife should be brought at the earliest moment to a close. But it is one of those cases wherein "the patient must minister unto himself." We cannot enforce peace by arms. The conditions on which alone peace is possible, involving, as they must, a formal acknowledgment of the system of slavery, are such as we cannot sanction. Happily it is not necessary that we should take any part in a question in which we cannot appear to sustain the policy of either side. If ever there was a political question in which the course of the English Government lay clear and straight before it, it is this. We cannot believe that a body of practical men and experienced statesmen, such as compose the English Cabinet, can be guilty of so serious an error as wantonly to interfere in a matter where the evils of intervention are obvious and certain, and where it is open to them to persevere in the safe and judicious policy of neutrality, which they have hitherto pursued with universal approbation and to the general advantage.

ILLUMINATING POWER OF PETROLEUM.—It has been very rightly remarked, that the difference of price per gallon is not always difference of cheapness between two burning fluids for illuminating purposes. A mixture of alcohol and turpentine may be bought for half a crown, and yet it is more expensive when the quantity of light given is taken into account, than sperm oil costing three shillings and seven pence. The low price of refined petroleum having of late caused its extensive use, the experiments of Professor Booth and Mr. Garrett of Philadelphia as to its illuminating powers are very interesting. They were mainly made to test the relative illuminating power of mineral oil in respect to that of common coal-gas. Four kinds of oil were tried, but there was very little difference between them. It was found that 2·599 gallons of mineral oil gave a light equal to 1,000 cubic feet of gas, while it required no less than 11·699 gallons of burning fluid (alcohol and turpentine) to produce an equal amount of light. Various experiments were also made to determine what form of flame gave the most intense light with the least quantity of oil, and it was found that a clean straight-cut wick gave the best results. With a clean straight-cut wick, 2·576 gallons of oil gave a light equal to 1,000 cubic feet of gas,

while with an arched flame 2·846 were required. Losses of from 4 to 20 per cent. were observed with different trimmed wicks. Other experiments showed that to produce a light equal to 1,000 cubic feet of gas took 35·53 lbs. of paraffin, 41·16 of spermaceti, and 47·18 of adamantine candles. The relative cost of the lights were: gas, 8s. 9d.; petroleum, 4s. 5d.; spermaceti candles, £4 3s. 4d.; paraffin candles, £2 8s. 8d.; adamantine candles, £2 11s. 5d. Judging from these experiments, therefore, petroleum is the cheapest known source of artificial light.—*London Review.*

By the death of Marshal Castellane the number of the marshals of France is reduced to ten, as follows: D'Ornano, Vaillant, Magnan, Pellisier, St. Jean d'Angely, Baragnay, D'Hilliers, Randon, Niel, Magenta (McMahon), and Canrobert.

The Italian army now numbers 323,580 men. The Piedmontese constitute one-third of the force, owing to the fact that the conscription has not yet produced its full effect in the southern provinces.

From The Saturday Review.

THE LOVES OF OLD LADIES.

THE romance of old ladies' love affairs has yet to be written. They are not a very attractive subject; for no reader could elicit from the perusal of them anything in the nature of a day-dream. But they would be inadequately described by the name of friendship. They are, of course, platonic, and do not necessarily involve a male object. But they are so extravagant and so foolish that the language used to describe them must be borrowed from the vocabulary of the tender passions. Using the word in this qualified sense, the love-making of old ladies may be divided into three classes, according to the objects of their passion. Under which class they range themselves depends very much upon the subjects to which their minds have been previously turned. The most respectable type of the species, the devout old lady, of course falls in love with her clergyman. Nothing could be better and more suitable in every way than such a choice, if only it were required. There is that analogy of tastes and modes of action and logical processes which guarantees the most perfect compatibility of temper. And the old lady who is in love with the clergyman, and has become—quite, of course, in a proper way—a kind of tame cat about the rectory house, is so extremely useful for a number of small parochial jobs. She presides over the Dorcas Association, and makes ladies' society at the dinner which follows the clerical meeting, gives tea and cake to the National School, and makes her fashionable daughters teach there. The only drawback to her position is that the clergyman too often does not reciprocate her attachment. The clergy, as a body, prefer lambs to ewes. Old ladies have no experiences; or at least, if they have, they do not like to tell them for fear of a lecture from their husbands. Besides, they have acquired a hard, bold, prosaic view of men and things. The charming doubts, the sweet despairs, the soft metaphysics, and gentle casuistry, applied invariably to the elucidation of one privileged set of feelings—these are the things which make the spiritual consolation of blushing eighteen so very eligible an occupation. But in wrinkled sixty they are sadly wanting. And the clergy, though soaring far too high above human frailty to be conscious of the differ-

ence, still do, as a matter of fact, show an ardor in the ministry of their pastoral attentions in the one case, which is sensibly slackened in the other. It may be that they desire to economize their labor, and reflect that the young lady will some day become an old woman, and therefore have a double title to their care. Or it may be that they only desire to snatch her away from the prowling guardsman, who will convert her into a hardened married woman, and clog her soul with the worldly impediments of nursery governesses and household bills. With the sense of this danger strong upon their minds, they naturally feel a temptation to turn aside from the old lady, who is happily not exposed to it, in order to succor those who are in real jeopardy. But, whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains one of the special crosses of the class of old ladies who fall in love with their clergymen.

Far happier are those who select their doctors as the object of the innocent *tendresse* of their declining years. The clergyman and the doctor stand in a different position to each other in this respect. The clergyman is moved to pay attention to those who are under his charge solely by a sense of duty; whereas the doctor is animated by a desire of fees. Now it is found in practice that the sense of duty inwardly prefers the young ladies, while the desire of fees is attracted towards those whose age is likely to predispose to a lavish expenditure in that direction. The old lady, therefore, who values her peace of mind, and who does not wish to meet with any humiliating coldness, will, if she is prudent, turn the current of her affections upon the family doctor. It is his business to make himself agreeable, especially to people who are likely to be ill; he never refuses to come when he is sent for, and there is no fear that he will ever look upon invitations as importunate; and as a walking repertory of gossip, the world cannot show his rival. Moreover, it is the best thing she can do for her family. Old ladies ought on every account to be encouraged to be fond of their doctors; for if they are proof against that tender passion, they almost invariably do a little doctoring on their own account. Such an inmate is one of the most terrible afflictions that can befall a family. Few messengers of death are more unerring than the science of medicine after it

has been subjected to the mysterious processes of the anile mind. Even in the administration of medicine, a woman's intellect appears to be incapable of vigorous impartiality. As she contemplates her medicine-chest, she has her favorites and her antipathies, and will no more believe harm of the one and good of the other than if they lived and moved in virile form. She looks on all drugs as rival suitors for her favor; and she selects one, and clings to him, for better or worse, with true womanly loyalty. The cause of her preference is often obscure. She may have fallen in love with calomel at first sight, or antimony may have become endeared to her by a long series of well-remembered cures. But whatever its claim to her fidelity, no subsequent maltreatment or misbehavior on its part can alienate her affections from the drug of her choice. And she is not satisfied with her own adoration of it. She likes it to be appreciated. She insists that every one within the range of her influence shall acknowledge its merits too. In past times this evil was less than it is now. The lady of the house always had her pet remedy, which she delighted to administer to sons and daughters, men-servants and maid-servants, and—hardest case of all—to the strangers within her gates. But then it was some traditional prescription of simple herbs, from which the most important ingredient had probably fallen out by accident. But the general use of powerful medicines has changed the state of the case. Wielding her blue-pill, or her morphia, the old lady-doctor has become a fearful engine of destruction. And she can only be disarmed by raising her mind from the medicine-chest to the doctor, and inspiring her with an attachment to the compounder of blue-pill to which her fondness even for blue-pills itself shall give way. Whenever a lady, advanced in years, is detected in clandestine visits to her medicine-chest, her family should lose no time in getting a fascinating doctor into the neighborhood. It is their only chance of life.

Both these types of the loves of old ladies have their advantages, and, for the sake of avoiding worse, should be rather encouraged than checked. But there is one that has no redeeming point. Sometimes an old lady takes it into her head to conceive a passionate attachment for her servants. Generally, it is one particular pet, who is spe-

cially favored; for diffusive charity is foreign to the female breast, in the matter of domestics as well as drugs. If the favorite be a woman servant, the consequences are very serious. Being perfect as all ladies' favorites are as a matter of course, she is assumed to possess the virtue of perfect discretion; and under that assumption receives a full account of all family and other secrets in strict confidence, and in strict confidence she imparts it to the other favorites at the other houses in the neighborhood. Old ladies of this type are very much addicted to a style of conversation with the favorite which they call "hearing what So-and-So has got to say," but which really consists in their pouring out their own hearts to So-and-So without reserve. By a confusion of the *Ego* and the *Non-Ego* for which a German philosopher might possibly account, the impression which half an hour's uninterrupted stream of their own garrulity leaves upon their memories is, that they have been quite silent, and have been receiving a great deal of valuable information. When the favorite is a man servant, the case is less serious for the family, but worse for the object of her attachment. It does not show itself by any of the ordinary signs. She does not seek his conversation, or appreciate his society—rather the reverse. It takes the form of an insane fear of overworking him. The sight of any one pulling the bell affects her, as if her own tooth was fastened to the wire. She contrives excuses for not going in the carriage, lest he should have to go out. She renounces society, and forces her unsympathizing family to renounce it too, lest he should be out late at night. She throws the males of her family into a state bordering on insanity by substituting heavy teas for dinners, that he may not have to wait. But the mark by which she may be known is the air of unspeakable discomfort which pervades her home on Sundays—a combination of the Turkish Ramadan with the Roman Catholic Good Friday—which is the result of her ingenious contrivances to enable him to have his Sunday to himself. And all the while she is doing her best to ruin him, body and soul. An embodied angel could not withstand the continued overfeeding and idleness of an ordinary London footman. In the interest of humanity itself, therefore, this form of old-ladyish affection ought to be discouraged. But when it once sets in, it is the most inveterate of all. Domestic scandals are pretty sure to come in plenty; but they are wholly inadequate to root it out. The victim will go on petting her footman, and dismissing him for drunkenness, and then petting his successor—and so on, in continuous series, to the end.

From The Spectator.

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN. *

WE are apt too often to regard the brilliancy and grace of French thought, more especially, perhaps, of feminine French thought, as a kind of superficial lustre that is kindled and fed at the cost of a deeper and simpler life—of inward harmony and domestic peace. If any one wishes to convince himself that this is essentially a prejudice,—that the true genius of French thought, sentiment, and playfulness, may be seen in its most perfect beauty and tenderness, without a trace of that peculiar glitter, which seems to come from an artificial reflector introduced close to the surface of the mind for the very purpose of arresting the beams of thought before they penetrate too deeply, and sending them swiftly back into the social circle with all the variety of color and direction of which they are susceptible,—should read these journals and letters of Mdlle. Eugénie de Guérin. Never speculative, yet never shallow, singularly limited in range, but singularly unlimited in the depth and height of her intellectual insight, full of that rarest tenderness which, when unsatisfied, brings from so thoughtful and harmonious a nature the most exquisite tones of melancholy music, when partially satisfied, the melodious playfulness of the heart itself,—Eugénie de Guérin may well be taken as the highest ideal of the feminine nature which the Catholic faith, implicitly accepted, is capable of forming out of the purest and noblest material of the old French noblesse. It has rarely happened to us to read either a more melancholy or a more profoundly delightful book—more melancholy, because, while her nature seems made for sunshine, it is only at the rarest intervals that she lives in the warmth of a satisfied heart,—more delightful, because there are few pages in it which do not seem to bring us closer to the fountains of all beauty and tenderness, which do not reveal through the simplest and most familiar details of human life the faith which gives them their sweetness and their soul. We are no admirers of the Roman Catholic faith, but it may well be proud if it can subdue, satisfy, and sustain many human lives as simple,

* *Eugénie de Guérin. Journal et Lettres publiés avec l'assentiment de sa famille. Par G. S. Trebutien. Paris: Didier. 1862.*

See *The Living Age*, No. 879, for an article on this subject, from the *National Review*.

beautiful, and deep as Eugénie de Guérin's. We speak with the more certainty of what she was, because the journals here printed were nearly all written for no eye but that of her younger brother, the short-lived poet, Maurice de Guérin, and without even a dream of publication. Hence we have an opportunity that is almost as rare as it would in general be tedious of seeing the clear waters of the mind day by day; and it is not too much to say that, circumscribed as is the area of her thought, there is always on it some gleam of light or some depth of shadow that is cast from a world above our own.

Eugénie de Guérin was the eldest child of an impoverished but well-descended family of Languedoc, born about the year 1805. In the deep seclusion of the old chateau of Cayly she, her sister, and two brothers were brought up by her father, after the death of her mother, which happened when she was yet only thirteen years old; and Eugénie was, therefore, early compelled to take in part the place of a mother to her sister and brothers. The youngest of the children, Maurice, who was five years younger than herself, became naturally her especial charge, the more so, that his reserved, sensitive, and poetical nature was rich enough to give her a high intellectual stimulus in return for the aid of her clearer and stronger, though not less gentle spirit. In after life, the thoughts of the young poet returned constantly to the home which Eugénie had made, and still made, so dear to him, and he dwelt in many graceful lines on the flight of birds, the falling autumn leaves, and rich autumn sunsets they had loved to watch together from that terrace of the old castle where flowering shrubs had replaced the battlements, or from their favorite seat on a neighboring hill. Maurice had one of those susceptible and relaxed natures which seem made rather to feel than to act. The only celebrated work of his short life was a kind of prose poem called the "Centaur," in which he endeavors to portray the old Greek conception of that borderland between the world of animal life and of god-like power, which is embodied in the figures of creatures like Pan and the Centaurs, at once more and less than human,—endowed with a richer and grander organization, and yet exempt from the chilling shadows of reason and conscience. This was just the kind of world for subtle insight into which the

genius of Maurice de Guérin was fitted, and the few efforts which he lived to make in delineating it won him some hearty admiration from the most unquestionable genius of France,—amongst others, from Madame Sand, who contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* after his premature death, a most unexpected tribute of admiration. The vague pantheistic side of Nature's beauty was certainly the true province of Maurice's genius, though his faith was kept, by the predominant influence of his sister, true to the clear personal type of proper Catholicism. A few lines of description from one of his journals will serve to mark that his power lay in conceiving and picturing a kind of living pulsation and semi-consciousness in the great productive energies of nature, whether in the vegetable or in higher worlds. He writes in autumn:—

"There are no more flowers on the trees. Their mission of love accomplished, they are dead, like a mother who perishes in giving life. The fruit is set, and breathes forth the vital and reproductive energy which is to give rise to new individuals. An innumerable generation is actually suspended to the branches of every tree, to the fibres of the most humble grasses, like infants lapped on their mother's breast. All these seeds of incalculable number and variety are hanging there in their cradle between earth and heaven and entrusted to the wind whose duty it is to rock them. The future forests swing unseen on the living forests. Nature is wholly given up to the cares of her immense maternity."

We quote this passage, not as a fair specimen of Maurice's genius, but as the most convenient illustration of its type, which had in it just such a sympathy with the slow soft pangs of vegetable growth as Goethe evinces so remarkably in his "Metamorphosis of the Plants." His sister tells us of him, that in his dreamy childhood he passed hours in watching the horizon, and listening to the various slight sounds in the air which he called the "murmurings of nature" (*bruits de la nature*), and on which he wrote a kind of psalm, beginning, "Ah! how beautiful they are—these murmurings of nature, these murmurings diffused through every air, which rise with the sun, and follow him; which follow the sun as a great consort follows a king!" and returning constantly to the refrain, "Ah! how beautiful they are—

these murmurings of nature, these murmurings diffused through every air."

Maurice's mind, thus formed to catch and enter into all these finer notes and gentler throbs of nature, and to reproduce them almost idly in an imagination that, fine as it was, never rested on any independent or original intellectual ground of its own, was not only less complete, but far less nobly strung than his sister's, which, without the full richness of his relaxed organization, had the power, which Maurice wanted, to concentrate her fine sensitive perceptions under the lens of a clear intellect into a burning focus of human or religious feeling, so as to clothe in a new language her tenderness for others and her devotion to God. Maurice's poetic insight remains, we may say, in the original soft fibre of sensitive impression, and is not moulded into any higher forms by his intellect or spirit; Eugénie's, naturally less rich, is taken up by a much more powerful nature and made to embody the highest visions of a singularly pure and lofty nature. Of course she gained a great command over his mind, and, of course, woman-like, she looked upon him as only giving, on herself as only receiving. In this brother she may truly be said almost to have lived and died. For the last five years of his life, after he had finally left college, and was living in Paris, far from her, she kept for him a journal of all her deeper thoughts and feelings; with his illness her mind, never naturally gay, fell almost into an agony of suspense, and on his early death in 1839, less than a year after his marriage, the whole springs of her life seem to have been dried up. She survived him nine years, and continued to be what she had ever been to her father, sister, and remaining brother; and some of her most beautiful letters are written after this period to her favorite brother's friends. But a tone of anguish runs through almost everything she writes after this time, and it is scarcely possible to regret even the loss of her seemingly growing and brightening genius, when at length she died in 1848.

Her mind gained in effectiveness as it gained in the only thing it wanted—*width*, and it would be difficult to surpass the depth and subtlety of her later criticisms on what she saw in the great world of Paris. She had that ardent and clinging nature which

with difficulty severs itself from the persons, or animals, or mere walls which she had once learned to love; and hence, at first, even the playful grace of her style scarcely redeems the diary of her household events and devotional piety from that monotonous beauty proper to deep still waters, which never image anything but the trees and clouds that hang over them, or the stars that dart downwards a gleam of brief lustre as they ride above. The following are the kind of beauties which dot the journal of Eugénie throughout. She is speaking of her sister's absence: "Every instant I see, I feel, that her place is empty, most of all at night, when I used to hear her breathing close beside me. This little sound brings me sleep. Not to hear it makes me think sadly. I think on death, *which also makes a universal silence round us,—which also will be an absence.*" Or this, in a lighter style: "The little Morvonnais sends me a kiss, says her mother. What can I give her in return so pure, so sweet, as her childish kiss? *It seems as though a lily had touched my cheek.*" Where can we find any expression of grief profounder than the following, written on finding some of her own written accounts of her brother on the anniversary of his death?—

"To-day, the 19th July, bitter anniversary! knowing not what to do in this world, I fall on these papers. These writings touch his tomb, extend from it, and expire like reflections without light. My thought was but a ray from his; so vivid when his was near, like twilight afterwards, and now extinct. I am on the horizon of death, he below it. All I do dips beneath it; everything is loveless and tasteless to me." Or again: "This loss! I need nothing less than God to replace him."

Or what image can be more subtle and more powerful to express the absence of any defining background to her imagination—a mind vaguely absorbing listless impressions than the following?—

"I have kept no journal. Who was there to read it? How think about what one shall do, if there is no one to be pleased with what one does? Without this interest, my thought is but the quicksilver of the mirror, without the reflecting plate behind it."

And yet nothing could be falser than to say that her mind lost in power after her

brother's death. Some of her finest sayings are dropped in the anguish of this desolation. She had lent some of her thoughts to a priest, who returned them with comments that seemed to her to explain her own mind better than she herself had done, and she writes:—

"Do we need another to reveal us to ourselves? Yes; when the spirit is benighted and the heart is fearful."

Or take this criticism on Madame de Stael:—

"Of all the romance-writers I like only Scott. He puts himself, in his own way, wide of the others and far above them. He is a man of genius, perhaps the most complete, and always pure. One can open him at hazard without one corrupting word 'amazing your glance,' as Lamartine says. Love with him is a thread of white silk, with which he binds together the acts of his play. *Delphine* does not seem to me of this kind. The little I have seen augurs evil, and, I think, of a treacherous kind. . . . Madame de Stael never ceases to do evil and to preach good. *How I hate those women that take to the pulpit, with their wide-yawning passions!*"

Or this, of Paris life and conversation:—

"The enigma of the world is obscure for me. What insoluble things! What complexities! When my spirit has passed by, *when I have coasted these forests of conversation, without an opening, without an issue,* I retire sadly, and summon to my aid religious thoughts, without which I do not see where to rest my head."

We have given but the briefest glimpse of one of the most exquisitely formed minds that ever stamped its image on a small area of profound faiths and lofty fancies. But we have given enough, we hope, to make our readers wish for a closer knowledge. Eugénie de Guérin comes almost as near to the nature, though not to the elastic joy, portrayed in Wordsworth's wonderful lines on the skylark, as any mind we ever met with. Joyousness, indeed, there is little in her, for there is little but death and privation in her outward lot; but while the wings aspire, both "heart and eye" are "still with her nest upon the dewy ground,"—so that, without committing ourselves to Wordsworth's dogmatic "never," she at least may truly be called a

"Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and home."

From The N. Y. Evening Post, 5 Nov.
GENERAL MITCHEL.

THE news from Port Royal to-day carries mourning into every loyal household in the country. In General Mitchel the republic has lost one of its truest and noblest citizens, one of its ablest and most brilliant defenders; and that at a moment when all eyes were turned to him with the hope of speedy and useful achievements; at the moment when, in the prime of life and in the fulness of preparation, he stood in reality at the threshold of a career for which his previous history promised that it would be as useful to his country as glorious to himself and those who served with him.

His brilliant and fruitful campaign in the West had given him the confidence of the people, who felt that here was a man who was both eager to meet the enemy and able to beat him. Far better known to the public than Lyon, he held in the hearts of the people the same place, and was trusted in the same way as that general; and the grief which was felt for the death of the hero of Wilson's Creek is repeated in all hearts to-day at the loss of Mitchel—and for the same reason, that every man and woman in the land believed thoroughly in his unselfish devotion to the Union.

Born in Kentucky and growing up in Ohio, Mitchel was successively clerk in a country "store," student and assistant professor at West Point, lawyer, professor of mathematics, philosophy, and astronomy in Cincinnati College, chief engineer of the Little Miami Railroad in Ohio, astronomer, and founder and director of one of the chief observatories in the country; and lastly, a soldier, the most brilliant, the most active, the most daring, the most zealous, and, considering the limited means he had to work with, the most successful the war has produced. In everything that he undertook he was successful, because to all his work he brought earnest zeal and extraordinary capacity. As a mathematician he was counted among the best in the country. As an astronomer he was as favorably known in Europe as here. As a soldier he was as much dreaded by the enemy as he was loved by his men.

He was a man who knew how to do much with small means; he never complained, because he reckoned that always he could

do something. Industrious, persevering, capable as a commander in the field, he had also the head and the heart of a statesman; and both head and heart were fired with the noblest enthusiasm for the great cause to which he had devoted his life—with a zeal which burned within him, with a fire which communicated itself to all who came near him. He was at the same time an enthusiast and a business man; an orator whose eloquence was founded on the shrewdest common sense; a profound mathematician who knew how to apply his science in the field of war. And that which gave life and usefulness to those qualities, was the fiery zeal, the great-hearted devotion with which he gave himself to the cause whose magnitude and importance he comprehended so well—whose peril filled his heart, for whose salvation he was ready and anxious to battle anywhere and everywhere.

To those who knew him these words will not seem more than just. To those especially who knew him while he was in the East, deprived of a command in which he had earned the applause of the nation by a series of most brilliant and successful operations; disappointed in his zealous hopes for a more extended field; assailed by enemies, and in apparent disgrace with the Government—those who then saw him and heard him felt how pure and unselfish was his patriotism, how profound and far-seeing was his appreciation of the cause for which he battled, how earnest and simple his manly courage, and his trust in that Providence to which he looked for victory for our arms. He talked with the fiery zeal of another Peter the Hermit, and many who listened to him grieved that, instead of to Port Royal, he could not have been sent through the loyal States to awaken the people to the danger of their situation. Nor did he repine at being sent to the exile of the Carolina coast; he was a soldier, he said, and must go where his commander sent him. The prospect did not look encouraging to a man of active habits—but doubtless something would come of it, and meantime he obeyed orders, not only promptly, but cheerfully.

What did come of it, we know; what might have been accomplished in the future with more adequate means, under this man, we can only guess. But he sailed for Port Royal with the single and honest determina-

tion, if it was possible to do but little, to do that little well and thoroughly. He re-organized the affairs of his department; he inspired his troops with the same ardor which animated him; he spoke to the poor blacks such manly and honest words as appealed to their best natures, and put them in the way of providing for themselves, telling them that freemen must depend on no one. He set his house in order for the active campaign, which he hoped to begin in a few weeks—and then he died.

His memory will be dear to the people always, as that of a man who gave himself unreservedly to their cause; who, with all his acquirements, with all his genius, was above all a true patriot, and a brave and faithful soldier of the Union.

From The Boston Daily Advertiser.

AN arrival from Port Royal brings the sorrowful intelligence of the death of the soldier-astronomer, General O. M. Mitchel. To his great fame as a man of science, whose triumphs in times of peace benefited the whole world, was lately added the greater and more glorious fame of taking up the sword in his country's defence. His loss will be felt all the more deeply in a time like this, when the government needs well-trained soldiers to command; but the sorrow at his death will be universal, for the record of few lives can show such a combination of scientific knowledge and real practical ability.

Ormsby Macknight Mitchel was born in Union County, Kentucky, Aug. 28, 1810. At the age of twelve years he had obtained a good knowledge of Latin and Greek and the elements of mathematics. At this age he became clerk in a store in Miami, Ohio, and afterwards removed to Lebanon where he had been educated. There he received a cadet's warrant, and earned the money that took him to West Point, which place he reached with a knapsack on his back and twenty-five cents in his pocket, in June, 1825. He was graduated in 1829, and for two years thereafter was assistant professor of mathematics. From 1832 to 1834 he was counsellor-at-law in Cincinnati; from 1834 to 1844, professor of mathematics, philoso-

phy, and astronomy at Cincinnati College; in 1836 and 1837, chief engineer of the Little Miami Railroad; and in 1841, a member of the board of visitors of the Military Academy. In 1845 he proposed the establishment of an observatory in Cincinnati, and the proposition having been carried out he became a director of the institution. The principal instrument in this institution is the great refractor, equatorially mounted, and made in Munich, and which cost \$10,000. In 1859 General M. became director of the Dudley Observatory in Albany, retaining at the same time his connection with that in Cincinnati. As a popular lecturer on astronomy General M. was particularly eminent, and he was scarcely less distinguished for his mechanical skill by the aid of which he has perfected a great variety of astronomical apparatus, the most important of which is that at Albany, for recording right ascensions and declinations by electro-magnetic aid, to within 1-1000th of a second of time, and for the measurement with great accuracy of large differences of declination, such as the ordinary method cannot reach. He made several discoveries of great scientific importance, some of which were the result of Prof. M.'s remeasurement of Prof. W. Struve's double stars south of the equator, a work to which he devoted much of his time. He began in July, 1846, the first astronomical periodical in the United States, entitled "The Sidereal Messenger," which abandoned for want of patronage. As an author he has produced a treatise on algebra, a popular astronomy, a collection of earlier public lectures published under the name of "Planetary and Stellar World," etc. But the peaceful pursuit of scientific study was abandoned at the moment when the country called for true men to aid in its preservation. General Mitchel was made a brigadier-general of volunteers on the 9th of August, 1861, and was subsequently promoted to a major-generalship in the volunteer army. His career in the West is familiar to our readers, as well as the later circumstances of his assignment to South Carolina, where he had laid the foundation of a successful campaign.

From The Spectator.

THE QUEEN'S PEDIGREE.

MR. MALCOLM has just issued a curiously suggestive plate. It is a tree with three intertwined trunks, every leaf bearing a name, and it is intended to display in somewhat fanciful style the pedigree of the kings of England. We do not know a better illustration of the permanence, the involuntary conservatism which underlies all apparent political change. England is, *par excellence*, the land of strange political incident and mutation. She has twice changed her dominant race, and once her religious creed, has abandoned her old political name, and carried through half a dozen successful revolutions. She has beheaded a king, and banished a king, and twice subverted a dynasty, has been invaded every century, and has in almost every hundred years been engaged in some struggle which threatened to shake the very foundations of society. And yet through all these changes, through a thousand years of progress and war and revolution, a single family has floated always on the top, and the best-loved sovereign in Europe is, if not the heiress, at least the descendent of Egbert, Kenneth, and Rollo. The fact is the stranger, from the number of family names which have from time to time been borne by the great English house, the only one in Europe which has consistently and fully admitted the equal rights on the female side.

The royal house springs from three stems—Saxon, Norman, and Scotch—though it has never repudiated the conquest, and dates itself, we believe, only from the bastard son of Duke Robert, heir of Rollo, the viking who conquered Normandy from Charles the Simple, and married the French King's daughter Gila. The conqueror's son, Henry the First, married Matilda, daughter of Malcolm III., of Scotland, and Margaret, granddaughter of Edmund Ironside, and representative, after the death of Edgar Atheling, of the old Saxon line. Their daughter, another Matilda, was mother of Henry the Second, and from his accession the Plantagenets represented both Norman and Saxon lines, and were entitled on the principles now held by legitimists to the loyalty of both races—the conquering and the subject one. This house continued unbroken till the death of Edward the Third, when the abstract right fell for a century into dispute. The "legitimate"

claim, in modern parlance, was with the house of York, which inherited direct from Edmund, third son of Edward the Third, and was therefore the nearest male branch. The fourth son, however, John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster," had married Blanche of Lancaster, representative of the second son of Henry the Third, and therefore of an elder, though female branch. Both Roses, however, were descended from the Plantagenet stock, and each, in default of the other, was admitted to be unquestioned heir of the throne. Henry the Seventh, the direct representative of Lancaster, fortunately married Elizabeth, heiress of York, and Henry the Eighth therefore united every possible claim—was, in fact, the strict lineal representative of the Plantagenets, and therefore, of both Saxon and Norman dynasties. The name of Tudor became that of the family, because the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh, and heiress of the Lancastrian claim, had married a Welsh squire of that name. The three next sovereigns, Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth, are out of the line of succession, all dying, fortunately for Great Britain, childless. Henry the Seventh's daughter Margaret, however, whose claim was as perfect as that of her brother, Henry the Eighth, had married James the Fourth of Scotland (man killed at Flodden) and the Scotch House, then called Stewart, on Elizabeth's death, ascended the English throne as representative of every English line.

This house had become regal in Scotland in 1314, Marjory, sole child of Robert the Bruce (of Bannockburn), having married Walter, eighth Lord Steward of Scotland, and, like herself, a descendant of Kenneth the Second, stem of all Scotch royalty.

The Stewards, Stewarts, or Stuarts, were therefore "legitimate" sovereigns both in Scotland and England, and neither the Rebellion nor the Revolution, strange to say, broke up the line. The Rebellion produced no permanent change, and when, in 1688, Parliament finally resolved to endure the elder branch of the Stuarts no longer, they only went back a step in the ancient line. They accepted descendants of the daughter of James the First, instead of descendants of his son. This daughter, Elizabeth of Bohemia, was the mother of Electress Sophia, and grandmother of George the First,

from whom the reigning sovereign is directly descended. Hers is not, it is true, the most direct branch of the Stuarts, for, on the failure of the Pretender's line—which expired in the Cardinal of York—the “legitimate” claim reverted to the children of Henrietta, daughter of Charles the First, and ancestress of the “legitimate” Bourbons, and of the reigning house of Savoy, the latter being the nearer to the succession. Nevertheless, though not heiress, the queen is the direct descendant of the Stuarts, and it is a mistake in this sense to call the royal house a purely German one. No English house in existence is nearer the ancient stock. The great points in the pedigree, the junctions, as it were, which alone it is necessary to remember, are Henry the Second, who inherited from his mother the representation of both Norman and Saxon lines; Margaret of Lancaster-cum-York, who united all the fibres of title derivable from the Plantagenets, and, therefore, from Henry the Second; James the First, who inherited her rights *and* those of the Scotch throne; and George the First, great-grandson of James the First, through his daughter Elizabeth. The queen is, therefore, by a curious series of circumstances, the only Protestant with a claim to be heir to every family which has occupied the British throne since the Seven Kingdoms were united, and though there are descendants nearer to Charles the First, they, like her, claim through the female line, and her ancestress is the one furthest back on the tree. The inquiry may seem, to modern ideas, to involve some waste of time, but England owes much of her special character, her fixed dislike to break with the past, to the fact, that she has never been forced either to import a new dynasty, as the French have done, or to give up the hereditary principle altogether.

The royal title to Ireland, and some other portions of the Isles, rests on a different foundation. Ireland, unluckily for us all, had no regal house to bring to its rulers the advantage of a title by admitted descent. The right to that country rests primarily upon conquest, and secondly upon a grant made by the reigning Pope to Henry the Second—a document not of much validity in our eyes, but which ought completely to shut the mouths of the Ultramontanes against Henry the Second's heirs. The validity of this title

has, however, been formally acknowledged a hundred times by an Irish Protestant Parliament, and once by a free native Parliament filled only with Catholic Celts, called together in obedience to the summons of James the Second. The Channel Islands are the last relic of the old Norman Dukedom, and belong, therefore, rather to the dynasty than the kingdom; the Orkneys came from Norway through Margaret, wife of James the Third, the King of Norway, unable to pay her portion, having offered the islands in pawn for the amount; and the sovereignty over the Isle of Man was bought during our own days from the representatives of the house of Stanley.

From The Spectator, 11 Oct.

THE INFLUENCE OF FRANCE IN EUROPE.

IF there be any truth in the details which have been given ere this in the pages of the *Spectator* as to the condition of Imperialist France, of her army, her people, her administration, the last feeling with which such a picture should inspire an Englishman should be that of a Pharisaic self-righteousness. For in truth many traits of that picture must remind him of what he sees around him in his own country. It may not quite be *de te fabula*, but *proximus urit* falls even short of the mark.

For indeed the influence of France over the world, over Europe, over England, is a fact of which few Englishmen have wit enough to acknowledge to themselves the greatness. Partly, no doubt, because Frenchmen are so loud-spoken in asserting it, so blind to the existence of any other influence, that many Englishmen feel it a sort of point of patriotism to underrate, pooh-pooh, deny what is so boastingly and unfairly put forward. But to an impartial observer it must be matter of extreme doubt which of the two influences, the French or the English, is really the most extensive. The French (including in this term that of the whole of the French-speaking races) may be said to manifest itself more directly and suddenly; the English more slowly, and to a great extent indirectly through the French. It is really through Voltaire and Montesquieu, through Benja-

min Constant and Madame de Stael, that the English principles of constitutional government and of civil and religious liberty have found their way round the world. Voltaire discovered Shakspeare and Newton, Milton and Locke; Tocqueville the United States, not for France alone, but for the whole Latin race at least. Without J. B. Say, political economy (as we now understand the term) might have remained wellnigh unknown out of the British Isles; without Dumont, the powerful impulse given by Bentham to law-reform might equally have stopped on the hither shore of the Channel. But it is as difficult for an Englishman to admit that the influence of his own country remains insular until accepted by France, as for a Frenchman to admit how much of apparently French influence is really English in its origin.

England, on the other hand, is far slower in receiving influence from France than the Continental nations; nay, her first impulse is, perhaps, to draw herself up and resist it. Still, from the days of Edward the Confessor, there have been epochs in her history in which that influence has been unmistakable; those of the Plantagenets, for instance; of Charles II., and, so far as literature is concerned, of nearly the whole period which extends from Milton to Burke. Within our own generation, the passing of the Reform Bill is to be looked upon as in great measure the sequel to the French Revolution of 1830; whilst the influence of France over the literature and manners of our own day is still enormous. France, be it remembered, is the great caterer for the theatre throughout the world; England, almost the only country which takes the trouble so much as to recast a French piece; elsewhere, from Naples to Lima, it would be merely translated. The range of the French novel is scarcely less extensive. Any one who has read Miss Bremer's works, for instance, will be struck with the evidence which they afford of the familiarity of the far North with contemporary French novelists. The same witness is afforded by Countess Hahn-Hahn for Germany, by Fernan Caballero for Spain. The influence of these made itself felt in the literature of the United States even before it was traceable in that of England; but who by this time can doubt the widespread familiarity of the very lowest grades

of the English reading public with Alexandre Dumas's romances, and with many other forms of French light literature? Day by day, as the knowledge of French spreads through our middle to our working classes, not only do translations of French works multiply, but the original works themselves are read. What facilities now exist for obtaining French books to read in London, compared with the days in which but little in the shape of French was taken in by any circulating library, beyond the last Paul de Kock, for the behoof of a certain number of epicures in the nasty!

We must, therefore, accept this influence of France at the present day as a fact, not only for all the world besides, but for ourselves. And it does, therefore, very seriously concern us if the sources of that influence be healthy or diseased, quickening or stagnant, ennobling or corrupting. But who can say that the moral influence of the Second Empire has worked for good on any single nation in the world, except through the resistance which has been offered to it, the repulsion which it has inspired? What has most braced up Italian nationality, the conquest of Lombardy by the aid of Napoleon III., or the sturdy and successful resistance to the peace of Villafranca which he had dictated, the persistent protest against his occupation of Rome? Whose example has done most to keep the traditional Italian poinard in its sheath, — that of Ricasoli refusing to bend before the modern Nebuchadnezzar, and Garibaldi flinging defiance in his face, or that of the cringing Rattazzi? For England, too, the Second Empire has done two great things; it has called forth our volunteer movement; it has driven us to renew our navy. Whatever effects have been produced upon England, so to speak, in the grain of that influence, have been purely evil; from the prating of our Positivists about the blessings of Imperialism, in the teeth of every memory worth preserving in the history of England or of mankind, down to that invention of a French Empress ashamed of motherhood, which, besides offending every sense of classic artistic beauty, has certainly been the cause of more deaths, and those more dreadful ones, than all other articles of human dress put together throughout the world during the same period of time. From the "*demi-monde*" of the Second Em-

pire have come to us,—though with an originality of their own,—the “pretty horse-breakers” and other Hæteræ who for the first time in our history have begun to form publicly a distinct class in English society; nor is it possible to estimate how overwhelming would have been the tide of public immorality from the shores of Imperial France, had it not been for the checks which have been opposed to it by the sovereignty of a virtuous queen and the example of her court. But apart even from these coarser and more glaring forms of evil influence, who among us is not conscious, around him on all sides, within his own self, of feelings and tendencies, often, indeed, antagonistic among themselves, yet closely akin to those which are lowering France—of that moral lassitude, that despair of good from above or from below in the social cosmos, that worship of brute strength, that sympathy with clever success often amounting to a tacit accompliceship in its rascalities, that lazy acquiescence in evil realities, that tolerance of cant for want of faith, or intolerance of faith because we dare not acknowledge the existence of aught but cant, that practical godlessness, in a word, assuming as it does the most various forms, compatible at once with the most feverish physical and intellectual activity, and with absolute torpor of the whole man—which alone could have stilled demands for Reform, maintained Mr. Disraeli in the leadership of the Conservative party, enabled the *Record* or the *Saturday Review* to live and decent folk to read them, allowed the *Times* to dictate to public opinion, made Mr. Carlyle a prophet for a large portion of our youth, and created a sympathy between free England and the great slave power of Northern America? All these, be it observed, are points on which there is fellow-feeling between us and the French Imperial system. That stands out before the world as the great exemplar of triumphant brute force, clever self-will utterly unscrupu-

lous as to means, firm alliance with every available cant, persistent compression of every quickening faith! Whilst it is there, it is as a stone in the very heart of the European Continent, chilling all around, and even ourselves across the waters. Let us be frank; in what country are men not conscious that the Second French Empire is the standing nuisance of the world? Sharp as has been and still is the crisis of American disruption, the permanent uncertainty as to the motions of that mighty and inscrutable self-will at the Tuileries has done far more during the last ten years to paralyze and disorganize trade and the familiar relations of nation with nation, man with man. The fear of that it is which has made all countries arm to the teeth. Why is Italy rushing headlong into an enormous debt, straining every nerve to increase her armies? Is it only to be able to cope with Austria? Would she toss, as she does now, in such an ecstasy of anguish upon the live coals of her hopes, instead of letting them blaze forth as beacon-fires upon her onward path, had she only a generous France behind her, and not an Imperial bird of prey? Would England be expending sums on her iron-clad navy which would give food and labor to tens of thousands of her suffering ones, but for a well-grounded distrust of her “august ally”?

No, there is no real peace for England—for the world—so long as the Imperial despotism weighs upon France, galling and corrupting at once the great people which is subject to it. So long as this lasts, all European progress, if not suspended, must creep on at a snail's pace; only so far secure, as it manages to keep clear of entanglement with the Napoleonic policy. In short, the old Cromwellian saying must, while Napoleon III. holds the crown, be the motto for all the world besides: “Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry,”

THE GORILLA'S DILEMMA.

(TO PROFESSORS OWEN AND HUXLEY.)

SAY am I a man and a brother,
Or only an anthropoid ape?
Your judgment, be't one way or t'other,
Do put into positive shape.
Must I humbly take rank as quadruman
As Owen maintains that I ought:
Or rise into brotherhood human,
As Huxley has flatt'ringly taught?

For though you may deem a Gorilla
Don't think much of his rank in creation,
If of feeling one have a scintilla,
It glows to know "who's one's relation"—
Apes and monkeys (now crowding by dozens
Their kinship with us to have proved),
Or an Owen and Huxley for cousins,
Though, it may be, a little removed.

If you ask me my private opinion
(Which humbly through *Punch* is submitted),
For which sphere of nature's dominion
I seem to myself to be fitted:
To speak with decision I'm funky,
Nature's field when I selfishly scan,
For in some points if man's above monkey,
In some monkey's far above man.

My ignorance needs no apologies—
With anatomy naught I've to do—
This, with all the appurtenant "ologies"
I leave, my professors, to you.
But the points wherein I say that man
Must perforce monkey own his superior,
Are where man apes the apes all he can,
And yet to the apes is inferior.

Thus, in power of jaw apes beat fellows
Of your own scientific societies;
The P.R. they outrival in "bellows,"
In gymnastics your first notorieties.
What's Blondin to every chimpanzee,
Or Leotard great in *trapèze*?
If their feats rouse the public to frenzy,
What rapture a gibbon should raise!

You've low comedy actors consummate
In gagging, grimacing, and chaff;
But in many who'd Buckstone look glum at
The monkey-cage wakens a laugh.
What are "Cures," Nigger-dances, and jibes
To the black spider-monkey's contortions?
Before preacher-monkeys by tribes
How small seem one Spurgeon's proportions!

One distinction alleged, I must say
Betwixt man and monkey is hollow—
Where monkey or man shows the way,
Other men, other monkeys will follow.
But from all points of difference one turns
To this crowning divergence to come,
Not one man in a thousand e'er learns
To keep silent—all monkeys are dumb!

For distinctions of brain—cerebellum—
Posterior lobe—hippocampus—
I leave you to cut down or swell 'em,
They are scarce the distinctions to stamp us.

Now this way, now that, without end,
I'm swayed by the pros and the cons,
As I feel man and monkey contend
Which in nature's domain are the dons.

Then help me, professors, I pray;
For English opinion I value;
(You can't think how I suffered when Gray
So pitched into me, through Du Chaillu.)
Anatomy out of the question,
Had I better be monkey or man,
By enlightened self-interest's suggestion?
Say you—for hang me, if I can.

—*Punch*.

A VOICE FROM CAMBRIDGE.

GUILDHALL, 1862, Oct. 1st, 8.30 P.M.

THE place is as hot
As a chimney-pot,
And somebody there is uttering, uttering—
What does he say?
(We can't get away)
Verily that discourse wants buttering.

"No less than twenty thousand pounds,
For excellent reasons, on glorious grounds,
We have lent or spent or given or lost,
To men of the stamp of old Zerdost,
Who waste their lives and eke their livers,
To find out why the lightning quivers,
And how the heat comes out of the sun,
And whither the tremulous meteors run,
And whence the wind its anger draws,
To find, in short, some physical cause
That superintends all physical laws,

"Where thy cleaner waters glide,
O Thames, above the London tide,
Stands the Association's pride;
A Dome of Science, fair to view,
Among the flowery walks of Kew."

(Here the President sought to drink,
Somebody helped him in less than a wink.)

"At Kew the Photo-Heliograph—"
(Great applause; too much by half;
And a man behind me dared to laugh.)
"The Photo-Heliograph at Kew,
As everybody knows, is due
To Mr. Warren de la Rue,

He took it out to Spain,
In a fleet of ships,
To observe the eclipse,
And brought it back again.
Here are Barometers,
Here are Thermometers,
Here are Hygrometers,
Carefully tested.

With all that is extant
In Quadrant or Sextant,
With all Anemometers,
All Dynamometers,
All Goniometers,
Kew is infested.

"Wide researches have been made,
Some on shore, and some in ocean;
The cost of instruments is paid
Out of the funds of the Brishashoshan.

"A vessel, specially fitted out
For the purpose, did survey
The British coast all roundabout,
And the colonies far away,
Very magnetically
Hydrotheoretically:
Don't forget what I say.

"A word or two about the progress
Of Science, sweet celestial ogress.

"Monsieur Delaunay, the man of the moon,
Has made up his book, and will print it soon.

"The name of the great sky-scraper, Glaisher,
That name already is known
Through Europe, America, Africa, Asia;
And not on this globe alone,
But e'en in the starry heights of heaven;
For he journeyed upward six or seven
English miles,
Above the house-tiles,
In mortal flesh and bone.

"Chemistry thrives:—
A man who dives
Into its darkest, deepest nooks
Says he has blended,
Heaven-befriended,
Carbon with hydrogen." (Oh, Gadzooks!)
"And hence other compounds, more composite
still,
Have answered the call of alchemical skill;
And he bids fair soon to produce such mixtures
As only are found in organical fixtures."

(The President, uniformly dry,
Here grew thirsty and so did I.)

"Why need we tell you how Mr. Scott Russell
Has been exerting his mental muscle,
In finding relations of force and form,
Between a model ship in a storm
And waves as high as huge Cairn Gorm?

"Artillerymen at Shoeburyness
Have made away with—I should guess—
Five hundred thousand, more or less,
Projectiles. Mr. Fairbairn knows;
But cannot very well disclose.

"The International Exhibition
Shows the good of competition
In things of mechanical power;
There's many a locomotive engine,
Would run from London to Stonehenge in
Less than a solar hour."

And still the place
Grows hotter apace:—
A flue—and a chimney-sweep—
Voluptuous feeling—
The brain is reeling—
And I'm—a—going to sleep.

—Punch.

THE CAMBRIDGE DUET.

AS PERFORMED BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSO-
CIATION.

PROFESSOR O. PROFESSOR H.

Prof. O. H——r, don't kick up a scrimmage,
Take these brains, and mark their
shape:

Made in Providence's image,
Man must not be called an Apo.

Prof. H. O——n, I am nowadays funky,
And maintain that this is true:
Man is really but a Monkey,
Save in moral points of view.

Prof. O. Man's no }
Prof. H. Man's a } Monkey.

Both. From this fix there's no escape.

Prof. O. He is drunk.

Prof. H. He's a flunkey.

Prof. O. } Who { asserts }
Prof. H. } Who { denies } that Man's an Apo.

—Punch.

BACK AGAIN.

FROM all the Founts, salt, bitter, sweet—
Fashion's Bethesdas, Wealth's and Pride's—
Where, in "the season," the *elite*
Baptize—in Health's name—their insides;
From Newport, Rockaway, Cape May,
Where, lively as the tutored fleas,
Matrons and maids at leap-frog play
In summer, with gymnastic seas;
From where, in foam, Niagara's floods
Explode with earth-convulsing throes,
To gratify the belles and bloods
Who gape at the sublime Cohoes;
From mountains White and mountains Green,
From lakes by wood-crowned hills clipt in,
From every kind of rural scene,
"Done" by the folks of Ton and Tin,
Throngs back our human China-ware,
Our locomotive porcelain,
And Fourteenth Street is debonair,
Fifth Avenue itself again!

On Broadway, "forms of choicest mould"
Once more are moving to and fro,
And—see the Testament, the Old—
Forever "mincing as they go."*
The clergy that in summer's heat
To the "first temples" fled to cool,
Again the pulpit cushions beat,
Again rich sinners mildly school.
Theatres and concert-halls are jammed,
The Park's alive with prancing steeds,
The millinery stores are crammed,
The rich give ostentatious feeds,
The Falls, the Spas, the Lakes, the Sea,
Have had their day—their halls are bare—
And robed for conquest, Vanity
Proclaims anew her Urban Fair.

—Vanity Fair.

* Isaiah, iii. 16.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 966.—6 December, 1862.

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ALBERT PIKE DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

General Albert Pike of Arkansas was once a loyal man. What he is now is forcibly told in the following verses written by loyal Albert Pike, and printed in a volume gathered some years ago for private distribution among his friends. One of those friends, a loyal man, sends it to be printed in the *Evening Post*.

DISUNION.

Ay, shout! 'Tis the day of your pride,
Ye despots and tyrants of earth!
Tell your serfs the American name to deride,
And to rattle their fetters in mirth.
Ay, shout! for the league of the free
Is about to be shivered to dust,
And the rent limbs to fall from the vigorous tree,
Wherever Liberty put her firm trust.
Shout! shout! for more firmly established will be
Your thrones and dominions beyond the blue sea.

Laugh on! for such folly supreme
The world had yet never beheld;
And ages to come will the history deem
A tale by antiquity swelled:
For nothing that Time has upbuilt
And set in the annals of crime,
So stupid and senseless, so wretched in guilt,
Darkens sober tradition or rhyme.
It will be, like the fable of Eblis's fall,
A byword of mocking and horror to all.

Ye mad, who would raze out your name
From the league of the proud and the free,
And a pitiful separate sovereignty claim,
Like a lone wave flung off from the sea;
Oh, pause ere you plunge in the chasm
That yawns in your traitorous way!
Ere Freedom, convulsed with one terrible spasm,
Desert you forever and aye!
Pause! think! ere the earthquake astonish your
soul,
And the thunders of war through your green
valleys roll!

Good God! what a title, what name
Will history give to your crime!
In the deepest abyss of dishonor and shame,
Ye will writhe till the last hour of time,
As braggarts who forged their own chains,
Pulled down what their brave fathers built,
And tainted the blood in their children's young
veins
With the poison of slavery and guilt;
And Freedom's bright heart be hereafter tenfold,
For your folly and fall, more discouraged and
cold.

What flag shall float over the fires
And the smoke of your patricide war,
Instead of the stars and broad stripes of your
sires?

A lone, pale, dim, flickering star,
With a thunder-cloud veiling its glow
As it faints away into the sea;—
Will the Eagle's wing shelter and shield you?
Ah, no!

His wing shelters only the free.
Miscall it, disguise it, boast, rant as you will,
You are traitors, misled by your mad leaders still.

Turn, turn then! Cast down in your might
The pilots that sit at the helm;
Steer, steer your proud ship from the gulf which
dark night
And treason and fear overwhelm!
Turn back! From your mountains and glens,
From your swamps, from the rivers and sea,
From forest and precipice, cavern and den,
Where your brave fathers bled to be free,
From the graves where those glorious patriots lie
Re-echoes the warning, "Turn back, or ye die!"
1834.

"OLD STARS." *

"Hung be the Heavens with black."

I.

His mighty life was burned away
By Carolina's fiery sun;
The pestilence that walks by day
Smote him before his course seemed run.

II.

The Constellations of the sky,
The Pleiades, the Southern Cross,
Looked sadly down to see him die,
To see a nation weep his loss.

III.

"Send him to us," the stars might cry—
"You do not feel his worth below;
Your petty great men do not try
The measure of his mind to know.

IV.

"Send him to us. This is his place,
Not 'mid your puny jealousies;
You sacrificed him in your race
Of envies, strifes, and policies.

V.

"His eye could pierce our vast expanse,
His ear could hear our morning songs,
His mind, amid our mystic dance,
Could follow all our myriad throngs.

VI.

"Send him to us! no martyr's soul,
No hero slain in righteous wars,
No raptured saint could e'er control
A holier welcome from the stars."

VII.

Take him, ye stars! take him on high,
To your vast realms of boundless space,
But once he turned from you to try
His name on martial scrolls to trace.

VIII.

That once was when his country's call
Said danger to her flag was nigh,
And then her banner's stars dimmed all
The radiant lights which gemmed the sky.

IX.

Take him, loved orbs! His country's life,
Freedom for all—for these he wars;
For these he welcomed bloody strife,
And followed in the wake of Mars!

* General Mitchell was familiarly known by the soldiers of his command under the *sobriquet* of "Old Stars."

—N. Y. *Evening Post*.

From The Quarterly Review.
AIDS TO FAITH.

[CONTINUED FROM NO. 965.]

WE enter now upon a different branch of our subject. When we first drew attention to this subject we expressed an opinion accordant with that which the Bishop of Oxford has stated in his preface to the "Replies to the Essayists." "Two distinct courses," he says, "seem to be required . . . the distinct, solemn, and, if need be, severe decision of authority, that assertions such as these cannot be put forward as possibly true . . . by honest men who are bound by voluntary obligations to teach the Christian revelation as the truth of God. . . . Secondly, we need the calm, comprehensive, and scholar-like declaration of positive truth upon all the matters in dispute, by which the shallowness and the passion and the ignorance of the new system of unbelief may be thoroughly displayed."*

We have traced the discharge by several writers of the second of these duties. We now pass on to examine what has been done by authority to free the Church of England from any complicity in the strange and erroneous doctrines of the essayists. Constituted as that body is, it is impossible that there should, under any circumstances, be within its pale the sharp, sudden acting of authority which may be found in other communions or in other lands. All our traditions are in favor of liberty; all are hostile to the authoritative repression of independent action, and still more, we thank God, of independent thought. Even when we were a part of that vast organic body, half spiritual, half civil, of which the Papacy was the head, the action of authority in all matters spiritual was feebler and more tardy in this land than in any other. Many were the concessions wrung by our spirit of national independence from the distant Popedom; many the acts of rebellious freedom at which that crafty power was compelled to wink, in order to preserve any dominion over the self-willed islanders. Our separation from Rome, and the full establishment of the apostolic freedom of our own Church from the usurpations of the see which had transformed a lawful primacy into a lawless tyranny, were accompanied—an evil waiting as the inseparable shadow upon our many blessings—with a

diminution of lawful authority in matters spiritual. This was probably inevitable. The isolated spirituality could not balance properly the great and neighboring weight of the temporal power. The evil was increased by the unavoidable mixture of questions of property with questions directly spiritual through our system of endowments; and the ever-growing jealousy of the law of England as to freehold rights raised the danger to its highest point. Soon after the Reformation attempts were made to remedy the evil. The abortive "Reformatio Legum" stands as an abiding record of such an effort. All such endeavors as these were utterly swept away by the great flood of Puritan violence which soon afterwards broke forth upon the land. Nor was the period of the Restoration in any way favorable for the development of a well-considered and impartial strengthening of the spiritual authority of the Church. It was pre-eminently a time of reaction; and a reactionary time, full as it necessarily is of spasms and violence, is most unfavorable for the formation of those joints and bands of reasonable restraint which form the truest protection of liberty itself. There was the irritation bred by the action of that spiritual revolution on the possession of endowments. There was first the remembrance of the many grievous wrongs which had been wrought in the ejection from their benefices of the best of the clergy, under the falsest professions, in order to install into them the ignorant and fanatical self-seekers of the Puritan predominance; and then there was next the natural but unhappy action of the spirit of retribution running into revenge, righting freely these past wrongs by new ejections. All this acted mischievously upon the mind of the Church, and made the question of the restoration of her civil rights, for which she had mainly to lean on the civil arm, rather than the maintenance of her doctrinal purity, the great object upon which her eye was fixed.

This was not all. The temper of the whole nation was one of reaction in favor of authority. Churchmen who had been faithful to the crown when it was trampled in the dirt under the feet of the Independents, would naturally suffer in the highest degree from the general epidemic; and the very loyalty of the Church led to its unduly exalting the throne, for which it had so severely suffered.

* Preface to "Replies," etc., pp. 9, 10.

The Revolution of 1688, which in so many directions strengthened and enlarged our liberties, tended only, from all its complicated operations, to weaken the free action of the Church as the spirituality of the realm. Nor, as we may find occasion to show hereafter, has recent legislation had any other tendency.

No reasonable man can shut his eyes to the benefits which have resulted from the struggles which make up this long history. The character of the Church of England resembles greatly that of men who, with wills and understandings naturally strong, have been brought up under no very fixed or definite rules of education, and have developed in that comparative freedom of firmness, an independence, and an individuality, with which more correct rules of early training must have interfered. For there is in her a marvellously tenacious grasp of fundamental truth; an intelligent consent, amidst difference on details of a multitude of minds, as to the leading articles of the faith; and earnest, common-sense religiousness, which could probably have been bred no otherwise than under the full and free action of her existing constitution. But it is an inevitable correlative of these advantages that the action of authority within her body, when at last it is called for, should be slow, sporadic, and somewhat feeble. We must not, therefore, expect, perhaps we need not very passionately desire, that the rise of any error within her communion should be followed at once by the meeting of the authoritative synod, the thunder of an anathema, and the lightning shaft of summary excommunication. All this is illustrated in the history of the "Essays and Reviews" controversy.

When, shortly after the publication of our former article, public attention had been called to the subject, and the minds of thinking men thoroughly roused to its importance, the first action of authority was the appearance of a document, bearing first or last, we believe, the signature of every bishop of the United Church, and condemning many of the propositions of the book as inconsistent with an honest subscription to her formularies. This was, in our judgment, a mode of action highly characteristic of the temper and spirit which we have attributed to the Established Church. Somewhat informal in its conception and in its putting

forth—struggling, we might almost say, into being, against the ordinary laws of ecclesiastical parturition, it yet manifested at once the formal slavery and the real freedom of the ecclesiastical element in our mingled constitution; our essential agreement, in spite of minor differences, on all matters concerning the fundamentals of the faith; and our common-sense view of the foolish attempt to substitute the dreamy nebulosities of used-up German speculation for a simple adherence to the language of the formularies, the letter of the creeds, and the plain teaching of the Bible.

The effect of the publication of this document was great and timely. The mind of the Church was only, perhaps, too much quieted by it, and disposed to be prematurely contented with what had been done as sufficient for the occasion. Amongst the partisans of the essayists it produced a vast amount of indignation. By one of the warmest and most eloquent amongst them it was described as "a document which, whilst Cambridge lay in her usual attitude of magnificent repose, about a month after the appearance of the *Quarterly*, startled the world; one without precedent, as we trust it may be without imitation, in the English Church." * It was "the counterpart of the Papal excommunication levelled against Italian freedom, filled with menaces borrowed from the ancient days of persecution," etc. All this irritation was but a testimony to the real weight of the condemnation, and not less so was the curious attempt of the same writer to lessen its authority by representing the venerable Bishop of Exeter as not having joined with his brethren in their censure. There is an audacity which reaches almost to pleasantry in the attempt of the reviewer to claim the present Bishop of Exeter as one who, when the defence of the foundations of our belief was the question at issue, could conceive it to be the course of faithfulness to the duty of his great station to "protect," in the reviewer's sense of the words, "the cause of free and fair discussion from the indiscriminate violence of popular agitators." † This is really very much like expecting the great Athanasius to have deemed it his special vocation to protect the heretic Arius from the agitation and violence of the Catholic Church. But bold as this attempt would

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 230, p. 469. † *Ibid.*

have been in any one who knew only the principles and character of the Right Rev. Prelate, whose name he wished thus to coax off the bond, perhaps it might warrant even some stronger epithet when it is seen upon what the suggestion was really founded. On the 21st of February, 1861, Dr. Temple wrote, under a misconception, a letter, which he recalled the day following, to the Bishop of Exeter, inquiring with what fundamental doctrines of our Church the bishop had declared his essay to be at variance. The hasty recall of the inquiry did not save the inquirer from an answer, from which we must make one or two highly characteristic extracts:—

"The book," continues the bishop, "professes to be a joint contribution for effecting a common object, viz., 'to illustrate the advantage derivable to the cause of religious and moral truth from a free handling in a becoming spirit of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment.'

"I avow my full conviction that this has a manifest and direct reference to our Creeds, our Articles, our Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the Sacraments.

"I also avow that I hold every one of the seven persons acting together for such an object to be alike responsible for the several acts of every individual among them in executing their avowed common purpose. This judgment might, indeed, have been qualified in favor of any one of the seven who, on seeing the extravagantly vicious manner in which some of his associates had performed their part, had openly declared his disgust and abhorrence of such unfaithfulness, and had withdrawn his name from the number.

"You have not done this, although many months have elapsed since this moral poison has been publicly vended under your authority, and since the indignation of faithful Christians has openly stigmatized the work as of the most manifestly pernicious tendency; above all, as a work which all who are entrusted, as you are, with the momentous responsibility of educating the youth of a Christian nation in the knowledge and obedience of Christian faith, ought in common faithfulness and common honesty to reprobate and denounce.

"You, I repeat, have, so far as I am informed, refrained from taking any public step to vindicate your own character, and must therefore be content to bear the stigma

of public, notorious, proclaimed complicity in an act which I am unwilling again to characterize as it deserves.

"I am, Reverend Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"Rev. F. Temple. H. EXETER."

"P.S.—In order to prevent misapprehension, I think it right to add that, while I do not regard your essay with the same feeling of aversion as I cannot but feel for other portions of the book, I yet deem it open to very grave remark."

After reading these sentences, published at the close of February, it is somewhat startling to find a writer two months later endeavoring to detract from the authority of the common condemnation by the bishops through the statement that "the name of H. Exeter is now known to have been added without his knowledge and against his wish."* But what will our readers say when they find, further, that the bishop had distinctly stated, in his published answer to Dr. Temple some six weeks before this was written, the following avowal?—

"I felt constrained to accompany my concurrence in the procedure with the expression of my judgment that the paper to which I gave my assent was conceived in terms more feeble than the occasion required. I ventured to sketch a formula which I should have wished to subscribe rather than that which had been adopted, expressing the pain which we (the bishops) have felt in seeing such a book, bearing the authority of seven members of our Church; still more, of ministers of God's Word and Sacraments among us—of men specially bound, under the most solemn engagements, to faithful maintenance of the truths set forth in our Articles of Religion, in our Book of Common Prayer, and even in the Creeds of the Church Catholic. That the general tenor of this unhappy work is plainly inconsistent with fidelity to those engagements we cannot hesitate to declare. Whether the particular statements are expressed in language so cloudy or so guarded as to render inexpedient a more formal dealing with them either in the courts of the Church or by synodical censure, is a question which demands and is receiving our anxious consideration."

So that what the reviewer transforms into a mitigation of the sentence on his clients, viz., that "the signature H. Exeter was added without his knowledge and against his

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 230 (April, 1861), p. 464.

wish," as it stands in its naked simplicity of fact, is this,—that the bishop did concur in the common sentence, but conceived that it was "conceived in terms more feeble than the occasion required." Surely, this is very much as if the prisoner's counsel should calmly assume his proved innocence, because, whilst the majority of his judges were content with inflicting on him penal servitude for life, one would have deemed it far meet punishment for his crime that he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

One other attempt of the reviewer to detract from the weight of this document must not be passed over wholly unnoticed. It is a more cautious endeavor to represent the Bishop of London as having in fact withdrawn from his share in the common Episcopal censure of the essays. The whole treatment of the bishop is curiously suggestive. For he is both threatened and cajoled into a silent adoption of the new position suggested for him by the reviewer. He is at once threatened with a charge of complicity in describing the early chapters of the Book of Genesis as parabolical, and flattered by being reminded of the liberality of his opinions in "sermons preached in the generous ardor" of his "youth," before the University at Oxford; and this though, if we remember right, his name was one of those appended to what the reviewer calls "Mr. Wilson's doubtless long-repented, ungenerous act and unfortunate onslaught on the 'Ninetieth Tract for the Times.'"^{*} The sole ground for this attempt was a speech (a very unfortunate one, we admit) of the bishop in the Upper House of Convocation, in which he was well described at the time as "evidently straitened between his personal regard for two of the essayists, whom he had known for some twenty years, and his own sense of duty to the Church and to the revealed truth in which he believes."[†] We must allow to the reviewer that there was something of an undecided character about this speech; but we think that his exultation over it as a penitential severance of himself by the speaker from his persecuting brethren, might have been a little qualified by the recollection that the practical measure, which the bishop proposed, as that which would best meet the exigencies

of the case, was that these writers should be called upon to declare publicly their "belief in the great truths of Christianity."

The declaration of the bishops was succeeded by an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, signed by more than ten thousand clergymen, condemning in the strongest terms the teaching of the essayists. The Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, too, took up the subject; and there was scarcely heard in either House the faintest whisper of agreement with the new unbelief. So far, indeed, from it, that those who for various reasons deprecated a synodical condemnation of the book, were as eager as any to disavow all agreement with the opinions of its authors; whilst an address of thanks to the members of the Upper House for their censure of it was adopted by the Lower House.

So far the voice of the Church through its several organs uttered no wavering or uncertain sound. But all this, in the opinion of many whose judgment was the most worthy of consideration, could not exempt the special guardians of the Faith from the duty of taking the steps belonging to their office, to obtain a yet more formal and authoritative censure of the new opinions. Their advocate, in the article to which we have referred already, expresses—in a passage of singular flippancy—his "concurrence with the Episcopal censors" in the "charges" of "flippancy of style and rash partnership," adding "but there is no liturgical condemnation of bad taste except by the example of contrast: there is no *article against joint liability unless it be the Thirty-eighth ('of Christian men's goods not common')*." After this poor witticism, he continues in a tone of arrogance and taunt which pervades the article, "a dim sense . . . of the true state of the case has made itself felt at times during the controversy, chiefly in the Episcopal utterances . . . an imperfectly realized conviction that there is, after all, no opposition between the Articles and the doctrines of the book, which only has remained unassailed by legal weapons because its adversaries well know that by such weapons it is in fact unassailable."^{*}

We can full well understand one in the position of the Bishop of Salisbury—intrusted, under the most awful responsibili-

^{*} *Edinburgh Review*, No. 230, p. 495.

[†] *Guardian*, March 6, 1861.

^{*} *Edinburgh Review*, No. 230, p. 494.

ties, with the guardianship of the true deposit, in his own diocese—feeling that it was impossible for him to allow such challenges as these to pass unnoticed; and believing that a necessity was laid upon him of persevering by action, even under our present most unsatisfactory system of ecclesiastical law, the people committed to his oversight from the authoritative teaching of errors, which he had deliberately combined with his brethren solemnly to censure.

In his diocese, and invested with the cure of souls, was one of the two essayists whom even the liberality of the "Edinburgh" reviewer cannot wholly exculpate. "We cannot," he says, "avoid observing that the flippant and contemptuous tone of the reviewer (Dr. Rowland Williams) often amounts to a direct breach of the compact with which the volume opens, that the subjects therein touched should be handled "in a becoming spirit." Anything more unbecoming than some of Dr. Williams's remarks we never have read in writings professing to be written seriously."* Against him, under that form of the ecclesiastical law which is called "letters of request," and which brings the matter in question immediately before the Court of the Archbishop of the province, the Bishop of Salisbury proceeded. It was matter of public notoriety that he took this step with the deepest reluctance. That he did at last take it, no one can wonder who remembers those solemn words in the Consecration Service in which he who undertakes the office then conferred pledges himself, "to be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word; and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to the same."—*Consecration Office*.

Dr. R. Williams shares with Mr. Wilson the special censures of the "Edinburgh" reviewer; not so much, it is true, for what he puts forth, as for his mode of doing it. "If he was minded to be a little sceptical, he should not at the same time have been scandalous;—he had no business to "shake the red flag" of his unbelief in the "face of the mad bull" of Orthodoxy;—he had dealt in "assertions which even the learned and sceptical" (let our readers mark the ominous conjunction) "would hesitate to receive."

* *Edinburgh Review*, p. 479.

Such is Mr. Wilson's statement respecting the fourth Gospel (p. 116); and that the taking of Jerusalem by Shishak is for the Hebrew history, that which the sacking of Rome by the Gauls is for the Roman (p. 170). This last assertion, wholly unsupported by argument, is, not only according to our humble belief but according to the whole tenor of the great work of Ewald, equally untenable in its negative and its positive aspect."*

Certainly these "assertions," wholly at variance with any reverence whatever for the Scriptures as the word of God, are a little difficult of acceptance to any one who is not very distinctly in the reviewer's language "learned and sceptical;" and we cannot wonder that the writer who has hazarded them was also brought before the Ecclesiastical Courts, especially as he goes on with a sort of "reading made easy" advertisement to show how men called upon to give, by subscription to certain articles and formularies, a pledge of how and what they will teach, as the condition of their receiving the authority and endowments of the preacher's office, may subscribe these documents without believing them; and, in professing their allowance of them, mean only that they endure their existence as necessary evils.

Accordingly he, too (the age probably of venerable Bishop of Ely having prevented the suit proceeding in the name of the Diocesan), was brought before the court most appropriately by the Proctor in Convocation for the clergy of the diocese, who must needs have a keen interest in wiping from their body the deep and eating stain of allowed heresy amongst themselves. Through the somewhat tedious stages of the Ecclesiastical Courts, relieved by speeches of no ordinary interest, especially by that of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen for the defence, and the admirable arguments of the new Queen's Advocate, Dr. (now Sir Robert) Phillimore, these two causes have now travelled to a solemn judgment delivered in the Court of Arches by Dr. Lushington; a judgment which, though in form delivered only on an interlocutory appeal, was "in fact," as the judge himself informs us, "a decision upon the merits."

The highest directly Ecclesiastical Court, then, of the Church has now pronounced its

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 230, p. 474.

sentence upon two of these notorious essays, upon two which are amongst the worst of them; for the writer of that, which travelled the farthest in error, which we forbear to characterize a second time by its true name, had been removed from the jurisdiction of all earthly courts—and for very many reasons we think it well worth while to examine closely into the judgment so delivered. Such an examination the learned and distinguished judge in his concluding sentences seems to rather to invite than deprecate. All through, indeed, it is manifest that he is possessed with an almost overwhelming sense of the extreme gravity of the occasion and the greatness of the interests which are at stake; and these emotions gather themselves up into the closing utterance: “I have discharged my duty to the best of my ability. I am aware that these judgments will be severely canvassed by the clergy and by others. Be it so: thereby it may be ascertained whether they are in accordance with law; and accordance with law ought to be the sole object of a Court of Justice.”*

The ruling principle of the whole judgment is expressed in these few words. In pronouncing the penalties of the law, the learned judge repeatedly reminds us that he is condemning not the errors or the evils of the document which has been brought before him, but simply its transgression of the law; that he is maintaining not truth, but the declaration of truth contained in the Articles and Formularies of the Established Church. This must be borne constantly in mind in considering this momentous judgment by every one who would understand its real tenor and effect; and it is under the light of this guiding principle that we propose to subject it to such an examination, as will, we believe, make clear its true bearings.

First, then, we have to notice that, as a consequence of this construction of the judgment, besides the direct judicial sentence as to penalties incurred or avoided in these pages, there is a moral decision on them running through the whole legal utterance, couched often in language of singular force and clearness. Thus, for example, our own complaint of a studied obscurity and evasiveness of statement is continually repeated by

the judge. “First, then,” he says, “to ascertain the real meaning of the passages extracted (p. 18); and I must say this is no easy task. If the author had studied to express his sentiments with ambiguity, I doubt if he could have been more successful. Having read and re-read the passage, I am not satisfied that I distinctly and accurately comprehend its import” (p. 14). Again: “It is very difficult, for me at least, to ascertain the true intent of this sentence.” Again (p. 21): “I am not sure that I distinctly comprehend the meaning of the next sentence.” Again (p. 33): “It is to be regretted that Mr. Wilson, in his essay, has frequently expressed himself in language so ambiguous as to admit of opposite constructions” (p. 24). “I proceed to the next passage. I will candidly say that I do not feel perfectly certain that I comprehend its true meaning.” “The next part of the extract is still more difficult” (p. 34). “This sentence is open to diverse interpretations, and some of its terms are self-contradictory” (p. 34).

Who can read these reiterated groans of baffled judicial sagacity without sympathy for the sufferer who has to track out amidst these “evasions,” “self-contradictions,” and “studied obscurities” the golden thread of thought? To demand a judgment on them is really too like the requirement of the Babylonian king, who bid the puzzled soothsayers recall the vanished dream, of which they were to furnish afterwards the interpretation. But there are deeper evils in such a style of writing than the agonies it causes to the judge who has to decide upon its criminalities. These obscurities of statement as to the Articles of the Faith are the readiest instruments of spreading error. Under such clouds of thought and words, the whole body of the truth may be carried piecemeal away. The most marked outlines of the Christian scheme melt away amidst these mists into the undistinguished glimmering of the surrounding fog. Obscurity, therefore, in a teacher of the Faith is close akin to the deadly crime of pronounced heresy.

There is, too, another evil in obscurity of which this judgment supplies frequent instances. The Protean character of error so promulgated, whilst it is singularly favorable to the generation of doubts, eludes by its shadowy uncertainty the mocked grasp of justice. “I think,” says the judge (p. 29),

* Judgment delivered on the 25th of June, 1862, by the Right Hon. S. Lushington, Dean of the Arches, i. 44.

"there is a doubt as to the sense in which Dr. Williams has expressed himself; and if there be a doubt, as this is a criminal case, he is entitled to the benefit of it." "Mr. Wilson's use of these contradictory terms . . . might leave . . . the impression that he doubted whether the Holy Scriptures had been supernaturally communicated, etc." "Without saying this impression of this passage is false, I cannot say it is necessarily the true one, especially considering this is a criminal case. . . . On the whole, therefore, I come to the conclusion that as a criminal charge, "it cannot be supported" (p. 35). "Whatever may be its meaning, it is much too vague to enable me to draw any conclusion from it." And so the teacher of error so far retains his place amongst the authorized declarers of the Church's doctrine. His offence (for obscurity or ambiguity upon such subjects is an offence) is his protection. This is a second and a great evil of such a style of writing in clergymen. As we said at first, we consider the evil done by the clergy being suffered to vent such speculations far greater than any evil likely to be done by the speculations themselves. There may be few who are sufficiently weak to have their faith shaken by such empty suggestions; but the weight of the whole Order may be shaken by the permitted presence in it of such cloudy heretics. The "Epistolæ" of these in this sense "obscurorum virorum" are too dull to be very misleading, and might, so far as their intrinsic power of spreading error goes, have been left to perish as literary failures by their own ponderosity; but trust in all guidance may be fatally shaken if the dullest of misleaders are suffered to remain undisturbed on the roll of authorized guides.

It is not, then, as it seems to us, easy to exaggerate this primary condemnation by Dr. Lushington of these obscure transmitters of the lights of revealed truth.

But there is yet another class of censures which pervades the judgment, the full weight of which can only be estimated by those who know and bear fully in remembrance the great breadth of the judge's own long-expressed sympathies with all fair and honest intellectual speculation and inquiry as to revealed religion, even to the verge of what many might deem rationalism itself. These are contained in the perpetually recurring dis-

tinction between the question the judge has to decide—namely, whether "doctrines have been promulgated at variance with the doctrines of the Church, as declared in the Articles and Formularies"? (Judg. p. 5) and that which he has not to decide—namely, whether "they are inconsistent with the true doctrine of the Christian faith"? They are couched in such words as these: "There may be much that in the private opinion of the court excites deep regret, and is deserving of censure or severest reprobation (p. 17), and yet that the law of the Church may not reach" (p. 9). "Though I think Dr. Williams's opinion militates against one of the most important doctrines held by the most venerated divines of the Church, I cannot come to the conclusion that the Articles, etc., have been violated" (p. 22). "This may be wholly irreconcilable with that which is generally esteemed to be the orthodox teaching of the Church, but is not struck by the Sixth and Seventh Articles of Religion" (p. 26).

But perhaps the severest of all these censures, as expressing the moral estimate formed by the judge of the dishonesty of writings which yet just escaped the hold of the law, is contained in the passages which deal with Mr. Wilson's new theory of subscription. "Mr. Wilson draws some very fine distinctions as to how the Articles of Religion may, in truth, be attacked and censured." "There is rather a long discussion upon the meaning of the words 'allowing' and 'acknowledging the Articles to be agreeable to the Word of God.' Mr. Wilson goes the length of saying 'many acquiesce in or submit to a law as it operates upon themselves, which they would be horror-struck to have enacted.' The plain meaning of this is, that a man may allow* that which he disbelieves to be true and right, or, rather, that which he deems to be wholly wrong. . . . The effect of this doctrine enunciated by any clergyman of the Church of England may be comprised in a few words: it is to affirm that a clergyman may subscribe to the Articles

* It may be well to remind our readers of the fact which we have already pointed out (vol. cix. p. 276), that the word "allow" in the 36th Canon does not mean, as Mr. Wilson supposes, to acquiesce in, but to "approve." This is not only shown by the general language of the age in which the Canons were framed, but is placed beyond all doubt by the fact that in the Latin Canon, which is of co-ordinate authority with the English, "alloweth" is expressed by "omnino comprobatur."—*Cardwell's Synodalia*, i. 186.

without any regard to the plain literal meaning thereof, and at the very same time repudiate the essential doctrines contained therein" (p. 28). Again, "Mr. Wilson has conformed to the thirty-sixth canon, though he may have advised others to evade it. . . I think that the substance of what Mr. Wilson has written is this: to suggest modes by which the Articles subscribed may be evaded, contrary to the king's declaration and the terms of subscription. . . . Mr. Wilson . . . has subscribed these . . . Articles . . . whether in the sense required by the Canon or with what qualification I forbear to inquire" (p. 90).

With our old-fashioned English notions of what honesty is, and what it is worth, we can scarcely conceive of censure more biting than that which is contained in all these passages, which, so far as actual legal condemnation is concerned, are exculpatory of the accused. Surely this condemnation from the aged judge—known through a long life for opinions verging, if to either extreme, certainly not to that of excessive orthodoxy—and whom a knowledge of the excitement the volume had created only "induced to exercise all care and vigilance, and to preserve a perfectly equal and dispassionate mind" (p. 6)—surely such a moral condemnation from such a man would justify all our former notes of warning.

But this moral condemnation is not all, or anything like all. With all their sepia-like power of obscuring plain truths, and escaping in the troubled waters of controversy, the accused were far from escaping direct legal censure. The points on which they are condemned are the following: Dr. Rowland Williams, for declaring the Bible to be "an expression of devout reason, and the written voice of the congregation"—one of the special errors to which we called attention,*—is adjudged to have violated the Sixth and Seventh Articles of Religion, and to have advanced "positions substantially inconsistent with the all-important doctrine imposed by law that the Bible is God's word written" (p. 20). Secondly. On the cardinal doctrine of Propitiation, which "by the Thirty-first Article of Religion is declared to be the Oblation by Christ finished upon the Cross for sin," Dr. Williams is condemned for a declaration of it

"inconsistent with and contrary to the Thirty-first Article" (p. 27). Thirdly. As to Justification by Faith, he is condemned for teaching it to be peace of mind, instead of Justification for the merit of our Lord by faith—an explanation "wholly inconsistent with and repugnant to the Eleventh Article" (p. 31).

Thus, in fine, after all ambiguities and obscurations; after striking out all the contradictions of Holy Scripture as it has always been understood by the pious and devout; after subtracting all passages in which the writer is rather retailing Baron Bunsen's views than stating his own, and giving him the benefit of every doubt, he is condemned for no lighter errors than denying Holy Scripture to be the Word of God, and explaining away or contradicting the doctrine of the Propitiation wrought out for us by our Lord, and our own justification in God's sight for the only merits of our Saviour. Can there be any doubt in the mind of a reasonable man, whether the Bishop of Salisbury could honestly allow the poor parishioners of Broad Chalke to be the subjects of clerical teaching which would rob them of their Bible, of propitiation through the death of Christ, and justification by his merits?

Nor does the mode in which this judgment has been received by Dr. Williams, eminently characteristic as it is of the man, in any degree mend his case. It has led to the publication of a sermon preached at Lampeter, and put forth with an appendix, from which we must cull for our readers a few of the peculiar flowers. It contains, we venture to think, more self-praise and more abuse, direct and implied, of all who differ from him—implying a habit of mind richly furnished with two of the most eminent qualities for making an heretic, conceit and bitterness—than, perhaps, any similar production of any other writer has ever exhibited. Here are a few of the specimens from the *Hortus Siccus* of Lampeter. It is thus that the general protest of laity and clergy against the "Essays" is handled. "No presumption against the religious tendencies of a book arises from its vehement condemnation by persons influential in Church and State, but rather the contrary. There is a time to convince gainsayers, and a time to awaken formalists. . . . If our

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. 109, p. 288.

eyes were purged to see as Heaven sees, we might find that the Jewish victims of the Middle Ages were nearer to the God of Abraham than the vicious idolaters who murdered them for gold in the name of Christ . . . their worst errors [the Albigenses] were less injurious to mankind than the crimes of the hierarchy by whom they were massacred."*

Having dealt thus with those who condemned, he thus endorses many of his former views. As for the Bible, his views, he tells us, would leave it "a relative sanctity for its subject's sake," when there had been made the "deductions from supposed infallibility which the truth of letters requires" (p. 6). What these deductions may amount to we can a little understand when we find that "the conscience of mankind revolts not only often against inhumanities and passions in ancient Jewry," but "sometimes against precepts or tone of narrative, by which those crimes are justified or not condemned" (p. 8); that "allowance" is to be made "with respect to the story of the sun arrested in his course, in order to prolong a day of bloodshed" (p. 13); in that "the mode of showing a sceptical astronomer that his prejudices about the sun should yield to the contemporaneousness of the Book of Joshua has not yet been denied" (p. 24); and that "the vulgar theory of prediction" (p. 11) is to be got rid of; and that "the Gospels" are to be "esteemed" a memorial of the spiritual impulse propagated from the life of Christ, rather than a code of legalized precepts (p. 10).

Lastly, let us set side by side his estimate of himself and of those who have the misfortune to be opposed to him. Of himself and of his teaching he supplies us with the following sketches, some lines of which may, we think, at least awaken a smile on the episcopal features in Abergwili Palace:—

"To you, my friends, who . . . have observed the unsurpassed patience and courtesy to men of all ranks with which for eleven years I have occupied a highly complicated position, let me say that on the cardinal question of prophetic interpretation my performance has not belied the promise of my life; and when hereafter every citation of mine shall be proved substantially correct, my interpretations the most Chris-

tian *honestly possible*, my principles full of that truth for which Christ died suffering, and the policy of my detractors animated by a spirit neither religious nor just," etc. (p. 19.)

Was there ever a more perfect echo of the old self-sufficiency, "Wisdom shall die with us—we are they that ought to speak"?

These last words give a promise of how those who differ from him are to be treated; and undoubtedly that "promise," at least, "of his life" is not belied. When he finds that the judge condemns him, he explains, "with no great discourtesy, the miscarriage of justice" (p. 62). Reflecting on the ignorance which filled the seat of judgment, he concludes that "with no literary light, there could be no ecclesiastical justice" (p. 62). whilst the general administration of the court is thus sneered at with his usual "unsurpassed courtesy." "If we imagine an apostle—and it is easier to conceive all the apostles—indicted in the Court of Arches, than sanctioning the proceedings of their successors there," etc. (p. 60). It is, indeed, against these "successors" that he seems to rage the most angrily. He is himself the "offspring of God, trampled into the grave by the *policy* of Caiaphas" (p. 48). "Evasion has been on the same side as violence" (p. 47). "It is equally dangerous," he avers, "to suffer a bishop's injuries silently, or to refute them triumphantly" (p. 31). What his personal experience of the first alternative may have been we cannot undertake to say, but his correspondence with the Bishop of St. David's makes it quite certain that from that peculiar form of danger which waits upon "refuting a bishop triumphantly" Dr. Rowland Williams was never otherwise than in the most entire security.

We will give our readers but two more specimens of Dr. Rowland Williams. The one, his mode of referring to the volume called "*Aids to Faith*," the general character of which we have noted above. Having, as he conceives, silenced some of its reasoning, he refers in his note to the passage he is dealing with as being contained in the "*Aids to Tradition*" (pp. 34, 422). The last specimen of this writer shall be his general character of the trial in which he has been so justly condemned. "What," he says, "will be the result of this suit, under-

* "Persecution for the Word," pp. 2, 3.

taken in order to procure the falsification of literature, brought forward under untrue pretexts, supported by dislocated quotations, pleaded with rude unfairness, and painfully procrastinated beyond its natural occasion? I trust, even surrounded by all arts of chicanery, to reap from the God of Justice a reward for the many years in which I have taught faithfully the doctrines of my own Church in an easy bursting of this episcopal bubble" (p. 43).

Compare with this signal example of "unsurpassed patience and courtesy" the grave, calm words of the prelate it would malign:—

"And now, my brethren, I have all but reached the end which I set before me. I have, indeed, omitted to speak to you of many things which are of deep interest to us all as churchmen; but this omission has been intentional. I felt that I should be otherwise trespassing too much on your patience and forbearance. But there is, however, one matter which I have thus passed by from very different considerations. I have felt precluded by the legal proceedings in which I am engaged from entering upon a subject which must lie much closer to all our hearts than any upon which I have touched, and which is far more worthy of our deepest attention. You already, I am sure, understand that I am alluding to a book which professes to be the work of six clergymen and one layman, and is called 'Essays and Reviews.' And though I am not going, however much I may be tempted to do so, to break the rule of silence which circumstances have now imposed upon me, still I feel that I owe it to my diocese, both to the clergy and laity of it, to explain to them, in not many words, the reasons which have led me to adopt the course upon which I have now entered, and to institute proceedings against the reputed writer of one of these essays.

"There was much indeed to dissuade me from acting as I have done. In the first place it is my belief, with regard not only to this one essay but to the whole volume, that there is not power enough in it to exercise a permanent influence over the minds of men. This, then, was one cause for hesitation. Secondly, I am not myself free from the fear, which many feel most keenly, that legal proceedings will very possibly for a time extend and intensify that influence, whatever it may be. Thirdly, I do not think that the constitution of our courts of judicature is as well fitted as one could desire for weighing in the fine balances of truth the many ques-

tions which will through such proceedings be necessarily submitted to them.

"There are also on the same side, and so a fourth cause of hesitation, the dictates of a righteous caution lest any feelings of indignation at what has appeared to many, and to myself amongst that number, a reckless and ruthless attempt to pull down the whole fabric of Christian doctrine to its very foundations, should make me forget the claims of justice and fair dealing and charity. And I may further add, that I was also checked in coming to the decision which I have taken by the thought that the alarming tokens of combined action and zeal and earnestness might have led me, in my fears, to exaggerate the danger, and not to give due heed to the warnings of discretion, and of calm unswerving confidence in the power of truth.

"I frankly admit that there were these difficulties in the way of my determining to institute legal proceedings. But there were, on the other side, many weighty, and to my mind preponderating considerations in favor of my submitting the essay to the court of the archbishop, and of thus trying to show that the Church of England disallowed its teaching.

"For example, however comprehensive may be the limits within which our tolerant Church allows her clergy to exercise their ministry, those limits must exist somewhere. Again, as a bishop, I accepted at the time of my consecration the responsibility of keeping the teaching of my clergy within these wide limits. Thirdly, the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England have testified by a public record that those limits have been in their opinion transgressed, and the Lower House of Convocation and my own clergy have given in their adhesion to this testimony; and such united expression of opinion has helped to press the conclusion on my mind that the case was beyond the bounds of toleration, and has quickened my sense of responsibility about it.

"It is also to be noted that upon the writers of the essays these recorded decisions have been utterly without effect. The authors of them have, by the repeated subsequent publication of their book, persisted in challenging us to show that such opinions as they have put forth are inconsistent with the position given by the law of the Church of England to her ministers. I might almost say that the writers have, by such conduct, seemed themselves to protest against informal action and to demand, in the name of justice, the formal judgment of those courts to which the decision of such questions in this country now belongs. Nor is it any valid answer to such an appeal from informal judgments to a formal one, to say that

the instruments which the Church can use in the courts of law are not those which theologians would, in all respects, trust. This may be so, but still there is no denying that they are those with which alone God has, in his good providence, provided us for the defence of his truth; and the consequence of my not using them, and so of doing nothing formally and according to legal sanction with regard to this essay, might be that our children would inherit the conclusion that such teaching, though possibly most repugnant to the religious sentiments of their fathers, was, in 1861, admitted to be not unlawful. The thought of being responsible for such impunity, and so for an admission which may be made hereafter to justify scepticism, and what is worse in members of our Church is a very intolerable burden upon any one on whom it may fall.*

Mr. Wilson's greater obscurity of expression interfered even more frequently than that of Dr. Williams's with legal conviction. But he, too, is far from escaping uncondemned. He is sentenced, First, for "denying in contradiction of the Sixth and Twentieth Articles, that the Bible was written by the special interposition of the divine power" (Judg., p. 36); Secondly, he has "infringed the Eighteenth Article, in denying all distinction between covenanted and uncovenanted mercy, and declaring that a man may be saved by the law which he professes" (p. 42); Thirdly, he is condemned for declaring "that all, finally, both great and small, will escape everlasting condemnation"—opinions which the judge "cannot reconcile with the passages cited of the Creeds and Formularies." So that on these three master propositions, to the full justification of Mr. Fendall, the Vicar of Great Staughton is convicted of contradicting the teaching of the Church of which he is a minister.

The full weight of this sentence and the moral certainty of its being confirmed, should it be questioned, on appeal in the Superior Court, can best be measured by seeing how reluctantly the judge arrived in any case at a conviction of the accused being guilty of a legal offence. Nowhere is the strong bias in this direction of the judicial mind more strikingly exhibited than in the mode in which he shelters both Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson from the charges brought against them of denying the genuineness of the Second Epis-

tle of St. Peter. Had they, pronounces the judge, denied its canonicity, they must be condemned; but as they only deny it to be genuine, and may mean no more than that it was a canonical book, but not written by St. Peter, but "by another under divine guidance," I am bound to give them the "benefit of the doubt" (pp. 25, 26, 43). Now, if ever there were a case in which the benefit of such a doubt would seem to have been reduced to the most infinitesimal grain, surely it is this: since the question of authorship is inseparably mixed up with the truth of the Epistle. For the Epistle—not only in the first address, which is an essential part of it, but in the body of the letter, where the writer distinctly speaks of himself as a witness of the transfiguration—claims to be written by the Apostle St. Peter. To deny its authorship is, therefore, to deny its truth, and so, surely, to deny its being written under the divine guidance. And yet, with so strong and open a bias against finding the accused guilty, these two incumbents of parishes are each pronounced by the judge to have, on three separate fundamental points, contradicted the very letter of the creeds and articles.

Here, then, so far as the Court of Arches is concerned, the cause, *decided on its merits*, is waiting the end of the summer vacation for its next formal steps. We cannot doubt what those will be. It is impossible that writers morally condemned by the court with such severity, who have escaped so narrowly on so many counts, and who have been sentenced so decisively upon such momentous charges, can, without full retraction, be allowed to hold their office of teachers in the Church they have outraged.

We do not affect not to rejoice in this decision. There were those who doubted the wisdom of bringing these men to trial; we were never of the number. The mischief—we must repeat it—which their writings could do depended, in our judgment, neither on their ability, for it was little; nor their power, for it was faint; nor their learning, for it was shallow and pretentious; nor on their novelty, for it was stale;—but upon their position. The evil of the case was not that vain men should vent their vanity, but that clergymen of the United Church should be the permitted teachers of scepticism. The censure of authority alone could redress this

* Charge of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, 1861, pp. 61, 64.

evil, and by authority they have been censured. The uneasy feeling, widely prevalent and working mighty harm, which arose from the belief that our Church could censure no error, has been set at rest. The concurrent cases of *Burder v. Heath*, which, to his high honor, the Bishop of Winchester carried through the Court of Appeal, regardless, in his zeal for the truth of God, alike of expense and obloquy, and the two essay cases which have followed in the Court of Arches, have distinctly established the disputed fact that our Church not only possesses a canon of truth to defend, but has the means of defending it practically within her power.

Nor has the form which the judgment of the Dean of the Arches has assumed caused us any real apprehension. There was undoubtedly something startling in some of the principles which he laid down when they were first stated. But they were, we believe, essentially sound, and such as alone could, in a Church connected with the nation and the State, combine the needful safeguards at once of truth and liberty. It is of great moment that this matter should be well understood; for that uneasiness is largely entertained concerning our highest courts of judgment on doctrinal matters is indisputable, and that they do need some changes cannot reasonably be denied. What those changes are, and what they are not, we think that an examination of this judgment may greatly tend to show.

The one leading principle, then, which pervades the judgment, and is repeated, as the learned judge says, *usque ad nauseam*, is, that the court is not concerned with the truth or with the falsehood of the doctrinal statements which pass under its review, but simply with their agreement with, or their difference from, the Articles and Formularies of the United Church of England and Ireland. It is the consequences of this principle which are, at first sight, startling; for under its rule it is plain that no passage of Holy Scripture as Holy Scripture, and unless the Church has directly put an interpretation upon it, can be quoted in proof of the error or soundness of any doctrinal statement. Even the parts of Scripture which are incorporated in the Formularies must be excepted from the matter round them in the pleadings before the court; and thus, whilst

a contradiction of the uninspired part of the formulary condemns the writer, a contradiction or an explaining away of the inspired part escapes uncondemned.

Another startling consequence is this—that whilst to deny the Scriptures to be the Word of God will subject an English clergyman to deprivation, he may with perfect safety inform the court that, believing it to be the Word of God, he further teaches that almost every fact stated in it is a myth, and every doctrine literally untrue, and only ideologically defensible. At first sight, it would seem that this treatment derogated highly from the supreme majesty of God's Word, and endangered fatally the Church's truth. But if we look more closely into it, we shall find reason to alter this conclusion. For, in truth, it is the divine element in the Word of God which gives to it its many-sidedness and almost infinite power of yielding utterances to the soul of man. To limit this wide compass is the very error of the essayists, who, contracting the meaning of Scripture to one single sense, bid us read it as any other book. The whole history of the Church contradicts this narrow conceit; for heretics have never wanted texts interpreted according to their own private sense with which to confirm their strange teaching. Amidst these various interpretations, it is the office of the Church, guided by the spirit who dictated the sacred volume, to fix as to all fundamental questions its true sense, and so to be a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ. In passages, therefore, where no such sense has been fixed by the Church, it would far transcend the power of an ecclesiastical judge to attempt the discharge of such a function as the fixing its true meaning. This, in language of most appropriate reverence, is the exact declaration of the Dean of the Arches: "Were such a task imposed upon me, the want of theological knowledge would incapacitate me from adequately performing it" ("Judg.," p. 13). And he calls attention to the fact that, as even in reading the Epistles and Gospels the Church is not defining doctrine, no really maintainable line can be drawn between them and the lessons, and thus that, if any portion of Scripture were admitted, he must admit, and so undertake to fix the sense of all.

So far, then, as concerns the reverence due to the Word of God, we think it clear that

the letter of Scripture must be excluded in our Ecclesiastical Courts, both from the accusation and defence. But, further, we believe that this is at the same time the safeguard both of our freedom and our truth. Of our freedom it is certainly the protection; for if, instead of being tested by this agreement with fixed and unvarying standards of doctrine, any statements of theology were to be compared with the shifting interpretations which different ecclesiastical judges might affix to the Word of God, we should soon groan under an intolerable tyranny. No opinions would be safe if measured by such a leaden rule, and the appointment of a new Dean of the Arches might involve the sentence of a generation of sound divines to the pains and penalties of heresy. For the very same reason would such a state of things be most dangerous to the maintenance of the purity of the revealed Faith. For our safety as to it rests under the direct aid of the Holy Spirit in the rich deposit of sacred truth which we have inherited, and which is fixed for us in creeds, articles, and formularies, themselves in full accordance with Holy Scripture rightly interpreted, and which therefore become in turn standing canons for the right interpretation of Scripture itself. Thus the limitation of the judge's power is indeed our safety. And this is the answer to all the fears suggested by the respected Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge in the frigid but ingenious pamphlet in which he endeavors at once to shelter the essayists from condemnation and himself from any danger of being supposed to partake of their many errors.* No decision can by possibility shake the great foundations of the faith, which under God's providence have been laid, like the roots of the mighty coral archipelago, amidst the roar and beating of storms; in the very spot where the surge has been heaviest, and the swell of the breakers the most incessant; to work out which in their perfectness thousands upon thousands through successive generations have lived and suffered and confessed and bled; the truth ever spreading firmer its ascertained base by its resistance to the billows which seemed to threaten its existence. To alter one of these founda-

tions of the faith, no such judgments as our courts thus limited are allowed to utter, can avail, more than can the plummet-line which reaches down to them upheave the vast limestone rocks which are imbedded fathoms deep in the blue waters of the Pacific.

But to this it may be objected that old definitions of the faith and old articles of religion, which were framed to meet former heresies, cannot under this limited range of modern judgment suffice to curb the wild eccentricity of newer errors. There is undoubtedly great truth in this objection. The judgment before us supplies evidence of its force. Thus "Whatever I may think," says the judge, "as to the danger of the liberty so claimed" (of "assuming a verifying faculty" as to Holy Scripture), "still, if the liberty do not extend to the impugning the Articles of Religion or the Formularies, the matter is beyond my cognizance" (Judg. p. 19).

The whole system of ideological interpretation, so fatal to maintaining any fixed objective truth as revealed in Holy Scripture, is a case in point, and a case full of danger. "I plainly see," says the judge, "to what fearful consequences this may be carried, but, provided that the doctrines of the Articles of Religion and Formularies are not contravened, the law lays down no limits of construction, no rule of interpretation for the Scriptures" (Judg. p. 37). The danger then undoubtedly exists, and the real question is, How can it be met? Not, we think that we have shown, by committing to our judges what must, if committed at all, be an utterly unlimited power, which in its operation would assuredly endanger both our freedom and our faith; but in the mode in which from the beginning the Church has guarded against it, by confronting the attacks of new heresies with the defence of new declarations of the ancient faith.

It is no real answer to this to allege that, with an action cramped and manacled as is ours from our connection with the State, it would be impossible for us to frame such new Articles. That it would be impossible we wholly deny: that it would be difficult we readily admit. The Spirituality must, of course, as the special guardians of the faith, first agree upon such Articles; when framed they could have no legal validity until the laity had assented to them, and until the

* "An Examination of some portions of Dr. Lushington's Judgment," etc., by J. Grote, B.D., Deightons.

nation in its duly constituted Assemblies had decreed their enactment. So much the virtual compact involved in every National Church between the Church and the nation necessarily requires. For the Church has declared her message of truth, has laid down its formal declarations, and surrounded it with its necessary safeguards before she enters into such an alliance. These statements and these defences of the truth the nation on its part has allowed and adopted; and the Spirituality on these conditions has received the authoritative office and the remunerating endowments of the public lawful teacher of religion. No change, then can justly be made in the *statu quo* without the free consent of both parties to the existing arrangement; and against any re-opening of the old settlement a multitude of objections would at any moment array themselves. The lovers of the old would fear that change might cost them the loss of what they had; the lovers of novelty would exclaim against it as threatening their attainment of the discoveries for which they long. Any such change would, we admit, be difficult. Nor do we think that such difficulty is by any means an unmixed evil. It is only, in our judgment, in the last resort that such changes ought to be attempted. But we do not for an instant believe that in such last resort they would be found impossible. The restoration of the action of Convocation amongst us, and the gradual revival by slow but sure steps of the Church's power of internal legislation for her own wants, in one at least of our provinces, may itself be a timely preparation for such a necessity. Nor do we doubt that, if our existing formularies prove to be an insufficient barrier against the fretting scepticism which has sought to rear its head amongst a few of our twenty thousand clergy, the honest and faithful indignation which has already so signally condemned these latest attempts of unbelief, would, if need be, embody itself in Articles of Religion sufficiently clear to enable our judges legally to condemn the new devices of the old enemy of the Faith. And even before having recourse to this we have in actual possession another safeguard. No modern legislation has taken from our sacred Synods their power of condemning heretical books. Through these organs, should the occasion arise, we doubt not that the Church would

make her voice of warning solemnly heard; and in doing so it is even an advantage, and not a loss, that, whilst she retains her power to condemn the error, she has probably no right, and therefore no requirement, to proceed against the person of the offender.

Our own articles are a living evidence of such a mode of treating error. They had been rendered necessary on the one side by the wild fancies of the Anabaptists and other fanatics, and on the other by the corrupt traditions and usurping arrogance of the Papacy. They were calmly and cautiously but boldly framed by our fathers to meet the new forms of error with which their generation was threatened. All the creeds of the Catholic Church beyond the simple doxology have had in turn a like origin. Every dogma of which they are compounded is the battle-field on which some mighty truth was defended, the burying-place of some slain and now decomposing heresy. And if the like dangers beset us we must find our safety in the like course. New errors may even yet require new articles. If the necessity should arise, it must be by the new definition of the old Faith—and not by that which even in civil matters is the most dangerous of all methods of legislation, namely, judge-made law—that we must confute the gainsayer and silence the heretic.

Here, then, we may perhaps discover to what alterations of our Ecclesiastical Courts, so far as concerns their treatment of doctrine, the real needs of the time seem to point. Not certainly to clothing our judges with these uncertain and dangerous powers, the possession of which they so strongly deprecate, but to any change which may define more exactly what their true province is, if anywhere it has been left doubtful. One provision of recent legislation we think there is which needs such revision. The addition, in certain cases, of the two Metropolitans and of the Bishop of London to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, before which appeals from the Courts of Canterbury and York are held, interferes entirely with the views of his office which are enforced in this judgment by the Dean of the Arches as those which are true in themselves and which have been laid down by the Supreme Tribunal in the recent *Heath* and *Gorham* cases. The mixture of the

spiritual element with the temporal in that court gives to it an unfortunate appearance of undertaking to decide what is the true doctrine, instead of merely giving a legal exposition to the language in which the true doctrine is already defined; and this appearance, unfortunate in even a strictly ecclesiastical court, is absolutely disastrous in the Judicial Committee, which is not an ecclesiastical tribunal, but a temporal court, advising the action of the sovereign, when appealed to as in the well-known "*appel comme d'abus*," as the supreme arbiter under God in any case of alleged injustice wrought in any court against the subject. We will not stop here to inquire by what legislation this anomaly should be corrected. We now merely call attention to its existence as directly militating against the principle laid down in this judgment and maintained as true by ourselves.

Here, then, for the present we leave this great matter. We see upon the whole many grounds for rejoicing at the course by which

it has travelled to its present posture. For there are many marks that now—as so often before in the Church's history—error has defeated itself. We rejoice in the unambiguous voice it has called forth from our high Ecclesiastical Court. We rejoice in the tone maintained by the Convocation of Canterbury, in the utterance of all our bishops, and in the echo it awoke amongst the clergy. We rejoice in the calm, dignified rebuke administered by the expressive silence of the laity to the promulgers of this new-fangled form of puny unbelief. We may lastly add that we rejoice in the literary issues of the conflict; in the exposure it has made of the shallow, crude, half-learned ignorance of the masters of the new movement; and in the enduring additions to our standard theology of which it has been the cause. And for ourselves, we rejoice that we were amongst the earliest to unmask the pretenders, and draw down upon our head the honorable distinction of their peculiar hostility.

FROGS IN COAL.—*To Mr. Punch.*—"Sir: I am quite ashamed of my age—I mean of my country—when I find people refusing to believe that the Frog in the Exhibition got into the coal about the period of the creation, and jumped out just in time to be ready for the International Show of 1862. The habit of disbelieving statements is most objectionable. But I hope that I shall be able to convince the most incredulous sceptic that such a thing is perfectly possible, by relating a fact which has occurred in my own family, and, I may say, under my own eye.

"The nights have been cold of late, and on Tuesday last I thought it would be pleasant to have a fire. This was accordingly lighted, and my servant, a most respectable female (duly christened, and with an excellent character), brought up the coal-skuttle. It had remained in an outhouse during the summer. She placed it in one corner of my room, behind my arm-chair. About an hour afterwards I rose to put on some coals, and I beheld, perched upon a large lump of Wallsend, a remarkably fine frog. It was alive, and did not seem afraid of me, and, indeed, I fancied that it winked at me as I approached it. If there could be any doubt that this frog had been in one of the coals for six thousand years at least (my servant thinks 'nearer seven'), such doubt would be removed by the creature's fearlessness. It was, of course, in the poet's language, 'so unacquainted with man,' upon whom it had never looked since this orb was called into existence.

"I would have stated this convincing circumstance in addition to the similar evidence which I transmitted to the *Times*, only it had not occurred when I wrote. I hasten to complete the chain of testimony to the Exhibition Frog, and am, sir, Yours obediently,

JOHN SCOTT."

"*Lillieshall Coal Depots, Paddington.*"

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.—At one of the meetings of the British Association last week, Dr. Edward Smith said,—

"In certain cases tobacco acts as a stimulant, and may supply to the literary man the state of system at night which would be induced by a moderate quantity of alcoholic stimulants, but when the body is of full habit it must lead to disturbed sleep and may lead to apoplexy."

Dr. Punch said that as a literary man of full habit (applause) he should like to ask his friend Dr. Smith whether the unpleasant consequences he indicated might not be obviated by taking both the cigar and a moderate quantity of alcoholic stimulants.

Dr. Edward Smith said that he had not directed his attention to that question, and thought that experiments bearing upon it might be conducted with interest and with advantage.

Dr. Punch, in the most liberal manner, immediately undertook to prosecute them, and departed to his hotel with that view. He was shortly joined by Dr. Smith, and the distinguished philosophers pursued their investigations until a late hour.—*Punch.*

CHAPTER II.

A MILE off, and a thousand feet down. So Tom found it; though it seemed as if he could have chucked a pebble on to the back of the woman in the red petticoat, who was weeding in the garden; or even across the dale to the rocks beyond.

For the bottom of the valley was just one field broad, and on the other side ran the stream; and above it, gray crag, gray down, gray stair, gray moor walled up to heaven.

A quiet, silent, rich, happy place; a narrow crack cut deep into the earth, so deep, and so out of the way, that the bad bogies can hardly find it out. The name of the place is Vendale; and if you want to see it for yourself, you must go up into the High Craven, and search from Bolland Forest north by Ingleborough, to the nine Standards and Cross Fell; and if you have not found it, you must turn south, and search the Lake mountains, down to Scaw Fell and the sea; and then if you have not found it, you must go northward again by merry Carlisle, and search the Cheviots all across, from Annan Water to Berwick Law; and then, whether you have found Vendale or not, you will have found such a country and such a people as ought to make you proud of being a British boy.

So Tom went to go down; and first he went down three hundred feet of steep heather, mixed up with loose brown grit-stone, as rough as a file; which was not pleasant to his poor little heels, as he came bump, stump, jump, down the steep. And still he thought he could throw a stone into the garden.

Then he went down three hundred feet of limestone terraces, one below the other, as straight as if Mr. George White had ruled them with his ruler and then cut them out with his chisel. There was no heath there, but

First, a little grass slope, covered with the prettiest flowers, rockrose and saxifrages and thyme and basil and all sorts of sweet herbs.

Then bump down a two-foot step of limestone.

Then another bit of grass and flowers.

Then bump down a one-foot step.

Then another bit of grass and flowers for fifty yards, as steep as the house roof, where he had to slide down on his dear little tail.

Then another step of stone, ten feet high; and there he had to stop himself, and crawl along the edge to find a crack; for if he had rolled over, he would have rolled right into the old woman's garden, and frightened her out of her wits.

Then, when he had found a dark narrow crack, full of green-stalked fern, such as hangs in the basket in the drawing-room, and had crawled down through it, with knees and elbows, as he would down a chimney, there was another grass slope and another step, and so on, till—oh, dear me! I wish it was all over, and so did he. And yet he thought he could throw a stone into the old woman's garden.

At last he came to a bank of beautiful shrubs; whitebeam, with its great silver-backed leaves, and mountain-ash and oak, and below them cliff and crag, cliff and crag, with great beds of crown-ferns and wood-sedge; and through the shrubs he could see the stream sparkling, and hear it murmur on the white pebbles. He did not know that it was three hundred feet below.

You would have been giddy, perhaps, at looking down: but Tom was not. He was a brave little chimney-sweep, and when he found himself on the top of a high cliff, instead of sitting down and crying for his baba,—though he never had had any baba to cry for,—he said, "Ah, this will just suit me!" though he was very tired; and down he went, by stock and stone, sedge and ledge, bush and rush, as if he had been born a jolly little black ape, with four hands instead of two.

But he was getting terribly tired now. The burning sun on the fells had sucked him up, but the damp heat of the woody crag sucked him up still more; and the perspiration ran out of the ends of his fingers and toes and washed him cleaner than he had been for a whole year. But of course he dirtied everything terribly as he went. There has been a great black smudge all down the crag ever since. And there have been more black beetles in Vendale since than ever were known before; all of course owing to Tom's having blacked the original papa of them all, just as he was setting off to be married, with a sky-blue coat and scarlet leggings, as smart as a gardener's dog with a polyanthus in his mouth.

At last he got to the bottom. But, be-

hold, it was not the bottom—as people usually find when they are coming down a mountain. For at the foot of the crag were heaps and heaps of fallen limestone of every size, from that of your head to that of a stage-wagon with holes between them full of sweet heath-fern; and before Tom got through them, he was out in the bright sunshine again, and then he felt, once for all, and suddenly, as people generally do, that he was b-e-a-t, beat.

You must expect to be beat a few times in your life, little man, if you live such a life as a man ought to live, let you be as strong and healthy as you may; and when you are, you will find it a very ugly feeling. And I hope that that day you may have a stout stanch friend by you who is not beat; for if you have not, you had best lie where you are, and wait for better times, as poor Tom did.

He could not get on. The sun was burning, and yet he felt chill all over. He was quite empty, and yet he felt quite sick. There was but two hundred yards of smooth pasture between him and the cottage, and yet he could not walk down it. He could hear the stream murmuring, only one field beyond it, and yet it seemed to him as if it were a hundred miles off.

He lay down on the grass till the beetles ran over him, and the flies settled on his nose. I don't know when he would have got up again, if the gnats and the midges had not taken compassion on him. But the gnats blew their trumpets so loud in his ear, and the midges nibbled so at his hands and face, wherever they could find a place free from soot, that at last he woke up, and stumbled away, down over a low wall, and into a narrow road, and up to the cottage door.

And a neat pretty cottage it was, with clipt yew hedges all round the garden, and yews inside too, cut into peacocks, and trumpets and teapots and all kinds of queer shapes. And out of the open door came a noise, like that of the frogs on the Great-A, when they know that it is going to be scorching hot to-morrow—and how they know that I don't know, and you don't know, and nobody knows.

He came slowly up to the open door, which was all hung round with clematis and roses, and then peeped in, half afraid.

And there sat by the empty fireplace, filled with a pot of sweet herbs, the nicest old woman that ever was seen, in her red petticoat and short dimity bed-gown and clean white cap, with a black silk handkerchief over it, tied under her chin. And at her feet sat the grandfather of all the cats, and opposite her sat, on two benches, twelve or fourteen neat, rosy, chubby little children, learning their Chris-cross-row, and gabble enough they made about it.

Such a pleasant cottage it was, with a shiny, clean stone floor, and curious old prints on the walls, and an old black oak sideboard full of bright pewter and brass dishes, and a cuckoo clock in the corner, which began shouting as soon as Tom appeared: not that it was frightened at Tom, but that it was just eleven o'clock.

All the children started at Tom's dirty black figure; and the girls began to cry and the boys began to laugh, and all pointed at him rudely enough; but Tom was too tired to care for that.

"What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the old dame. "A chimney-sweep! Away with thee! I'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint.

"Water? There's plenty i' the beck," she said, quite sharply.

"But I can't get there; I'm most clemmed with hunger and drought." And Tom sank down upon the doorstep, and laid his head against the post.

And the old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute and two and three; and then she said, "He's sick; and a bairn's a bairn, sweep or none."

"Water," said Tom.

"God forgive me!" and she put by her spectacles and rose, and came to Tom. "Water's bad for thee; I'll give thee milk." And she toddled off into the next room, and brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread.

Tom drank the milk off at one draught, and then looked up, revived.

"Where didst come from?" said the dame.

"Over Fell, there," said Tom, and pointed up into the sky.

"Over Harthover? and down Lewthwaite Crag? Art sure thou art not lying?"

"Why should I?" said Tom, and leant his head against the post.

"And how got ye up there?"

"I came over from the Place," and Tom was so tired and desperate he had no heart or time to think of a story, so he told all the truth in a few words.

"Bless thy little heart! And thou hast not been stealing, then?"

"No."

"Bless thy little heart! and I'll warrant not. Why, God's guided the bairn, because he was innocent! Away from the Place, and over Harthover Fell, and down Lewthwaite Crag! Who ever heard the like, if God hadn't led him? Why dost not eat thy bread?"

"I can't."

"It's good enough, for I made it myself."

"I can't," said Tom, and he laid his head on his knees, and then asked,—

"Is it Sunday?"

"No, then; why should it be?"

"Because I hear the church bells ringing so."

"Bless thy pretty heart! The bairn's sick. Come wi' me, and I'll hap thee up somewhere. If thou wert a bit cleaner, I'd put thee in my own bed, for the Lord's sake. But come along here."

But when Tom tried to get up, he was so tired and giddy that she had to help him, and lead him.

She put him in an outhouse, upon soft sweet hay and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk, and she would come to him when school was over, in an hour's time.

And so she went in again, expecting Tom to fall fast asleep at once.

But Tom did not fall asleep.

Instead of it he turned and tossed and kicked about in the strangest way, and felt so hot all over, he longed to get into the river and cool himself; and then he fell half asleep, and dreamt that he heard the little white lady crying to him, "Oh, you're so dirty; go and be washed." And then he heard the church bells ring so loud close to him, too, that he was sure it must be Sunday, in spite of what the old dame had said; and he would go to church, and see what a church was like inside; for he had never been in one, poor little fellow, in all his life. But the people would never let him come in, all over soot and dirt like that. He must go to the river and wash first. And he said out loud again and again, though being

half asleep he did not know it, "I must be clean; I must be clean."

And all of a sudden he found himself, not in the outhouse on the hay, but in the middle of a meadow, over the road, with the stream just before him, saying continually, "I must be clean; I must be clean." He had got there on his own legs, between sleep and awake, as children will often get out of bed, and go about the room, when they are not quite well. But he was not a bit surprised, and went on to the bank of the brook, and lay down on the grass, and looked into the clear, clear limestone water, with every pebble at the bottom bright and clean, while the little silver trout dashed about in fright at the sight of his black face; and he dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said, "I will be a fish; I will swim in the water; I must be clean; I must be clean."

So he pulled off all his clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things. And he put his poor, hot, sore feet into the water; and then his legs; and the further he went in, the more the church bells rang in his head.

"Ah," said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself, the bells are ringing quite loud now, and they will stop soon, and then the door will be shut, and I shall never be able to get in at all."

Tom was mistaken: for in England the church doors are left open all service time, for everybody who likes to come in, Churchman or Dissenter; ay, even if he were a Turk or a Heathen; and if any man dared to turn them out, as long as they behaved quietly, the good old English law would punish him, as he deserved, for ordering any peaceable person out of God's house, which belongs to all alike. But Tom did not know that, any more than he knew a great deal more which people ought to know.

So he tumbled himself as quick as he could into the clear, cool water.

And he had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep, into the quietest, sunniest, cosiest sleep that ever he had in his life; and he dreamt about the green meadows by which he had walked that morning, and the tall elm-trees and the sleeping cows; and after that he dreamt of nothing at all.

The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple, and yet hardly any one has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him.

Some people think that there are no fairies. Cousin Cramchild tells little folks so in his *Conversations*. Well, perhaps there are none—in Boston, U. S., where he was raised. And Aunt Agitate says there are none, in her *Arguments on political economy*. Well, perhaps there are none—in her political economy. But it is a wide world, my little man—and thank Heaven for it, for else, between crinolines and theories, some of us would get squashed—and plenty of room in it for fairies, without people seeing them; unless of course they look in the right place. The most wonderful and the strongest things in the world, you know, are just the things which no one can see. There is life in you—and it is the life in you which makes you grow and move and think: and yet you can't see it. And there is steam in a steam-engine, and that is what makes it move: and yet you can't see it; and so there may be fairies in the world, and they may be just what makes the world go round to the old tune of—

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour
Qui fait la monde à la ronde:"

and yet no one may be able to see them except those whose hearts are going round to that same tune. At all events, we will make believe that there are fairies in the world. It will not be the last time by many a one that we shall have to make believe. And yet, after all, there is no need for that. There must be fairies, for this is a fairy-tale; and how can one have a fairy-tale if there are no fairies?

You don't see the logic of that? Perhaps not. Then please not to see the logic of a great many arguments exactly like it, which you will hear before your beard is gray.

The kind old dame came back at twelve, when school was over, to look at Tom; but there was no Tom there. She looked about for his footprints, but the ground was so hard that there was no slot, as they say in dear old North Devon. And if you grow up to be a brave healthy man, you may know some day what no slot means, and know, too, I hope, what a slot does mean—a broad slot, with blunt claws, which makes a man put out his cigar and set his teeth

and tighten his girths when he sees it; and what his rights mean, if he has them, brow, bay, tray, and points; and see something worth seeing between Haddon Wood and Countisbury Cliff, with good Mr. Parker Collyns to show you the way, and mend your bones as fast as you smash them. Only when that jolly day comes, please don't break your neck; stogged in the mire you never will be, I trust, for you are a heath-cropper bred and born.

So the old dame went in again quite sulky, thinking that little Tom had tricked her with a false story and shammed ill, and then run away again.

But she altered her mind the next day. For, when Sir John and the rest of them had run themselves out of breath, and lost Tom, they went back again, looking very foolish.

And they looked more foolish still when Sir John heard more of the story from the nurse; and more foolish still, again, when they heard the whole story from Miss Ellie, the little lady in white. All she had seen was a poor little black chimney-sweep, crying and sobbing, and going to get up the chimney again. Of course she was very much frightened: and no wonder. But that was all. The boy had taken nothing in the room; by the mark of his little sooty feet, they could see that he had never been off the hearth-rug till the nurse caught hold of him. It was all a mistake.

So Sir John told Grimes to go home, and promised him five shillings if he would bring the boy quietly up to him, without beating him, that he might be sure of the truth. For he took for granted, and Grimes too, that Tom had made his way home.

But no Tom came back to Mr. Grimes that evening, and he went to the police-office, to tell them to look out for the boy. But no Tom was heard of. As for his having gone over those great fells to Vendale, they no more dreamed of that than of his having gone to the moon.

So Mr. Grimes came up to Harthover next day with a very sour face; but when he got there, Sir John was over the hills and far away; and Mr. Grimes had to sit in the outer servants' hall all day, and drink strong ale to wash away his sorrows, and they were washed away, long before Sir John came back.

For good Sir John had slept very badly that night, and he said to his lady, "My dear, the boy must have got over into the grouse-moors, and lost himself; and he lies very heavily on my conscience, poor little lad. But I know what I will do."

So, at five the next morning, up he got, and into his bath, and into his shooting-jacket and gaiters, and into the stable-yard, like a fine old English gentleman, with a face as red as a rose, and a hand as hard as a table, and a back as broad as a bullock's; and bade them bring his shooting pony, and the keeper to come on his pony, and the huntsman, and the first whip, and the second whip, and the under-keeper, with the blood-hound in a leash—a great dog as tall as a calf, of the color of a gravel walk, with mahogany ears and nose, and a throat like a church bell. And they took him up to the place where Tom had gone into the wood, and there the hound lifted up his mighty voice, and told them all he knew.

Then he took them to the place where Tom had climbed the wall, and they shoved it down, and all got through.

And then the wise dog took them over the moor and over the fells, step by step, very slowly, for the scent was a day old, you know, and very light from the heat and drought. But that was why cunning old Sir John started at five in the morning.

And at last he came to the top of Lewthwaite Crag, and there he bayed and looked up in their faces, as much as to say, "I tell you he has gone down here!"

They could hardly believe that Tom would have gone so far, and when they looked at that awful cliff, they could never believe that he would have dared to face it. But if the dog said so, it must be true.

"Heaven forgive us!" said Sir John. "If we find him at all, we shall find him lying at the bottom." And he slapped his great hand upon his great thigh, and said,—

"Who will go down over Lewthwaite Crag, and see if that boy is alive? Oh, that I were twenty years younger, and I would go down myself!" And so he would have done, as well as any sweep in the county. Then he said,—

"Twenty pounds to the man who brings me that boy alive!" and, as was his way, what he said he meant.

Now among the lot was a little groom-

boy, a very little groom indeed; and he was the same who had ridden up the court, and told Tom to come to the Hall; and he said,—

"Twenty pounds or none, I will go down over Lewthwaite Crag, if it's only for the poor boy's sake. For he was as civil a spoken little chap as ever climbed a flue."

So down over Lewthwaite Crag he went: a very smart groom he was at the top, and a very shabby one at the bottom; for he tore his gaiters, and he tore his breeches, and he tore his jacket, and he burst his braces, and he burst his boots, and he lost his hat, and what was worst of all, he lost his shirt-pin, which he prized very much, for it was gold, and he had won it in a raffle at Malton, and there was a figure at the top of it of t'ould mare, noble old Beeswing herself, as natural as life; so it was a really severe loss: but he never saw anything of Tom.

And all the while Sir John and the rest were riding round, full three miles to the right, and back again, to get into Vendale, and to the foot of the crag.

And when they came to the old dame's school, all the children came out to see. And the old dame came out too, and when she saw Sir John she curtesied very low, for she was a tenant of his.

"Well, dame, and how are you?" said Sir John.

"Blessings on you as broad as your back, Harthover," says she—she didn't call him Sir John, but only Harthover, for that is the fashion in the North country—"and welcome into Vendale: but you're no hunting the fox this time of year?"

"I am hunting, and strange game too!" said he.

"Blessings on your heart, and what makes you look so sad the morn?"

"I'm looking for a lost child, a chimney-sweep, that is run away."

"O Harthover, Harthover," says she, "ye were always a just man and a merciful; and ye'll no harm the poor little lad if I give you tidings of him?"

"Not I, not I, dame. I'm afraid we hunted him out of the house all on a miserable mistake, and the hound has brought him to the top of Lewthwaite Crag, and—"

And the old dame broke out crying, without letting him finish his story.

"So he told me the truth after all, poor little dear; Ah, first thoughts are best, and

a body's heart'll guide them right if they will but hearken to it!" And then she told Sir John all.

"Bring the dog here, and lay him on," said Sir John, without another word, and he set his teeth very hard.

And the dog opened at once; and went away at the back of the cottage, over the road, and over the meadow, and through a bit of alder copse; and there, upon an alder stump, they saw Tom's clothes lying. And then they knew as much about it all as there was any need to know.

And Tom?

Ah! now comes the most wonderful part of this wonderful story. Tom, when he woke, for of course he woke—children always wake after they have slept exactly as long as is good for them—found himself swimming about in the stream, being about four inches, or—that I may be accurate—3·87902 inches long, and having round the parotid region of his fauces a set of external gills—I hope you understand all the big words—just like those of a sucking eft, which he mistook for a lace frill, till he pulled at them, found he hurt himself, and made up his mind that they were part of himself, and best left alone.

In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water-baby.

A water-baby? You never heard of a water-baby. Perhaps not. That is the very reason why this story was written. There are a great many things in the world which you never heard of; and a great many more which nobody ever heard of; and a great many things, too, which nobody will ever hear of, at least until the coming of the Cocqcegrues, when man shall be the measure of all things.

But there are no such things as water-babies.

How do you know that? Have you been there to see? And if you had been there to see, and had seen none, that would not prove that there were none. If Mr. Garth does not find a fox in Eversley Wood—as folks sometimes fear he never will—that does not prove that there are no such things as foxes. And as is Eversley Wood to all the woods in England, so are the waters we know to all the waters in the world. And no one has a right to say that no water-babies exist, till they have seen no water-babies existing;

which is quite a different thing, mind, from not seeing water-babies; and a thing which nobody ever did, or perhaps ever will do.

But surely if there were water-babies, somebody would have caught one at least?

Well. How do you know that somebody has not?

But they would have put it into spirits, or into the *Illustrated News*, or perhaps cut it into two halves, poor dear little thing, and sent one to Professor Owen, and one to Professor Huxley, to see what they would each say about it.

Ah, my dear little man! that does not follow at all, as you will see before the end of the story.

But a water-baby is contrary to nature.

Well, but, my dear little man, you must learn to talk about such things, when you grow older, in a very different way from that. You must not talk about "aint" and "can't" when you speak of this great wonderful world round you, of which the wisest man knows only the very smallest corner, and is, as the great Sir Isaac Newton said, only a child picking up pebbles on the shore of a boundless ocean.

You must not say that this cannot be, or that that is contrary to nature. You do not know what nature is, or what she can do; and nobody knows; not even Sir Roderick Murchison, or Professor Owen, or Professor Sedgwick, or Professor Huxley, or Mr. Darwin, or Professor Faraday, or Mr. Grove, or any other of the great men whom good boys are taught to respect. They are very wise men; and you must listen respectfully to all they say: but even if they should say, which I am sure they never would, "That cannot exist. That is contrary to nature," you must wait a little and see; for perhaps even they may be wrong. It is only children who read Aunt Agitate's Arguments, or Cousin Cram-child's Conversations; or lads who go to popular lectures, and see a man pointing at a few big ugly pictures on the wall, or making nasty smells with bottles and squirts, for an hour or two, and calling that anatomy or chemistry—who talk about "cannot exist," and "contrary to nature." Wise men are afraid to say that there is anything contrary to nature, except what is contrary to mathematical truth; for two and two cannot make five, and two straight lines cannot join twice, and a part cannot be as great as the

whole, and so on,—at least so it seems at present: but the wiser men are, the less they talk about “cannot.” That is a very rash, dangerous word, that “cannot;” and if people use it too often, the Queen of all the Fairies, who makes the clouds thunder and the fleas bite, and takes just as much trouble about one as about the other, is apt to astonish them suddenly by showing them, that though they say she cannot, yet she can, and what is more, will, whether they approve or not.

And therefore it is, that there are dozens and hundreds of things in the world which we should certainly have said were contrary to nature, if we did not see them going on under our eyes all day long. If people had never seen little seeds grow into great plants and trees of quite different shape from themselves, and these trees again produce fresh seeds, to grow into fresh trees, they would have said, “The thing cannot be; it is contrary to nature.” And they would have been quite as right in saying so, as in saying that most other things cannot be.

Or suppose again, that you had come, like M. Du Chaillu, a traveller from unknown parts; and that no human being had ever seen or heard of an elephant. And suppose that you described him to people, and said, “This is the shape and plan and anatomy of the beast, and of his feet, and of his trunk, and of his grinders, and of his tusks, though they are not tusks at all, but two outer fore teeth run mad; and this is the section of his skull, more like a mushroom than a reasonable skull of a reasonable or unreasonable beast, and so forth, and so forth; and though the beast—which I assure you I have seen and shot—is first cousin to the little hairy coney of Scripture, second cousin to a pig, and—I suspect—thirteenth or fourteenth cousin to a rabbit, yet he is the wisest of all beasts, and can do everything save read, write, and cast accounts.” People would surely have said, “Nonsense; your elephant is contrary to nature;” and have thought you were telling stories—as the French thought of Le Vailant when he came back to Paris and said that he had shot a giraffe; and as the king of the Cannibal Islands thought of the English sailor, when he said that in his country water turned to marble, and rain fell as feathers. They would tell you, the more

they knew of science, “Your elephant is an impossible monster, contrary to the laws of comparative anatomy, as far as yet known.” To which you would answer the less, the more you thought.

Did not learned men, too, hold, till within the last twenty-five years, that a flying dragon was an impossible monster? And do we not now know that there are hundreds of them found fossil up and down the world? People call them *Pterodactyles*; but that is only because they are ashamed to call them flying dragons, after denying so long that flying dragons could exist. And has not a German, this very year, discovered, what is most monstrous of all, that some of these flying dragons, lizards though they are, had *feathers*? And if that last is not contrary to what people mean by nature now-a-days, one hardly knows what is.

The truth is, that people’s fancy that such and such things cannot be, simply because they have not seen them, is worth no more than a savage’s fancy that there cannot be such a thing as a locomotive, because he never saw one running wild in the forest. Wise men know that their business is to examine what is, and not to settle what is not. They know that there are elephants, they know that there have been flying dragons; and the wiser they are, the less inclined they will be to say positively that there are no water-babies.

No water-babies, indeed? Why, wise men of old said that everything on earth had its double in the water; and you may see that that is, if not quite true, still quite as true as most other theories which you are likely to hear for many a day. There are land-babies—then why not water-babies? Are there not water-rats, water-flies, water-crickets, water-crabs, water-tortoises, water-scorpions, water-tigers and water-hogs, water-cats and water-dogs, sea-lions and sea-bears, sea-horses and sea-elephants, sea-mice and sea-urchins, sea-razors and sea-pens, sea-combs and sea-fans; and of plants are there not water-grass and water-crow foot, water-milfoil, and so on, without end?

But all these things are only nicknames; the water things are not really akin to the land things.

That’s not always true. They are, in millions of cases, not only of the same family,

but actually the same individual creatures. Do not even you know that a green drake and an alder-fly and a dragon-fly live under water till they change their skins, just as Tom changed his? And if a water animal can continually change into a land animal, why should not a land animal sometimes change into a water animal? Don't be put down by any of Cousin Cramchild's arguments, but stand up to him like a man, and answer him—quite respectfully, of course—thus:—

If Cousin Cramchild says, that if there are water-babies, they must grow into water-men, ask him how he knows that they do not? and then, how he knows that they must, any more than the Proteus of the Adelsberg caverns grows into a perfect newt?

If he says that it is too strange a transformation for a land-baby to turn into a water-baby, ask him if he ever heard of the transformation of Syllis, or the Distomas, or the common jelly-fish, of which M. Quatre-fagus says excellently well, "Who would not exclaim that a miracle had come to pass, if he saw a reptile come out of the egg dropped by the hen in his poultry-yard, and the reptile give birth at once to an indefinite number of fishes and birds? Yet the history of the jelly-fish is quite as wonderful as that would be." Ask him if he knows about all this; and if he has not, tell him to go and look for himself; and advise him—very respectfully, of course—to settle no more what strange things cannot happen, till he has seen what strange things do happen every day.

If he says that things cannot degrade, that is, change downwards into lower forms, ask him who told him that water-babies were lower than land-babies? But even if they were, does he know about the strange degradation of the common goose-barnacles, which one finds sticking on ships' bottoms; or the still stranger degradation of some cousins of theirs, of which one hardly likes to talk, so shocking and ugly it is?

And, lastly, if he says—as he most certainly will—that these transformations only take place in the lower animals, and not in the higher, say that that seems to little boys, and to some grown people, a very strange fancy. For if the changes of the lower animals are so wonderful and so difficult to dis-

cover, why should not there be changes in the higher animals far more wonderful, and far more difficult to discover? And may not man, the crown and flower of all things, undergo some change as much more wonderful than all the rest, as the Great Exhibition is more wonderful than a rabbit-burrow? Let him answer that. And if he says—as he will—that not having seen such a change in his experience, he is not bound to believe it, ask him respectfully where his microscope has been? Does not each of us, in coming into this world, go through a transformation just as wonderful as that of a sea-egg or a butterfly? and does not reason and analogy, as well as Scripture, tell us that that transformation is not the last? and that, though what we shall be, we know not, yet we are here but as the crawling caterpillar, and shall be hereafter as the perfect fly. The old Greeks, heathens as they were, saw as much as that two thousand years ago; and I care very little for Cousin Cramchild, if he sees even less than they. And so forth, and so forth, till he is quite cross. And then tell him that if there are no water-babies, at least, there ought to be; and that, at least, he cannot answer.

And meanwhile, my dear little man, till you know a great deal more about nature than Professor Owen and Professor Huxley, put together, don't tell me about what cannot be, or fancy that anything is too wonderful to be true. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made," said old David; and so we are, and so is everything around us, down to the very deal table. Yes; much more fearfully and wonderfully made, already, is the table, as it stands now, nothing but a piece of dead deal wood, than if as rogues say, and fools believe, spirits could make it dance, or talk to you by rapping on it.

Am I in earnest? Oh, dear, no. Don't you know that this is a fairy-tale, and all fun and pretence, and that you are not to believe one word of it, even if it is true?

At all events, so it happened to Tom. And, therefore, the keeper and the groom and Sir John made a great mistake, and were very unhappy—Sir John, at least—without any reason, when they found a black thing in the water, and said it was Tom's body, and that he had been drowned. They were utterly mistaken. Tom was

quite alive, and cleaner and merrier than he ever had been. The fairies had washed him, you see, in the swift river, so thoroughly, that not only his dirt, but his whole husk and shell had been washed quite off him, and the pretty little real Tom was washed out of the inside of it, and swam away, as a caddis does when its case of stones and silk is bored through, and away it goes on its back, paddling to the shore, there to split its skin, and fly away as a caperer, on four fawn-colored wings, with long legs and horns. They are foolish fellows, the caperers, and fly into the candle at night, if you leave the door open. We will hope Tom will be wiser, now he has got safe out of his sooty old shell.

But good Sir John did not understand all this, not being a fellow of the Linnæan Society; and he took it into his head that Tom was drowned. When they looked into the empty pockets of his shell, and found no jewels there, nor money—nothing but three marbles, and a brass button with a string to it—then Sir John did something as like crying as ever he did in his life, and blamed himself more bitterly than he ought. So he cried, and the groom-boy cried, the huntsman cried, and the dame cried, and the little girl cried, and the dairymaid cried, and the old nurse cried, for it was somewhat her fault, and my lady cried, for though people have wigs, that is no reason why they should not have hearts: but the keeper did not cry, though he had been so good-natured to Tom the morning before, for he was so dried up with running after poachers, that you could no more get tears out of him than milk out of leather; and Grimes did not cry, for Sir John gave him ten pounds, and he drank it all in a week. Sir John sent far and wide to find Tom's father and mother: but he might have looked till doomsday for them, for one was dead and the other was in Botany Bay. And the little girl would not play with her dolls for a whole week, and never forgot poor little Tom. And soon my lady put a pretty little tombstone over Tom's shell, in the little churchyard in Vendale,

where the old dalesmen all sleep side by side, between the limestone crags. And the dame decked it with garlands every Sunday, till she grew so old that she could not stir abroad; then the little children decked it for her. And always she sung an old, old song, as she sat spinning what she called her wedding-dress. The children could not understand it, but they liked it none the less for that; for it was very sweet and very sad, and that was enough for them. And these are the words of it:—

SONG.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away:
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

Those are the words, but they are but the body of it; the soul of the song was the dear old woman's sweet face and sweet voice, and the sweet old air to which she sang; and that, alas! one cannot put on paper. And, at last, she grew so stiff and lame, that the angels were forced to carry her; and they helped her on with her wedding-dress, and carried her up over Harthover Fells, and a long way beyond that too; and there was a new schoolmistress in Vendale, and we will hope that she was not certificated.

And all the while Tom was swimming about in the river, with a pretty little lace collar of gills about his neck, as lively as a grig, and as clean as a fresh-run salmon.

And if you don't like my story, then go to the schoolroom, and learn your multiplication table, and see if you like that better. Some people, no doubt would do so. So much the better for us, if not for them. It takes all sorts, they say, to make a world.

From The Spectator.

A GERMAN PEPYS.*

THE two concluding volumes of Varnhagen's diary, which have been published quite recently, are distinguished from the first four books by far greater boldness of utterance and prevailing bitterness of tone. The irritation produced by the Slough of Despond of Prussian politics, even on a calm philosophic mind like that of the writer, is reflected in the progress of the work, and while the first part of it is tolerably measured in criticism, the succeeding chapters show more and more of inward agitation, while the close is marked by a very whirlwind of anger and disappointment. With wonted perspicacity, the Prussian police has acknowledged these nice gradations of treason. Volumes one and two were confiscated *pro tempore*, and after a while set afloat again; three and four had the honor of a *bonâ fide* prosecution, with condemnation of the able editress to a year's imprisonment, which distinction the niece of Varnhagen had the good sense to escape, by an early excursion to Switzerland; and five and six are at this moment hunted after with considerable fury, extending to the invasion of private property, and the wholesale ransacking of booksellers' stores. These judicious measures have had the ordinary effect of producing an extraordinary sale of the work. Throughout the length and breadth of the dominions of William I., the diary of the old *Geheimrath*, who all his life long passed for a sound Conservative, and now shows himself in utter democratic nakedness, is read with immense eagerness and unalloyed satisfaction. The relish is properly fanned by the skilful management of the *Herr Polizeidirector* of Berlin, who, as soon as there is a lull in the zeal of readers, orders a new razzia in the metropolitan book-shops, which is certain to end with the seizure of some half a dozen well-thumbed volumes on an unguarded shelf, and the introduction of some hundred others from Leipsic. They are such intensely clever people, these Prussians!

Varnhagen's fifth volume begins on the 1st of May, 1848, in the very zenith of the rev-

olutionary agitation. The diarist shows how there is not the shadow of a government in Prussia; the king alternately crying and cursing; his eldest brother, heir to the throne, forcibly "studying constitutional life in England," and the Chiefs of the Ancient Bureaucracy secreting themselves in all sorts of holes and corners. Old Varnhagen is in immense glee, but hides his satisfaction under the demure privy-councillor look. Under May 5th he writes:—

"Took a promenade along the Linden with Herr Councillor Johannes Schulze. A banker, an acquaintance of S., ran against us in great excitement, lamenting the result of the preliminary elections to the National Assembly. Even in Pomerania and the Marches, he said, no nobles, landed proprietors, or other 'superior people' had been chosen as electors, but mere cottagers, tradesmen, and peasants. The beast of a banker had no idea how my heart rejoiced at this news."

The poor "beast" was evidently frightened at the course of events, but there was really no danger whatever in the situation, notwithstanding the extreme anarchy in the Government. Never was a victorious populace more quiet and moderate in their demands than these good Berliners at the time of the revolution; and never property more safe in the Prussian capital than in the spring of 1848, when there was not a soldier nor gendarme within the walls, and the fat citizens in ill-fitting Landwehr coats stood sentinel at the gates. The only thing approaching to a tumult occurred late on the evening of the 12th of May, when a rumor arose of the return of the exiled Prince of Prussia, which had the effect of drawing a vast crowd to the front of his palace, on which the words "National property" were inscribed on the 19th of March, but afterwards effaced. Laboring under the impression that if the inscription were replaced, the hated heir apparent would not show himself again, the multitude surrounded the royal residence, and a number of patriotic masons were on the point of commencing the writing with hammer and chisel when a company of the National Guard arrived.

"Many thousands of people filled the place, and the citizen-guard commanded by General Ashoff, was ranged round the sides. Some orators addressed the crowd, speaking

* *Tagebücher von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense* (Diary of Varnhagen von Ense). Vols. V. and VI. Leipsic; F. A. Brockhaus. London: Trübner and Co.

For notice of Vols. I. to IV., see *Living Age*. No. 948.

with great presence of mind and with much applause, which induced the general to come also forth as a speaker. On the recommendation of these gentlemen, the crowd soon dispersed in the best possible humor, crying merrily, 'Good-night! Good-night!' It was then half-past one in the morning."

It was clear from the beginning that the revolutionary good-humor was going a little too far, and was, in fact, nothing more than want of energy, combined with political ignorance. Even the obtuse ancient aristocracy began to perceive this before long, and took its measures accordingly. The troops were soon called back to Berlin, as well as the police, the Prince of Prussia and the old women of the camarilla; and before the summer was over, events were going fast back into the much-admired bureaucratic direction. However, the whole was a mere patching up of old materials, the real cement of which had disappeared, without possibility of finding a substitute. The king, his brothers, his ministers, the army, the official hierarchy, and the national representation, formed so many elements opposed to each other, in the struggle of which the open anarchy of the revolution was only changed into the chaos of political intrigue. Frederick William IV. secretly trembled before his eldest brother, the hope of the feudal-aristocratic party; and he again was afraid of Prince Charles, the next heir in the order of royal lineage, who were zealously coquetting with the democrats and ultra-radicals. It is stated in the diary:—

"Prince Charles of Prussia is working with great zeal to create a party for himself. His intentions seem decidedly to exclude his brother, the Prince of Prussia, and son, from the succession to the throne, for the benefit of himself and family. Such conflicts in royal houses ordinarily mark their dissolution."

The adherents of the Prince of Prussia on every occasion spoke with the greatest contempt of the king. "As long as the fat man (*der dicke Mann*) remains on the throne," said one of them to Varnhagen, "there is no salvation for the country." On the other hand, the prince had his enemies in the bosom of his own family, according to the diarist.

"The Prince of Prussia, on his return from England, got acquainted with the fact that

his consort had been busy weaving a network of intrigue against him, tending to his exclusion from the right of succession, and the ultimate advent to the throne of her son, in whose name she hoped to reign as queen-regent. The prince reproached her in the most violent way; and although the princess tried hard to talk herself out of the scrape, she was not very successful."

Bettina von Arnim—Goethe's "Child"—for a long time in intimate correspondence with Frederick William IV., told Varnhagen in the middle of August that great efforts were made by the aristocratic party to bring the king to abdicate, for the purpose of elevating to the throne the Prince of Prussia. The latter, about this time put himself in open antagonism to his royal brother, by heading every movement of the reaction, and becoming the advocate in particular of a separatist Prussian policy, in opposition to the ruling German-unity tendencies. According to the diarist, "the king was quite willing to acknowledge Archduke John as Lord Protector of the German Empire; but was prevented doing so by the threats of the Prince of Prussia of a military insurrection." Somewhat later, Varnhagen notes a new set of tactics for gaining friends to the prince. Under Sept. 9, he enters in his journal:—

"It is very curious that within the last few days the news has been rapidly spreading that the Prince of Prussia has become a liberal, and is not only entirely with the people, but the only one who can be trusted and confided in. The story is told in public houses and markets; servants and tradesmen repeat it to each other. Some suspect Held (a well-known stump orator of the time) to be the originator of the tale; while others mention the name of the Count von Pfeil, who has recently visited the prince several times. Another, Dr. Cohnfeld, who does a little in cockney fine writing under the *nom de plume* of Buddelmeyer, was until recently in the most abject poverty, but on a sudden has been travestied into a gentleman—as is said, by his royal highness. It is generally known that the prince is spending large sums at present."

The sequel follows but a few days after; under April 11:—

"Held is said to have got a sound hiding to-day, at the Linden, where he was holding forth. . . . The position of the Prince of Prussia must be desperate to lean upon such people. First chief of the feudal aristocracy, next of the rabble; will it do?"

The king would have had a splendid opportunity about this period, to make himself the most popular man in the country; for the intrigues of his own relations were beginning to create general disgust, and much pity, akin to sympathy, was felt for him. Unhappily, his majesty did nothing to deserve confidence, but much to lose it. He made a dreadful potholer about the decree of the National Assembly depriving him of his titular "By the grace of God;" and at the same moment played pranks not to be excused in a schoolboy. One of the ladies of honor to the queen, returning to her rooms after a short absence, found them in the most painful disorder; petticoats strown about, stockings, garters, and other unmentionable things, even "*allerlei kleines Geräth.*" After a moment's perplexity, a light dawned upon the fair one. "Ah!" she ejaculated, "the king has been here." The new edition of the old play, "*Le Roi s'amuse,*" was, it appears, well known at the court of Frederick William IV. The royal jokes were unfortunately not always of the harmless boudoir nature; but assumed at times a vexatious practical shape. His majesty had a way of substituting his boot-heels for arguments, which, however impressive, gained him no friends; no more than the half-haughty and half-silly manner in which he was wont to address his ministers, or occasional parliamentary deputations. It was on receiving one of the latter and giving evasive replies to questions and remonstrances of very serious import, that Jacoby directed the famous words to Frederick William, "It is the misfortune of kings that they will not listen to truth." The phrase created an immense sensation at the time, was productive of unpleasant challenges, and pleasant garlands, and addresses of all sorts, and gave rise finally to a monster torchlight procession in honor of the bold Hebrew deputy. The political influence of the Jews, always in favor of democracy, became strongly visible in Prussia about this period.

The last volume of Varnhagen's diary, containing entries from the 1st of January to the last of December, 1849, is full of mournful reminiscences and bitter criticisms on the men and events of the time. The hopes of the poor old philosopher and *Geheimrath* had been raised so high in the volcanic days of the preceding year, that the natural course

of reaction fell upon him with fatal effect, entirely disturbing the equanimity of his mind. Some of the entries show that he was getting savage at times, and near becoming a convert to republicanism, eminently unfitting to a privy councillor. Under February 22d he writes:—

"The King of Hanover threatens to run away to England with his whole court. What a good job it would be if he were to carry out his intention, inducing some of his crowned friends to keep him company. There then might still be a hopeful future in store for us."

When, in a little more than a month after, Frederick William IV. was chosen Emperor of Germany by the professorial Parliament of Frankfort, Varnhagen had a long discussion with a patriotic Prussian count, defending the election:—

"You speak of sacred rights of sovereigns. Very good; but how did the now existing 'sacred rights' originate? Was it otherwise than at the Kaiser's power and the liberty of the German people; not to speak of open treachery and perfidy, in the service of the French Napoleon? Let us see how our own dear Prussian kings have grown up. Brandenburg and the electoral dignity were bought for ready cash; and the royal ermine was obtained by bribery, cunning, and artful diplomacy. Talk of history; yes, history is a very funny thing."

The sketch of the arrival of the deputation from Frankfort, with the imperial crown in their hands, forms a number of striking chapters in Varnhagen's diary. The weakness and imbecility of the king were never more apparent than on this occasion. Frederick William had the greatest desire to call himself emperor instead of king; but was trembling in his heart in fear of the opposition he might encounter among the German princes, and therefore sought to gain time and courage by temporizing. To the direct offer of the imperial crown he gave no direct manly answer, and yet managed to offend every member of the Frankfort deputation by his vacillation and occasional impertinent remarks. To Frederick von Raumer he said, sneering, "Oh, you offer me what is not your own;" to Herr Beseler, "I believe your brother is King of Holstein;" and to Dr. Riesser, the eloquent Hebrew orator and deputy of Hamburg, "I hope you will agree with me that I must not accept a *circumcised*

crown." As may be expected, the men of Frankfort, as well practised as any in witty parley, owed nothing to his majesty, and the conversation at some of the interviews was of the warmest. According to Bettina von Arnim :—

"The king one day was trembling for rage that a baptized Jew (Simson) should have dared to put himself at the head of a deputation, coming to offer the imperial crown to a 'great king.' He professed to be angry with the whole of the 'Frankfort rabble, which may go to the d——l.' To a few of the deputation he made the most insolent as well as stupid remarks; among others, to the deputy of Mecklenburg, to whom he said: 'I have learned a sacred truth in these unholy times; the only cure for democrats are soldiers (*Gegen demokraten helfen nur Soldaten*). To this I will conform.' All the while his majesty was burning for eagerness to get the imperial crown and sceptre."

The deputies from Frankfort were not slow to see through the whole misery of the spectacle before them as being nothing more than a combination of bluster and weakness. One of the members expressed the disappointment which all felt, in the words, "We had come to Berlin in the hope of finding a king, but are sorry to see only an old woman in breeches." It seems strange that the learned professors of Frankfort should not have known much of what they learnt at Berlin, long before they decided by solemn vote to give their crown away.

The state of Prussia, towards the end of 1849, is summed up by Varnhagen in the following words which, to a great extent,

may be accepted as true at the present moment :—

"Who reigns now in Prussia? The king certainly not, for his will has effect only when swimming with a certain stream. It is in reality the aristocratic military party which rules, that old incarnate Prussiadom (*Preussengeist*) which sees the state in the army, though it is compelled at the present moment to move in new forms, the old ones having been broken to pieces. The sovereign's power itself is lost, even as far as regards the troops. The monarchy in good truth is without a monarch, and the kingless government has become a mere oligarchy. Perhaps it is something to discover that the country can do without a king; but then it is useless to prate still about the Prussia of the Hohenzollerns. It seems but too clear that the aristocratic reaction itself has become a revolution."

The fifth and sixth volumes of the "Tagebücher," as already mentioned, conclude the work; but there is a rumor in German literary circles that a good many more of Varnhagen's manuscripts remain behind, to be given before long to the world by the indefatigable Miss Ludmilla Assing, the editress of the present publication. But the matter, consisting of letters, notes, and short articles, is stated to be so awfully treasonable, that even the printers of Leipsic, otherwise bold enough (in the German sense of the word) refuse to print it, and it will have to be carried probably to the Swiss republic of letters, to see the light of day untouched by censor pens, but bountifully adorned by typographical blunders.

1854 AND 1862.—Among the distinguished visitors who are just now honoring us with their presence in this country (come, *Punch* can do the elegant thing when he likes) is that gallant Russian officer, General Liprandi, who is shooting in Scotland. The valiant commander's name was, a few years ago, associated with a day on which he tried, in the service of his own sovereign, to do us all the mischief he could, and he went at his work like a man, and it is no discredit to him that the result was not quite satisfactory to the Emperor of all the Russias. *Mr. Punch* commemorated the event in a little poem destined to live to all time, but as that tremendous hero, Colonel North (whose unutterably glorious military achievements entitle him to be

heard on such a subject), objects to memorials of the Crimean war, and thinks that the Sebastopol cannon, now sprinkled over the country, ought to be called in, like the old copper coinage, *Mr. Punch* begs to modify his original strain, and to make it polite, in honor of a brave soldier no longer an enemy :—

"Remember, remember
The Fifth of November,
Inkermann, powder, and shot,
When General Liprandi
Fought John, Pat, and Sandy—
And—gave it 'em awfully hot."

—*Punch*.

From The Saturday Review.

MEDICINE AND PHYSIOLOGY.

THE most ancient, the most universal, and the most necessary of all the applied sciences—that which seeks to restore the human body from disease to health—is just now in a singular condition. Medicine and its professors have long held sway over the hopes and fears of mankind. The science officially taught in universities and lecture-rooms has over and over again been forced to alter its fundamental principles and its outward practice; yet one-half of mankind has continued to look up with unswerving confidence to the authority of the Faculty, while the other half has been ever ready to run after the new sectaries who constantly arise to question the doctrine of the schools, and to propound some new remedy for human suffering. To no purpose have the orthodox professors exposed the manifest short-comings of their opponents. Quackery has continued to thrive—being commonly a mere impudent speculation upon the public credulity, sometimes a sincere and ignorant confidence in the virtues of a nostrum, and now and then the partial appreciation of some truth neglected or overlooked by the regular practitioners.

It has been a convenient doctrine to set down the success of dissenting medicine to the general want of scientific instruction, and to an ignorant impatience of disease among the unreasonable mass of mankind, prompting them to have recourse to whatever irregular short-cut might be offered for escape from bodily suffering. But in this, as in some other matters, men in general are not such fools as wise professors think them. Cold water and hot air, nay, even such coarse specifics as those of Morrison and Holloway, have not recruited their votaries exclusively amongst the ignorant and the credulous. The plain truth is that people have followed quacks because they have not found in the doctrines or the practice of the regular profession reasonable ground for confidence. Even those who knew nothing of the numerous revolutions that have over and over again upset the prevailing doctrines as to the nature of disease and remedial action, have seen that there could be little certainty about a system which changes all its outward practices every ten or twenty years. If bleeding, calomel, starving, stim-

ulants, warm rooms, open windows, have each been tried in turn—and, as it seems, without any marked advantage one over the other in effecting cures—it was not surprising that sceptics should doubt the inspiration of the oracle whose utterances were found to be so changing. Those who examined further, and discovered that the doctrines which were successively invoked to authorize each new system of treatment rested on arbitrary assumptions, not demonstrated, nor for the most part capable of demonstration, began to suspect that the difference between regular medicine and quackery was not so profound as they had been used to believe. Both appeared to be in the dark as to first principles, and to appeal for support to empirical evidence. After analyzing all that medical science could say in the great majority of cases of disease, the only reason to be given why you should swallow a given drug was the fact that many others who seemed to be affected in a way similar to yourself had taken the same drug, and had survived the dose. The doctor, often uncertain of the nature of your disease, was quite ignorant of the cause of it. He had no evidence as to the action of his drug, or even whether it had acted at all upon the cause of disease, and lastly he had no certainty that the drug would affect you in the same manner as others who had taken it. The very utmost that he could urge was a belief, more or less probable, that the same drug had been serviceable in cases presumed to be similar. Was there any essential difference between his process of reasoning and that of the honest quack who, by a nearly similar process, had worked himself into a belief in the virtues of a specific?

The doubts which have been gradually spreading amongst reasonable men as to the trust that could justly be put in medicine as a scientific system based on ascertained truths, have of late received unexpected confirmation from the highest authority. One after another, a succession of men eminent in the medical profession have declared the final result of their experience. All unite in limiting within a narrow range the possible utility of the physician's efforts. With but a small number of special exceptions, we may abandon the search for antidotes to cure disease. For the chief—in most cases

the sole—curative agent, modern science has no better name than that given by the simple ignorance of antiquity. The *vis medicatrix nature* is the foundation of the therapeutic art. Save in cases of malformation or organic defect, the natural condition of the human body is health. Disease implies a disturbance of some organ from its normal functions. The same mysterious forces that maintain the vital functions in play tend to replace whatever is injured—to restore order wherever there is disturbance. If science should hereafter gain further insight into the causes of disturbance and the process of restoration, the physician may perchance play a more leading and influential part. As it is, he fills a secondary place; and if he succeeds in averting fresh cause of mischief, and in clearing the way for the curative process which is itself beyond his control, he has fully performed his part.

It would be strange, however, if the education which puts into a man's hands the accumulated results of the experience of others—and which, if it does no more, should teach him how short a distance his own knowledge reaches—were not to make him a safer and a more useful adviser than the pretender who, in utter ignorance of the structure and functions of the human body, administers at random his pill or potion to every applicant. If there is but little apparent difference between many regular practitioners and the quacks whom they denounce, the explanation is to be found in a variety of causes which combine to the same end. In the first place, the practice of medicine is full of difficulty. Modern science has done something to aid in the diagnosis, often the most difficult part of the physician's task. Auscultation and the use of the microscope have substituted certainty for conjecture in many cases. But, for this essential preliminary of ascertaining what is the matter with the patient, a combination of faculties is often needed which cannot be communicated in the schools. The power may be developed and improved by use, and corrected by careful observation, but it is born with certain men, and it is not to be gained by teaching or study. Then, supposing the disease to be ascertained, it constantly happens that there is little or nothing to be done that can with any confidence be

expected to shorten or reduce the intensity of the attack. The option lies between a system of slight palliatives, almost or quite inoperative, and the application of stronger remedies whose action is uncertain. Fortunately, the effects of medicine in general are far less considerable than is commonly supposed. The statistics of hospitals in which the most different systems of treatment have been adopted do not, indeed, prove that all the systems have been equally good or bad; but they do show that in many diseases there is no known system of treatment that has any marked advantage over others. It is not too much to say that, for one case in which the medicine administered has been of real use, there are ten where the patients would have thriven as well or better without it.

A further difficulty in medical practice has been less noticed than it deserves to be. All that is known of the effect of remedies is the general or average result of a large number of cases in which they have been applied. But no two men are exactly alike in the manner of action of their various organs. When the chemist who has once tried an experiment brings the same substances together under similar conditions, he is absolutely certain that they will act on each other as they did before. Not so it is with the living organism. The idiosyncrasy of each patient is more or less unknown to the physician; and till the experiment has been tried, he can have no certainty as to the result of his treatment. It is quite true that the exceptional cases that sometimes arise present apparent rather than real anomalies. There is no reason to suppose that the laws of physics have been suspended by an independent disturbing power when a drug produces on a particular patient an unusual effect. The conditions of the experiment have doubtless been changed by some peculiarity in his organization, which the present means of science are powerless to detect.

The main cause why medicine is still so little advanced is to be found in the backward condition of the science on which it mainly rests. Physiology, including pathology—the first taking cognizance of all the vital functions of organized beings, the second of the disturbance of those functions by disease—is far from maintaining its place

in the general march of physical science. Some important steps in advance have, however, been gained, and quite enough is firmly established to make the science one of the most valuable, as it is certainly one of the most interesting, branches of human knowledge. If the study were more generally pursued, sounder notions of the conditions of health and disease would prevail, and the medical profession, while abating somewhat of its pretensions, would gain in the opinion of all the reasonable and well-informed. When physicians no longer deem it a point of honor to affect a confidence in their art which they do not really feel—when they frankly own, as the best amongst them often do, that the diagnosis is uncertain, or the case one in which medicine is of little avail—the judicious portion of the public will discern what it is now sometimes difficult to trace—the line of separation between the scientific practitioner and the ignorant quack.

Like other branches of natural science, physiology cannot be thoroughly mastered without actual observation and experiment. Facts presented to the eye have not merely the advantage of exciting the attention more vividly, as the Horatian maxim runs—they are also retained more permanently, and are more suggestive, than mere description, however vivid and accurate. Yet it is quite possible to gain by reading a general knowledge of the results of physiological inquiry, and an acquaintance with the leading facts on which the more important conclusions have been founded. It is not, indeed, easy to point out any single work which completely answers the purpose of the general reader; but there is one which does so to a very great extent, and which is not yet as widely known as it deserves to be. In his *Physiology of Common Life*, published a year or two ago, Mr. G. H. Lewes has achieved the object which he seems to have proposed to himself, by producing a work which is at once popular and scientific;

though it is only fair to add that he has in some degree diminished the utility of a very interesting book by making it at the same time controversial. Thoroughly versed in his subject, and well skilled in the literary art, Mr. Lewes has found it easy to convey accurate knowledge in a form calculated to excite attention and interest. The least informed reader finds it easy and pleasant to accompany him so long as he travels on the beaten track of generally admitted doctrine. But in physiology this does not extend very far. We soon reach the limit where the way becomes uncertain, and, all ignorant as we are, we find that our guide calls upon us to decide between himself and the most eminent professors of the science, and say along which of two or three different paths the road to truth may be found. By extensive knowledge and observation Mr. Lewes has fully proved his right to maintain his own opinions against any authority in the science, however weighty. His reasoning is always acute, though sometimes pressed rather farther than a cautious logician would approve; and in regard to the part of his book upon which he has bestowed the greatest amount of labor, there is much reason to believe that his views of the nature and laws of nervous action will be admitted as substantially correct. In some cases where Mr. Lewes calls in question the conclusions of his predecessors, the difference between his conclusions and theirs seems to be more apparent than real, and in a work intended for beginners in the study, and for general readers, it would certainly have been advisable to reduce rather than to increase the number of polemical discussions. With this slight drawback, the book may be fairly recommended as the best extant introduction to Physiology for ordinary readers who are not prepared to undertake a course of systematic study. There is no branch of science which touches us all so nearly, and none in regard to which it is so desirable that the general ignorance should be dispelled.

From The London Review.

FORGERY OF BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

THE recent robbery of paper from the Laverstock Mills has naturally caused public attention to be directed towards the subject of bank-note forgeries. The general impression appears to be that although first-rate artists might succeed in producing a very good imitation of a bank-note, so as to deceive an unsuspecting person, yet it would be impossible for a forger, however skilful, to imitate a note well enough to deceive the bank authorities themselves and induce the cashiers to convert them into specie. The Bank of England has, therefore, considered its position as impregnable: everything which could be expected for protection of the public had been done, whilst they consider their own safety from deception absolute. A few years ago something was heard of photographic forgeries of bank-notes. These were undoubtedly done in a very skilful manner, but, at the same time, no persons who had ever examined a genuine bank-note could have been led astray by them: and whilst it was conceded that the imitation was very good, the idea that photography could ever be seriously employed by the forger was generally dispelled at the first inspection of these photographic imitations. Since then the matter has been lost sight of by the public, and the greatly extended facilities which recent photographic discoveries have placed at the disposal of the forger, have been apparently overlooked by those who should be most upon their guard. It may, therefore, be with some little surprise that the Bank authorities will learn that photographic processes are not only known, but are actually in constant operation, by which *fac similes* of their notes might be produced so perfectly as to defy detection by the most practised expert. It is admitted that the image of a bank-note produced in the camera is as absolutely perfect as the note itself. Every stroke and line, each accidental flaw or secret mark is as easily produced as the most commonplace design. The optical means employed can, in fact, transfer on to the prepared plate as exact a *fac simile* of the bank-note as would be found on the plate from which the note was in the first instance printed. As far as the negative is concerned, there never has been the slightest difficulty

in the way of successful forgery; but so long as the means of reproducing copies from such a negative was confined to the ordinary process of photographic printing, no successful imitation could be expected. Here and there an unwary person might be taken in, but the risk of detection would be far too great to induce any one to embark in this dangerous pastime. Recently, however, discoveries have been made by which it is possible to transfer the negative image from the glass plate in all its minute integrity and exquisite accuracy on to metal or stone; and this once effected, impressions can be worked off in printer's ink of absolutely the same tint and material as that used in printing the original note. The photozincographic process of Sir Henry James, as practised at Southampton for the production and reduction of maps; and the photolithographic process of Mr. Osborne, employed for a similar purpose at Melbourne for the Colonial Government of Victoria, have each been brought to a sufficiently high state of perfection to render the successful forgery of a bank-note mere child's play to any one possessing the manipulatory skill of either of the above gentlemen.

The editor of the *Photographic News* in drawing attention to the specimens of these processes exhibited in the International Exhibition, gives it as his firm opinion, that by these means, copies of Bank of England notes might be produced which would entirely defy detection. It so happens that these notes offer very especial advantages for imitating in such a manner. The design is clear, bold, and well-marked; they are produced, not from engraved plates in intaglio, printed at the copper-plate press (the printed impression of which always presents a slight amount of relief which may be felt by the finger); but by block-printing at an ordinary typographic press. Such an impression can, therefore, be imitated by the photographer without difficulty, and in such a manner that, if printed on the proper paper, the Bank authorities themselves would be incapable of detecting. In corroboration of these remarks we would refer our readers to the specimens shown by Sir H. James, Mr. Osborne, and Mr. Ramage, of Edinburgh, in the photographic garret at South Kensington. Copies of maps, engravings, manuscripts, printed books, etc., are exhibited,

which cannot be distinguished from the originals, and there is no question that had one of the copies been a bank-note, the deception would have been equally perfect. In fact, we understand that Mr. Osborne, wishing to call the attention of bankers in Melbourne to this danger, produced to them photolithographic copies of which they admitted they would be unable to repudiate the genuineness.

If the danger of photographic forgeries of bank-notes be as great as the above facts lead us to imagine, it is imperative that the bank authorities should at once take steps to ascertain the real extent of the danger to which the public as well as themselves are exposed. Let one or all of the above gentlemen be invited to produce a *fac-simile* of a note of some considerable value (say £500); let all reasonable facilities (which would be possessed by a forger) be given to them, and a sheet of bank-note paper be supplied them to print their copy upon. We venture to affirm that if in addition to this the governors of the Bank would undertake to cash the successful forgery, provided it passed the ordinary scrutiny of a majority of their cashiers, they would soon be convinced that the boasted impossibility of any forger ever taking them in was a fallacy, cheaply found out at the price of the forged note.

From The Spectator, 18 Oct.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

WILL the terrible realities of the American struggle between men speaking the same language, enjoying hitherto the most unrestricted freedom of commercial intercourse, bound together by the closest commercial bonds—those producers, those consumers, traders, manufacturers, capitalists—suffice to awaken the commercial school out of its fool's paradise as to the effects of abolition of passports, treaties of commerce, international exhibitions, and other devices for facilitating the material relations of mankind with each other, for promoting a real unity among them, where moral sympathy is wanting,—where some institution, some form of polity, juts out as a wall between nation and nation? As slavery stands between the North and the South on the American continent, so stands the imperial despotism between France and England, or any other

free people. Till it fall, every mere attempt to promote material intercourse between the two countries tends probably but to deepen the bitterness of France. The abolition of passports for *English* subjects, whilst these were retained for French, was felt as an insult to the nation, and galls Frenchmen every day to the quick. The benefits of the commercial treaty are not visible yet in France to the many; its mischiefs to the few are palpable. The International Exhibition will certainly have created more jealousies than it will have allayed. The very shopkeepers of Paris, the class above all others who have most benefited by late commercial changes, talk freely (though not, of course, to their English customers) of the future war with England.

For in truth the old Roman historian's definition of a firm friendship—"to will and not will the same things"—holds good between nations as between men. The only true bond of union between a free people and an oppressed one must lie in the sympathy of the former with the sufferings of the latter,—in their common hatred towards its oppressor. Now, partly by our fault, partly without our fault, this state of things does not yet exist between England and France. We are not in general accustomed to distinguish sufficiently between France, and the tyranny which weighs on France. Most Englishmen probably do hate Napoleon III.—perhaps even Lord Ranelagh himself at the bottom of his heart (if his heart have a bottom). But they hate him as the embodiment of French ambition, not as the oppressor of France; whilst at other times our statesmen, our journalists, our public spouters, carry even their folly so far as to speak of him, or practically to treat him, as our bulwark, our trust, our ally against France herself. A more stupendous absurdity surely never entered into the brains of men, or one which the facts more palpably contradict. Is it against the French Republic or against the French constitutional monarchy that the whole world stands, so to speak, at "attention" these many weary years, not daring to pile arms? Is all history a blank, that despotism, with its secrecy and promptitude of self-will, should be considered for one moment a better safeguard for peace than freedom, with its publicity, its deliberations, even when most tumultuous? It is

our folly and our fault that we should ever for an instant seem to lose sight of the distinction between an oppressed nation and its government,—of the deep, vital, abiding interest which England has, not in the momentary quietude or stupor of France, not in her mere material prosperity or clatter of monetary speculation, but in her freedom, her unchecked moral development.

And let it again be recollected, that every utterance of England in praise of the emperor and his system, in depreciation of the people whom he rules, as well as every idle tirade against France not distinguishing between the two, is sure to be translated, under the official sanction, in the French newspapers, whilst every condemnation of the emperor's own acts, every expression of sympathy with France against him, is carefully suppressed. Hence, to use a single notorious recent instance, the seizure of the English papers after the Aspromonte failure, because they almost unanimously urged the evacuation of Rome, which France herself longs for, which it does not suit the emperor's policy to effect. For one moment the hearts of the two nations throbbed in entire unison—but the wall was there to stop their hearing each other. Thus, in spite of all official compliments, the two countries are sedulously kept estranged; France remains ignorant of all English sympathy towards her, and is fed from day to day with a reproduction of every flippant journalist's taunt, every silly piece of national bunkum poured forth by after-dinner volunteers, which may serve to excite her against us. Never, probably, even in the heat of the Syrian question under Louis Philippe, when the policy of the two countries was directly at variance, has there been more bitterness in France towards England than now, when the two have been or are engaged in a series of joint wars over more than half the world.

But let us not mistake the meaning of this bitterness. Look well into it, and you will find that, to a great extent, at least, it is the bitterness of humiliation under internal oppression—the bitterness of discontent with all around,—the bitterness of sufferings misunderstood. Frenchmen rail against England because they cannot rail at things in France. They seem to themselves to hate England, because they hate their own condition, which is so unlike that of England.

They do hate her when she flatters and caresses their own oppressor. Let France recover her freedom—let England heartily rejoice over it, as she did over the July revolution—and French bitterness towards England would pass away like a summer cloud.

But in the mean while this bitterness is a fact, and may be made a powerful war-engine by the crowned self-will of the Tuileries; nor can English writers and speakers be too careful not to give vent, as they so easily do, to those taunts and boastings which gall the morbid susceptibilities of France to the quick. For let it always be remembered that no nation is more quick to take offence than one smarting under despotism, whose poor and only compensation for miseries at home lies invariably in the splendor of triumphs abroad. Let us never forget that every French officer of army or navy, as well as every French soldier (not so much every French sailor), looks confidently forward to war with England; let us never forget that the main concern of the Second Empire has been, is, and must be, to put and maintain the war-machine by sea and land on the most efficient footing; and that it has to a great extent succeeded in so doing.

At what cost, the future alone can fully tell. Yet sometimes there comes out a brutal fact, to use a French expression, which throws a flood of light upon the matter. Of the French war navy, for instance, it is now evident that it has been only brought to the point of imperial perfection by the complete sacrifice of the commercial navy of France. An article by M. Galos, in the *Deux Mondes* for 15th September, 1862, amongst other pregnant figures on this subject contains the following: To maintain the commercial navy of France on its present footing simply, there would need every year to be built 80,000 tons of shipping. In the year 1859 only 24,000 tons were built; in the year 1860, only 10,500; in the year 1861, only 7,000; in the year 1862 it is expected there will only be built 4,500, making in all a diminution, in the last four years of the blessings of imperialism, of 274,000 tons upon a million, or more than 25 per cent. When it is added that 1,640 out of 4,800 ships existing, or more than one-third, are from twelve to twenty years old, it will be seen that the French commercial navy is literally becoming fast extinct. But on its ruins La Gloire and her compeers have been built.

Thus the French war navy is doubly formidable to the world, both in itself, and because it has next to nothing in the way of French shipping to protect. England would be mad not to accept the warning.

From The London Review.
MUMMIES.

AN American author has recently brought out a work on what he calls the "Apocatastasis; or, Progress Backwards," of the present day. He pictures to himself the whole human race retrograding into the gloomy forests and dank caverns whence it has been allured by civilization, and looks forward to a future darkening into the blackness of the old primeval night. We are returning to the follies which were discarded by the wisdom of our ancestors, occupying ourselves with exploded fallacies, and attempting to resuscitate lifeless shams, and are, therefore degenerating so fast, both mentally and physically, that it is to be feared that we may lower to the level of the races from which we have been gradually developed, that our great-grandchildren may become conscious of prehensile tails, and our remote descendants may jabber in an inarticulate tongue among the shapeless relics of ruined cities. A highly picturesque view of the wonders that shall be, but apparently a little over-colored. It may be true that there is a tendency to stand once more upon the ancient ways, to re-open in the palace of art some of the cobwebbed galleries which science has condemned, and to strive to peep into the unseen world through windows which a stern materialism has bricked up; but such undertakings are not likely to be so disastrous as to impede the onward march of man, and to hurl him back into aboriginal apethood.

The custom of preserving the bodies of the dead is one of the antiquated heresies which, after a prolonged hibernation, is showing feeble signs of life, and attempting to recover an orthodox character. Little has as yet been said about it in England, but in France and America it has of late excited a good deal of interest, and given rise to considerable discussion. There are enthusiasts who look forward to a day when every family of distinction will pride itself upon its store of pickled ancestors; and there are opponents of the scheme, who consider it a proof of most dangerously retrograde tendencies. But it does not seem probable that embalming will become fashionable among us. A few eccentric individuals may avail themselves of its assistance to preserve the outward semblance of

some one they have loved or hated; but most men would strongly object, at a time when rents are so high, to be called upon to find house-room for their ancestral mummies. We bury our dead, and are inclined to get rid, as soon as possible, of the disagreeable associations connected with their resting-places. The suburban cemeteries afford an interesting lounge to Sunday visitors; but the friends of those who occupy the soil seldom have leisure to seek again the melancholy spot which they may have once honored by their sympathizing presence. It is all very well for benighted foreigners to strew flowers on the graves of the beloved one, and make it a picnic-point on stated anniversaries; but we prefer to perpetuate our regret in masonry, and if our hearts are oppressed with care for the loss of a friend, to rear such a mass of marble above his remains as will effectually prevent the earth from lying lightly upon them.

The question of how to dispose of the dead to the greatest advantage has occupied the minds of many peoples, and has been solved in various ways. Some nations have exhibited an originality of idea in their funeral arrangements that has sufficed to redeem their names from oblivion. In the tribe of the Arvacæ, inhabitants of the kingdom of Guinea, it was the custom for a bereaved family to pulverize the bones of a defunct relative, and mix the dust in the flowing cups quaffed to his memory. In some countries a man's relations would have been thought wanting in respect towards him if they had omitted to eat him when he died, and it was considered a delicate attention to send a small joint to friends at a distance. Such a custom may have been very gratifying to old persons who were allowed to die a natural death, but it must have been very unpleasant for an ancient Sardonian, who had lived the number of years allowed by law, to comply with the regulation which compelled him to invite his kinsmen and acquaintances to come and dine off him on a certain day, and to have himself killed and cooked in time for the feast. No wonder that the difficulty of calling up the conventional smile expected under such circumstances, should have given rise to the phrase of a "Sardonic grin." But these were barbarous peoples, and it is hardly necessary for the most retrospective eye to study their cadaverous cookery, while the

funeral records of ancient civilization are open to its inspection. If we are to alter our method of burial we can choose between cremation and embalming. The former has the merits of speed and economy, the latter commends itself chiefly to the pompous mind and to one that is regardless of expense. Where burning is in vogue, an entire ancestry can be contained in one small vault, and there must be something almost cheerful in the sight of a family circle "safely potted in their urns." But the practice is not likely to become general; a book was published not long ago advocating its revival on sanitary grounds, but we do not suppose that its arguments will ever result in depressing the shares of any Great Necropolis Company. We should be more likely to follow in the track of the Egyptians, were not the climate against us. It is chiefly in hot and dry regions that the art of the embalmer has flourished. Amidst the burning sands of Lybia, and on the plains of Central America, the traveller who is left by his companions to die and lie unburied, is mummified by Nature's hands. The next passers-by find a shrivelled image of man, dried almost into nothingness, and weighing as little as the defunct Hannibal is stated by a trustworthy satirist to have weighed. From such fortuitous specimens of the *homo siccus* the first embalmers may have taken a hint, and have afterwards improved upon their model until they produced the masterpieces which still charm the eye of the public in the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum. They appear to have spared no pains, at all events in the case of corpses of quality, and it is not surprising that they should have been treated with the respect which great *artistes* deserve. No doubt, they led a jovial life, for it is an unvarying law of society that persons who make a living out of their neighbors' dying should be cheerful, if not jocose. Undertakers are proverbially facetious, and a mute when off duty, is always full of spirits. And, no doubt, the Egyptian corpse-stuffers enjoyed themselves heartily, and even the despised "dissector," whose duty it was to make the necessary incisions in the bodies, and who in consequence was hooted and pelted out of sight when his services were no longer required — even he had his hours of jollification, and if the populace hissed him, applauded himself when he con-

templated the money in his chest. The trade must have been the means of supporting a numerous class, for the prices demanded were large, and the subjects operated upon were many. To be preserved in first-rate style would cost a dead aristocrat some three hundred pounds, and a middle-class householder would have to lay by more than a third of that sum if he wished to do credit to his family. But the money would be considered well spent by men who were convinced that after a period of three thousand years their souls would return to their earthly tenements, and start afresh on a new lease of life. It was not strange that they should wish to keep their vacant habitation in as good a state as possible, and should attach considerable importance to the entirety of their future epidermis, or the preservation of their favorite features. A similar belief may have induced the Guanches, the extinct inhabitants of the Canary Islands, to preserve the bodies of their dead. They, too, may have imagined that the ghosts of their ancestors were constantly hovering about the *xaxos*, the mummified forms which they once used to animate. But they have vanished from the world, and left little record behind them of their hopes and fears; so that it is to Egypt alone that we can refer for information on the subject. There must have been strange scenes there in the olden days, when the living and dead relations kept house together, when a deceased grandfather might be handed round at a banquet, and a needy child could borrow money on the security of a parent's corpse. If such a practice prevailed now-a-days, what a rush there would be along Drury Lane, on a Saturday night, of thirsty sons bearing their fathers to the pawnbroker's shop. There was no danger of such an occurrence among the ancient Egyptians, for they prized their dead relations at least as highly as their live ones, and were very unwilling to let them pass out of their hands. The mummies remained intact for many a century, till European hands rifled the tombs and carried off their occupants. Not always, however, with impunity, as the veracious Radzevil bears witness, who purchased two embalmed bodies at Alexandria, and smuggled them on board the ship in which he sailed for Europe; for a furious tempest arose, and two spectres hovered around the vessel regarding it with menacing

looks, until the mummies were cast overboard, when the ghosts disappeared and the storm was stilled. Radzevil was severely reprimanded by the captain for his conduct, but the theologians whom he consulted justified it on the ground that mummy was necessary for the sick. For in the Middle Ages it was considered a specific against all diseases, and a piece of it hung round the neck was looked upon as a preservative against numberless evils. So great, indeed, was the demand for this invaluable commodity, that a trade in false mummies sprang into life, and bodies were pickled by the score, in order to be sold at high prices to the eager and credulous foreigner.

As medical science progressed, the belief in the healing properties of mummies faded away, and they were looked upon merely as curiosities. Now and then an attempt was made to rival the work of the Egyptian embalmers, but in general without any great success. Royal personages were often thought worthy of being guaranteed against corruption, and a few specimens of ordinary mortals were preserved for the inspection of the curious. The College of Surgeons can boast of the body of Mrs. Van Butchell, and Jeremy Bentham is on view at University College, dressed in the clothes which he used to wear, while he was yet alive; but they are both of them ghastly objects, and offer little encouragement to persons who are desirous of posthumous exhibition. In "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," an account is given of a process by which a dead body may be indefinitely preserved, retaining all the beauty which it had during life, and offering the appearance of being locked in a gentle sleep. After Mignon's death, her body is subjected to this process, and is then exhibited to the sorrowing friends who have come to her funeral. "A balsamic substance," says the abbé who conducts them, "has been forced through all the veins, and now tinges, in place of blood, these cheeks too early faded. Come near, my friends, and view this wonder of art and care. He raised the veil; the child was lying in her angel's dress, as if asleep, in the most soft and graceful posture."

Many of the readers of this passage have doubtless considered it as fanciful and unreal

as any in the book, but the idea has been worked out with signal success by a French physician, Dr. Gannal. He has embalmed a number of bodies, many of which have been examined after the lapse of several years, and they have been found to retain a lifelike appearance that defies the power of decay. A single incision is all that is necessary for the purpose of injection, the preserving fluid is rapidly forced through the veins, and the body becomes firm and elastic. The drying process occupies about six months, but after that time the embalmed individual requires no farther treatment, and is presentable in any society. An excellent specimen of the process is at present on view at the Burlington Gallery, being the embalmed body of Julia Pastrana, who was also exhibited in London during her lifetime. Her story is a very strange one. She was in all probability the most hideous woman who ever lived, but her ugliness made her fortune and gained her a husband. She had the features of an ape, and her face was covered with strong black hair, which lengthened along the jaws into luxuriant whiskers and a flowing beard. She is said to have been discovered in Mexico, but little is known of her parentage, for her first proprietors were anxious to enhance her market value by making out that she was the missing link between man and the brute creation. When Barnum heard of her fame he sent an agent to report upon her appearance, intending to secure her for his museum, if she was really as frightful as she was said to be. The agent came, and saw, and perceiving that she was incredibly hideous, at once, with characteristic smartness, made her his wife in order to secure such a treasure for himself. He exhibited her in all parts of the world, until two years ago, when she died at Moscow, soon after giving birth to a little monster, who fortunately survived only thirty-five hours. The husband, we are thankful to say, is dead also. Her body, as well as that of her child, has been preserved by Dr. Sokolov, the professor of anatomy at Moscow, and well deserves the attention of all for whom female ugliness has a charm, or who have any idea of perpetuating their own attractions for the benefit of generations to come.

From The Spectator.

THE BRITISH REFORM JEWS.*

THE British Reform Jews at first sight appear to stand almost equidistant between the orthodox sect and the more advanced German Reformers, whose chief congregation is at Berlin. The orthodox party may be described as *Rabbanites*, the British Reformers as *Scripturalists*, and the German Reformers as *Deists*. The first derive their doctrines from the Hebrew Bible, the Mishna and the Talmud, and the vast Rabbinical edifice reared on the massive foundations of the Mishna and Talmud; the English Reformers admit the authority of the Hebrew Bible alone; and the German Reformers simply make the Hebrew Scriptures the groundwork for their own views and convictions.

But the British Reform Jews have in reality a much greater affinity to the Rabbanites than to the German Seceders. The two former have nearly every important and distinctive doctrine in common, while the latter diverge in an almost opposite direction. For both the British Reformers and the Rabbanites believe in revelation and inspiration, while the German Reformers acknowledge in the prophets of the Old Testament merely a high degree of piety and religious elevation. The two first share, therefore, a broad and comprehensive basis, and the difference between their views lies less in the principles than in the extent of their application; while the German Reformers have virtually framed an independent religious system derived more from modern philosophy than Jewish teaching. The two former cling to the Hebrew language as that alone appropriate for religious worship; while the latter have introduced the vernacular into their synagogues. The two former publicly recite the whole of the Pentateuch in weekly portions; the latter select such passages only which they believe to suggest fruitful meditations. The two former celebrate the seventh day as the Sabbath; the latter have transferred it to Sunday. The two former consider the Israelites as "the chosen people" in the sense in which the Old Testament understands that term; the latter hold

that the Israelites might, indeed, have been justly regarded as the chosen people at the time when they alone possessed a higher truth in the midst of general superstition; but that the truth which they then possessed is not necessarily the highest degree of enlightenment attainable by the human mind, and may, therefore, not be the ultimate creed of all nations. The two former believe in a *personal* Messiah, the political restorer of the splendor of the house of David; while the latter understand the Messiah to denote the *age* in which knowledge, virtue, and peace will prevail throughout the earth. The former are, in fact, Jews in the exclusive sense of the word, and in contradistinction to the followers of other positive creeds; while the latter have so thoroughly identified themselves with the modern ideas of a universal religion, that they at one time seriously contemplated an amalgamation with that sect of Christian Reformers known as "German Catholics," at whose head is Johannes Ronge.

The only difference between the orthodox and the British Reform Jews lies in the value which they severally attach to the teachings of tradition. It is a dogma of the orthodox synagogue that Moses received by revelation on Mount Sinai not only the Law, but full and detailed illustrations of its contents, which were faithfully handed down from generation to generation till they were collected and arranged in the Mishna and the Talmud, together with the expositions and discussions of the Jewish sages. The British Reformers, though expressing respect for the wisdom of their ancestors, regard the Law alone as the Word of God, and all interpretations as the work of men. While they, therefore, scrupulously cling to every injunction of the Pentateuch, they retain from Talmudical tradition that only which they consider to be in the spirit of the Law, or that which reverence for the notions and the practices of their fathers seems to require.

But this one fundamental distinction involves a hundred differences of the greatest moment for the practical life and the social relations of both sects. Those who are fully aware of the numberless rites by which tradition has deemed it necessary to "hedge in" the Law, who are acquainted with the minute ordinances by which the Talmud en-

* *Sermons preached on various Occasions at the West London Synagogue of British Jews, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square.* By the Rev. Professor Marks, Minister of the Congregation. Vols. I. and II. London: Groombridge and Bennett. 1851 and 1862.

deavored to make the whole life of the Jew one continued train of religious exercises, and who are familiar with the peculiar spirit of that vast compilation, the reflex of many centuries and of many countries, will be able to understand the wide chasm which a return to the simple and plain doctrines of the Old Testament implies, both with regard to religious observances and the whole tenor of thought. A close and active intercommunion between a sincere Talmudist and a Reformed Jew would be impossible, did not the spirit of our age imperceptibly smooth down the differences and lessen the distance. The Reformers follow their ordinary pursuits on some days which are kept as sacred festivals among the Talmudists; for as they do not wish to observe a greater number of holidays than the Pentateuch ordains, they have abolished the second days of the great festivals, introduced at an early period on account of the difficulties of astronomical calculation. They have materially changed the service in the Synagogue. They have thoroughly revised the old Prayer-book, omitting some portions and modifying others. They use the organ, which is strongly deprecated by the Talmudists because it is employed in Christian churches; and they have introduced the public confirmation both of boys and girls.

So far the tenets and practices of the British Reform Jews evince a liberal spirit and an unbiassed appreciation of the post-biblical literature of their forefathers. Nor are we disposed to lay great stress on the fact that they have not in all respects freed themselves from the bonds of tradition; since even the German Reformers find it impossible entirely to dissolve the ties which connect them with the past, and have retained in their public worship many features endeared to their race by long and familiar custom. But we cannot help observing that they still exhibit a rigidity and inflexibility of religious thought which preclude them from a deeper and a philosophical investigation of their creed. They remain unconditionally in the fetters of the *ceremonial law*. They reject every attempt at a more spiritual acceptance of the injunctions of the Pentateuch. They would consider an abandonment of the ritual observances as equivalent to the abandonment of Judaism itself.

The sermons of the minister of their chief

congregation will assist us in unfolding these views before the reader; and they will enable us justly to estimate the position which their sect occupies in the development of the Synagogue.

We are fully prepared for the general principle of their belief, "For Israelites there is but one immutable law—the sacred volume of the Scriptures, commanded by God to be written down for the unerring guidance of his people until the end of time" (vol. i. p. 7); or, "To declare that the revelation of Sinai is superseded is, to our thinking, nothing short of rebellion against the Divine word." We are prepared for the remark that "Revelation, in the full sense of that hallowed word, began at Sinai, and with the grave injunction to keep the Sinaitic precepts it terminates" (ii. 18); which words are evidently intended to imply a double polemical point, directed on the one hand against the orthodox doctrine of a primitive revelation vouchsafed to the early patriarchs, and, on the other hand, against the "Oral Law," believed to have likewise been communicated on Sinai, and enlarged by later generations. We are not surprised to find a rebuke administered to those "who are willing to apply to the Scriptures the same standard of criticism which is employed in reference to all other writings that are addressed to the human understanding." But the fearlessness with which they treat the precepts of tradition might have led us to suppose an approach to a liberal interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures also. Such anticipations, however, are totally disappointed. The declarations in this respect are decided and unmistakable:—

"Moses not only affixes the stamp of perpetuity to the dogmas of his code, but likewise to every ritual ordinance" (ii. 95).

Excepted are, of course, those laws which are of a strictly local character and limited to the Holy Land, as those relating to sacrifices and priests, to land and inheritance. But circumcision, phylacteries, the rites of Passover, the fasts and festivals, are instituted for all eternity. That this was the belief of the Jews at the time of Christ is deduced from the writings of the Evangelists. But *even after the advent of the Messiah* the law of Moses is to be observed in its fullest extent.

"No portion of the Mosaic law is to be abrogated; its very ordinances and ritual practices are to be in force."

It will be admitted that this unrelenting tenacity with regard to external observances is sufficient to characterize the spirit and tendency of the British Reform Jews. It accounts for the fact that in reading their dogmatical writings, even those composed with skill and ability, we feel ourselves banished within the limits of old and narrow conceptions. In spite of their rejection of Talmudical authority, they have not imbued themselves with that free spirit of historical research which enables the mind to distinguish the *ideas* from the *form* in which they are embodied. They have, in fact, rather shaken off some of the views and practices of bygone ages, than adopted the mode of thought that distinguishes the modern time.

After these remarks we shall not expect to find in their religious works an imposing array of profound arguments. Yet we might look for some concessions to reason in the writings of men who desire to deserve the name of modern reformers. Occasionally, indeed, we meet with attempts at logical inferences and conclusions. But these attempts exhibit such a childlike *naïveté*, that they tend, even more than simple declarations, to prove the unlimited sway of confiding faith. In order to show that the Talmudical precepts form no essential part of the Jewish religion, our author gravely argues:—

"David evidently knew of no other code save that which had been revealed through Moses, and yet he pronounced the law to be perfect. To change anything that is *perfect* is necessarily to make it *imperfect*; to amend perfection is to attempt what is manifestly impossible" (ii. 92).

And in order to point out the immutability of the Sinaitic covenant, he remarks:—

"Once concede the proposition that God himself is the author of the Pentateuch, and that, proceeding from him, it must be essentially of a character to render mankind blessed here and hereafter, and it will be difficult to resist the conclusion that a law which the Almighty himself has declared sufficient to secure the temporal and eternal well-being of those to whom it is addressed, cannot fail to preserve its efficacy and its binding force unimpaired to the end of time" (ii. 92).

To sum up: the British Reform Jews may in a certain sense be justified in asserting that "their Synagogue manifestly embodies the exalted idea of the regeneration of Jewish worship" (ii. 17); for they have removed "many superstitions and abuses which they felt as most intolerable evils" (ii. 19). But they have still to take that most important and decisive step which would bring them into harmony with modern thought, or enable them to take an active part in the progress of historical criticism.

On the special and literary merits of Professor Marks's volumes we can be brief. We would, above all, point out the beautiful spirit of toleration which pervades his pages. He enjoins this duty so repeatedly and so forcibly that it in some measure relieves the harshness which his rigorous adherence to the ceremonial law certainly involves. Hence he does not scruple to quote in his sermons Christian authorities; and we meet with the names of Archbishop Newcombe, Lowth, Channing, Clarke, Ewald, Hengstenberg, and others. We shall, however, not be surprised to find that he sometimes disclaims their views and interpretations; that he believes Christianity to have promoted civilization "only as far as she has availed herself of the ethical teachings of Moses and of the prophets" (ii. 18); that even if Christianity had never existed, the principles of the Old Testament would have become known to the whole world" (pp. 83–86); "that the Christian *dogmas* have been the cause of endless persecution and bloodshed" (p. 80); and that he assigns to "the domain of poetry and idiology," precepts like "whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also" (p. 80). "Nor shall we stop to examine how far controversial sermons such as those on the Messiah, containing elaborate discussions on the distinctive dogmas of Christianity, are appropriate and profitable in the Synagogue" (ii. 63–89), though we readily admit that they nowhere exceed the boundaries of considerate moderation. An analysis of the value of his own scriptural interpretations, would scarcely fall within the province of this journal; and we forego therefore to enter into his remarks on some passages of Isaiah and Ezekiel (ii. 64, 106). But his sermons are throughout characterized by earnestness and zeal, by benevolence

and humility, by love and truthfulness ; and his language, though it may sometimes appear to want elasticity and grace, is always clear and manly, direct and precise, and it occasionally rises to fervent and even impassioned eloquence. He is, therefore, peculiarly happy in those addresses which are devoted to the injunction of moral precepts ; for there uprightness of character and force of diction combine to produce a deep and beneficent impression. On the whole, his volumes are an honorable testimony to his ability and personal worth, and a strong proof of the great advantages which his congregation is certain to derive from his zeal and energy.

From The London Review.

DURKHEIM—THE GRAPE CURE.

DURKHEIM is the head-quarters of the grape cure in Germany. Meran, in the Tyrol, and Vevay and Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, have a high reputation, and are much resorted to for the same purpose, but in Germany Dürkheim is the place which enjoys most fame. It is on the left bank of the Rhine, in the Bavarian Palatinate, and is distant about fourteen miles due east from Mannheim. The nearest railway station is Neustadt, a small town on the line from Mayence to the French frontier at Forbach. The drive from Neustadt to Dürkheim, a distance of about nine miles, is very beautiful, and is to be preferred to that from Mannheim. The road is a very good one, and runs along parallel to and at the base of the Haardt range of mountains, on a slope which has been formed by the action of water on the light, sandy, and friable soil of those hills. From a few miles to the north of Dürkheim to about twenty miles to the south, the Haardt range of mountains on its east side runs almost due north and south, leaving an immense flat plain of about twelve to fourteen miles in breadth, intervening between it and the Rhine. This plain is very highly cultivated, and abounds in every sort of crop. The Haardt range is considered to terminate in the neighborhood of Landau, the mountain on the south side of the stream which flows through that town being properly the Vosges, though the one range is merely a continuation of the other. A slope of the same character, and due to the same causes

as the one on which the road from Dürkheim to Neustadt runs, extends from Neustadt to the southern limit of the Haardt range at Landau. The geological character of this slope is different from that of the great plain which extends to the Rhine, the latter being either tertiary or alluvium, while the slope is formed of the detritus that has been washed down from the hills. The whole face of this slope is covered with vines. The vine cultivation is on so enormous a scale that nothing in Germany, not even in the Rheingau, from whence the most celebrated of the German wines come, can be compared to it in extent. For some five-and-twenty miles the high-road passes through the midst of a succession of vineyards, without a trace of any other cultivation meeting the eye of the traveller. Though the wines of this district do not command such high prices as the wines from the Rheingau, and are not much known out of Germany, the cultivation is conducted with as much care as in the Rheingau itself, and the wines produced are more generally consumed by the Germans themselves than any other of their wines. The Deidesheimer and the Förster are the best of these wines, and immense quantities of them are sent to all parts of Germany. The former is usually recommended by the German doctors to their patients as being the least acid of their wines. The vineyard from which these two wines come is in the immediate neighborhood of Dürkheim. A very good class of wine is made at Dürkheim, but the grapes grown there are for the most part table-grapes, as the Germans say, to be used in the grape cure and for the purposes of export. Immense quantities of them are sent daily to all parts of Germany, and no grapes enjoy so high a reputation in that country. Grapes differ materially from each other in quality : the grape which is best adapted for the purpose of making wine is not generally so wholesome and so agreeable to the taste as another which will produce an inferior wine. About twelve to fifteen different sorts of grapes are grown at Dürkheim. Many of these, if not most of them, may be often found in the same vineyard. A little practice will enable any one in a very short time to distinguish, by the eye, one sort from another ; for differences exist between them not only in color, but also in form and size,

as well as in the thickness of the skins. The leaves, also, of the different sorts differ in form and size. To the taste the differences of flavor are at once perceptible. Persons who have not been through a vineyard, and have not had the opportunity of testing one different sort of grape after another, can hardly believe that there is so great a difference in flavor between the different sorts as does, in fact, exist. The grapes used in the cure are generally of four or five sorts; the two most commonly employed are called the Gutedel, and the Austrian. They are both white, with thin skins, and are both of them sweet and well-flavored. The black Burgundy grape, and the small dark red Traminer, which has been introduced from the Tyrol, are also much used in the cure, though not nearly to the same extent as the two already mentioned. The Burgundy grape is a very fine grape, and is, both in flavor and look, very like what is called in England the black Hamburg. The Traminer is a very pleasant sweet grape, with a scented or aromatic flavor, and a very thick skin. In certain cases, it is found to disagree with patients as being too heating. The Riessling, the grape from which all the most celebrated wines of the Rheingau are made, is not used in the cure, and is not considered by the Germans as a good table grape. Chemical analysis shows that it contains more saccharine matter than either the Gutedel or the Austrian grape; but at the same time its acid properties are stronger. The Burgundy grape is still sweeter than the Riessling, but its acid qualities, though less than those in the Riessling, are greater than those in the Gutedel or the Austrian, and therefore it is not so much used in the cure as they are. The acids which are found in the juice of all grapes, in greater or less proportions, are tartaric, citric, and malic acids. Much albumen, gelatine, and gum, as well as a considerable quantity of alkaline matter, are always found. Careful analysis has also discovered in all grape-juice traces of tannin, and even oxide of iron. An excess of acids in the grape is found, not only to interfere with the digestion, but to affect the mouth and the teeth in such a way as to prevent a person from being able to continue the cure for the requisite period.

The grape cure lasts from three to six weeks. The regular season commences, on

an average, about the middle or the first week in September, and lasts to nearly the end of October. Everything depends on the state of the ripeness of the grapes. The amount of grapes daily taken by persons undergoing the cure varies from about four and a half to seven or eight pounds; in some cases even as much as nine pounds are eaten. They are taken three times a day, at the same hours at which mineral waters are usually drunk in Germany — before breakfast, at eleven o'clock in the morning, or two hours before dinner, and at from five to six in the evening. Persons generally commence the cure with from two to three pounds a day, and advance daily in quantity till the larger limit is reached. The skins and the seeds should not be swallowed. The largest portion is usually consumed at eleven o'clock. Some doctors do not allow their patients to take any other breakfast than the grapes, accompanied by a roll of bread. The usual plan, however, is to permit them to take a breakfast of tea or coffee with bread, but no butter, after the grapes. A strict diet is universally prescribed; all fat, sour, or spiced meats, and pastry are forbidden; a small quantity of white light wines is permitted, but red wines, beer, and milk, must be avoided. The evening meal should be a very light one. The system pursued at Dürkheim is the same as the one followed at the other places where the grape cure goes on; and the grapes which are used in the cure both at Vevay and Montreux are, as at Dürkheim, for the most part the Gutedel and the Austrian varieties.

There is a small Kurgarten at Dürkheim, formerly the garden of the castle, where a band plays at the regular hours appointed for the eating of the grapes. On one side, under the trees, there are tables covered with large baskets full of the varieties used in the cure. As at Ems and other places where mineral waters are drunk, it is the fashion for every one to buy a glass for himself, so here every one must be provided with a basket to carry the grapes which he purchases from the attendants at the tables. The price of the best grapes is at present only two and a half pence a pound. To a stranger the sight is an amusing one, and very different from anything to be met with elsewhere. Numbers of people are seen walking up and down in the little garden,

each with a small black basket, full of grapes, in his hand, which he is eating with great rapidity, as if he were doing it for a wager. The place is, as may be imagined, covered with grape-skins, though some of the burly, round-shouldered Germans bolt skins and all.

On the tables where the grapes are sold, there is generally a small grape-press, a miniature of the one used in the making of wine, for the purpose of squeezing out the juice or liquor, which is sometimes preferred to the grapes themselves. Persons whose mouths or teeth have been affected by the acidity of the grapes are frequently obliged to give up eating them and drink the juice or must instead. The "munching" one's own grapes is by no means essential to the cure, but the liquor pressed out is so strange, so unlike the grapes themselves, and so unpleasant, that few persons will prefer it, except they are obliged to do so.

The disease in which the grape cure is considered by the German doctors to be most beneficial is in affections of the mucous membrane of the respiratory organs. The secretory powers of this membrane are roused, and it is enabled to throw off obstructions which have assumed a chronic form. Cases of bronchitis and pneumonia are said to have been often cured even in patients of a scrofulous constitution; and much benefit is said to have been experienced by persons affected with tubercular consumption in its earlier stages. Where spitting of blood has set in, much caution must be used as to the amount of grapes taken. Persons affected with any of these complaints are in the habit of coming to Dürkheim yearly from all parts of Germany.

Dürkheim possesses an advantage over other grape-cure places in having close to it a brine spring, which enables patients to combine the use of salt baths with the grape cure. The union of the two remedies is said to be especially beneficial in all maladies affecting persons of a scrofulous tendency. Complaints of the heart and liver, as well as other internal complaints, gout, and even Bright's disease, are claimed by the grape-cure doctors as coming within their scope and range.

Whether the efficiency of the grape cure in the alleviation of disease be as great and as beneficial as it is claimed by its advocates

to be, may be doubted, without at the same time impugning the system altogether. In this, as is in most other cases, truth lies perhaps between the extremes. A free use of grapes is probably good, and may be beneficial in the alleviation of many complaints. The action of the vegetable juices upon the animal system is a subject most imperfectly understood. Some of them, it is known, have a most powerful action as well in the prevention as in the cure of disease, but how that action takes place is still one of nature's secrets. The man who prohibits wholesale the vegetable juices, and crams his patients with mutton chops and bread, is a greater charlatan than the grape doctor who gorges and stuffs them with grapes. The course of regimen pursued by the latter includes all sorts of light and nutritive diet, whereas the former forbids even the moderate use of articles of food which seem to be especially suited for the wants of the animal system, and which in many cases, his patients have an eager craving for. Of all the vegetable juices, none seems so well adapted for man as that of the grape. In times of serious sickness, and especially in cases of fever, grapes are frequently the only food which is cared for and eaten with pleasure. Nature tells, with an unerring voice, its real wants, and speaks out with an emphasis that cannot be gainsaid. The food which, on occasions of severe crisis, when nature is put to its strain and reduced to the lowest ebb, the human system calls for, must not only be a healthy one, when taken in moderation, but must also be instrumental in the alleviation of disease. Whether the healthy action of grape-juice be due to its tartaric or citric acid, or to its sugar, or to any other of its constituent parts, or to them all in combination, neither chemists nor physiologists can tell. The property which the saliva has of turning cane-sugar into grape-sugar, seems to speak in favor of the sugar; but other facts, well known to doctors and physiologists, will support the claims of others of the component parts.

Like hydropathy, homœopathy, or the cure by the drinking of mineral waters, the grape cure is perhaps carried to excess by its own practitioners. There is, however, truth in it, and it must not be treated with levity or ridicule. Much good may and little if any harm can be done by it. The process

is well worthy of being tried by those who have failed to derive benefit from other systems of treatment. As an alterative, the grape cure is probably a sound system, and it deserves more attention at the hands of English doctors than it has hitherto met with. It is as an alterative that it is looked on with favor by many of the most sound and sensible doctors in Germany, and many patients are sent by them from all parts of the country to try it.

Independently of the question of grape cure, Dürkheim is well worthy of a visit. The position of the place is very charming, and several objects of interest exist in the immediate neighborhood. The town is an ancient one, but as it was burnt down during the wars of Louis XIV., it contains no building of any interest. Dürkheim was formerly the capital of the Counts of Leiningen, a family now represented by the Prince of Leiningen, the nephew of our own queen, and continued their capital till the French revolution, when their castle was burnt down, and the principality and all their property was confiscated. Leiningen, the *Stamm-Schloss* of the family, is a few miles distant, perched most picturesquely on the top of a conical hill. The family possess no longer any property in the neighborhood. No princely or noble families exist any longer in the Palatinate. The French revolution was the sponge which wiped them all out. Money is now the only nobility, and perfect equality is dominant. Property is much divided. The owners of vineyards are the people of the greatest influence.

Within half a mile from Dürkheim are the magnificent ruins of the Benedictine convent of Limburg, built of the red sand-

stone of the country, which is as sound as on the day on which it was taken from the quarry. Like the castle of Leiningen, and many other places in the range of Haardt, the convent was perched on the flat top of a round conical hill. This common characteristic feature in the scenery of the Haardt is clearly due to the erosive action of the water of the great lake, which must at one time have filled the whole plain, before the Rhine had succeeded in bursting its way to the ocean.

Another very interesting object in the neighborhood of Dürkheim is the Heidenmauer, a circular enclosure on the top of a high mountain, overlooking the whole plain, formed of loose stones, sixty feet in breadth, twelve feet in height, and one and a half mile in circumference. The ancient Germans were probably its constructors, and its uses were, it is thought, of a religious character. Cooper, the novelist, has made it and Limburg the subject of one of his novels. Other objects of interest exist in the neighborhood, but it would be tedious to enumerate them. The scenery all over the Haardt range of mountains is so picturesque and charming that the patient is seldom at a loss how to while away the time both with instruction and pleasure to himself. Dürkheim is not the only place in the Haardt where the grape cure is carried on. Both Neustadt and Gleisweiler, in the neighborhood of Landau, are rivals. The latter of these two places is beautifully situated high up in the face of the mountains, and combines a hydropathic establishment with the grape cure. Persons who cannot find accommodation at Dürkheim are in the habit of going to either of these places. The hotel Löwe at Neustadt, near the railway station, is very good, the cooking is excellent, and the wine faultless.

MORNING.

Perhaps there is no description of the coming on of light so perfect as that which Shelley has given us in his little poem, *The Boat on the Serchio*.—*Transcript*.

THE stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there :
To tower and cavern and rift and tree
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above, and the stream below,
And the vapors in their multitudes,
And the Apennines' shroud of summer snow,

And clothed with light of aery gold
The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,—
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's
 scythe,
And the matin bell and the mountain bee.
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim ;
The beetle forgot to wind his horn ;
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill.

PERE LA CHAISE.

[The following verses were suggested by a visit to the resting-place of Béranger. He is buried by the side of Manuel, one of the patriotic statesmen of 1830. The same tombstone commemorates both names; on the one side is engraved the extract from Manuel's speech, given below; the other is covered with *immortelles* and other offerings to the poet.]

Two great names carved upon a simple stone;
Two great hearts mouldering 'neath the same
green grass;
The patriot's voice, the poet's softer tone,
Ceasing together, into silence pass.

The one was bred to arms, and served the State;
Soldier and senator, he stood his ground,—
A star of battle, ruler of debate,
Firm against hostile ranks or storms of sound.

A spotless knight of France, he knew to wield
Weapons of reason keener than his sword:
" 'Twas yesterday that I refused to yield
To force, to-day I come to keep my word."

The lines are there in iron, countersigned
By Manuel, who assailed the people's wrongs;
With his, some happy choice has intertwined
The memory of him who sang their songs.

Béranger, bard of cottage homes and king
Of cottage hearths, around thy shrine are
hung
Their votive wreaths, the village maidens bring
The wild spring flowers I see so sweetly
strung.

Old men and youths pay homage to thy name,
And every hamlet must its offering send;
This little crown is worth all Cæsar's fame—
"A poor man's tribute to his father's friend."

Dost thou look down, from some serener shore,
Dear poet, on this gentle spot of earth?
Is it not something to be held in store
Forever by the land that gave thee birth?

And here, where yet the weeping willows wave,
And many a tear bedews the mossy bed,
I muse on memories of the double grave,
On great deeds done and great things nobly
said.

Peace to the ashes of the good and brave!
Remote from change they rest, whate'er be-
tide,
Beneath the soil they lived to grace and save,
The soldier and the singer side by side.
—Spectator. J. N.

THE LAST DAY OF OCTOBER, 1862.

THE sea is calm and beautiful to-day,
As if fair Summer still o'er land and wave
Wielded her sceptre, and the south winds play
Among the withered leaves, and seem to crave
The beauty that lies low in many a floweret's
grave.

Amid its tones half pensive, half in glee,
Is heard the farewell of the Autumn hours,
Murmured in fading words and by the sea
And round fair homes, where late in golden
showers
The summer sunlight fell and pierced their
vine-clad bowers.

But the blue sea unchanged around the isles
Pours its vast flood and gently ebbs and flows,
Unvexed by storms, while heaven above it
smiles,
And earth looks on wrapped in its own re-
pose,
Unheeding how *they* lie, dead violet and
crushed rose.

Welcome calm Autumn days, whose hours distil
Immortal essence for the undying soul!
How should we bear life's varied good and ill,
How strive these deep heart-yearnings to con-
trol,
Were Nature's chalice drained—her page an
empty scroll!
—Transcript. H. J. L.

A DRIFTING LEAF.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

"EARLY torn from thy tree,
Faded emblem of grief,
Whither goest, poor leaf?"
" 'Tis a mystery to me:

"Ever since that wild day
When the hurricane broke
From my home, the huge oak,
Mighty branches away;

"The north wind, or west,
From the hill to the plain,
From the mead to the main,
Whirl me where they like best.

"With my fate need I quarrel?
I go where all goes,—
With the leaf of the Rose,
And the leaf of the Laurel."

—Spectator.

HOPE.

WHEN I do think on thee, sweet Hope, and bow,
Thou followest on our steps, a coaxing child,
Oft chidden hence, yet quickly reconciled,
Still turning on us a glad, beaming brow,
And red, ripe lips for kisses; even now
Thou mindest me of Him, the Ruler mild,
Who led God's chosen people through the
wild,
And bore with wayward murmurs, meek as thou
That bringest waters from the rock, with bread
Of angels strewing earth for us! Like Him
Thy force abates not, nor thine eye grows
dim;
But still with milk and honey-droppings fed,
Thou ledest to the promised country fair,
Though thou, like Moses, mayst not enter
there!

HARBEN'S LOVE SONG.

AIR — "*Kathleen Mavourneen*."

ZOSTERA MARINA, grim Manchester's shaking,
 One-half of her steam-engines silent and still,
 No cotton's at hand, and we're all in a taking
 To know where to turn for new grist for the mill.

It seems to myself that the notion was clever,
 (It came as I wandered by ocean, apart)

Thy fibre to take, and to make the endeavor
 To give drooping labor another fresh start.

Zostera Marina, though Manchester slumbers,
 And sneers apathetic my labors requite,
 I'm happy to know that inventors in numbers
 Believe that my notion's substantially right.
 So, Zostera Marina, though wise folks are calling
 My project a thing that can never succeed,
 He'll never climb high who's too frightened of
 falling:

The proof of the pudding's in eating, my weed.
 —Punch.

COCKNEY CRITICISM.—Among the notices of new music wherewith some of our contemporaries at times delight the world, we see it said of one "*morceau pour le piano*," that—

"The sparkling roudades of the birds are rendered with great effect."

"Sparkling roudades of the birds!" Well, what next we wonder! We suppose we shall soon hear of the *vibrato* of the nightingale, and the *sostenuto* notes of the blackbird or the thrush. Or we may live to see it said of a Prize Canary Show, that such and such a feathered songster had an exquisite organ, and won repeated plaudits by the vehemence and clearness of its *ut de poitrine*. Song-writers may, moreover, be catching the infection, and may speak of sylvan harmony in the jargon of the concert-room, and apply to nature the hackneyed terms of art. Instead of the simple unaffected,

"Hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"

we shall be hearing some such stilted stuff as this:—

"Hark, the high *soprano* lark to Heaven's gate upward flies,

And executes his brilliant *floriture* in the skies."

The boshiness of ballad-writing long since has disgusted us; and nonsense such as this would be really scarce more silly than much of the fine language we have lately seen in verse.

—Punch.

HOW TO SEE THE EXHIBITION IN TEN MINUTES.—"*The Albany*.—My dear Punch: I hate sensations, and I hate most of my fellow-creatures, and I hate trouble of all kinds. If there are any other folks who entertain similar feelings, I think they will be as grateful to me—pooh, nobody is grateful—but I think they ought to say I have done them a civil thing in telling them that I have made the discovery announced

in the heading to this letter. There is a set of benevolent—at least nobody is benevolent—but there is a set of sensible people who call themselves the Stereoscopic Company. They have taken photographs, capital ones, of all that is worth seeing in Fowkeria, and you can just buy these and a stereoscope, and in a few minutes you know all about the Exhibition, and a good deal more than most people who have tried to see it. Then there's the delicious quiet, and you can look as long as you like at the *Venus* or the *Reading Girl*, without being shoved, and without hearing the various idiots, of all ranks, emitting their noises. You are not irritated by the swell's "'Pon m' word, not half bad,' the artist's 'Ah! now that color is not conscientious,' the snob's 'Spicy party that,' or the clown's 'Be that Venice?' And no abominable organs and bands, and no bother about getting away—you lay down your stereoscope and you are again in your arm-chair. You may print this, if you like, in the light of a testimonial, and I don't care whether you do or not.

"Your subscriber,

"ANTIBABYLON."

"NEWS FROM THE STYX."—The mandate of fashion has gone forth, and as may be read in the *Follet*, and seen at certain French and English watering-places, a lady is henceforth, if she wishes to be considered as completely furnished, to carry a stick. We see no objection to the arrangement, indeed we suppose that it is a logical necessity consequent upon the increase in crinoline. As it is now impossible for a properly dressed lady to reach a friend with her hand, she is supplied with the means of giving him a poke with a stick when desirous to attract his attention. All we venture to hope is, that the stick is to be blunt at the end, and not armed with a tiny spike, as in the latter case a short-sighted *Lord Dundreary*, with a large circle of lady-acquaintances eager to speak to him might, on returning home to dress, find himself unpleasantly covered with scars and spots. On the whole there is more sense in this new contrivance than is usually to be found in the conceptions of the tyrant-milliner.—Punch.

A SMOOTH WAY OF GETTING OUT OF IT.—A poet, who is prematurely bald, excuses it in this ingenious and complimentary manner: "Baldness," he says, "is only a proof of politeness paid to the beautiful sex. Is it not the duty of a gentleman always to uncover his head in the presence of the ladies?"—Punch.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.—So an amnesty is granted to Garibaldi. Very good. In England when we have trodden on the toe of a great man, we beg his pardon. In Italy you pardon him when you have shot him in the ankle.—Punch.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 967.—13 December, 1862.

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THE REBELLION RECORD: Part 24. Edited by Frank Moore, and published by G. P. Putnam, New York. This part contains portraits of Gen. Mitchel and the rebel Gen. Robert Lee. A stern expression is on Gen. Mitchel's face, instead of the bright smile which dwelt upon it when he was lecturing upon the peaceful stars.

THE SIEGE OF RICHMOND: a Narrative of the Military Operations of Major-Gen. Geo. McClellan in May and June, 1862. By Joel Cook, Special Correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. Philadelphia: George W. Childs.

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PART X.—CHAPTER XXXII.

BUT while Mrs. Vincent sat in Susan's sick-room, with her mind full of troubled thoughts, painfully following her son into an imaginary and unequal conflict with the wife of the rebellious deacon; and while the Salem congregation in general occupied itself with conjectures how this internal division could be healed, and what the pastor would do, the pastor himself was doing the very last thing he ought to have done in the circumstances—lingering down Grange Lane in the broad daylight with intent to pass Lady Western's door—that door from which he had himself emerged a very few minutes before. Why did he turn back and loiter again along that unprofitable way? He did not venture to ask himself the question; he only did it in an utterly unreasonable access of jealousy and rage. If he had been Lady Western's accepted lover instead of the hopeless worshipper afar off of that bright unattainable creature, he could still have had no possible right to forbid the entrance of Mr. Fordham at that garden gate. He went back with a mad, unreasoning impulse, only excusable in consideration of the excited state of mind into which so many past events had concurred to throw him. But the door opened again as he passed it. Instinctively Vincent stood still, without knowing why. It was not Mr. Fordham who came out. It was a stealthy figure, which made a tremulous pause at sight of him, and, uttering a cry of dismay, fixed eyes which still gleamed, but had lost all their steadiness, upon his face. Vincent felt that he would not have recognized her anywhere but at this door. Her thin lips, which had once closed so firmly, and expressed with such distinctness the flying shades of amusement and ridicule, hung apart loosely, with a perpetual quiver of hidden emotion. Her face, always dark and colorless, yet bearing such an unmistakable tone of vigor and strength, was haggard and ghastly; her once assured and steady step furtive and trembling. She gave him an appalled look, and uttered a little cry. She shivered as she looked at him, making desperate vain efforts to recover her composure and conceal the agitation into which his sudden appearance had thrown her. But nature at last had triumphed over this woman who had defied her so long. She had not strength left to accomplish the cheat.

"You!" she cried, with a shrill tone of terror and confusion in her voice; "I did not look for you!" It was all her quivering lips would say.

The sight of her had roused Vincent. "You were going to escape," he said. "Do you forget your word? Must I tell *her* everything, or must I place you in surer custody? You have broken your word."

"My word! I did not give you my word," she cried, eagerly. "No. I—I never said—and," after a pause, "if I had said it, how do you imagine I was going to escape? Escape! from what? That is the worst—one cannot escape," said the miserable woman, speaking as if by an uncontrollable impulse, "never more; especially if one keeps quiet in one place and has nothing to do," she continued after a pause, recovering herself by strange gleams now and then for a moment; "that is why I came out, to escape, as you say, for half an hour, Mr. Vincent. Besides, I don't have news enough—not nearly enough. How do you think I can keep still when nobody sends me any news? How long is it since I saw you last? And I have heard nothing since then—not a syllable! and you expect me to sit still, because I have given my word? Besides," after another breathless pause, and another gleam of self-recovery, "the laws of honor don't extend to women. We are weak, and we are allowed to lie."

"You are speaking wildly," said Vincent, with some compassion and some horror, putting his hand on her arm to guide her back to the house. Mrs. Hilyard gave a slight convulsive start, drew away from his touch, and gazed upon him with an agony of fright and terror in her eyes.

"We agreed that I was to stay with Alice," she said. "You forget I am staying with Alice; she—she keeps me safe, you know. Ah! people change so; I am sometimes—half afraid—of Alice, Mr. Vincent. My child is like her—*my* child—she did not know me!" cried the wretched woman, with a sob that came out of the depths of her heart; "after all that happened, she did not know me! To be sure, that was quite natural," she went on again, once more recovering her balance for an instant, "she *could* not know me! and I am not beautiful, like Lady Western, to please a child's eye. Beauty is good—very good. I was once

pretty myself; any man would have forgiven me as you did when Alice came with her lovely face; but I dare say your mother would not have minded had it been she. Ah, that reminds me," said Mrs. Hilyard, gradually acquiring a little more steadiness, "that was why I came out: to go to your mother—to ask if perhaps she had heard anything—from my child."

"This is madness," said Vincent; "you know my mother could not possibly hear about your child; you want to escape—I can see it in your eyes."

"If you will tell me what kind of things people can escape from, I will answer you," said his strange companion, still becoming more composed. "Hush! I said what was true. The governess, you know, had your address. Is it very long since yesterday when I got that news from Dover? Never mind. I dare say I am asking wild questions that cannot have any answer. Do you remember being here with me once before? Do you remember looking through the grating and seeing —? Ah, there is Mr. Fordham now with Alice! Poor young man!" said Mrs. Hilyard, turning once more to look at him, still vigilant and anxious, but with a softened glance. "Poor minister! I told you not to fall in love with her lovely face. I told you she was kind, too kind—she does not mean any harm. I warned you. Who could have thought then that we should have so much to do with each other?" she resumed, shrinking from him, and trying to conceal how she shrank with another convulsive shiver; "but you were going to visit your people or something. I must not keep you, Mr. Vincent; you must go away."

"Not till you have returned to the house; and given me your word of honor," said Vincent, "not to escape or to attempt to escape; or else I must tell *her* everything, or place you in surer custody. I will not leave you here."

"My word! but women are not bound by their honor; *our* honor means—not our word," cried Mrs. Hilyard, wildly; "my parole he means; soldiers and heroes and men of honor give their parole; you don't exact it from women. Words are not kept to us, Mr. Vincent; do you expect us to keep them? Yes, yes; I know I am talking wildly. Is it strange, do you think? But what if I give you my word, and nobody

sends me any further news—nothing about my child? Women are only wild animals when their children are taken from them. I will forget it and go away for news—news! That is what I want. Escape!" she repeated, with a miserable cry; "who can escape? I do not understand what it means."

"But you must not leave this house," said Vincent, firmly. "You understand what I mean. You must not leave Lady Western. Go with her where she pleases; but unless you promise on your honor to remain here, and with her, I shall be obliged to —"

"Hush!" she said, trembling—"hush! My *honor*!—and you still trust in it? I will promise," she continued, turning and looking anxiously round into the dull winter daylight, as if calculating what chance she had of rushing away and eluding him. Then her eyes returned to the face of the young man, who stood firm and watchful beside her—agitated, yet so much stronger, calmer, even more resolute than she; then shrinking back, and keeping her eyes, with a kind of fascinated gaze, upon his face, she repeated the words slowly, "I promise—upon my honor. I will not go away—escape as you call it. If I should go mad, that will not matter. Yes, ring the bell for me. You are the stronger now. I will obey you and go back. You have taken a woman's parole, Mr. Vincent," she went on with a strange spasmodic shadow of that old movement of her mouth; "it will be curious to note if she can keep it. Good-by—good-by." She spoke with a trembling desperation of calmness, mastering herself with all her power. She did not remove her eyes from his face till the door had been opened. "I promise on my honor," she repeated, with again a gleam of terror, as Vincent stood watching. Then the door closed, shutting in that tragic, wretched figure. She was gone back to her prison, with her misery, from which she could not escape. In that same garden, Vincent, with the sharp eyes of love and despair, even while watching her, had caught afar off a vision of two figures together, walking slowly, one leaning on the other, with the lingering steps of happiness. The sight went to his heart with a dull pang of certainty, which crushed down in a moment the useless effervescence of his former mood. His prisoner and he

parted, going in and out, one scarcely less miserable at that moment than the other. In full sight of them both lingered for the same moment these two in the tenderest blessedness of life. Vincent turned sharp round, and went away the whole length of the long road past St. Roque's, past the farthest village suburb of Carlingford, stifling his heart that it should say nothing. He had forgotten all about those duties which brought him there. Salem had vanished from his horizon. He saw nothing in heaven or earth but that miserable woman going back to her prison, interwoven with the vision of these two in their garden of paradise. The sight possessed him, heart and spirit; he could not even feel that he felt it, his heart lying stifled in his bosom. *It was*, and there was no more to say.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. VINCENT made many pilgrimages out of the sick-room that day; her mind was disturbed and restless; she could not keep still by Susan's side. She went and strayed through her son's rooms, looked at his books, gave a furtive glance at his linen; then went back and sat down for a little, until a renewed access of anxiety sent her wandering forth once more. Then she heard him come in, and went out to see him. But he was gloomy and uncommunicative, evidently indisposed to satisfy her in any way, absorbed in his own thoughts. Mrs. Vincent came and sat by him while he dined, thinking, in her simplicity, that it would be a pleasure to Arthur. But Arthur, with the unsocial habits of a man accustomed to live alone, had already set up a book before him while he ate, leaving his mother to wonder by herself behind what was the world of unknown thought that rapt her son, and into which her wistful wonder could not penetrate. But the widow was wise in her generation: she would not worry him with questions which it was very apparent beforehand that he did not mean to answer. She admitted to herself, with a pang of mingled pain, curiosity, and resignation, that Arthur was no longer a boy having no secrets from his mother. Once more the little woman looked at the unreasonable male creature shut up within itself, and decided, with a feminine mixture of pity and awe, that it must be allowed to take its

own time and way of disclosing itself, and that to torture it into premature utterance would be foolish, not to say impracticable. She left him, accordingly, to himself, and went away again, returning, however, ere long, in her vague restlessness, as she had been doing all day. The early winter evening had closed in, and the lamp was lighted—the same lamp which had smoked and annoyed Mrs. Vincent's nice perceptions the first evening she was in Carlingford. Vincent had thrown himself on a sofa with a book, not to read, but as a disguise under which he could indulge his own thoughts, when his mother came quietly back into the room. Mrs. Vincent thought it looked dark and less cheerful than it ought. She poked the fire softly not to disturb Arthur, and made it blaze. Then she turned to the lamp, which flared huskily upon the table. "It smokes more than ever," said Mrs. Vincent, half apologetically, in case Arthur should observe her proceedings as she took off the globe. He, as was natural, put down his book and gazed at her with a certain impatient wonder, half contemptuous of that strange female development which amid all troubles could carry through from one crisis of life to another that miraculous trifling, and concern itself about the smoking of a lamp. As she screwed it up and down and adjusted the wick, with the smoky light flaring upon her anxious face, and magnifying the shadow of her little figure against the wall behind, her son looked on with a feeling very similar to that which had moved Mrs. Vincent when she watched him eating his dinner with his book set up before him. These were points upon which the mother and son could not understand each other. But the sight disturbed his thoughts and touched his temper; he got up from the sofa and threw down his unread book.

"You women are incomprehensible," said the young man, with an irritation he could not subdue—"what does it matter about the lamp? but if the world were going to pieces you must still be intent upon such trifles—leave that to the people of the house."

"But, my dear, the people of the house don't understand it," said Mrs. Vincent. "O Arthur, it is often the trifles that are the most important. I have had Mrs. Tozer

calling upon me to-day, and Mrs. Tufton. I don't wonder, dear, if you find them a little tiresome; but that is what every pastor has to expect. I dare say you have been worried to-day paying so many visits. Hush, there is some one coming up-stairs. It is Mr. Tozer, Arthur. I can hear his voice."

Upon which the minister, conscious of not being prepared for Tozer's questions, gave vent to an impatient ejaculation. "Never a moment's respite! and now I shall have to give an account of myself," said the unfortunate Nonconformist. Mrs. Vincent, who had just then finished her operations with the lamp, looked up reproachfully over the light at her son.

"O Arthur, consider how kind he has been! Your dear father would never have used such an expression—but you have my quick temper," said the widow, with a little sigh. She shook hands very cordially with the good butterman when he made his appearance. "I was just going to make tea for my son," said Mrs. Vincent. "I have scarcely been able to sit with him at all since Susan took ill. Arthur, ring the bell—it is so kind of you to come; you will take a cup of tea with us while my son and you talk matters over—that is, if you don't object to my presence?" said the minister's mother, with a smile. "Your dear papa always liked me to be with him, Arthur; and until he has a wife, Mr. Tozer, I dare say his mother will not be much in the way when it is so kind a friend as you he has to talk over his business with. Bring tea directly, please. I fear you have forgotten what I said to you about the lamp, which burns quite nicely when you take a little pains. Arthur, will you open the window to clear the atmosphere of that smoke? and perhaps Mr. Tozer will take a seat nearer the fire."

"I am obliged to you, ma'am," said the butterman, who had a cloud on his face. "Not no nearer, thank you all the same. If I hadn't thought you'd have done tea, I shouldn't have come troubling Mr. Vincent, not so soon," and Tozer turned a doubtful glance towards the minister, who stood longer at the window than he need have done. The widow's experienced eye saw that some irritation had risen between her son and his friend and patron. Tozer was

suspicious, and ready to take offence—Arthur, alas! in an excited and restless mood, only too ready to give it. His mother could read in his shoulders, as he stood at the window with his back to her, that impulse to throw off the yoke and resent the inquisition to which he was subject, which, all conscious as he was of not having carried out Tozer's injunctions, seized upon the unfortunate Nonconformist. With a little tremulous rush, Mrs. Vincent put herself in the breach.

"I am sure so warm a friend as Mr. Tozer can never trouble any of my family at any time," said the widow, with a little effusion. "I know too well how rare a thing real kindness is—and I am very glad you have come just now while I can be here," she added, with a sensation of thankfulness perhaps not so complimentary to Tozer as it looked on the surface. "Arthur, dear, I think that will do now. You may put up the window and come back to your chair. You don't smell the lamp, Mr. Tozer? and here is the little maid with the tea."

Mrs. Vincent moved about the tray almost in a bustle when the girl had placed it on the table. She re-arranged all the cups and moved everything on the table, while her son took up a gloomy position behind her on the hearth-rug, and Tozer preserved an aspect of ominous civility on the other side of the table. She was glad that the little maid had to return two or three times with various forgotten adjuncts, though even then Mrs. Vincent's instincts of good management prompted her to point out to the handmaiden the disadvantages of her thoughtlessness. "If you had but taken time to think what would be wanted, you would have saved yourself a great deal of trouble," said the minister's mother, with a tremble of expectation thrilling her frame, looking wistfully round to see whether anything more was wanted, or if, perhaps, another minute might be gained before the storm broke. She gave Arthur a look of entreaty as she called him forward to take his place at table. She knew that real kindness was not very often to be met with in this cross-grained world; and if people are conscious of having been kind, it is only natural they should expect gratitude! Such was the sentiment in her eyes as she turned round and fixed them

upon her son. "Tea is ready, Arthur," said the widow, in a tone of secret supplication. And Arthur understood his mother, and was less and less inclined to conciliate as he came forward out of the darkness, where he might look sulky if he pleased, and sat down full in the light of the lamp, which smoked no longer. They were not a comfortable party. Mrs. Vincent felt it so necessary that she should talk and keep them separated, that she lost her usual self-command, and subjects failed her in her utmost need.

"Let me give you another cup of tea," she said, as the buttermilk man paused in the supernumerary meal which that excellent man was making; "I am so glad you happened to come this evening when I am taking a little leisure. I hope the congregation will not think me indifferent, Mr. Tozer. I am sure you and Mrs. Tozer will kindly explain to them how much I have been occupied. When Susan is well, I hope to make acquaintance with all my son's people. Arthur, my dear boy, you are over-tired, you don't eat anything—and you made a very poor dinner. I wish you would advise him to take a little rest, Mr. Tozer. He minds his mother in most things, but not in this. It is vain for me to say anything to him about giving up work; but perhaps a little advice from you would have more effect. I spoke to Dr. Rider on the subject, and he says a little rest is all my son requires; but rest is exactly what he will never take. It was just the same with his dear father—and you are not strong enough, Arthur, to bear so much."

"I dare say as you're right, ma'am," said Tozer; "if he was to take a little more exercise and walking about—most of us Salem folks wouldn't mind a little less on Sundays to have more of the minister at other times. I hope as there wasn't no unpleasantness, Mr. Vincent, between you and Pigeon when you see him to-day?"

"I did not see him;—I mean I am sorry I was not able to call on Pigeon to-day," said Vincent, hastily; "I was unexpectedly detained," he added, growing rather red, and looking Tozer in the face. "Indeed, I am not sure that I ought to call on Pigeon," continued the minister, after a pause; "I have done nothing to offend him. If he chooses to take an affront which was never intended, I can't help it. Why should I go and court every man who is sulky or ill-tempered in

the congregation? Look here, Tozer—you are a sensible man—you have been very kind, as my mother says. I set out to-day intending to go and see this man for your sake; but you know very well this is not what I came to Carlingford for. If I had known the sort of thing that was required of me!" cried Vincent, rising up and resuming his place on the hearth-rug—"to go with my hat in my hand, and beg this one and the other to forgive me, and receive me into favor:—why, what have I ever done to Pigeon? if he has anything to find fault with, he had much better come to me, and have it out."

"Mr. Vincent, sir," said Tozer, solemnly, pushing away his empty teacup, and leaning forward over the table on his folded arms, "them aint the sentiments for a pastor in our connection. That's a style of thing as may do among fine folks, or in the church where there's no freedom; but them as chooses their own pastor, and pays their own pastor, and don't spare no pains to make him comfortable, has a right to expect different. Them aint the sentiments, sir, for Salem folks. I don't say if they're wrong or right—I don't make myself a judge of no man; but I've seen a deal of our connection and human nature in general, and this I know, that a minister as has to please his flock, has got to please his flock whatever happens, and neither me nor no other man can make it different; and that Mrs. Vincent, as has seen life, can tell you as well as I can. Pigeon aint neither here nor there. It's the flock as has to be considered—and it aint preaching alone as will do that; and that your good mother, sir, as knows the world, will tell you as well as me."

"But Arthur is well aware of it," said the alarmed mother, interposing hastily, conscious that to be thus appealed to was the greatest danger which could threaten her. "His dear father always told him so; yet, after all, Mr. Vincent used to say," added the anxious diplomatist, "that nothing was to be depended on in the end but the pulpit. I have heard him talking of it with the leading people in the connection, Mr. Tozer. They all used to say that, though visiting was very good, and a pastor's duty, it was the pulpit, after all, that was to be most trusted to; and I have always seen in my experience—I don't know if the same has

occurred to you—that *both* gifts are very rarely to be met with. Of course, we should all strive after perfection,” continued the minister’s mother, with a tremulous smile—“but it is so seldom met with that any one has *both* gifts! Arthur, my dear boy, I wish you would eat something; and, Mr. Tozer, let me give you another cup of tea.”

“No more for me, ma’am, thankye,” said Tozer, laying his hand over his cup. “I don’t deny as there’s truth in what you say. I don’t deny as a family here and there in a flock may be aggravating like them Pigeons. I’m not the man to be hard on a minister, if that aint his turn. A pastor may have a weakness, and not feel himself as equal to one part of his work as to another; but to go for to say as visiting and keeping the flock pleased, aint his duty—it’s that, ma’am, as goes to my heart.”

Tozer’s pathos touched a lighter chord in the bosom of the minister. He came back to his seat with a passing sense of amusement. “If Pigeon has anything to find fault with, let him come and have it out,” said Vincent, bringing, as his mother instantly perceived, a less clouded countenance into the light of the lamp. “You, who are a much better judge than Pigeon, were not displeased on Sunday,” added the minister, not without a certain complacency. Looking back upon the performances of that day, the young Nonconformist himself was not displeased. He knew now—though he was unconscious at the time—that he had made a great appearance in the pulpit of Salem, and that once more the eyes of Carlingford, unused to oratory, and still more unused to great and passionate emotion, were turned upon him.

“Well, sir, if it come to be a question of that,” said the mollified deacon; “but no—it aint that—I can’t, whatever my feelings is, be forgetful of my dooty!” cried Tozer, in sudden excitement. “It aint that, Mr. Vincent; it’s for your good I’m a-speaking up and letting you know my mind. It aint the pulpit, sir. I’ll not say as I ever had a word to say against your sermons; but when the minister goes out of my house a-saying as he’s going to visit the flock, and when he’s to be seen the next moment, Mrs. Vincent, not going to the flock, but a-spending his precious time in Grange Lane with them as

don’t know nothing, and don’t care nothing for Salem, nor understand the ways of folks like us —”

Here Tozer was interrupted suddenly by the minister, who once more rose from his chair with an angry exclamation. What he might have said in the hasty impulse of the moment nobody could tell; but Mrs. Vincent, hastily stumbling up on her part from her chair, burst in with a tremulous voice—

“Arthur, my dear boy! did you hear Susan call me?—hark! I fancied I heard her voice. O Arthur, dear, go and see, I am too weak to run myself. Say I am coming directly—hark! do you think it is Susan? O Arthur, go and see!”

Startled by her earnestness, though declaring he heard nothing, the young man hastened away. Mrs. Vincent seized her opportunity without loss of time.

“Mr. Tozer,” said the widow, “I am just going to my sick child. Arthur and you will be able to talk of your business more freely when I am gone, and I hope you will be guided to give him good advice; what I am afraid of is, that he will throw it all up,” continued Mrs. Vincent, leaning her hand upon the table, and bending forward confidential and solemn to the startled butlerman, “as so many talented young men in our connection do now-a-days. Young men are so difficult to deal with; they will not put up with things that we know must be put up with,” said the minister’s mother, shaking her head with a sigh. “That is how we are losing all our young preachers;—an accomplished young man has so many ways of getting on now. O Mr. Tozer, I rely upon you to give my son good advice—if he is aggravated, it is my terror that he will throw it all up! Good-night. You have been our kind friend, and I have such trust in you!” Saying which the widow shook hands with him earnestly and went away, leaving the worthy deacon much shaken, and with a weight of responsibility upon him. Vincent met her at the door, assuring her that Susan had not called; but with a heroism which nobody suspected, trembling with anxiety, yet conscious of having struck a master-stroke, his mother glided away to the stillness of the sick-room, where she sat questioning her own wisdom all the evening after, and wondering whether, after all, at such a crisis, she had done right to come away.

When the minister and the deacon were left alone together, instead of returning with zest to their interrupted discussion, neither of them said anything for some minutes. Once more Vincent took up his position on the hearth-rug, and Tozer gazed ruefully at the empty cup which he still covered with his hand, full of troubled thoughts. The responsibility was almost too much for Tozer. He could scarcely realize to himself what terrors lay involved in that threatened danger, or what might happen if the minister threw it all up! He held his breath at the awful thought. The widow's Parthian arrow had gone straight to the butterman's heart.

"I hope, sir, as you wont think there's anything but an anxious feelin' in the flock to do you justice as our pastor," said Tozer, with a certain solemnity, "or that we aint sensible of our blessin's. I've said both to yourself and others, as you was a young man of great promise, and as good a preacher as I ever see in our connection, Mr. Vincent, and I'll stand by what I've said; but you aint above taking a friend's advice—not speaking with no authority," added the good butterman, in a conciliatory tone; "it's all along of the women, sir—it's them as is at the bottom of all the mischief in a flock. It aint Pigeon, bless you, as is to blame. And even my missis, though she's not to say unreasonable as women go—none of them can abide to hear of you a-going after Lady Western—that's it, Mr. Vincent. She's a lovely creature," cried Tozer, with enthusiasm; "there aint one in Carlingford to compare with her, as I can see, and I wouldn't be the one to blame a young man as was carried away. But there couldn't no good come of it, and Salem folks is touchy and jealous," continued the worthy deacon; "that was all as I meant to say."

Thus the conference ended amicably after a little more talk, in which Pigeon and the other malcontents were made a sacrifice of and given up by the anxious butterman, upon whom Mrs. Vincent's parting words had made so deep an impression. Tozer went home thereafter to overawe his angry wife, whom Vincent's visit to Lady Western had utterly exasperated, with the dread responsibility now laid upon them. "What if he was to throw it all up!" said Tozer. That alarming possibility struck silence and

dismay to the very heart of the household. Perhaps it was the dawn of a new era of affairs in Salem. The deacon's very sleep was disturbed by recollections of the promising young men who, now he came to think of it, *had* been lost to the connection, as Mrs. Vincent suggested, and *had* thrown it all up. The fate of the chapel, and all the new sittings let under the ministry of the young Nonconformist, seemed to hang on Tozer's hands. He thought of the weekly crowd, and his heart stirred. Not many deacons in the connection could boast of being crowded out of their own pews Sunday after Sunday by the influx of unexpected hearers. The enlightenment of Carlingford, as well as the filling of the chapel, was at stake. Clearly, in the history of Salem, a new era had begun.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THAT week passed on without much incident. To Vincent and his mother, in whose history days had, for some time past, been counting like years, it might have seemed a very grateful pause, but for the thundrous atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty which clouded over them on every side. Susan's recovery did not progress; and Dr. Rider began to look as serious over her utter languor and apathy, which nothing seemed able to disturb, as he had done at her delirium. The Salem people stood aloof, as Mrs. Vincent perceived, with keen feminine observation. She could not persuade herself, as she had tried to persuade Mrs. Tozer, that the landlady answered inquiries at the door by way of leaving the sick-room quiet. The fact was, that except Lady Western's fine footman, the sight of whom at the minister's door was far from desirable, nobody came to make inquiries except Mrs. Tufton and Phœbe Tozer, the latter of whom found no encouragement in her visits. Politic on all other points the widow could not deny herself, when circumstances put it in her power to extinguish Phœbe. Mrs. Vincent would not have harmed a fly, but it gave her a certain pleasure to wound the rash female bosom which had, as she supposed, formed plans of securing her son. As for Tozer himself, his visits had almost ceased. He was scarcely to be seen even in the shop, into which sometimes the minister himself gazed disconsolately when he strayed out in

the twilight to walk his cares away. The good buttermilk was otherwise employed. He was wrestling with Pigeon in many a close encounter, holding little committees in the back parlor. On his single arm and strength he felt it now to depend whether or not the pastor could tide it over, and be pulled through.

As for Vincent himself, he had retired from the conflict. He paid no visits; with a certain half-conscious falling back upon the one thing he could do best, he devoted himself to his sermons. At least he shut himself up to write morning after morning, and remained all day dull and undisturbed, brooding over his work. The congregation somehow got to hear of his abstraction. And to the offended mind of Salem there was something imposing in the idea of the minister, misunderstood and unappreciated, thus retiring from the field and devoting himself to "study." Even Mrs. Pigeon owned to herself a certain respect for the foe who did not humble himself, but withdrew with dignity into the intrenchments of his own position. It was fine; but it was not the thing for Salem. Mrs. Brown had a tea-party on the Thursday, to which the pastor was not even invited, but where there were great and manifold discussions about him, and where the Tozers found themselves an angry minority, suspected on all sides. "A pastor as makes himself agreeable here and there, but don't take no thought for the good of the flock in general, aint a man to get on in our connection," said Mrs. Pigeon, with a toss of her head at Phoebe, who blushed over all her pink arms and shoulders with mingled gratification and discomposure. Mrs. Tozer herself received this insinuation without any violent disclaimer. "For my part, I can't say as the minister hasn't made himself very agreeable as far as we are concerned," said the judicious woman. "It's well known as friends can't come amiss to Tozer and me. Dinner or supper, we never can be took wrong, not being fine folks, but comfortable," said the buttermilk's wife, directing her eyes visibly to Mrs. Pigeon, who was not understood to be liberal in her housekeeping. Poor Phoebe was not so discriminating. When she retired into a corner with her companions, Phoebe's injured feelings disclosed themselves. "I am sure he never said anything to me that he might

not have said to any one," she confessed to Maria Pigeon; "it is very hard to have people look so at me when perhaps he means nothing at all," said Phoebe, half dejected, half important. Mrs. Pigeon heard the unguarded confession, and made use of it promptly, not careful for her consistency.

"I said when you had all set your hearts on a young man, that it was a foolish thing to do," said poor Vincent's skilful opponent; "I said he'd be sure to come a-dangling about our houses, and a-trifling with the affections of our girls. It'll be well if it doesn't come too true; not as I want to pretend to be wiser nor other folks—but I said so, as you'll remember, Mrs. Brown, the very first day Mr. Vincent preached in Salem. I said, 'He's not bad-looking, and he's young and has genteel ways, and the girls don't know no better. You mark my words, if he don't make some mischief in Carlingford afore all's done,'—and I only hope it wont come too true."

"Them as is used to giddy girls, gets timid, as is natural," said Mrs. Tozer; "it's different where there is only one, and she a quiet one. I can't say as ever I thought a young man was more taking for being a minister; but there can't be no doubt as it must be harder upon you, ma'am, as has four daughters, than me as has only one—and she a quiet one," added the deacon's wife, with a glance of maternal pride at Phoebe, who was just then enfolding the spare form of Maria Pigeon in an artless embrace, and who looked in her pink wreath and white muslin dress, "quite the lady," at least in her mother's eyes.

"The quiet ones is the deep ones," said Tozer, interfering, as a wise man ought, in a female duel, as it began to get intense. "Phoebe's my girl, and I don't deny being fond of her, as is natural; but she aint so innocent as not to know how things is working, and what meaning is in some folks' minds. But that's neither here nor there, and it's time as we was going away."

"Not before we've had prayers," said Mrs. Brown. "I was surprised the first time I see Mr. Vincent in your house, Mr. Tozer, as we all parted like heathens without a blessing, specially being all chapel folks, and of one way of thinking. Our ways is different in this house; and though we're in a comfortless kind of condition, and no better

than if we hadn't no minister, still as there's you and Mr. Pigeon here——"

The tea-party thus concluded with a still more distinct sense of the pastor's shortcomings. There was nobody to "give prayers" but Pigeon and Tozer. For all social purposes, the flock in Salem might as well have had no minister. The next little committee held in the back parlor at the butter-shop was still more unsatisfactory. While it was in progress, Mr. Vincent himself appeared, and had to be taken solemnly up-stairs to the drawing-room, where there was no fire, and where the hum of the voices below was very audible, as Mrs. Tozer and Phœbe, getting blue with cold, sat vainly trying to occupy the attention of the pastor.

"Pa has some business people with him in the parlor," explained Phœbe, who was very tender and sympathetic, as might be expected; but it did not require a very brilliant intelligence to divine that the business under discussion was the minister, even if Mrs. Tozer's solemnity, and the anxious care with which he was conveyed past the closed door of the parlor, had not already filled the mind of the pastor with suspicion.

"Go down and let your pa know as Mr. Vincent's here," said Mrs. Tozer, after this uncomfortable *séance* had lasted half an hour; "and he's not to keep them men no longer than he can help; and presently we'll have a bit of supper—that's what I enjoy, that is, Mr. Vincent; no ceremony like there must be at a party, but just to take us as we are; and we can't be took amiss, Tozer and me. There's always a bit of something comfortable for supper, and no friend as could be made so welcome as the minister," added the good woman, growing more and more civil as she came to her wits' end; for had not Pigeon and Brown been asked to share that something comfortable? For the first time it was a relief to the butterman's household when the pastor declined the impromptu invitation, and went resolutely away. His ears, sharpened by suspicion, recognized the familiar voices in the parlor, where the door was ajar when he went out again. Vincent could not have imagined that to feel himself unwelcome at Tozer's would have had any effect whatever upon his pre-occupied mind, or that to pass almost within hearing of one of the discussions which must inevitably be going on about him among the managers of

Salem, could quicken his pulse or disturb his composure. But it was so, notwithstanding. He had come out at the entreaty of his mother, half unwillingly, anticipating, with the liveliest realization of all its attendant circumstances, an evening spent at that big table in the back parlor, and something comfortable to supper. He came back again tingling with curiosity, indignation, and suppressed defiance. The something comfortable had not this time been prepared for him. He was being discussed, not entertained, in the parlor; and Mrs. Tozer and Phœbe in the chill fine drawing-room up-stairs, where the gas was blazing in a vain attempt to make up for the want of the fire—shivering with cold and civility—had been as much disconcerted by his appearance as if they too were plotting against him. Mr. Vincent returned to his sermon not without some additional fire. He had spent a great deal of time over his sermon that week; it was rather learned, and very elaborate, and a little—dull. The poor minister felt very conscious of the fact, but could not help it. He was tempted to put it in the fire, and begin again, when he returned that Friday evening, smarting with those little stinging arrows of slight and injury; but it was too late: and this was the beginning of the "coorse" which Tozer had laid so much store by. Vincent concluded the elaborate production by a few sharp sentences, which he was perfectly well aware did not redeem it, and explained to his mother, with a little ill-temper, as she thought, that he had changed his mind about visiting the Tozers that night. Mrs. Vincent did Arthur injustice as she returned to Susan's room, where again matters looked very sadly; and so the troubled week came to a close.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SUNDAY! It came again, the inevitable morning. There are pathetic stories current in the world about most of the other professions that claim the ear of the public; how lawyers prepare great speeches, which are to open for them the gates of the future, in the midst of the killing anxieties of life and poverty—how mimes and players of all descriptions keep the world in laughter while their hearts are breaking. But few people think of the sufferings of the priest, whom, let trouble or anxiety come as they please, necessity will have in the inexorable

pulpit Sunday after Sunday. So Vincent thought as he put on his Geneva gown in his little vestry, with the raw February air coming in at the open window, and his sermon, which was dull, lying on the table beside him. It *was* dull—he knew it in his heart; but after all the strain of passion he had been held at, what was to preserve him any more than another from the unavoidable lassitude and blank that followed? Still it was not agreeable to know that Salem was crowded to the door, and that this sermon, upon which the minister looked ruefully, was labored and feeble, without any divine spark to enlighten it, or power to touch the hearts of other men. The consciousness that it was dull would, the preacher knew, make it duller still—its heaviness would affect himself as well as his audience. Still that was not to be helped now; there it lay, ready for utterance; and here in his Geneva gown, with the sound in his ears of all the stream of entering worshippers who were then arranging themselves in the pews of Salem, stood the minister prepared to speak. There was, as Vincent divined, a great crowd—so great a crowd that various groups stood during the whole service, which, by dint of being more labored and feeble than usual, was longer too. With a certain dullness of feeling, half despairing, the minister accomplished the preliminary devotions, and was just opening his Bible to begin the work of the day when his startled eye caught a most unlooked-for accession to the flock. Immediately before him, in the same pew with Mrs. Tozer and Phœbe, what was that beautiful vision that struck him dumb for the moment? Tozer himself had brought her in during the prayers, through the groups that occupied the passage, to his own seat, where she sat expanding her rustling plumage, and looking round with all her natural sweetness, and a kind of delightful unconscious patronage and curiosity, upon the crowd of unknown people who were nobody in Carlingford. The sight of her struck the young Nonconformist dumb. He took some moments to recover himself, ere, with a pang in his heart, he began his dull sermon. It mattered nothing to Lady Western what kind of a sermon he preached. She was not clever, and probably would never know the difference; but it went to the young man's heart, an additional pang

of humiliation, to think that it was not his best he had to set before that unexpected hearer. What had brought the beauty here? Vincent's dazzled eyes did not make out for some time the dark spare figure beside her, all sunned over with the rays of her splendor. Mrs. Tozer and Phœbe on one side, proud yet half affronted, contemplating with awe and keen observation the various particulars of Lady Western's dress, were not more unlike her, reposing in her soft beauty within the hard wooden enclosure of the pew, beaming upon everybody in sweet ease and composure—than was the agitated restless face, with gleaming uncertain eyes that flashed everywhere, which appeared at her other side when Vincent came to be able to see. He preached his sermon with a certain self-disgust growing more and more intense every time he ventured to glance at that strange line of faces. The only attentive hearer in Tozer's pew was Lady Western, who looked up at the young minister steadily with her sweet eyes, and listened with all the gracious propriety that belonged to her. The Tozers, for their part, drawn up in their end of the seat, gave a very divided attention, being chiefly occupied with Lady Western; and as for Mrs. Hilyard, the sight of her restlessness and nervous agitation would have been pitiful had anybody there been sufficiently interested to observe it. Mr. Vincent's sermon certainly did not secure that wandering mind. All her composure had deserted this strange woman. Now and then she almost rose up by way apparently of relieving the restless fever that possessed her; her nervous hands wandered among the books of the Tozer pew with an incessant motion. Her eyes gleamed in all directions with a wistful anxiety and suspicion. All this went on while Vincent preached his sermon; he had no eyes for the other people in the place. Now and then the young man became rhetorical, and threw in here and there a wild flourish to break the deadness of his discourse, with no success, as he saw. He read tedium in all the lines of faces before him as he came to a close with a dull despair—in all the faces except that sweet face never disturbed out of its lovely calm of attention, which would have listened to the Dissenting minister quite as calmly had he preached like Paul. With a sensation that this was one of the critical moments of

his fate, and that he had failed in it, Vincent dropped into his seat in exhaustion and self-disgust, while his hearers got up to sing their hymn. It was at this moment that Tozer walked up through the aisle, steadily, yet with his heart beating louder than usual, and ascended the pulpit stairs to give forth that intimation which had been agreed upon in the back parlor on Friday. The minister was disturbed in his uncomfortable repose by the entrance of the deacon into the pulpit, where the worthy buttermilk seated himself by Vincent's side. The unconscious congregation sang its hymn, while the Nonconformist, rousing up, looked with surprised eyes upon his unexpected companion; yet there were bosoms in the flock which owned a thrill of emotion as Tozer's substantial person partially disappeared from view behind the crimson cushion. Phoebe left off singing, and subsided into tears and her seat. Mrs. Pigeon lifted up her voice and expanded her person; meanwhile Tozer whispered ominously, with a certain agitation, in his pastor's ear,—

"It's three words of an intimation as I'd like to give—nothing of no importance; a meeting of the flock as some of us would like to call, if it's quite agreeable—nothing as you need mind, Mr. Vincent. We wouldn't go for to occupy your time, sir, attending of it. There wasn't no opportunity to tell you before. I'll give it out, if it's agreeable," said Tozer, with hesitation—"or if you'd rather—"

"Give it to me," said the minister quickly. He took the paper out of the buttermilk's hand, who drew back uncomfortable and embarrassed, wishing himself anywhere in the world but in the pulpit, from which that revolutionary document menaced the startled pastor with summary deposition. It was a sufficiently simple notice of a meeting to be held on the following Monday evening, in the schoolroom, which was the scene of all the tea and other meetings of Salem. This, however, was no tea-meeting. Vincent drew his breath hard, and changed color, as he bent down under the shadow of the pulpit-cushion and the big Bible, and read this dangerous document. Meanwhile the flock sang their hymn, to which Tozer, much decomposed, added a few broken notes of tremulous bass as he sat by the minister's side. When Mr. Vincent again raised his head,

and sat erect with the notice in his hand, the troubled deacon made vain attempts to catch his eye, and ask what was to be done. The Nonconformist made no reply to these telegraphic communications. When the singing was ended he rose, still with the paper in his hand, and faced the congregation, where he no longer saw one face with a vague background of innumerable other faces, but had suddenly woke up to behold his battle-ground and field of warfare, in which everything dear to him was suddenly assailed. Unawares the assembled people, who had received no special sensation from the sermon, woke up also at the sight of Vincent's face. He read the notice to them with a voice that tingled through the place; then he paused. "This meeting is one of which I have not been informed," said Vincent. "It is one which I am not asked to attend. I invite you to it, all who are here present; and I invite you thereafter," continued the minister, with an unconscious elevation of his head, "to meet me on the following evening to hear what I have to say to you. Probably the business will be much the same on both occasions, but it will be approached from different sides of the question. I invite you to meet on Monday, according to this notice; and I invite you on Tuesday, at the same place and hour, to meet me."

Vincent did not hear the audible hum and buzz of surprise and excitement which ran through his startled flock. He did not pay much attention to what Tozer said to him when all was over. He lingered in his vestry, taking off his gown, until he could hear Lady Western's carriage drive off after an interval of lingering. The young Dowager had gone out slowly, thinking to see him, and comfort him with a compliment about his sermon, concerning the quality of which she was not critical. She was sorry in her kind heart to perceive his troubled looks, and to discover that somehow, she could not quite understand how, something annoying and unexpected had occurred to him. And then this uneasy companion, to whom he had bound her, and whose strange agitation and wonderful change of aspect Lady Western could in no way account for. But the carriage rolled away at last, not without reluctance, while the minister still remained in his vestry. Then he hurried home, speaking to no one. Mrs.

Vincent did not understand her son all day, nor even next morning, when he might have been supposed to have had time to calm down. He was very silent, but no longer dreamy or languid, or lost in the vague discontent and dejection with which she was familiar. On the contrary, the minister had woken up out of that abstraction. He was wonderfully alert, open-eyed, full of occupation. When he sat down to his writing-table it was not to muse, with his pen in his languid fingers, now and then putting down a sentence, but to write straight forward with evident fire and emphasis. He was very tender to herself, but he did not tell her anything. Some new cloud had doubtless appeared on the firmament where there was little need for any further clouds. The widow rose on the Monday morning with a presentiment of calamity on her mind—rose from the bed in Susan's room which she occupied for two or three hours in the night, sometimes snatching a momentary sleep, which Susan's smallest movement interrupted. Her heart was rent in two between her children. She went from Susan's bedside, where her daughter lay in dumb apathy, not to be roused by anything that could be said or done, to minister wistfully at Arthur's breakfast, which, with her heart in her throat, the widow made a pitiful pretence of sharing. She could not ask him questions. She was silent, too, in her great love and sorrow. Seeing some new trouble approaching—wistfully gazing into the blank skies before her, to discover, if that were possible, without annoying Arthur, or compromising him, what it was; but rather than compromise or annoy him, contenting herself not to know—the greatest stretch of endurance to which as yet she had constrained her spirit.

Arthur did not go out all that Monday. Even in the house a certain excitement was visible to Mrs. Vincent's keen observation. The landlady herself made her appearance in tears to clear away the remains of the minister's dinner. "I hope, sir, as you don't think what's past and gone has made no difference on me," said that tearful woman in Mrs. Vincent's hearing; "it aint me as would ever give my support to such doings." When the widow asked, "What doings?" Arthur only smiled and made some half-articulate remark about gossip, which his mother of course treated at its true value. As the dark wintry afternoon closed in, Mrs. Vincent's

anxiety increased under the influence of the landlady's Sunday dress, in which she was visible progressing about the passages, and warning her husband to mind he wasn't late. At last Mrs. Tufton called, and the minister's mother came to a true understanding of the state of affairs. Mrs. Tufton was unsettled and nervous, filled with a not unexhilarating excitement, and all the heat of partisanship. "Don't you take on," said the good little woman; "Mr. Tufton is going to the meeting to tell them his sentiments about his young brother. My dear, they will never go against what Mr. Tufton says: and if I should mount upon the platform and make a speech myself, there sha'n't be anything done that could vex you; for we always said he was a precious young man, and a credit to the connection; and it would be a disgrace to us all to let the Pigeons, or such people, have it all their own way." Mrs. Vincent managed to ascertain all the particulars from the old minister's wife. When she was gone, the widow sat down a little, with a very desolate heart, to think it all over. Arthur, with a new light in his eye, and determination in his face, was writing in the sitting-room; but Arthur's mother could not sit still as he did, and imagine the scene in the Salem schoolroom, and how everybody discussed and sat upon her boy, and decided all the momentous future of his young life in this private inquisition. She went back, however, beside him, and poured out a cup of tea for him, and managed to swallow one for herself, talking about Susan and indifferent household matters, while the evening wore on and the hour of the meeting approached. A little before that hour Mrs. Vincent left Arthur, with an injunction not to come into the sick-room that evening until she sent for him, as she thought Susan would sleep. As she left the room the landlady went downstairs, gorgeous in her best bonnet and shawl, with all the personal satisfaction which a member of a flock naturally feels when called to a bed of justice to decide the future destiny of its head. The minister's fate was in the hands of his people; and it was with a pleasurable sensation that, from every house throughout Grove Street and the adjacent regions, the good people were going forth to decide it. As for the minister's mother, she went softly back to Susan's room, where the nurse, who was Mrs. Vincent's assistant,

had taken her place. "She looks just the same," said the poor mother. "Just the same," echoed the attendant. "I don't think myself as there'll be no change until——" Mrs. Vincent turned away silently in her anguish which she dared not indulge. She wrapped herself in a black shawl, and took out the thick veil of crape which she had worn in her first mourning. Nobody could recognize her under that screen. But it was with a pang that she tied that sign of woe over her pale face. The touch of the crape made her shiver. Perhaps she was but forestalling the mourning which in her age and weakness, she might have to renew again. With such thoughts she went softly through the wintry lighted streets towards Salem. As she approached the door, groups of people going the same way brushed past her through Grove Street. Lively people, talking with animation, pleased with this new excitement, declaring, sometimes so loudly that she could hear them as they passed, what side they were on, and that they, for their part, were going to vote for

the minister to give him another trial. The little figure in those black robes, with anxious looks shrouded under the crape veil, went on among the rest to the Salem school-room. She took her seat close to the door, and saw Tozer and Pigeon, and the rest of the deacons, getting upon the platform, where on occasions more festive the chairman and the leading people had tea. The widow looked through her veil at the butterman and the poulterer with one keen pang of resentment, of which she repented instantly. She did not despise them as another might have done. They were the constituted authorities of the place, and her son's fate, his reputation, his young life, all that he had or could hope for in the world, was in their hands. The decision of the highest authorities in the land was not so important to Arthur as that of the poulterer and the butterman. There they stood, ready to open their session, their inquisition, their solemn tribunal. The widow drew her veil close, and clasped her hands together to sustain herself. It was Pigeon who was about to speak.

EXPENDITURE OF SILVER IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—The experiments of Mr. Spiller, the superintendent of the chemical department at Woolwich, show that the quantity of silver actually used in producing photographic pictures is very small. A full-sized sheet of albumenized paper necessitates the employment of fifty grains of nitrate of silver, which, at the rate of four shillings per ounce troy, costs fivepence; of this amount, however, ten grains only are actually expended, or one pennyworth of silver per sheet, the remaining forty grains, or their equivalent in metal or silver compounds, being recoverable from the waste solutions and other products of the photographic operations. The value of the gold expended in toning the prints likewise amounts to one penny per sheet. The value of the whole of the remaining chemicals, viz., the hyposulphide and carbonate of soda, common salt, sulphur, and kaolin, fall within the limits of a halfpenny.—*London Review*.

LADY PHYSICIANS.—As regards the instruction of young women in physiology, I venture to suggest, for the consideration of those ladies who have gone through a systematic course of medical education with the view to qualify themselves as medical practitioners, whether devoting their time to the instruction of their own sex in the laws of health would not form an equally

useful and a more appropriate profession than that of a physician or surgeon. In adopting as their sphere of action the hygiene of female and infantile life, ladies would be in their right social position; and assuredly they could have no higher vocation than that of teaching their own sex the important duties which devolve on them as mothers—how to manage their own health and that of their offspring. If ladies, properly educated for such duty—they need not be fully educated physicians—would devote their time and energies to this noble work, they would confer an inestimable benefit on the rising generation, and merit the lasting gratitude of posterity.—*Sir James Clark*.

A FARMER of Haubourain, France, has just tried the experiment of fattening cattle by the use of cod-liver oil. The trial was first made upon two calves, eight sheep, and two pigs. The result surpassed all expectation. In ninety days they were all in prime condition, the flesh being perfectly white and of easy digestion. The quantity given was—to the pigs sixty-three grammes (two ounces) per day, to the sheep thirty-one grammes, and to the calves fifty grammes. For the calves the oil was mixed with bran and chopped straw, for the sheep with bruised beans, and for the pigs with their regular food.

CHAPTER III.

TOM was now quite amphibious. You do not know what that means? You had better, then, ask the nearest Government pupil-teacher, who may possibly answer you smartly enough, thus,—

“Amphibious. Adjective, derived from two Greek words, *amphi*, a fish, and *bios*, a beast. An animal supposed by our ignorant ancestors to be compounded of a beast and a fish; which therefore, like the hippopotamus, can't live on the land, and dies in the water.”

However that may be, Tom was amphibious; and what is better still, he was clean. For the first time in his life he felt how comfortable it was to have nothing on him but himself. But he only enjoyed it: he did not know it, or think about it; just as you enjoy life and health, and yet never think about being alive and healthy: and may it be long before you have to think about it.

He did not remember having ever been dirty. Indeed, he did not remember any of his old troubles, being tired or hungry, or beaten, or sent up dark chimneys. Since that sweet sleep, he had forgotten all about his master, and Harthover Place, and the little white girl; and in a word, all that had happened to him when he lived before; and what was best of all, he had forgotten all the bad words which he had learnt from Grimes, and the rude boys with whom he used to play.

That is not strange: for you know, when you came into this world, and became a land-baby, you remembered nothing. So, why should he, when he became a water-baby?

Then have you lived before?

My dear child, who can tell? One can only tell that, by remembering something which happened where we lived before; and as we remember nothing, we know nothing about it; and no book, and no man, can ever tell us certainly.

There was a wise man once; a very wise man, and a very good man, who wrote a poem about the feelings which some children have, about having lived before; and this is what he said,—

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.”

There, you can know no more than that. But if I was you, I would believe that. For then the great fairy Science, who is likely to be queen of all the fairies for many a year to come, can only do you good, and never do you harm; and instead of fancying, with some people, that your body makes your soul, as if a steam-engine could make its own coke; or, with some other people, that your soul has nothing to do with your body, but is only stuck into it like a pin into a pincushion, to fall out with the first shake; you will believe the one true

orthodox,
rational,
philosophical,
logical,
irrefragable,
nominalistic,
realistic,
inductive,
deductive,
seductive,
productive,
salutary,
comfortable,

and on-all-accounts-to-be-received doctrine of this wonderful fairy tale, which is, that your soul makes your body, just as a snail makes his shell. For the rest, it is enough for us to be sure that, whether or not we lived before, we shall live again; though not, I hope, as poor little heathen Tom did. For he went downward into the water; but we, I hope, shall go upward, to a very different place.

But Tom was very happy in the water. He had been sadly overworked in the land-world; and so now to make up, he had nothing but holidays in the water-world for a long, long time to come. He had nothing to do now but enjoy himself, and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot, and the frost is never too cold.

And what did he live on? Water-cresses, perhaps; or perhaps water-gruel, and water-milk; too many land-babies do so likewise. But we do not know what one-tenth of the water things eat; so we are not answerable for the water-babies.

And sometimes he went along the smooth gravel waterways, looking at the crickets

which ran in and out among the stones, as rabbits do on land ; or he climbed over the ledges of rock, and saw the sand-tubes, hanging in thousands, with every one of them a pretty little head and legs peeping out ; or he went into a still corner, and watched the caddises eating dead sticks, as greedily as you would eat plum-pudding, and building their houses with silk and glue. Very fanciful ladies they were ; none of them would keep to the same materials for a day. One would begin with some pebbles ; and then she would stick on a piece of green weed ; and then she found a shell, and stuck it on too ; and the poor shell was alive, and did not like at all being taken to build houses with : but the caddis did not let him have any voice in the matter ; being rude and selfish, as vain people are apt to be ; and then she stuck on a piece of rotten wood, and then a very smart pink stone, and so on, till she was patched all over like an Irishman's coat. And then she found a long straw, five times as long as herself, and said, " Hurrah ! my sister has a tail, and I'll have one too ; " and she stuck it on her back, and marched about with it quite proud, though it was very inconvenient indeed. And, at that, tails became all the fashion among the caddis-baits in that pool, and they all toddled about with long straws sticking out behind, getting between each other's legs, and tumbling over each other, and looking so ridiculous, that Tom laughed at them till he cried. But they were quite right, you know ; for people must always follow the fashion, even if it be spoon-bonnets.

Then sometimes he came to a deep still reach ; and there he saw the water-forests. They would have looked to you only little weeds ; but Tom, you must remember, was so little, that everything looked a hundred times as big to him as it does to you, just as things do to a minnow, who sees and catches the little water-creatures which you can only see in a microscope.

And in the water-forest he saw the water-monkeys, and water-squirrels (they had all six legs, though ; everything almost has six legs in the water, except efts and water-babies) ; and nimbly enough they ran among the branches. There were water-flowers there, too, in thousands ; and Tom tried to pick them ; but as soon as he touched them, they drew themselves in, and turned into knots

of jelly ; and then Tom saw that they were all alive—bells and stars and wheels and flowers, of all beautiful shapes and colors ; and all alive and busy, just as Tom was. And now he found that there was a great deal more in the world than he had fancied at first sight.

And there was one wonderful little fellow, who peeped out of the top of a house built of round bricks ; and he had two big wheels, and one little one all over teeth, spinning round and round like the wheels in a thrashing-machine ; and Tom stood and stared at him, to see what he was going to make with his machinery. And what do you think he he was doing ? Brick-making. With his two big wheels he swept together all the mud which floated in the water ; all that was nice in it he put into his stomach and ate ; and all the mud he swept together into the little wheel on his breast, which really was a round hole set with teeth, and there he spun it into a neat, hard, round brick, and then he took it and stuck it on the top of his house-wall, and set to work to make another. Now was not he a clever little fellow ?

Tom thought so ; but when he wanted to talk to him, the brick-maker was much too busy and proud of his work to take notice of him.

Now you must know that all the things under the water talk : only not such a language as ours ; but such as horses and dogs and cows and birds talk to each other ; and Tom soon learnt to understand them and talk to them ; so that he might have had very pleasant company if he had only been a good boy. But I am sorry to say, he was too like some other little boys, very fond of hunting and tormenting creatures for mere sport. Some people say that boys cannot help it ; that it is nature, and only a proof that we are all originally descended from beasts of prey. But whether it is nature or not, little boys can help it, and must help it. For if they have naughty, low, mischievous tricks in their nature, as monkeys have, that is no reason why they should give way to those tricks like monkeys, who know no better. And therefore they must not torment dumb creatures ; for if they do, a certain old lady who is coming, will surely give them exactly what they deserve.

But Tom did not know that ; and he pecked and howked the poor water things about

sadly, till they were all afraid of him, and got out of his way, and crept into their shells; so he had no one to speak to or play with.

At last one day he found a caddis, and wanted it to peep out of its house: but its house-door was shut. He had never seen a caddis with a house-door before; and what must he do, the meddlesome little fellow, but pull it open, to see what the poor lady was doing inside? What a shame! How should you like to have any one breaking your bedroom door in, to see how you looked when you were in bed? But Tom broke to pieces the door, which was the prettiest little grating of silk, stuck all over with shining bits of crystal; and when he looked in, the caddis poked out her head, and it had turned into just the shape of a bird's. But when Tom spoke to her she could not answer; for her mouth and face were tight tied up in a new nightcap of neat pink skin. But if she didn't answer, all the other caddises did; for they held up their hands and shrieked, like the cats in *Struwpeter*, "O you nasty horrid boy! there you are at it again! And she had just laid herself up for a fortnight's sleep, and then she would have come out with such beautiful wings, and flown about, and laid such lots of eggs, and now you have broken her door, and she can't mend it, because her mouth is tied up for a fortnight, and she will die. Who sent you here to worry us out of our lives?"

So Tom swam away. He was very much ashamed of himself; and felt all the naughtier; as little boys do when they have done wrong, and went say so.

Then he came to a pool full of little trout, and began tormenting them, and trying to catch them; but they slipt through his fingers, and jumped clean out of water in their fright. But as Tom chased them, he came to a great dark hover under an alder root, and out flouched a huge old brown trout, ten times as big as he was, and ran right against him, and knocked all the breath out of his body; and I don't know which was the more frightened of the two.

Then he went on, sulky and lonely, as he deserved to be; and under a bank he saw a very ugly, dirty creature sitting, about half as big as himself; which had six legs, and a big stomach, and a most ridiculous head,

with two great eyes, and a face just like a donkey's.

"Oh," said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow, to be sure!" and he began making faces at him; and put his nose close to him, and halloed at him, like a very rude boy.

When, hey presto! all the thing's donkey-face came off in a moment, and out popped a long arm, with a pair of pincers at the end of it, and caught Tom by the nose. It did not hurt him much; but it held him quite tight.

"Yah, ah! Oh, let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet. I want to split."

Tom promised to let him alone, and he left go. "Why do you want to split?" said Tom.

"Because my brothers and sisters have all split, and turned into beautiful creatures with wings; and I want to split too. Don't speak to me. I am sure I shall split. I will split!"

Tom stood still, and watched him. And he swelled himself, and puffed, and stretched himself out stiff, and at last—crack, puff, bang—he opened all down his back, and then up to the top of his head.

And out of his inside came the most slender, elegant, soft creature, as soft and smooth as Tom; but very pale and weak, like a little child who has been ill a long time in a dark room. And it moved its legs very feebly; and looked about half ashamed, like a girl when she goes for the first time into a ball-room; and then it began walking slowly up a grass stem to the top of the water.

Tom was so astonished that he never said a word; but he stared with all his eyes. And he went up to the top of the water too, and peeped out to see what would happen.

And as the creature sat in the warm bright sun, a wonderful change came over it. It grew strong and firm; and the most lovely colors began to show on its body; blue and yellow and black; spots and bars and rings; and out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze; and its eyes grew so large that they filled all its head, and shone like ten thousand diamonds.

"O you beautiful creature!" said Tom; and he put out his hand to catch it.

But the thing whirred up into the air, and hung poised on its wings a moment, and

then settled down again by Tom quite fearlessly.

"No!" it said, "you cannot catch me, I am a dragon-fly now, the king of all the flies; and I shall dance in the sunshine, and hawk over the river, and catch gnats, and have a beautiful wife like myself. I know what I shall do. Hurrah!" And he flew away into the air, and began catching gnats.

"Oh! come back, come back," cried Tom, "you beautiful creature. I have no one to play with, and I am so lonely here. If you will but come back I will never try to catch you."

"I don't care whether you do or not," said the dragon-fly; "for you can't. But when I have had my dinner, and looked a little about this pretty place, I will come back; and have a little chat about all I have seen in my travels. Why, what a huge tree this is! and what huge leaves on it!"

It was only a big dock; but you know the dragon-fly had never seen any but little water-trees; starwort and milfoil and water-crowfoot and such like; so it did look very big to him. Besides, he was very short-sighted, as all dragon-flies are; and never could see a yard before his nose; any more than a great many other folks, who are not half as handsome as he.

The dragon-fly did come back, and chatted away with Tom. He was a little conceited about his fine colors and his large wings; but you know, he had been a poor dirty ugly creature all his life before; so there were great excuses for him. He was very fond of talking about all the wonderful things he saw in the trees and the meadows; and Tom liked to listen to him, for he had forgotten all about them. So in a little while they became great friends.

And I am very glad to say, that Tom learnt such a lesson that day, that he did not torment creatures for a long time after. And then the caddises grew quite tame, and used to tell him strange stories about the way they built their houses, and changed their skins, and turned at last into winged flies; till Tom began to long to change his skin, and have wings like them some day.

And the trout and he made it up (for trout very soon forget, if they have been frightened and hurt). And Tom used to play with them at hare and hounds, and great fun they had; and he used to try to leap out

of the water, head over heels, as they did before a shower came on; but somehow he never could manage it. He liked most, though, to see them rising at the flies, as they sailed round and round under the shadow of the great oak, where the beetles fell flop into the water, and the green caterpillars let themselves down from the boughs by silk ropes for no reason at all; and then changed their foolish minds for no reason at all either; and hauled themselves up again into the tree, rolling up the rope in a ball between their paws, which is a very clever rope-dancer's trick; and neither Blondin nor Leotard could do it: but why they should take so much trouble about it no one can tell; for they cannot get their living, as Blondin and Leotard do, by trying to break their necks on a string.

And very often Tom caught them just as they touched the water; and caught the alder-flies, and the caperers, and the cock-tailed duns and spinners, yellow and brown and claret and gray, and gave them to his friends the trout. Perhaps he was not quite kind to the flies; but one must do a good turn to one's friends when one can.

And at last he gave up catching even the flies; for he made acquaintance with one by accident, and found him a very merry little fellow. And this was the way it happened; and it is all quite true.

He was basking at the top of the water one hot day in July, catching duns and feeding the trout, when he saw a new sort, a dark gray little fellow, with a brown head. He was a very little fellow indeed; but he made the most of himself, as people ought to do. He cocked up his head, and he cocked up his wings, and he cocked up his tail, and he cocked up his two whisks at his tail-end, and, in short, he looked the cockiest little man of all little men. And so he proved to be; for instead of getting away, he hopped upon Tom's finger, and sat there as bold as nine tailors; and he cried out in the tiniest, shrillest, squeakiest little voice you ever heard.

"Much obliged to you, indeed; but I don't want it yet."

"Want what?" said Tom, quite taken aback by his impudence.

"Your leg, which you are kind enough to hold out for me to sit on. I must just go and see after my wife for a few minutes.

Dear me! what a troublesome business a family is!" though the idle little rogue did nothing at all, but left his poor wife to lay all the eggs by herself. "When I come back, I shall be glad of it, if you'll be so good as to keep it sticking out just so;" and off he flew.

Tom thought him a very cool sort of personage; and still more so, when in five minutes he came back, and said, "Ah, you were tired waiting? Well, your other leg will do as well."

And he popped himself down on Tom's knee, and began chatting away in his squeaking voice.

"So you live under the water? It's a dirty low place. I lived there for some time; and was very shabby and dirty. But I didn't choose that that should last. So I turned respectable, and came up to the top, and put on this gray suit. It's a very business-like suit, you think, don't you?"

"Very neat and quiet indeed," said Tom.

"Yes, one must be quiet and neat and respectable and all that sort of thing for a little, when one becomes a family man. But I'm tired of it, that's the truth. I've done quite enough business, I consider, in the last week, to last me my life. So I shall put on a ball-dress, and go out and be a smart man, and see the gay world, and have a dance or two. Why shouldn't one be jolly if one can?"

"And what will become of your wife?"

"Oh! she is a very plain stupid creature, and that's the truth; and thinks about nothing but eggs. If she chooses to come, why she may; and if not, why I go without her;—and here I go."

And, as he spoke, he turned quite pale, and then quite white.

"Why, you're ill!" said Tom. But he did not answer.

"You're dead," said Tom, looking at him as he stood on his knee as white as a ghost.

"No I aint!" answered a little squeaking voice over his head. "This is me up here, in my ball-dress: and that's my skin. Ha, ha! you could not do such a trick as that!"

And no more Tom could, nor Houdin, nor Robin, nor Frikell, nor all the conjurors in the world. For the little rogue had jumped clean out of his own skin, and left it stand-

ing on Tom's knee, eyes, wings, legs, tails, exactly as if it had been alive.

"Ha, ha!" he said, and he jerked and skipped up and down, never stopping an instant, just as if he had St. Vitus's dance. "Aint I a pretty fellow now?"

And so he was; for his body was white, and his tail orange, and his eyes all the colors of a peacock's tail. And what was the oddest of all, the whisks at the end of his tail had grown five times as long as they were before.

"Ah!" said he, "now I will see the gay world. My living wont cost me much, for I have no mouth, you see, and no inside; so I can never be hungry, nor have the stomach-ache neither."

No more he had. He had grown as dry and hard and empty as a quill, as such empty shallow-hearted fellows deserve to grow.

But instead of being ashamed of his emptiness, he was quite proud of it, as a good many fine gentlemen are, and began flirting and flipping up and down, and singing—

"My wife shall dance, and I shall sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it one of the wisest things,
To drive dull care away."

And he danced up and down for three days and three nights, till he grew so tired, that he tumbled into the water, and floated down. But what became of him Tom never knew, and he himself never minded; for Tom heard him singing to the last, as he floated down—

"To drive dull care away-ay-ay!"

And if he did not care, why nobody else cared either.

And one day Tom had a new adventure. He was sitting on a water-lily leaf, he and his friend the dragon-fly, watching the gnats dance. The dragon-fly had eaten as many as he wanted, and was sitting quite still and sleepy, for it was very hot and bright. The gnats (who did not care the least for their poor brothers' death), danced a foot over his head quite happily, and a large black fly settled within an inch of his nose, and began washing his own face and combing his hair with his paws: but the dragon-fly never stirred, and kept on chatting to Tom about the times when he lived under the water.

Suddenly, Tom heard the strangest noise

up the stream; cooing and grunting and whining and squeaking, as if you had put into a bag two stock-doves, nine mice, three guinea-pigs, and a blind puppy, and left them there to settle themselves and make music.

He looked up the water, and there he saw a sight as strange as the noise; a great ball rolling over and over down the stream, seeming one moment of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass: and yet it was not a ball; for sometimes it broke up and streamed away in pieces, and then it joined again; and all the while the noise came out of it louder and louder.

Tom asked the dragon-fly what it could be; but, of course, with his short sight, he could not even see it, though it was not ten yards away. So he took the neatest little header into the water, and started off to see for himself; and, when he came near, the ball turned out to be four or five beautiful creatures, many times larger than Tom, who were swimming about, and rolling, and diving, and twisting, and wrestling, and cuddling, and kissing, and biting, and scratching, in the most charming fashion that ever was seen. And if you don't believe me, you may go to the Zoölogical Gardens (for I am afraid that you won't see it nearer, unless, perhaps, you get up at five in the morning, and go down to Corderey's Moor, and watch by the great withy pollard which hangs over the backwater, where the otters breed sometimes), and then say, if otters at play in the water are not the merriest, lithest, gracefulest creatures you ever saw.

But, when the biggest of them saw Tom, she darted out from the rest, and cried in the water-language sharply enough, "Quick, children, here is some thing to eat, indeed!" and came at poor Tom, showing such a wicked pair of eyes, and such a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth, that Tom, who had thought her very handsome, said to himself, Handsome is that handsome does, and slipt in between the water-lily roots as fast as he could, and then turned round and made faces at her.

"Come out," said the wicked old otter, "or it will be worse for you."

But Tom looked at her from between two thick roots, and shook them with all his might, making horrible faces all the while, just as he used to grin through the railings

at the old women, when he lived before. It was not quite well-bred, no doubt; but you know, Tom had not finished his education yet.

"Come away, children," said the otter in disgust, "it is not worth eating, after all. It is only a nasty eft, which nothing eats, not even those vulgar pike in the pond."

"I am not an eft!" said Tom; "efts have tails."

"You are an eft," said the otter, very positively; "I see your two hands quite plain, and I know you have a tail."

"I tell you I have not," said Tom. "Look here!" and he turned his pretty little self quite round; and, sure enough, he had no more tail than you.

The otter might have got out of it by saying that Tom was a frog: but, like a great many other people, when she had once said a thing, she stood to it, right or wrong; and so she answered,—

"I say you are an eft, and therefore you are, and not fit food for gentlefolk like me and my children. You may stay there till the salmon eat you (she knew the salmon would not, but she wanted to frighten poor Tom). Ha! ha! they will eat you, and we will eat them;" and the otter laughed such a wicked cruel laugh—as you may hear them do sometimes; and the first time you hear it you will probably think it is bogies.

"What are salmon?" asked Tom.

"Fish, you eft, great fish, nice fish to eat. They are the lords of the fish, and we are the lords of the salmon;" and she laughed again. "We hunt them up and down the pools, and drive them up into a corner, the silly things; they are so proud, and bully the little trout and the minnows, till they see us coming, and then they are so meek all at once; and we catch them, but we disdain to eat them all; we just bite out the back of their heads and suck their sweet brains. Oh, so good!"—and she licked her wicked lips—"and then throw them away, and go and catch another. They are coming soon, children, coming soon, I can smell the rain coming up off the sea, and then hurrah for a fresh, and salmon, and plenty of eating all day long."

And the otter grew so proud that she turned head over heels twice, and then stood upright half out of the water, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"And where do they come from?" asked Tom, who kept himself very close, for he was considerably frightened.

"Out of the sea, eft, the great wide sea, where they might stay and be safe if they liked. But out of the sea the silly things come, into the great river down below, and we come up to watch for them; and when they go down again we go down and follow them. And there we fish for the bass and the pollock, and have jolly days along the shore, and toss and roll in the breakers, and sleep snug in the warm dry crags. Ah, that is a merry life too, children, if it were not for those horrid men."

"What are men?" asked Tom; but somehow he seemed to know before he asked.

"Two-legged things, eft: and, now I come to look at you, they are actually something like you, if you had not a tail," she was determined that Tom should have a tail, "only a great deal bigger, worse luck for us; and they catch the fish with hooks and lines, which get into our feet sometimes, and set pots along the rocks to catch lobsters. They speared my poor dear husband as he went out to find something for me to eat. I was laid up among the crags then, and we were very low in the world, for the sea was so rough no fish would come in shore. But they speared him, poor fellow, and I saw them carrying him away upon a pole. Ah, he lost his life for your sakes, my children, poor dear obedient creature that he was."

And the otter grew so sentimental (for otters can be very sentimental when they choose, like a good many people who are both cruel and greedy, and no good to anybody at all) that she sailed solemnly away down the burn, and Tom saw her no more for that time. But Tom could not help thinking of what the otter had said about the great river and the broad sea. And, as he thought, he longed to go and see them. He could not tell why; but the more he thought, the more he grew discontented with the narrow little stream in which he lived, and all his companions there; and wanted to get out into the wide, wide world, and enjoy all the wonderful sights of which he was sure it was full.

And once he set off to go down the stream. But the stream was very low; and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under water, for there was no water left to keep

under. So the sun burnt his back and made him sick; and he went back again and lay quiet in the pool for a whole week more.

And then, on the evening of a very hot day, he saw a sight.

He had been very stupid all day, and so had the trout; for they would not move an inch to take a fly, though there were thousands on the water, but lay dozing at the bottom under the shade of the stones; and Tom lay dozing too, and was glad to cuddle their smooth, cool sides, for the water was quite warm and unpleasant.

But toward evening it grew suddenly dark, and Tom looked up and saw a blanket of black clouds lying right across the valley above his head, resting on the crags right and left. He felt not quite frightened, but very still; for everything was still. There was not a whisper of wind, nor a chirp of a bird to be heard; and next a few great drops of rain fell plop into the water, and one hit Tom on the nose and made him pop his head down quickly enough.

And then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and leapt across Vendale and back again, from cloud to cloud, and cliff to cliff, till the very rocks in the stream seemed to shake; and Tom looked up at it through the water, and thought it the finest thing he ever saw in his life.

But out of the water he dared not put his head; for the rain came down by bucketfuls, and the hail hammered like shot on the stream, and churned it into foam; and soon the stream rose, and rushed down, higher and higher, and fouler and fouler, full of beetles, and sticks, and straws and worms, and addle-eggs, and wood-lice, and leeches, and odds and ends, and omnium-gatherums, and this, that, and the other, enough to fill nine museums.

Tom could hardly stand against the stream, and hid behind a rock. But the trout did not; for out they rushed from among the stones, and began gobbling the beetles and leeches in the most greedy and quarrelsome way, and swimming about with great worms hanging out of their mouths, tugging and kicking to get them away from each other.

And now, by the flashes of lightning, Tom saw a new sight — all the bottom of the stream alive with great eels, turning and twisting along, all down stream and away. They had been hiding for weeks past in the

cracks of the rocks, and in burrows in the mud ; and Tom had hardly ever seen them, except now and then at night : but now they were all out, and went hurrying past him so fiercely and wildly that he was quite frightened. And as they hurried past he could hear them say to each other, " We must run, we must run. What a jolly thunderstorm ! Down to the sea, down to the sea ! "

And then the otter came by, with all her brood, twining and sweeping along as fast as the eels themselves ; and she spied Tom as she came by, and said,—

" Now is your time, eft, if you want to see the world. Come along, children, never mind those nasty eels : we shall breakfast on salmon to-morrow. Down to the sea, down to the sea ! "

" Down to the sea ! " said Tom ; " everything is going to the sea, and I will go too. Good-by, trout." But the trout were so busy gobbling worms that they never turned to answer him ; so that Tom was spared the pain of bidding them farewell.

And now, down the rushing stream, guided by the bright flashes of the storm ; past tall birch-fringed rocks, which shone out one moment as clear as day, and the next were dark as night ; past dark hovers under swirling banks, from which great trout rushed out on Tom, thinking him to be good to eat, and turned back sulkily, for nothing dare eat water-babies ; on through narrow strids and roaring cataracts, where Tom was deafened and blinded for a moment by the rushing water ; along deep reaches, where the white water-lilies tossed and flapped beneath the wind and hail ; past sleeping villages ; under dark bridge-arches, and away and away to the sea. And Tom could not stop and did not care to stop ; he would see the great world below, and the salmon and the breakers and the wide, wide sea.

And when the daylight came, Tom found himself out in the salmon river.

And what sort of a river was it ? Was it like an Irish stream, winding through the brown bogs, where the wild ducks squatter up from among the white water-lilies, and the curlews flit to and fro, crying " Tullie-wheep, mind your sheep : " and Dennis tells you strange stories of the Peishtamore, the great boggy-snake which lies in the black peat pools, among the old pine stems, and puts his head out at night to snap at the cattle as

they come down to drink ?—But you must not believe all that Dennis tells you, mind ; for if you ask him,—

" Is there a salmon here, do you think, Dennis ? "

" Is it salmon, thin, your honor manes ? Salmon ? Cartloads it is of thim, thin, an' ridgments, shouldthering ache other out of water, av' ye'd but the luck to see thim." "

Then you fish the pool all over, and never get a rise.

" But there can't be a salmon here, Dennis ! and, if you'll but think, if one had come up last tide, he'd be gone to the higher pools by now." "

" Shure thin, and your honor's the thrue fisherman, and understands it all like a book. Why, ye spake as if ye'd known the wather a thousand years ! As I said, how could there be a fish here at all at all, just now ? "

" But you said just now they were shouldering each other out of the water ? "

And then Dennis will look up at you with his handsome, sly, soft, sleepy, good-natured, untrustable, Irish gray eye, and answer with the prettiest smile,—

" Shure, and didn't I think your honor would like a pleasant answer ? "

So you must not trust Dennis, because he is in the habit of giving pleasant answers : but, instead of being angry with him, you must remember that he is a poor Paddy, and knows no better, and burst out laughing ; and then he will burst out laughing too, and slave for you, and trot about after you, and show you good sport if he can—for he is an affectionate fellow, and as fond of sport as you are—and if he can't, tell you fibs instead, a hundred an hour ; and wonder all the while why poor ould Ireland does not prosper like England and Scotland, and some other places, where folk have taken up a ridiculous fancy that honesty is the best policy.

Or was it like a Welsh salmon river, which is remarkable chiefly for containing no salmon, as they have been all poached out by the enlightened peasantry, to prevent the Cythrawl Sassenach—which means you, my little dear, your kith and kin, and signifies much the same as the Chinese Fan Quei—from coming bothering into Wales, with good tackle and ready money and civilization and common honesty, and other like things of

which the Cymry stand in no need whatsoever?

Or was it such a salmon stream as I trust you will see among the Hampshire water-meadows before your hairs are gray, under the wise new fishing laws?—When Winchester apprentices shall covenant, as they did three hundred years ago, not to be made to eat salmon more than three days a week; and fresh-run fish shall be as plentiful under Salisbury spire as they are in Holley-hole at Christchurch; in the good time coming, when folks shall see that, of all Heaven's gifts of food, the one to be protected most carefully is that worthy gentleman salmon, who is generous enough to go down to the sea weighing five ounces, and to come back next year weighing five pounds, without having cost the soil or the state one farthing?

Or was it like a Scotch stream, such as Arthur Clough drew in his "Bothie:"—

"Where over a ledge of granite
Into a granite bason the amber torrent descended.
Beautiful there for the color derived from green
rocks under;
Beautiful most of all, where beads of foam up-
rising
Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate
hue of the stillness.
Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pen-
dant birch boughs."

Ah, my little man, when you are a big man, and fish such a stream as that, you will hardly care, I think, whether she be roaring down in full spate, like coffee covered with scald cream, while the fish are swirling at your fly as an oar-blade swirls in a boat-race, or flashing up a cataract like silver arrows, out of the fiercest of the foam; or whether the fall be dwindled to a single thread, and the shingle below as white and dusty as a turnpike road, while the salmon huddle together in one dark cloud in the clear amber pool, sleeping away their time till the rain creeps back again off the sea. You will not care much if you have eyes and brains; for you will lay down your rod contentedly, and drink in at your eyes the beauty of that glorious place; and listen to the water-ouzel piping on the stones, and watch the yellow roes come down to drink, and look up at you with their great soft, trustful eyes, as much as to say, "You could not have the heart to shoot at us?" And then, if you have sense, you will turn and talk to the great giant of a gilly who lies basking on the stone beside

you. He will tell you no fibs, my little man; for he is a Scotchman, and fears God, and not the priest; and, as you talk with him, you will be surprised more and more at his knowledge, his sense, his humor, his courtesy; and you will find out—unless you have found it out before—that a man may learn from his Bible to be a more thorough gentleman than if he had been brought up in all the drawing-rooms in London.

No. It was none of these, the salmon stream at Harthover. It was such a stream as you see in dear old Bewick; Bewick, who was born and bred upon them. A full hundred yards broad, sliding on from broad pool to broad shallow, and broad shallow to broad pool, over great fields of shingle, under oak and ash coverts, past low cliffs of sandstone, past green meadows, and fair parks, and a great house of gray stone, and brown moors above, and here and there against the sky, the smoking chimney of a colliery. You must look at Bewick to see just what it was like, for he has drawn it a hundred times, with the care and the love of a true north countryman; and, even if you do not care about the salmon river, you ought like all good boys, to know your Bewick.

At least, so old Sir John used to say, and very sensibly he put it too, as he was wont to do—

"If they want to describe a finished young gentleman in France, I hear, they say of him, 'Il sait son Rabelais.' But if I want to describe one in England, I say, 'He knows his Bewick.' And I think that is the higher compliment."

But Tom thought nothing about what the river was like. All his fancy was, to get down to the wide, wide sea.

And after awhile he came to a place where the river spread out into broad, still shallow reaches, so wide that little Tom, as he put his head out of the water, could hardly see across.

And there he stopped. He got a little frightened. "This must be the sea," he thought. "What a wide place it is. If I go on into it I shall surely lose my way, or some strange thing will bite me. I will stop here and look out for the otter, or the eels, or some one to tell me where I shall go."

So he went back a little way, and crept into a crack of the rock, just where the river opened out into the wide shallows, and watched for some one to tell him his way;

but the otter and the eels were gone on miles and miles down stream.

There he waited, and slept too, for he was quite tired with his night's journey; and, when he woke, the stream was clearing to a beautiful amber hue, though it was still very high. And after awhile he saw a sight which made him jump up; and he knew in a moment it was one of the things which he had come to look for.

Such a fish! ten times as big as the biggest trout, and a hundred times as big as Tom, sculling up the stream past him, as easily as Tom had sculled down.

Such a fish! shining silver from head to tail, and here and there a crimson dot; with a grand hooked nose and grand curling lip and a grand bright eye, looking round him as proudly as a king, and surveying the water right and left as if it all belonged to him. Surely he must be the salmon, the king of all the fish.

Tom was so frightened that he longed to creep into a hole, but he need not have been; for salmon are all true gentleman, and, like true gentlemen, they look noble and proud enough, and yet, like true gentlemen, they never harm or quarrel with any one, but go about their own business, and leave rude fellows to themselves.

The salmon looked him full in the face, and then went on without minding him, with a swish or two of his tail which made the stream boil again. And in a few minutes came another, and then four or five, and so on; and all passed Tom, rushing and plunging up the cataract, with strong strokes of their silver tails, now and then leaping clean out of water, and up over a rock, shining gloriously for a moment in the bright sun; while Tom was so delighted that he could have watched them all day long.

And at last one came up bigger than all the rest; but he came slowly, and stopped, and looked back, and seemed very anxious and busy. And Tom saw that he was helping another salmon, an especially handsome one, who had not a single spot upon it, but was clothed in pure silver from nose to tail.

"My dear," said the great fish to his companion, "you really look dreadfully tired, and you must not over-exert yourself at first. Do rest yourself behind this rock; and he shoved her gently with his nose, to the rock where Tom sat.

You must know that this was the salmon's wife. For salmon, like other true gentlemen, always choose their lady, and love her, and are true to her, and take care of her, and work for her, and fight for her, as every true gentleman ought; and are not like vulgar chub and roach and pike, who have no high feelings, and take no care of their wives.

Then he saw Tom, and looked at him very fiercely one moment, as if he was going to bite him.

"What do you want here?" he said, very fiercely.

"Oh, don't hurt me!" cried Tom. "I only want to look at you; you are so handsome."

"Ah!" said the salmon, very stately, but very civilly. "I really beg your pardon; I see what you are, my little dear. I have met one or two creatures like you before, and found them very agreeable and well behaved. Indeed, one of them showed me a great kindness lately, which I hope to be able to repay. I hope we shall not be in your way here. As soon as this lady is rested, we shall proceed on our journey."

What a well-bred old salmon he was!

"So you have seen things like me before?" asked Tom.

"Several times, my dear. Indeed, it was only last night that one at the river's mouth came and warned me and my wife of some new stake-nets which had got into the stream, I cannot tell how, since last winter, and showed us the way round them, in the most charmingly obliging way."

"So there are babies in the sea?" cried Tom, and clapped his little hands. "Then I shall have some one to play with there? How delightful!"

"Were there no babies up this stream?" asked the lady salmon.

"No; and I grew so lonely. I had nothing to play with but caddises and dragon-flies and trout."

"Ugh!" cried the lady, "what low company!"

"My dear, if he has been in low company, he has certainly not learnt their low manners," said the salmon.

"No, indeed, poor little dear; but how sad for him to live among such people as caddises, who have actually six legs, the nasty things; and dragon-flies, too! why they are not even good to eat; for I tried

them once, and they are all hard and empty ; and, as for trout, every one knows what they are." Whereon she curled up her lip, and looked dreadfully scornful, while her husband curled up his too, till he looked as proud as Alcibiades.

"Why do you dislike the trout so?" asked Tom.

"My dear, we do not even mention them, if we can help it ; for I am sorry to say they are relations of ours who do us no credit. A great many years ago they were just like us : but they were so lazy and cowardly and greedy, that instead of going down to the sea every year, to see the world and grow strong and fat, they chose to stay and poke about in the little streams, and eat worms and grubs, and they are very properly punished for it ; for they have grown ugly and brown and spotted and small ; and are ac-

tually so degraded in their tastes, that they will eat our children."

"And then they pretend to scrape acquaintance with us again," said the lady. "Why, I have actually known one of them to propose to a lady salmon, the little impudent little creature."

"I should hope," said the gentleman, "that there are very few ladies of our race who would degrade themselves by listening to such a creature for an instant. If I saw such a thing happen, I should consider it my duty to put them both to death upon the spot." So the old salmon said, like an old blue-blooded hidalgo of Spain ; and what is more, he would have done it too. For you must know, no enemies are so bitter against each other as those who are of the same race ; and a salmon looks on a trout, as a Yankee looks on a nigger, as something just too much like himself to be tolerated.

TURKEY BRAISED.—We frequently eat our meat *a la braise*, without knowing any more of the manner of preparing it than we do of the prescriptions with which apothecaries poison us ; and although the braise is one of the most momentous operations of the kitchen, its principles are generally as little understood as those of the most abstruse mathematical science, or of the sinking fund. We shall endeavor to explain it, according to the rules laid down by the president of a culinary society in the interesting chemical lecture which he delivered at an initiatory dinner. In the common mode of dressing our carneous aliments, either those particles which constitute the chief portion of their savor evaporate on the spit as fruitlessly as the sighs of an absent lover, or their nutritive juices are drained into the pot with as little advantage to our stomachs as if they had been drawn into the vortex of the exchequer. To remedy these inconveniences, recourse is had to the braise, which is thus performed : The bottom of a stew-pan is strewn with slices of bacon and beef (or veal and ham) sliced carrots, onions, celery, pot herbs, whole pepper, mace, and cloves ; upon this bed is laid, in soft repose, the bird or the joint, which is the special object of your care, which is then wrapped in a downy covering of the same materials, and the curtain of the lid is cautiously closed upon it. It is then placed on a moderate fire with hot embers on the top, and left to slumber in a state of gentle transpiration, under the guardian protection of a sylph of the kitchen, during as many hours as the priestess of the temple may deem salutary. When at length taken up, it rivals the charms of Venus

newly risen from the bath ; and when dressed in all its splendor—that is, dished with its sauce, we question whether the homage paid to the most admired beauty on her first presentation in the drawing-room was ever half so ardent or sincere as that which it receives when it makes an *entree* at the table. The most homely leg of mutton acquires in this way, a degree of refinement which fits it for the highest society ; it may indeed be conjectured that it cannot remain long in such intimate union with the piquant associates we have mentioned without acquiring a certain portion of taste ; nor are these its only advantages—it imparts a certain tenderness, peculiarly agreeable to those who begin to feel the effects of time upon their masticatory powers, and who, altogether as fervent as ever in their admiration, do not altogether possess the vigor which distinguished the devotions of their youth. So,

"For turkey braised,
The Lord be praised."

—*Scottish Farmer.*

A SWISS SOUP.—Boil three pounds of potatoes, mash them well, and add slowly some good broth, sufficient for the tureen. Let these boil together, then add some spinach, a little parsley, lemon, thyme, and sage, all chopped very fine. Boil together five minutes ; pepper and salt to taste. Just before taking it off the fire to serve, add two well-beaten eggs.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *L'Eglise et la Société Chrétienne en 1861.* Par M. Guizot (Paris, 1861). Chap. IV. *Du Supernaturel.*
2. *The Supernatural in relation to the Natural.* By the Rev. Jas. M'Cosh, LL.D. Cambridge: 1861.
3. *Nature and the Supernatural as together constituting the One System of God.* By Horace Bushnell, D.D. Edinburgh: 1860.
4. *Beginning Life. Chapters for Young Men on Religion, Study, and Business.* By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's, St. Andrews. Chap. III. *The Supernatural.* Edinburgh.
5. *Essays on Miracles as Evidences of Christianity.* By H. L. Mansel, B.D. *Aids to Faith.* Edited by W. Thomson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London: 1861.
6. *On the Various Contrivances by which British and Foreign Orchids are Fertilized by Insects.* By Ch. Darwin, F.R.S. London: 1862.

THE Supernatural—what is it? What do we mean by it? How do we define it? M. Guizot* tells us that belief in it is the special difficulty of our time—that denial of it is the form taken by all modern assaults on Christian faith; and again, that acceptance of it lies at the root, not only of Christian, but of all positive religion whatever. The questions then which we have now asked are of first importance. Yet we find them seldom distinctly put, and still more seldom distinctly answered. This is a capital error in dealing with any question of philosophy. Half the perplexities of men are traceable to obscurity of thought hiding and breeding under obscurity of language. In the treatises which we have placed at the head of this article, “the Supernatural” is a term employed often in different, and sometimes in contradictory senses. It is difficult to make out whether M. Guizot himself means to identify belief in the supernatural with belief in the existence of a God, or with belief in a particular mode of divine action. But these are ideas quite separable and distinct. There may be some men who disbelieve in the supernatural only because they are absolute atheists; but it is certain that there are others who have great difficulty in believing in the supernatural who are not atheists. What they doubt or deny is, not

that God exists, but that he ever acts, or perhaps can act, unless in and through what they call the “Laws of Nature.” M. Guizot, indeed, tells us that “God is the Supernatural in a person.” But this is a rhetorical figure rather than a definition. He may, indeed, contend that it is inconsistent to believe in a God, and yet to disbelieve in the supernatural; but he must admit, and indeed does admit, that such inconsistency is found in fact.

As for Dr. M'Cosh, generally a most clear and able writer, we arrive at the 146th page of a treatise on the “Supernatural in relations to the Natural,” before we come to the announcement that “this is the proper place for a statement as to the phrases employed in such discussions.” We must add, that the statement which follows is by no means clear or definite. Dr. M'Cosh frequently uses “the supernatural” as synonymous with the “superhuman.” But of course this is not the sense in which any one can have any difficulty in believing in it. The powers and works of nature are all superhuman—more than man can account for in their origin—more than he can resist in their energy—more than he can understand in their effects. This, then, cannot be the sense in which so many minds find it hard to accept the supernatural; nor can it be the sense in which others cling to it as of the very essence of their religious faith. What then is that other sense in which the difficulty arises? Perhaps we shall best find it by seeking the idea which is competing with it, and by which it has been displaced. It is the “natural” which has been casting out the supernatural—the idea of natural law, the universal reign of a fixed order of things. This idea is a product of that immense development of the physical sciences which is characteristic of our time. We cannot read a periodical, or go into a lecture-room, without hearing it expressed. Sometimes, though perhaps not in the majority of cases, it is stated with accuracy, and with due recognition of the limits within which “law” can be said to comprehend the phenomena of the world. More often it is expressed in language vague and ambitious, as if the ticketing and orderly assortment of external facts were in the nature of explanations, or were the highest truths which we have power to reach, and herein we see both the

* L'Eglise, etc., ch. iv. p. 19.

result for which Bacon labored, and the danger against which Bacon prayed. It has been a glorious result of a right method in the study of nature, that with the increase of knowledge the "human family has been endowed with new mercies." But every now and then, for a time at least, from "the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, incredulity and intellectual night *have* arisen in our minds."

But let us observe exactly where and how the difficulty arises. The reign of law in nature is, indeed, so far as we can observe it, universal. But the common idea of the "supernatural" is that which is at variance with natural law, above it, or in violation of it. Nothing, however wonderful, which happens according to natural law, would be considered by any one as "supernatural." The law in obedience to which a wonderful thing happens may not be known; but this would not give it a supernatural character, so long as we assuredly believe that it did happen according to *some* law. Hence it would appear to follow that a man thoroughly possessed of the idea of natural law as universal, nothing ever could be admitted as supernatural; because on seeing any fact, however new, marvellous, or incomprehensible, he might escape into the conclusion that it was the result of some natural law of which he had before been ignorant. No one will deny that, in respect to the vast majority of all new and marvellous phenomena, this would be the true and reasonable conclusion. It is not the conclusion of pride, but of humility of mind. Seeing the boundless extent of our ignorance of the natural laws which regulate so many of the phenomena around us, and still more so many of the phenomena within us, nothing can be more reasonable than to conclude, when we see something which is to us a wonder, that somehow, if we only knew how, it is "all right"—all according to the constitution and course of nature. But then, to justify this conclusion, we must understand "nature" in the largest sense,—as including all that is

"In the round world, and in the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

We must understand it as including every agency which we see entering, or can conceive from analogy as capable of entering,

into the causation of the world. First and foremost among these is the agency of our own mind and will. Yet strange to say, all reference to this agency is often tacitly excluded when we speak of the laws of nature. One of our most distinguished living teachers of physical science began, the other day, a course of lectures on the phenomena of Heat by a rapid statement of the modern doctrine of the correlation of forces—how the one was convertible into the other—how one arose out of the other—how none could be evolved except from some other as a pre-existing source. "Thus," said the lecturer, "we see there is no such thing as spontaneity in nature." What!—not in the lecturer himself? Was there no "spontaneity" in his choice of words—in his selection of materials—in his orderly arrangement of experiments with a view to the exhibition of particular results? It was not, we believe, that the lecturer was denying this, but simply that he did not think of it as within his field of view. His own mind and will dealt with the "laws of nature," but it did not occur to him as forming part of those laws, or, in the same sense, as subject to them. Does man, then, not belong to "Nature"? Is he above it—or merely separate from it, or a violation of it? Is he supernatural? If so, has he any difficulty in believing in himself? Of course not. Self-consciousness is the one truth, in the light of which all other truths are known. "Cogito, ergo sum," or "volo, ergo sum"—this is the one conclusion which we cannot doubt, unless reason disbelieves herself. Why, then, is their action not habitually included among the "laws of nature"? Because a fallacy is getting hold upon us from a want of definition in the use of terms. "Nature" is being used in the narrow sense of physical nature; and the whole world in which we ourselves live and move and have our being is excluded from it. But these selves of ours do belong to "Nature." If we are ever to understand the difficulties in the way of believing in the supernatural, we must first keep clearly in view what we are to understand as included in the "natural." Let us never forget, then, that the agency of man is of all others the most natural—the one with which we are most familiar—the only one, in fact, which we can be said, even in any measure, to understand. When any

wonderful event can be referred to the contrivance or ingenuity of man, it is thereby at once removed from the sphere of the "supernatural," as ordinarily understood.

It must be remembered, however, that we are now only seeking a clear definition of terms; and that provided this other meaning be clearly agreed upon, the mind and will of man may be considered as separate from "nature," and belonging to the supernatural. We have placed among the works to be noticed in this article the treatise on "Nature and the Supernatural," by Dr. Bushnell, an American clergyman. Though its effectiveness is impaired, in our opinion, by some speculations of a very fanciful kind, it is a work of great ability, full of thought which is at once true and ingenious. Dr. Bushnell says: "That is supernatural, whatever it be, that is either not in the chain of natural cause and effect, or which acts on the chain of cause and effect in nature, from without the chain." Again: "If the processes, combinations, and results of our system of nature are interrupted or varied by the action, whether of God, or angels, or men, so as to bring to pass what would not come to pass in it by its own internal action, under the laws of mere cause and effect, such variations are in like manner supernatural." We have no objection to this definition of the supernatural, except that it rests upon a limitation of the terms "nature," and "natural," which is very much at variance with the sense in which they are commonly understood. There is indeed a distinction which finds its expression in common language between the works of man and the works of nature. A honeycomb, for example, would be called a work of nature, but not a steam-engine. This distinction is founded on a true perception of the fact that the mind and will of man belong to an order of existence very different from physical laws, and very different also from the fixed and narrow instincts of the lower animals. It is a distinction bearing witness to the universal consciousness that the mind of man has within it something of a truly creative energy and force—that we are "fellow-workers with God," and have been in a measure "made partakers of the Divine nature." But in that larger and wider sense in which we are here speaking of the natural, it contains within it the whole

phenomena of man's intellectual and spiritual nature, as part, and the most familiar of all parts, of the visible system of things. In all ordinary senses of the term, man and his doings belong to the natural, as distinguished from the supernatural.

We are thus coming nearer to some precise understanding of what the "supernatural" may be supposed to mean. But before we proceed, there is another question which must be answered—What is the relation in which the agency of man stands to the physical laws of nature? The answer, in part at least, is plain. His power in respect to those laws extends only first to their discovery and ascertainment, and then to their use. He can establish none: he can suspend none. All he can do is to guide, in a limited degree, the mutual action and reaction of the laws amongst each other. They are the tools with which he works—they are the instruments of his will. In all he does or can do he must employ them. His ability to use them is limited both by his want of knowledge and by his want of power. The more he knows of them, the more largely he can employ them, and make them ministers of his purposes. This, as a general rule, is true; but it is subject to the second limitation we have pointed out. Man already knows far more than he has power to convert to use. It is a true observation of Sir George Lewis that astronomy, for example, in its higher branches, has an interest almost purely scientific. It reveals to our knowledge perhaps the grandest and most sublime of the physical laws of nature. But a much smaller amount of knowledge would suffice for the only practical applications which we have yet been able to make of these laws to our own use. Still, that knowledge has a reflex influence on our knowledge of ourselves, of our powers, and of the relations which subsist between the constitution of our own minds and the constitution of the universe. And in other spheres of inquiry, advancing knowledge of physical laws has been constantly accompanied with advancing power over the physical world. It has enabled us to do a thousand things, any one of which, a few generations ago, would have been considered supernatural. The same lecturer who told his audience that there was nothing spontaneous "in nature" proceeded, by virtue of his own knowledge of

natural laws, and by his selecting and combining power, to present an endless series of wonderful phenomena—such as ice frozen in contact with red-hot crucibles—not belonging to the ordinary course of nature, and which, if exhibited a few centuries ago, would, beyond all doubt, have subjected the lecturer on Heat to painful experience of that condition of matter. If the progress of discovery is as rapid during the next four hundred years as it has been during the last four hundred years, men will be able to do many things which, in like manner, would now appear to be “supernatural.” There is no difficulty in conceiving how a complete knowledge of all natural laws would give, if not complete power, at least degrees of power immensely greater than those which we now possess. Power of this kind then, however great in degree, clearly does not answer that idea of the “supernatural” which so many reject as inconceivable. What, then, is that idea? Have we not traced it to its den at last? By “supernatural” power, we do not mean power independent of the use of means, as distinguished from power depending on knowledge—even infinite knowledge—of the means proper to be employed?

This is the sense—probably the only sense—in which the supernatural is, to many minds, so difficult of belief. No man can have any difficulty in believing there are natural laws of which he is ignorant; nor in conceiving that there may be beings who do know them, and can use them, even as he himself now uses the few laws with which he is acquainted. The real difficulty lies in the idea of will exercised without the use of means—not in the exercise of will through means which are beyond our knowledge.

But have we any right to say that belief in this is essential to all religion? If we have not, then it is only putting, as so many other hasty sayings do put, additional difficulties in the way of religion. The relation in which God stands to those rules of his government which are called “laws,” is, of course, an inscrutable mystery to us. But those who believe that his will does govern the world, must believe that ordinarily at least, he does govern it by the choice and use of means. Nor have we any certain reason to believe that he ever acts otherwise. Extraordinary manifestations of his will—

signs and wonders—may be wrought, for ought we know, by similar instrumentality—only by the selection and use of laws of which man knows and can know nothing, and which, if he did know, he could not employ.

Here, then, we come upon the question of miracles—how we understand them? what we would define them to be? The common idea of a miracle is, a suspension or violation of the laws of nature. This is a definition which places the essence of a miracle in a particular method of operation. Dr. M'Cosh's definition passes this by altogether, and dwells only on the agency by which, and the purpose for which, a wonderful work is wrought. “We would confine the word miracle,” he says, “to those events which were wrought in our world as a sign or proof of God making a supernatural interposition, or a revelation to man.” This definition is defective in so far as it uses the word “supernatural,” which, as we have seen, itself requires definition as much as miracle. But from the general context and many individual passages in his treatise it is sufficiently clear that the two conditions essential in Dr. M'Cosh's view of a miracle, are that they are wrought by a Divine power for a Divine purpose, and are of a nature such as could not be wrought by merely human contrivance. In this sense a miracle means a superhuman work. But we have already shown that “superhuman” must not be confounded with “supernatural.” This definition of a miracle does not exclude the idea of God working by the use of means, provided they are such means as are out of human reach. Indeed in an important note (p. 149.), Dr. M'Cosh seems to admit that miracles are not to be considered “as against nature” in any other sense than that in which “one natural agent may be against another—as water may counteract fire.” Mr. Mansel, in his able “Essay on Miracles,” adopts the word “superhuman” as the most accurate expression of his meaning. He says, “A superhuman authority needs to be substantiated by superhuman evidence; and what is superhuman is miraculous.”* Imperfect as we have seen this

* “Aids to Faith,” p. 35. In another passage (p. 21.) Mr. Mansel says that in respect to the great majority of the miracles recorded in Scripture, “the supernatural element appears . . . in the exercise of a personal power transcending the limits of man's will. They are not so much *super-material*, as *superhuman*.”

definition to be, it is most important to observe that it does not necessarily involve the idea of a "violation of the laws of nature." It does not involve the idea of the exercise of will apart from the use of means. It does not involve, therefore, that idea which appears to many so difficult of conception. It simply supposes, without any attempt to fathom the relation in which God stands to his own "laws," that out of his infinite knowledge of these laws, or of his infinite power of making them the instruments of his will, he may and he does use them for extraordinary indications of his presence.

The reluctance to admit as belonging to the domain of nature any special exertion of Divine power for special purposes, stands really in very close relationship to the converse notion, that where the operation of natural causes can be clearly traced, there the exertion of Divine power and will is rendered less certain and less convincing. This is the idea which lies at the root of Gibbon's famous chapters on the spread of Christianity. He labors to prove that it was due to natural causes. In proving this he evidently thinks he is disposing of the notion that Christianity spread by Divine power; whereas he only succeeds in pointing out some of the means which were employed to effect a Divine purpose. In like manner, the preservation of the Jews as a distinct people during so many centuries of complete dispersion, is a fact standing absolutely by itself in the history of the world. It is at variance with all other experience of the laws which govern the amalgamation with each other of different families of the human race. It is the result, nevertheless, of special laws, overruling those in ordinary operation. It has been effected by the use of means. Those means have been superhuman—they have been beyond human contrivance and arrangement. But they belong to the region of the "natural." They belong to it not the less, but all the more, because in their concatenation and arrangement they indicate the purpose of a living Will seeking and effecting the fulfilment of its designs. This is the manner after which our own living wills in their little sphere effect their little objects. Is it difficult to believe that after the same manner also the Divine Will, of which ours is the image only, works and effects its purpose?

Our own experience shows that the universal reign of law is perfectly consistent with a power of making those laws subservient to design—even when the knowledge of them is but slight, and the power over them slighter still. How much more easy, how much more natural, to conceive that the same universality is compatible with the exercise of that Supreme Will before which all are known, and to which all are servants! What difficulty in this view remains in the idea of the supernatural? Is it any other than the difficulty in believing in the existence of a Supreme Will—in a living God? If this be the belief of which M. Guizot speaks when he says that it is essential to religion, then his proposition is true enough. In this sense the difficulty of believing in the "supernatural," and the difficulty of believing in pure Theism, is one and the same. But if he means that it is necessary to religion to believe in even the occasional "violation of law,"—if he means that without such belief, signs and wonders cease to be evidences of Divine power,—then he announces a proposition which we conceive to be unsound. There is nothing in religion incompatible with the belief that all exercises of God's power, whether ordinary or extraordinary, are effected through the instrumentality of means—that is to say, by the instrumentality of natural laws brought out, as it were, and used for a Divine purpose. To believe in the existence of miracles we must indeed believe in the "superhuman," and in the "supermaterial." But both these are familiar facts in nature. We must believe also in a Supreme Will and a Supreme Intelligence; but this our own wills and our own intelligence not only enable us to conceive of, but compel to recognize in the whole laws and economy of nature. Her whole aspect, as Dr. Tulloch says, "answers intelligently to our intelligence—mind responding to mind as in a glass." * Once admit that there is a Being who—irrespective of any theory as to the relation in which the laws of nature stand to his own will—has at least an infinite knowledge of those laws, and an infinite power of putting them to use—then miracles lose every element of inconceivability. In respect to the greatest and highest of all—that restoration of the breath of life which is not more mysterious than its original gift—there

* Tulloch "Beginning Life," p. 29.

is no answer to the question which Paul asks, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible by you that God should raise the dead?"

This view of miracles is well expressed in the excellent little work of Principal Tulloch, from which we have just quoted.

"The stoutest advocate of interference can mean nothing more than that the Supreme Will has so moved the *hidden springs of nature* that a new issue arises on given circumstances. The ordinary issue is supplanted by a higher issue. The essential facts before us are a certain set of phenomena, and a Higher Will moving them. How moving them? is a question for human definition; but the answer to which does not and cannot affect the Divine meaning of the change. Yet when we reflect that this Higher Will is everywhere reason and wisdom, it seems a juster as well as a more comprehensive view to regard it as operating by subordination and evolution rather than by 'interference' or 'violation.' According to this view the idea of law is so far from being contravened by the Christian miracles, that it is taken up by them and made their very basis. They are the expression of a Higher Law, working out its wise ends among the lower and ordinary sequences of life and history. These ordinary sequences represent nature—nature, however, not as an immutable fate, but a plastic medium through which a Higher Voice and Will are ever addressing us, and which therefore, may be wrought into new issues when the Voice has a new message, and the Will a special purpose for us." (*Tulloch, Beginning Life*, p. 85-6).

Yet so deeply ingrained in the popular theology is the idea that miracles, to be miracles at all, must be performed by some violation of the laws of nature, that the opposite idea of miracles being performed by the use of means is regarded by many with jealousy and suspicion. Strange that it should be thought the safest course to separate as sharply and as widely as we can between what we are called upon to believe in religion, and what we are able to trace or understand in nature! With what heart can those who cherish this frame of mind follow the great argument of Butler? All the steps of that argument—by far the greatest in the whole range of Christian philosophy—are founded on the opposite belief, that all the truths, and not less all the difficulties of religion, have their type and likeness in the "constitution and course of nature." As we follow that reasoning, so simple and so profound, we find

our eyes ever opening to some new interpretation of familiar facts, and recognizing among the curious things of earth, one after another of the laws which, when told us of the spiritual world, seem so perplexing and so hard to accept or understand. To ask how much farther this argument of the analogy is capable of illustration and development, is to ask how much more we shall know of "nature." Like all central truths its ramifications are infinite—as infinite as the appearance of variety, and as pervading as the sense of oneness in the universe of God.

But what of Revelation? Are its history and doctrines incompatible with the belief that God uniformly acts through the use of means? The narrative of creation is given to us in abstract only, and is told in two different forms, both having for their special object the presenting to our conception the personal agency of a living God. Yet this narrative indicates, however slightly, that room is left for the idea of a material process. "Out of the dust of the ground;" that is, out of the ordinary elements of nature, was that body formed which is still upheld and perpetuated by organic forces acting under the rules of law. Nothing which science has discovered, or can discover, is capable of traversing that simple narrative. On this subject M. Guizot lays great stress, as many others do, on what he calls the "supernatural" in creation, as distinguished from the operations now visible in nature. "De quelle façon et par quelle puissance le genre humain a-t-il commencé sur la terre?" In reply to this question, he proceeds to argue that man must have been the result either of mere material forces, or of a supernatural power exterior to, and superior to matter. Spontaneous generation, he argues, supposing it to exist at all, can give birth only to infant beings—to the first hours, and feeblest forms, of nascent life. But man—the human pair—must evidently have been complete from the first; created in the full possession of their powers and faculties. "C'est à cette condition seulement qu'en apparaissant pour la première fois sur la terre l'homme aurait pu y vivre—s'y perpétuer, et y fonder le genre humain. Evidemment l'autre origine du genre humain est seul admissible, seul possible. Le fait surnaturel de la création explique seul la première apparition de

l'homme ici-bas." This is a common, but, as it seems to us, not a very safe argument. If the "supernatural"—that is to say, the superhuman and the superphysical—cannot be found nearer to us than this, we fear it will not be found at all. It is very difficult to free ourselves from this notion that by going far enough back, we can "find out God" in some sense in which we cannot find him now. To accept the primeval narrative of the Jewish Scriptures as coming from authority, and as bringing before us the personal agency of the Creator,—this is one thing. To argue that no other origin for the first parents of the human race is conceivable than that they were moulded perfect, without the instrumentality of any means,—this is quite another thing. The various hypotheses of development, of which Darwin's theory is only a new and special version, are at least a method of escape from the logical puzzle which M. Guizot puts. These hypotheses are indeed utterly destitute of proof; and in the form which they have as yet assumed, it may justly be said that they involve such violations of, or departures from, all that we know of the existing order of things, as to deprive them absolutely of all scientific basis. But the close and mysterious relations between the mere animal frame of man, and that of the lower animals, does render the idea of a common relationship by descent at least conceivable. Indeed, in proportion as it seems to approach nearer to processes of which we have some knowledge, it is, in a degree, more conceivable than creation without any process,—of which we have no knowledge and can have no conception.

But whatever may have been the method or process of creation, it is creation still. If it were proved to-morrow that the first man was "born" from some pre-existing form of life, it would still be true that such a birth must have been, in every sense of the word, a new creation. It would still be as true that God formed him "out of the dust of the earth," as it is true that he has so formed every child who is now called to answer the first question of all theologies. And we must remember that the language of Scripture nowhere draws, or seems even conscious of, the distinction which modern philosophy draws so sharply between the "natural" and the "supernatural." All the opera-

tions of nature are spoken of as operations of the Divine Mind. Creation is the outward embodiment of a Divine Idea. It is in this sense, apparently, that the narrative of Genesis speaks of every plant being formed "before it grew." But the same language is held, not less decidedly, of every ordinary birth. "Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect. In Thy book all my members were written which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there were none of them." And these words, spoken of the individual birth, have been applied not less truly to the modern idea of the Genesis of all organic life. Whatever may have been the physical or material relation between its successive forms, the ideal relation has been now clearly recognized, and reduced to scientific definition. All the members of that frame which has received its highest interpretation in man, had existed, with lower offices assigned to them, in the animals which flourished before man was born. All theories of development have been simply attempts to suggest the manner in which, or the physical process by means of which, this ideal continuity of type and pattern has been preserved. But whilst all these suggestions have been in the highest degree uncertain, some of them violently absurd, the one thing which is certain is the fact for which they endeavor to account. But what is that fact? It is one which belongs to the world of mind, not to the world of matter. When Professor Owen tells us, for example, that certain jointed bones in the whale's paddle are the same bones which in the mole enable it to burrow, which in the bat enable it to fly, and in man constitute his hand with all its wealth of functions, he does not mean that physically and actually they are the same bones, nor that they have the same uses, nor that they ever have been, or ever can be, transferable from one kind of animal to another. He means that in a purely ideal or mental conception of the plan of all vertebrate skeletons, these bones occupy the same relative place—relative, that is, not to origin or use, but to the plan or conception of that skeleton as a whole.

Here the "supermaterial," and in this sense the supernatural, element,—that is to say, the ideal conformity and unity of conception, is the one unquestionable fact, in which we recognize directly the working of

a mind with which our own has very near relations. Here, as elsewhere, we see the natural, in the largest sense, including and embodying the supernatural; the material, including the supermaterial. No possible theory, whether true or false, in respect to the physical means employed to preserve the correspondence of parts which runs through all creation can affect the certainty of that mental plan and purpose which alone makes such correspondence intelligible to us, and in which alone it may be said to exist. The two ideas,—that of a physical cause and that of a mental purpose,—are not antagonist; but the one is larger and more comprehensive than the other. Let us take a case. In many animal frames there are what have been called “silent members”—members which have no reference to the life or use of the animal, but only to the general pattern on which all vertebrate skeletons have been formed. Mr. Darwin, when he sees such a member in any animal, concludes with certainty that this animal is the lineal descendant by ordinary generation of some other animal in which that member was not silent but turned to use. Professor Owen, taking a larger and wider view, would say, without pretending to explain *how* its presence is to be accounted for physically, that the silent member has relation to a general purpose or plan which can be traced from the dawn of life, but which did not receive its full accomplishment until man was born. This is certain: the other is a theory. The assumed physical cause may be true or false. It is much more probably false than true; but in any case the mental purpose and design—the conformity to an abstract idea—this is certain. The relation in which created forms stand to our own mind, and to our understanding of their purpose, is the one thing which we can surely know, because it belongs to our own consciousness. It is entirely independent of any belief we may entertain, or any knowledge we may acquire, of the processes employed for the fulfilment of that purpose.

And yet we are often told, as if it were a profound philosophy, that “we must be very cautious how we ascribe intention to nature. Things do fit into each other, no doubt, as if they were designed; but all we know about them is that these correspondences exist,

and that they seem to be the result of physical laws of development and growth.” No matter—we reply—how these correspondences have arisen, and are daily arising. The perception of them by our mind is as much a fact as the sight or touch of the things in which they appear. They may have been produced by growth—they may have been the result of a process of development,—but it is not the less the development of a mental purpose. It is the end subserved that we absolutely know. What alone is doubtful and obscure is precisely that which alone we are told is the legitimate object of our research, viz., the means by which that end has been attained. Take one instance out of millions. The poison of a deadly snake—let us for a moment consider what this is. It is a secretion of definite chemical properties which have reference, not to the organism of the animal in which it is developed, but to the organism of another animal which it is intended to destroy. Some naturalists have a vague sort of notion that, as regards merely mechanical weapons, or organs of attack, they may be developed by use,—that legs may become longer by fast running, teeth sharper and longer by biting. Be it so: this law of growth, if it exist, is but itself an instrument whereby purpose is fulfilled. But how will this law of growth adjust a poison in one animal with such subtle knowledge of the organization of another that the deadly virus shall in a few minutes curdle the blood, benumb the nerves, and rush in upon the citadel of life? There is but one explanation—a Mind, having minute and perfect knowledge of the structure of both, has designed the one to be capable of inflicting death upon the other. This mental purpose and resolve is the one thing which our intelligence perceives with direct and intuitive recognition. The method of creation, by means of which this purpose has been carried into effect, is utterly unknown.

Perhaps no illustration so striking of this principle was ever presented as in the astonishing volume just published by Mr. Darwin on the “Fertilization of Orchids.” It appears that the fertilization of almost all orchids is dependent on the transport of the pollen from one flower to another by means of insects. It appears, further, that the structure of these flowers is elaborately con-

trived, so as to secure the certainty and effectiveness of this operation. Mr. Darwin's work is devoted to tracing in detail what these contrivances are. To a large extent they are purely mechanical, and can be traced with as much clearness and certainty as the different parts of which a steam-engine is composed. The complication and ingenuity of these contrivances almost exceed belief. "Moth-traps and spring-guns set on these grounds," might be the motto of the orchids. There are baits to tempt the nectar-loving lepidoptera, with rich odors exhaled at night, and lustrous colors to shine by day; there are channels of approach along which they are surely guided, so as to compel them to pass by certain spots; there are adhesive plasters nicely adjusted to fit their probosces, or to catch their brows; there are hair-triggers carefully set in their necessary path, communicating with explosive shells, which project the pollen-stalks with unerring aim upon their bodies. There are, in short, an infinitude of adjustments, for an idea of which we must refer our readers to Mr. Darwin's inimitable powers of observation and description—adjustments all contrived so as to secure the accurate conveyance of the pollen of the one flower to its precise destination in the structure of another.

Now there are two questions which present themselves when we examine such a mechanism as this. The first is, What is the use of the various parts, or their relation to each other with reference to the purpose of the whole? The second question is, How were those parts made, and out of what materials? It is the first of these questions—that is to say, the use, object, intention, or purpose of the different parts of the plant—which Darwin sets himself instinctively to answer first; and it is this which he does answer with precision and success. The second question,—that is to say, how those parts came to be developed, and out of what "primordial elements" they have been derived in their present shapes, and converted to their present uses?—this is a question which Darwin does also attempt to solve, but the solution of which is in the highest degree difficult and uncertain. It is curious to observe the language which this most advanced disciple of pure naturalism instinctively uses when he has to describe the com-

plicated structure of this curious order of plants. "Caution in ascribing intentions to nature" does not seem to occur to him as possible. Intention is the one thing which he does see, and which, when he does not see, he seeks for diligently until he finds it. He exhausts every form of words and of illustration by which intention or mental purpose can be described. "Contrivance," "curious contrivance"—"beautiful contrivance"—these are expressions which recur over and over again. We quote one sentence describing the parts of a particular species. "The labellum is developed into a long nectary, *in order* to attract lepidoptera, and we shall presently give reasons for suspecting that the nectar is *purposely* so lodged that it can be sucked only slowly, *in order* to give time for the curious chemical quality of the viscid matter setting hard and dry."* Nor are the words we have here quoted used in any sense different from that in which they are applicable to the works of man's contrivance—to the instruments we use or invent for carrying into effect our own preconceived designs. On the contrary, human instruments are often selected as the aptest illustrations both of the object in view, and of the means taken to effect it. Of one particular structure Mr. Darwin says: "This contrivance of the guiding ridges may be compared to the little instrument sometimes used for guiding a thread into the eye of a needle." Again, referring to the precautions taken to compel the insects to come to the proper spot, in order to have the "pollinia" attached to their bodies, Mr. Darwin says: "Thus we have the rostellum partially closing the mouth of the nectary, *like a trap placed in a run for game*,—and the trap so complex and perfect!"† But this is not all. The idea of special use, as the final end and controlling principle of construction, is so impressed on Mr. Darwin's mind, that, in every detail of structure, however singular or obscure, he has absolute faith that in this lies the ultimate explanation. If an organ is largely developed, it is because some special purpose is to be fulfilled. If it is aborted or rudimentary, it is because that purpose is no longer to be subserved. In the case of another species whose structure is very singular, Mr. Darwin had great difficulty in discovering how the mechanism was meant to

* P. 29.

† P. 30.

work, so as to effect the purpose. At last he made it out, and of the clue which led to the discovery he says: "The strange position of the labellum perched on the summit of the column, ought to have shown me that here was the place for experiment. I ought to have scorned the notion that the labellum was thus placed *for no good purpose*. I neglected this plain guide, and for a long time completely failed to understand the flower." *

When we come to the second part of Mr. Darwin's work, viz., the Homology of the Orchids, we find that the inquiry divides itself into two separate questions—first, the question what all these complicated organs are in their primitive relation to each other; and secondly, how these successive modifications have arisen, so as to fit them for new and changing uses. Now it is very remarkable that of these two questions, that which may be called the most abstract and transcendental—the most nearly related to the supernatural and supermaterial—is again precisely the one which Darwin solves best and most clearly. We have already seen how well he solves the first question—What is the use and intention of these various parts? The next question is, What are these parts in their primal order and conception? The answer is, that they are members of a numerical group, having a definite and still traceable order of symmetrical arrangement. They are expressions of a numerical idea, as so many other things—perhaps as all things—of beauty are. Mr. Darwin gives a diagram, showing the primordial or archetypal arrangement of Threes within Threes, out of which all the strange and marvellous forms of the orchids have been developed, and to which, by careful counting and dissection, they can still be ideally reduced. But when we come to the last question—By what process of natural consequence have these elementary organs of Three within Three been developed into so many various forms of beauty, and made to subserve so many curious and ingenious designs?—we find nothing but the vaguest and most unsatisfactory conjectures. We can only give one instance, as an example. There is a Madagascar orchis—the "*Angræcum sesquipedale*"—with an immensely long and deep nectary. How did such an extraordinary organ come to be developed?

* P. 262.

Mr. Darwin's explanation is this. The pollen of this flower can only be removed by the probosces of some very large moths trying to get at the nectar at the bottom of the vessel. The moths with the longest probosces would do this most effectually; they would be rewarded for their long noses by getting the most nectar; whilst, on the other hand, the flowers with the deepest nectaries would be the best fertilized by the largest moths preferring them. Consequently, the deepest-nectaryed orchids, and the longest-nosed moths, would each confer on the other a great advantage in the "battle of life." This would tend to their respective perpetuation, and to the constant lengthening of nectaries and of noses. But the passage is so curious and characteristic, that we give Mr. Darwin's own words:—

"As certain moths of Madagascar became larger, through natural selection in relation to their general conditions of life, either in the larval or mature state, or as the proboscis alone was lengthened to obtain honey from the *Angræcum*, those individual plants of the *Angræcum* which had the longest nectaries (and the nectary varies much in length in some orchids), and which, consequently, compelled the moths to insert their probosces up to the very base, would be best fertilized. These plants would yield most seed, and the seedlings would generally inherit longer nectaries; and so it would be in successive generations of the plant and moth. Thus it would appear that there has been a race in gaining length between the nectary of the *Angræcum* and the probosces of certain moths; but the *Angræcum* has triumphed, for it flourishes and abounds in the forests of Madagascar, and still troubles each moth to insert its proboscis as far as possible in order to drain the last drop of nectar. . . . We can thus," says Mr. Darwin, "*partially* understand how the astonishing length of the nectary may have been acquired by successive modifications."

It is indeed but a "partial" understanding. How different from the clearness and the certainty with which Mr. Darwin is able to explain to us the use and intention of the various organs! or the primal idea of numerical order and arrangement which governs the whole structure of the flower! It is the same through all nature. Purpose and intention, or ideas of order based on numerical relations, are what meet us at every turn, and are more or less readily rec-

ognized by our own intelligence as corresponding to conceptions familiar to our own minds. We know, too, that these purposes and ideas are not our own, but the ideas and purposes of Another—of One whose manifestations are indeed superhuman and super-material, but are not “supernatural,” in the sense of being strange to nature, or in violation of it.

The truth is, that there is no such distinction between what we find in nature, and what we are called upon to believe in religion, as that which men pretend to draw between the natural and the supernatural. It is a distinction purely artificial, arbitrary, unreal. Nature presents to our intelligence, the more clearly the more we search her, the designs, ideas, and intentions of some

“Living Will that shall endure,
When all that seems shall suffer shock.”

Religion presents to us that same Will, not only working equally through the use of means, but using means which are strictly analogous—referable to the same general principles—and which are constantly appealed to as of a sort which we ought to be able to appreciate, because we ourselves are already familiar with the like. Religion makes no call on us to reject that idea, which is the only idea some men can see in nature—the idea of the universal reign of Law—the necessity of conforming to it—the limitations which in one aspect it seems to place on the exercise of Will,—the essential basis, in another aspect, which it supplies for that exercise. On the contrary, the high regions into which this idea is found extending, and the matters over which it is found prevailing, is one of the deepest mysteries both of religion and of nature. We feel sometimes as if we should like to get above this rule—into some secret Presence where its bonds are broken. But no glimpse is ever given us of anything, but “Freedom within the bounds of Law.” The Will revealed to us in religion is not—any more than the Will revealed to us in nature—an arbitrary Will, but one with which, in this respect, “there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”

We return, then, to the point from which we started. M. Guizot’s affirmation that belief in the supernatural is essential to all religion is true only when it is understood

in a special sense. Belief in the existence of a Living Will—of a Personal God—is indeed a requisite condition. Conviction “that he is” must precede the conviction that “he is the rewarder of those that diligently seek him.” But the intellectual yoke involved in the common idea of the supernatural is a yoke which men impose upon themselves. Obscure thought and confused language are the main source of difficulty.

Assuredly, whatever may be the difficulties of Christianity, *this* is not one of them,—that it calls on us to believe in any exception to the universal prevalence and power of Law. Its leading facts and doctrines are directly connected with this belief, and directly suggestive of it. The Divine mission of Christ on earth—does not this imply not only the use of means to an end, but some inscrutable necessity that certain means, and these only, should be employed in resisting and overcoming evil? What else is the import of so many passages of Scripture implying that certain conditions were required to bring the Saviour of Man into a given relation with the race he was sent to save? “It behoved him . . . to make the Captain of our Salvation perfect through suffering.” “It behoved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren, *that he might be*,” etc.—with the reason added: “for *in that* he himself hath suffered being tempted, *he is able* to succor them that are tempted.” Whatever *more* there may be in such passages, they all imply the universal reign of law in the moral and spiritual, as well as in the material world: that those laws had to be—behooved to be—obeyed; and that the results to be obtained are brought about by the adaptation of means to an end, or, as it were, by way of natural consequence from the instrumentality employed. This, however, is an idea which systematic theology is very apt to regard with intense suspicion, though, in fact, all theologies involve it, and build upon it. But then they are very apt to give explanations of that instrumentality which have no counterpart in the material or in the moral world. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the manifest decay which so many creeds and confessions are now suffering, arises mainly from the degree in which at least the popular expositions of them dissociate the doctrines of Christianity from the analogy and course of nature.

There is no such severance in Scripture—no shyness of illustrating Divine things by reference to the “natural.” On the contrary, we are perpetually reminded that the laws of the spiritual world are in the highest sense laws of nature, whose obligation, operation, and effect are all in the constitution and course of things. Hence it is that so much was capable of being conveyed in the form of parable—the common actions and occurrences of daily life being chosen as the best vehicle and illustration of the highest spiritual truths. It is not merely, as Jeremy Taylor says, that “all things are full of such resemblances,”—it is more than this—more than resemblance. It is the perpetual recurrence, under infinite varieties of application, of the same rules and principles of Divine government,—of the same Divine thoughts, Divine purposes, Divine affections. Hence it is that no verbal definitions or logical forms can convey religious truth with the fulness or the accuracy which belong to narratives taken from nature—man’s nature and life being, of course, included in the term:—

“And so, the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the Creed of creeds.”

The same idea is expressed in the passionate exclamation of Edward Irving: “We must speak in parables, or we must present a wry and deceptive form of truth; of which choice the first is to be preferred, and our Lord adopted it. Because parable is truth veiled, not truth dismembered; and as the eye of the understanding grows more piercing, the veil is seen through, and the truth stands revealed.” Nature is the great Parable; and the truths which she holds within her are veiled, but not dismembered. The pretended separation between what lies within nature and what lies beyond her is a dismemberment of the truth. Let those who find it difficult to believe in anything which is above the natural, first determine how much the natural includes. When they have finished this search, they will find nothing in the so-called “supernatural” which is hard of acceptance or belief—nothing which is not rather essential to our understanding of this otherwise “unintelligible world.”

THE WIDOW AND ORPHAN’S FRIEND.

WHEN God removed Papa to Heaven,
And Ma was left to strive for seven,
With scarce enough for burial fees
(So lingering was poor Pa’s disease):
Though full of grief we’d no despair,
Relations *spoke* so kind and fair.
Our Grandpa said that he, for one,
Would *think* and see what could be done.
Our Uncle William and our aunt
Hoped we would never come to want;
But mother’s brothers *talked* the best,—
A great deal kinder than the rest.
They said that home they’d take us all,
Only their rooms were few and small.
We’d *promises* from Uncle Page,
To push us forward *when of age*.
They then went home,—but stop, I miss,—
They gave us every one—a kiss;
And said, “Be good, and mind Mamma,
And we will be to you—Papa!”

So much engaged were they at home,
For many weeks they could not come;
Until they heard Mamma had found
A writing for five hundred pound;
Which some Insurance Office paid,
So Ma commenced a genteel trade.
And then they came—it seemed so funny—
To beg Mamma to lend them money!

But Ma said—“No! if you are poor,
A trifle will your life insure;
And then the Office (*our best friend*),
Whenever your good life shall end,
Will comfort to your orphans send.”

—*Life Assurance Record.*

THE BEAUTY OF WINTER.

EVEN winter to me hath a thousand delights,
With its short gloomy days and its long starry
nights!
And I love to go forth ere the dawn, to inhale
The health-breathing freshness that floats in the
gale;
When the sun riseth red o’er the crest of the hill,
And the trees of the woodland are hoary and
still;
When the motion and sound of the streamlet
are lost,
In the icy embrace of mysterious frost;
When the hunter is out on the shelterless moor,
And the robin looks in at the cottager’s door;
When the spirit of nature hath folded his wings,
To nourish the seeds of all glorious things,
Till the herb and the leaf and the fruit and the
flower
Shall awake in the fulness of beauty and power.
—*John Critchley Prince.*

From St. James's Magazine.

LADY DIPLOMATISTS.

CARDINAL MAZARIN, who, as everybody knows, frequently employed women to carry out his political plans, once made the remark, "*Les femmes sont dignes de regir un royaume*;" and, in truth, women have at times ruled like men, holding the reins of government with a safe, firm hand; and just history will not deny them great thoughts or great deeds. The reigns of Queen Elizabeth, Maria Theresa, and Catharine II., are among the most brilliant in the history of their countries; but they are exceptions to the rule. Woman is not made to govern—she is incompetent to carry out strict justice; and the reigns of women are generally marked by precipitation, a tendency for arbitrary undertakings, and more especially a martial spirit. The heart is woven up in politics, with all its impulses and susceptibilities, which calculate less than they crave; and hence originates the rule of favorites, who are summoned to their influential posts by a woman's feeble heart, rather than their own talents and merits. On one of these reefs the reigns of nearly all women—the most eminent not excepted—have been stranded; and however brilliant they have been for the moment, the after pangs have soon been felt. Such were the reigns of the Spanish Isabella, Margaret of Denmark, Queens Elizabeth and Anne, the Empress Maria Theresa, and the Russian empresses; and however fine their reigns may have been for a season, we seek in vain among the majority of them for deeds and institutions which the verdict of later history has declared to be valuable. In an aristocratic republic—as England of to-day has been not unfairly called—the crown can be placed without hesitation on a woman's head, because among us the sovereign cannot personally interfere in the government; and the reign of Queen Victoria furnishes a proof that a woman is more easily enabled to recognize the fulfilment of her regent duties in the fulfilment of her family duties, than is a man, whose desire it always is to prove his personal influence in public affairs, to a greater or less extent. The reign of our queen, therefore, though so justly applauded, must not at all be cited as a proof that women are competent to govern, because the sole task of an English sovereign, in the present

development of political relations, is to abstain from governing.

We have no intention, in these remarks, to offend the fairer sex; and we wish them, as compensation for their inability to govern, all the greater influence in their family over their husband, so soon as the latter has put on his dressing-gown. They will still be able to prove to the stronger sex, who are called upon to govern, that they are subject to their beauteous eyes, and frequently compelled to carry out their wishes, even beyond the family circle. If women were granted a place in the political affairs of the State by the side of their husbands, or if too great scope were allowed even to their radiant influence, they would only become estranged from their family, and thus an incurable wound would be dealt to the social, as well as the political order of things. This lesson history has often taught us with her warning voice. We cannot have a more striking proof of our assertion than the case of France. In that country, women have always sought to exert an influence beyond the family circle; and a still current proverb says, that in France they are the real men. In what other European country, however, has the social basis of political and social order been so shaken as in France? and hence pious and sensible women have ever recognized that it is not their business to be active in politics. A striking instance of this will be found in Macaulay's history, when he describes Princess Mary's behavior, on being informed that she was heiress to the British crown. By her directions the Prince of Orange was appointed co-regent, and she always kept her promise, that he should be the actual monarch.

The case is different, however, when we turn to another official character, which women, according to the almost universal opinion of authorities on the law of nations, are allowed to assume—namely, the ambassadorial. Up to a short time ago, it was an undeniable principle that the appointment of an envoy was entirely independent of sex. Moser, in his work "*L'Ambassadrice et ses Droits*," declared that it was an exploded idea that only men were suited for diplomatic missions; and, on the contrary, history teaches that those political affairs in which women played a part, were most cleverly arranged; and hence this writer stepped forward as champion for woman's rights in this

respect. Many other writers have advocated the same claim; and the legal ground upon which they base it is practice. It has been from the earliest times the custom among European sovereigns to employ women on diplomatic missions, so that in this way a law of usage has sprung up, and no prince has the right to refuse recognition to an ambassadress, should she be sent to his court. Let us now investigate the real nature of this practice.

The oldest instance of a woman being invested with an ambassadorial character, is the mission, in 1525, of Princess Marguerite of France, widow of the Duc d'Alençon, to Madrid, in order to obtain the liberation of her brother, Francis I., from the Emperor Charles V. The king's mother, who held the regency during his absence, certainly sent her daughter with express commissions, intended to produce the desired result, but she did not invest her with the slightest official character. Of an even earlier date is the diplomatic mission of Margaret, daughter of Emperor Maximilian I., who, in the year 1508, when she was widow of Duke Philibert of Savoy, concluded the well-known league of Cambray. She carried on the negotiations, not only in the name of her imperial father, but also in that of King Ferdinand of Spain; while Cardinal Amboise negotiated for the King of France and the Pope. Margaret, by her cleverness, succeeded in arranging this treaty, which was so injurious to Venice. A few years later, in 1529, a peace was made at Cambray, which is known in history by the name of the "Ladies' Peace," because two ladies were the negotiators—the mother of Francis I., and the aunt and governess of Charles V. The following details about this peace, which was so injurious to Francis I., are interesting. The two ladies, Louise of Savoy, and Margaret of Burgundy, lived in two adjoining houses, between which they had a door of communication made, so as to enjoy each other's society uninterruptedly. Louise possessed her son's confidence as fully as Margaret did her nephew's; and both had managed the business of the State during a lengthened period for their pupils. It would be difficult to understand the treaty upon which the two ladies agreed at Cambray, if we were not aware that Francis I. was disposed to make any sacrifice for the sake of liberating his two

sons, who were kept prisoners at Madrid by the emperor. Several other instances of diplomatic action on the part of princesses at that period may be cited; thus Wicquefort, in his well-known work, "*L'Ambassadeur et ses Fonctions*," alludes to the diplomatic missions of Eleanor, Queen of France, and Maria, Queen of Hungary, who, in 1537, concluded at Bonnecy a three months' armistice in the names of Charles V. and Francis I. Still, Moser draws attention to the fact that princesses must not be regarded as envoys, because they never received ambassadorial letters of credit, but merely ordinary full powers for the purpose of their negotiation. Later writers have therefore, based their claim for the right of ladies being appointed envoys, upon two other instances: they are the notorious Aurora, Countess von Königsmark, whom Augustus the Strong sent to Charles XII. of Sweden; and an ambassadress of Louis XIV., la Maréchale de Guebriant.

Marie Aurora von Königsmark was born in 1666, at the Agathenburg, near Stade. This lady, who was renowned for her beauty and her wit, lived for several years on the most intimate terms with King Augustus, and was afterwards nominated Abbess of the princely imperial foundation of Quedlinburg. While living at her abbey, Augustus was hard pressed by the King of Sweden, and was without means to oppose him, and unable to pay the small body of troops that he still possessed. On hearing of the sore straits of the man whom she still loved, the Countess Königsmark hastened to Dresden, in order to arouse the king, and remind him of the duties of his lofty position, which he forgot in rioting and dissipation of every description. She spoke about the old glory and renown of his name enthusiastically, as a woman can speak to her lover; but the king had lost all his energy, and could not be induced to take any bold or decided step. The lovely lady, therefore, resolved to go herself to Charles XII., whose pride and arrogance were so painful to her Augustus. She received a secret mission to the Swedish king, who, however, refused to receive her; he hated women, and was rather pleased at venting this hatred on the loveliest and most amiable of his contemporaries. After great difficulty, the countess contrived to catch the king in camp. She got out of her carriage,

and delivered an address ; but the king did not reply to it, and merely bowed and rode on. At length the minister, Count Piper, obtained permission to invite the countess to a court banquet ; but the lady, as an imperial princess, demanded a special seat at table. Charles ordered that she should be placed below all the other ladies ; and when Count Piper, in his surprise, asked the reason, the king replied that, as an ex-mistress, she had no claim to a better seat. All the minister's representations were fruitless ; and Aurora did not appear at the banquet. Her mission had failed, and she returned to her convent. She revenged herself on the king by a biting pasquinade, which in all probability he never saw. The question now arises whether this beautiful and really gifted woman is to be regarded as an ambassadress in the strict sense. The most important thing to establish the ambassadorial character is the letter which accredits the envoy to the foreign sovereign. But Aurora had no such letter. Real, in his "*Science du Gouvernement*," and Voltaire, in his "History of Charles XII.," draws special attention to this fact ; and Wicquefort indirectly allows it, by stating that there was never more than one real ambassadress, la Maréchale de Guebriant.

When King Ladislaus IV., of Poland, lost his first wife, Cecilia Renata, of Austria, in March, 1644, he selected a new consort soon after, in the daughter of the deceased Duke of Mantua, Marie de Gonzaga, Duchesse de Nevers. The marriage contract was signed by Louis XIV., at Fontainebleau, on September 26th, 1645 ; and on November 6th in the same year the marriage took place in the palace of the Palais Royal, at which the King of Poland was represented by his envoy. On her journey to Poland, Louis gave her as companion la Maréchale de Guebriant, whom he also expressly appointed his ambassadress to King Ladislaus. In the letters of credit she received (so Flassan tells us, in his "*Histoire Diplomatique de France*"), she was called by the king "*Ambassadrice extraordinaire et Surintendante de la conduite de la Reine de Pologne*." She was by birth Renata von Beck, and widow of Marshal Guebriant, who was killed at Rotweil, in 1643. All writers are agreed in speaking highly of her skill and great cleverness in diplomatic negotiations ; and on this mission

she had ample opportunities for employing both these qualities. The princess whom she accompanied was considered one of the loveliest ladies of her age, and had not always held aloof from gallant adventures. These had been represented to the king with great exaggerations ; and calumnies of every description had brought him to such a state, that, when the princess entered the Polish territory, he most decidedly refused to consummate the marriage with her. He put forward, as his excuse, his constantly increasing debility, and insisted upon her returning to France. On this occasion Madame de Guebriant displayed her undoubted diplomatic abilities ; she managed to overcome all the difficulties prepared for her at the Polish court ; and at length imbued the king with so stanch a conviction of the virtue of his future consort, that he no longer objected to marry her, whatever attempts might be made in influential quarters to induce him to adhere to his first intention. On this occasion, the ambassadress gained the Polish king's favor to such a degree, that he gave orders for her to be treated at his court with the same honors which had been paid to the Austrian archduchess, the sister of the King of Tuscany, when she brought her daughter, the king's first consort, to the Polish court. Madame de Guebriant insisted on these honors being fully paid to her ; and even claimed precedence of Prince Charles, the king's brother. From this arose a squabble, which, however, was decided by Ladislaus in favor of Madame de Guebriant. On her journey through Poland, she had also claimed and received, in the provinces which she passed through, all the honorary distinctions to which an envoy can lay claim.

Louis XIV. very frequently employed ladies in matters connected with his foreign policy, and in this way he succeeded in exercising a marked influence upon the conduct of our Charles II. In order to get this king into the net which French intrigues had laid for him, he sent over the crafty, dissolute Louise de Querouailles, or Madam Carwell, as she was called in the popular language of the day. Louis, however, did not give the lady the official character of an envoy ; but her mission was purely confidential, and so confidential indeed, that Madame de Querouailles speedily became the

king's mistress, and in this quality exercised such influence over him, that she drove away all her rivals, whose number was not trifling. In this way, however, she succeeded in obtaining an authority which perfectly answered the expectations which the King of France formed from her charms and cleverness.

The following is an interesting example of the diplomatic ability of an Oriental princess. In 1460, Sultan Mahomed marched with a powerful army against David, the last Comnenus of the kingdom of Trebizonde, who was allied with Ursun, Prince of the Turcomans. He first intended to attack Ursun, but Sarah Chatun, mother of this prince, managed to form a treaty with the Sultan, by which she secured her son's kingdom, but betrayed his ally. She then conducted Mahomed by secret roads, where no resistance was offered him, by her management, into the heart of David's territory. Unprepared as he was, the latter could offer no resistance, and Mahomed at once took possession of the capital. Out of the treasures which he found here, Sarah Chatun received a noble reward in gold and jewels for the services which she had rendered him; and thus the old and venerable kingdom of Trebizonde was overthrown by the faithless intrigues and crafty diplomatic arts of this princess.

We are bound to mention here the Chevalier d'Eon, that mysterious being, who attracted universal attention in the second half of the last century. Everybody supposed him to be a woman; and yet he had served as soldier and diplomatist with great distinction. When very young, he entered the army, and displayed much bravery in several engagements; but he soon turned to a diplomatic career, and was first attached to the French embassy at St. Petersburg. At a later date, he was sent as private agent of the king to London, and so gained his good-will by the talent with which he carried out the difficult task entrusted to him, that he received the cross of St. Louis, and was appointed secretary of the legation in London. At that time he was generally supposed to be a woman; the nobility made heavy wagers about his sex, but the chevalier maintained a discreet silence on the subject. He published his Memoirs about this time; and the French Government accused

him of distorting facts, and of acting indiscreetly in making other facts known, and hence he was dismissed from his post. In consideration of his former services, Louis XVI. gave him a pension of twelve thousand francs, under the condition, however, that he must appear in public in female clothing. The chevalier returned to Paris, where he went about in that costume, with the cross of St. Louis on his breast; and when he afterwards returned to London, he retained the same attire. He died in London, in the year 1810, and his death seems to have solved the doubts about his sex; at any rate, he is called a man on his tombstone, the inscription on which is, or was, "Charles Genevieve Louis Auguste Timothée d'Eon de Beaumont, né le 16 Octobre, 1727, mort le 21 Mai, 1810."

From all these facts, we may fairly arrive at the conclusion that the Maréchale de Guebriant is the only real ambassadress about whom we can feel certain; the other diplomatic ladies whom we have mentioned (of course we leave out of the question those who had but an indirect influence in political affairs) only performed the business of an envoy, but did not possess his official character. Real certainly mentions a Persian ambassadress, but from his general remarks we cannot discover whether the lady has really a claim to this character; and when we take into account the *status* which Islamism grants to woman, it is doubtful. The doctrine, therefore, put forward by writers on the law of nations, that the choice of an envoy is entirely independent of the sex, stands, as we see, on a very weak foundation. According to the principle that one swallow does not make a summer, the mission of Madame de Guebriant must be regarded as what it really is—an historical curiosity, but not as a rule. Hence, to our great regret, we are bound to deny our lady readers any right to be ambassadresses—at least, in the sense in which we have hitherto employed the term. On the other hand, we most heartily wish that some of them may become ambassadresses in the other sense, namely, as wife of an ambassador. In order to leave them in no doubt as to the privileges and advantages accruing to them in that quality, we will now proceed to discuss the claims of an envoy's wife.

These privileges were the subject of the

liveliest discussion among the publicists of the eighteenth century. Moser, the real founder of the science of the law of nations — (Hugo Grotius, who is usually considered so, derived his materials from the habits of the old Greeks and Romans, rather than those of his contemporaries), produced a valuable work under the title of "*L'Ambassadrice et ses Droits*;" and other writers have paid similar attention to the ladies. Authors of the following century were less gallant. We find in their works scarce any notice of the privileges of an envoy's wife. This neglect is partly due to the alterations that have taken place in diplomatic relations. Up to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, the great powers, with the exception of Prussia, sent only envoys of the first class, and the wives of such functionaries are those who have pre-eminent claims to dignities and privileges. Since this congress, however, all the great powers, up to a few years back, only employed envoys of the second class, whose wives possess far inferior privileges. The present Emperor of the French was the first to restore first-class envoys, and the other great powers, excepting Prussia, as well as Spain and the Porte, have followed his example. Since this change, the rights of ambassadors' wives have been again discussed; and only a few months ago the Russian newspapers produced a decree of the Austrian Minister of War, according to which all guards, inside and outside the capital, must turn out and present arms to the wives of foreign envoys, when they were going to court. It is said that this was ordered at the request of the Duc de Gramont, the French envoy, who stated that this was always done in Paris.

Prior to the introduction of permanent embassies, envoys' wives were unknown. This institution was first developed in the sixteenth century; because it was not till that period that the system of political balance of power sprang up, which brought the princes and states of Europe into closer contact. The magnificent discoveries of that age, the impulse given to commerce, and various other circumstances, led to the encouragement of this system, which could be only maintained by the introduction of permanent embassies. Since then it has become the custom for envoys to take their wives with them to foreign courts, which was not

the fashion with the old envoys extraordinary. In the ancient times, as Tacitus informs us in his "*Annals*," it was considered prejudicial for envoys to be accompanied by their wives. Even in the year 1638, this custom does not appear to have become general; for we read that the French envoy at the Hague said, laughingly, when the Spanish envoy arrived there with his wife, "*Que c'était une ambassade hermaphrodite*." Still, this custom had been introduced at a much earlier period, and the basis laid for that official character of an envoy's wife, which has become for her the source of such valuable privileges. This occurred at Rome during the reign of Pope Sixtus V.

Count Olivarez was at that period the Spanish envoy at Rome. His wife, who accompanied him, lived, at first, in great retirement; but after her confinement, the envoy asked the Pope to do her the favor of giving her his blessing, and permitting her to kiss his foot, — a distinction generally granted to ladies of princely birth alone, on their first leaving the house. Sixtus V., however, gave his assent, because he was desirous to gain the Spanish envoy over; and in the solemn audience granted to the Countess Olivarez for the purpose, the pope addressed her as "*Signora Ambasciatrice*." This was an unheard-of thing in Rome, and threw all the noble society into a state of excitement; but the immediate result was that the countess was everywhere addressed by the new title. This fashion soon became general, and hence comes the official title of "*Ambassadrice*," granted to the wives of envoys at all European courts. This official title, however, was the basis of the official character which people began to invest these ladies with. The envoys of the first class, namely, immediately represent the person of their sovereign, and publicists declare that the ambadress shares in her husband's "*caractère représentant*." From this fact we may explain the comprehensive ceremonial privileges conceded to an envoy's wife; while the claims of the wives of envoys of the second, third, and fourth classes (of whom it is customary to say that they do not represent their sovereign in person, but merely in business), are explained by the fact that they are regarded as belonging to the ambassador's suite. The law of nations grants them all the privileges conceded to

this suite, in which are counted, in addition to the envoy's children, the secretaries, *attachés*, and the chaplain to the embassy.

As regards the ceremonial claims of the ambassadress, they attained their highest development at the French court, under Louis XIV. The official character of an ambassadress was scarcely allowed at the court of the German emperor, and, in fact, there were great variations at the European courts in the nature of the distinctions granted to her. So much, however, may be established, that an ambassadress has a right to a solemn and official audience on arrival and departure, which is generally accompanied with the same pomp as is employed for her husband. It has been stated that in former times it was a very general rule for these ladies to be permitted to sit down in the social circles of emperors and queens; but this statement is not quite correct, for this privilege was expressly refused at the English court, and that of the German emperor. Moser gives a detailed account of the solemnities usual at the several European courts. At the French court the ambassadress was fetched by the *Introducteur des Ambassadeurs* "in a royal coach, for an audience with the queen," in whose apartments she met the king, who kissed her on the forehead. As she entered the palace, all the sentries presented arms, and she was led to the Hall of the Ambassadors, where she met a lady in waiting, who placed herself on her *left hand*, and accompanied her to the queen's apartments. As the ambassadress entered, the queen rose; the former made a feint to kneel, but the queen prevented her, and kissed her on the forehead. She then was handed a tabouret, on which to sit among the duchesses present. The solemnities at the leave-taking audience were the same; and after these audiences there was usually a banquet. In the same way the ambassadors paid solemn visits to the royal princesses, and very frequently to the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The same solemnities took place at these audiences at the court of Spain; and Louis XIV. expressly obtained from this court reciprocity in the ceremony to be observed with his ambassadress. A perfectly similar ceremony was also observed at the English court, with this difference, that the ambassadress was not allowed to sit down, but on the other

hand, she was fetched by a royal yacht so soon as she came in sight of the British coast. At the Russian court, official audiences for ambassadresses do not appear to have been introduced until 1762. These ceremonial privileges were very strictly kept up at the Papal court. When a foreign envoy had his audience on arriving, the Pope sent his wife his greeting and blessing, and soon after she was granted a solemn audience, at which three sofa cushions were given her for a seat. The details of this ceremony were arranged most carefully, and indeed the Papal See displayed the strictest accuracy in all such official matters, which it inherited from the Byzantine court, so notorious for its exaggerated and clumsy grandeur.

The ceremonial claims of ambassadresses were finally regulated at the Congress of Westphalia, and Moser writes on the subject, "The ambassadresses displayed themselves at this great meeting in all their splendor, and on this occasion brought forward several claims, which were afterwards converted into a rule." These claims referred chiefly to the ceremonies which the ambassadresses wished to see observed in their mutual intercourse; and owing to the length of the congress, disputes on points of etiquette broke out, which must at times have been very welcome, when we reflect on the dearth of amusement supplied by the cities of Münster and Omabrück. On this occasion, a fashion which has since been maintained at several courts, was introduced, of observing, on the arrival of an ambassadress, exactly the same ceremonial as on the arrival of an envoy. The latter received the first visit from his colleagues, according to their rank, either in person, or by a card. Each came as quickly as he could, and no particular succession was observed. The precedence of the European sovereigns had not yet been finally settled, and so it often happened that when an envoy fancied that a visit paid to another ought to have been paid to him, the most obstinate disputes began, which often terminated by producing a war between the countries which the quarrellers represented. We need only turn to Wicquefort, or Callière's "*De la Manière de Négocier avec les Souverains*," to form an idea of the countless disputes of this nature, which frequently led to the most piquant scenes. The Popes, especially Julius II., tried at

times to stop this source of squabbling, by drawing up a table of precedence for European sovereigns ; but it was not recognized. The first rank was granted, without opposition, to the envoy of the German emperor ; but France, Spain, England, and at a later date, even Sweden, contended for the second place.

These disputes of the envoys were taken up at the Congress of Westphalia by their wives, who carried them on much more violently and recklessly than their husbands did. There was abundant opportunity for this, because the rule was strictly adhered to that every newly arrived lady should return the visits of her female companions, exactly in the same rotation as they had been paid to her. Moreover, as every envoy had brought his wife to Münster, there was ample scope for squabbles for precedence in this little town, where they were shut up so long. Moser gives us a long list of examples of this nature ; and the wife of Servein, the French envoy, seems to have distinguished herself most by her quarrelsome temper. On her journey to Münster she had had a dispute at the Hague with the Princess of Orange about the first visit, and she carried on the same game at the Congress of Westphalia. Thus, for instance, this lady and the Countess Sannazar, ambassadress from Mantua, had a tremendous quarrel, because the latter paid the first visit to Madame Brun, the Spanish envoy's wife. Her husband had a similar quarrel with the Hanseatic envoy, because the latter paid the first visit to the Spanish ambassador. In consequence of these quarrels, banquets at this congress often terminated with sanguinary conflicts among the servants ; and similar quarrels occurred at the Congress of Nimeguen. Moser tells us of one between the French and the Spanish ambassadors, because the latter received the first visit from the wife of the Swedish envoy, when she appeared in public after her confinement. Even the envoys themselves were not always so gallant as to avoid squabbles with the ladies about precedence. M. de Brenne records such a case as occurring between the French ambassador and the English ambassadress, on the occasion of the marriage of Charles I. with the French Princess Henrietta. The envoy was not willing to allow his colleague's wife an envied seat in the king's coach upon

the departure of the newly married couple ; but when his appeal to the monarch had no result, he expressed himself satisfied. In the previous century a Prussian envoy behaved with even less gallantry to a Danish ambassadress. She claimed precedence, but he most unceremoniously thrust her back.

The Congress of Vienna deprived ambassadresses of the chance of quarrelling with one another, or with the envoys. The regulations drawn up on March 19, 1815, decided that ambassadors at the different courts should rank according to the date on which their arrival was officially announced to the court. By this most simple arrangement, which now holds good at every court in Europe, the old disputes for precedence among the envoys are abolished, and nothing is left to the ambassadresses but to yield to the new order of things. Formerly the pretensions of envoys and their wives to precedence over persons of a non-ambassadorial character, were very far-fetched ; and at times it happened that they claimed precedence of the princes and princesses of the court to which they were accredited. Imperial and royal envoys at times considered themselves superior to the princes and electors to whom they were sent ; they even expected cardinals to yield to them ; and Moser tells us of a quarrel of this nature between Cardinal Grimani and a Spanish ambassadress, in 1702, which led to a terrible fight between their servants in the streets of Rome. A papal decree, however, expressly claimed, in 1750, precedence for cardinals. Such cases, after all, are isolated, and the ambassadresses, as a rule, only demanded to be ranked immediately after princesses of the blood. At the Roman court they had carried on for many years a quarrel for precedence with the princesses of the Houses of Colonna and Ursini. It commenced in the time of the first ambassadress, Countess Olivarez, and cropped out again every now and then. Similar disputes between ambassadresses and ladies belonging to the nobility, took place repeatedly in these countries ; and Wicquefort tells us of one between Countess Lilienroth, wife of the Swedish envoy, and a Countess Horn, which led to a sharp exchange of notes between her husband and the States-General. There are no established rules as to the rank of envoys and their wives, although various formal

treaties have been made on the subject between different states. As a rule, considerable difficulty arises as to the position of ambassadresses to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and their wives. At the French court there used to be entire equality; but now-a-days these ministers appear to have precedence of ambassadors at nearly every court. The rank of ambassadresses is most certainly determined in our country, where they rank after the viscountesses, although they take precedence of those ministers who are not members of the nobility.

We will shortly allude to a few ceremonial claims of ambassadresses. They, for instance, are allowed to go to court with six horses and outriders, and to bear the title of Excellency; and, at the beginning of the reign of Henry IV., they had the right of driving into the Louvre in their coaches. The Venetian ambadress at the French court enjoyed the special privilege that, when she was confined, the king was godfather to the child, held it at the font, and made it handsome presents. Valuable presents were also frequently made to these ladies by the sovereigns. At the Papal court, these consisted mostly of relics, or an *agnus Dei*; presents which, at that day, had a far greater value in the eyes of ladies than they would have at present. Ceremonial claims of so prominent a character were, as we stated, not conceded to the wives of envoys of a lower rank; still they were treated very courteously, and the wives of secretaries of legation, even, were never denied admission to court. Admission to court, however, has been denied even to ambassadresses, for irregular conduct, and the same has occurred in consequence of disputes; as, for instance, in 1782, in the case of the wife of the Austrian envoy at Stockholm. This lady had refused to kiss the queen's hand upon introduction, unless the latter consented to kiss her cheek, and she was, consequently, not presented at court. At a later date, the ambadress attended a ball at the city hall, at which the royal family were also present; and the master of the ceremonies intimated to her that, as she had not been presented, she could not remain in the society of the royal family. The imperial court regarded this in the light of an insult; the ambassador was recalled, and his post remained vacant till 1788. The question has been frequently asked whether

ambassadresses, when belonging to a different creed from that of their husbands, have a right to a special form of worship, and this question may be of practical importance in countries like Spain, Turkey, etc. This privilege is almost universally conceded, by writers on the subject, to ambassadresses, on account of their *caractère representant*, but it is as unanimously refused to the wives of other envoys, and with some show of reason. The privileges of the latter are merely based on the circumstances that they form part of the suite of the envoy, their husband; and only the envoy himself has, according to the law of nations, a claim to his own private religious service, in the case that his co-religionists are not allowed to perform public or private worship in the same city.

Other envoys' wives are equally privileged with the ambadress in this immunity and exemption from the legislature of the power to which their husband is accredited, but there have been a few cases in which this privilege has been broken through. Thus, in the last century, the wife of the Spanish envoy, at the court of Savoy, was arrested for debt, but as soon as the duke obtained cognizance of the fact, he ordered her liberation, and apologized to the King of Spain in a letter written with his own hand. In the same way the wife of the imperial envoy, Count Plettenberg, was insulted, in 1737, by the troops of the Archbishop of Cologne, at the siege of Nordhausen Castle; the emperor took up the matter very warmly, and wrote very urgent letters both to the archbishop and to his allies, the Electors of Brandenburg and the Palatinate, in which he ordered them to respect the law of nations. We have already alluded to the quarrel for precedence between the Swedish ambadress, Countess Lilienroth, and the Countess Horn; in the squabble, the Countess Lilienroth felt herself insulted because the other lady said to her, "*Madame vous êtes une impertinente*;" and her husband made a heavy complaint to the States-General thereupon. At a later date, she imagined herself insulted by a young lawyer, who spoke to her while she was leaning out of window one evening; but as he had not employed insolent language, the States-General saw no reason to give the ambassador the satisfaction which he demanded; where-

upon the latter asked for his passport, and went off to his native land. Lucky is the envoy who has not a wife so jealous of her privileges as the Countess Lilienroth, and who appears to have caused her poor husband incessant trouble.

An occurrence, which might have had serious consequences, took place at Vienna in 1730, with the wife of the Prussian envoy, Von Brandt. She was driving, with her daughter, past a religious procession, and the mob, excited by a priest, insisted on the two ladies getting out, and on their refusal, they were forcibly dragged forth by two men. The Austrian Government had the latter at once thrown into prison, and they afterwards asked pardon of the envoy on their knees, and in chains; but the priest escaped without any punishment, because the Government declared that it had no jurisdiction over him. As undoubted as the inviolability of ambassadors' wives, is their freedom from the jurisdiction of the foreign state; and these, as well as all other privileges, remain equally valid after their husbands' death. The practice of the several courts has always been the same in this respect, although some writers have now and then made the arbitrary assertion that, by the death of an envoy, his widow at once returns to private life. This idea originates from a confusion between the functions of the embassy and its privileges: the former certainly cease through the demise of the envoy, but not the latter. Should these cease and determine before the return of the ambassador and his suite to their native country, it only takes place at the expiration of a certain period, which is either decided by the

laws, or peremptorily settled by the foreign sovereign. These principles are applicable to the wives of all envoys, and especially to ambassadors, who, as we have seen, possess a more independent title to their privileges than the mere fact of belonging to their husbands' suite. Moser has written a special treatise on the subject, "How long an ambassador's widow enjoys the privileges of her deceased husband;" and one of the cases which he quotes is interesting. The wife of a foreign envoy at the Viennese court remained there when a widow. No time was settled during which she must return home, or lose her privileges and be regarded as a private person, and hence, when she died, a few years after, she still held the ambassadorial privileges, which had never been recalled during her lifetime. Upon her death, the question was raised whether these privileges were applicable to her will, and the Imperial Court of Exchequer gave an opinion to the contrary effect. Moser attacks this judgment, and declares that the court was incompetent to decide the question, because the lady was not subject to its jurisdiction during her lifetime.

As a rule, a period is allowed in most countries for the duration of the ambassadorial privileges of the widow of an envoy—generally one year; and the same is the case if the ambassadress should remain in the foreign capital, after her husband's recall, or with him. After the expiration of this time, the ambassador's wife becomes a private person, just in the same way as if she had returned home immediately upon her husband's recall.

CHARADE.—I have always had some doubt on the solution, Good-Night, said to be Praed's "own," of his Charade, "Sir Hilary," and have not seen the American interpretations. *Good-Night* does not, certainly, satisfy the first two syllables of prayer. I venture to propose another solution, and, as the charade is short and not always at hand, I append it, with the interpretation in brackets:—

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt:
Sooth 'twas an awful day!

The revellers of camp and court

Had little time to pray!

'Tis said Sir Hilary uttered there

Two syllables by way of prayer: [*aide Dieu*]

My first to all the brave and proud

Who see to-morrow's sun, [*aid*]

My next, with its cool quiet cloud, [*dew*]

To those who win their dewy shroud

Or ere this day be done.

My whole to those whose bright blue eyes
[*adieu*]

Weep when a warrior nobly dies."

—Notes and Queries.

SPECIE PAYMENTS.—NATIONAL CURRENCY.—SINKING FUND.

DURING the year 1863, it is assumed for the purpose of the present argument, that the receipts of the United States, for Duties and Taxes of all kinds, will not be less than 300 millions of dollars.

We propose that all the payments of the United States be made in notes of 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, and 1,000 dollars; such notes to be payable on demand at the Treasury, New York. They may be supposed to amount to 300 millions of dollars.

Now as a man can get gold for his notes on demand, or can remit them to any part of the United States in payment of debt, or for purchases, he will ordinarily think them more convenient and valuable than the gold itself, and, therefore, will not ask for gold until he needs it. Indeed, there is so much inconvenience and danger in holding gold in a man's own house, that most persons who have much of it will be desirous of depositing it in some safe place. So Brokers, and all who have large amounts of gold in New York, are desirous of depositing it with the Banks there. But, for the same reasons, the Banks are not willing to take the trouble and run the risk of holding gold for other people. All the room they have for that purpose is needed for their own Stocks.

Now let the United States accept the custody of gold when offered at any Sub-Treasury, giving in return these notes payable in gold at the great centre of commerce, the city of New York. And of course all such gold should be sent to New York, so as to be ready to meet any demand. It is estimated that Banks and private persons will deposit in the year 50 millions of gold in exchange for notes.

Adding this last item to the amount estimated as receipts for Taxes, it will be seen that the United States will receive throughout the year 350 millions of dollars, and will pay out the same large amount.

That this estimate is far short of the probable amount may be seen from a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, by Mr. Cisco, the Assistant Treasurer at New York. It is there shown that the receipts at New York for the last six months of 1861, were 207 millions, and the disbursements 233 millions. The sum was five times as great as in the last six months of 1860.

Now let us look at the practical working of the matter.

The United States will pay their Soldiers and Sailors in notes of the smaller sums, as more desirable to that large class of public creditors. To Contractors for Beef, Pork,

Clothing, Arms, Ammunition, Ships, and Houses, they will pay in notes of larger amounts. And in the same notes they will pay the Interest of the Public Debt.

These notes paid out during the year in all parts of the United States will come back in many ways. Merchants will draw gold with them for exportation. Large amounts of them will be paid for Duties, and innumerable payments for Taxes in all parts of the country will be made in them. Still they will never *all* come back. It is not too much to suppose that at the end of the year 100 millions of them will be outstanding, and of course an equal amount of gold will remain in the Treasury.

It would be perfectly safe, as our large Bank experience has proved, to take half this amount and invest it in United States six per cent Stocks, as the beginning of a great SINKING FUND; in order to keep up the credit of the United States, and to *pay off the Public Debt in a single generation*, as we shall proceed to show.

If this investment be made, we should have, at the beginning of 1864, an outstanding amount of notes of 100 millions; and we should have to meet them 50 millions of gold and 50 millions of United States Stocks. Here would *Specie Payments* be again and firmly established.

During 1864 the receipts would not be less than in 1863: 350 millions in addition to 50 millions of gold on hand. Let the payments be made in notes as before. To manage the constantly increasing business of the country, it is supposed that an addition of 20 millions a year of notes will be necessary; and that there will be a steady addition of that amount of the notes outstanding, and of the gold in the Treasury. At first, indeed, the amounts will be larger. Now if we invest each year *half* of this increase in United States Stocks, and invest also the Interest accruing thereon, the result will be, as shown in the following table, to pay off a thousand millions of Debt, in 25 years.

In practice there never would be so large an amount as 50 millions to be invested at one time. The Commissioners of the Sinking Fund would buy up Stocks at favorable times, and in smaller amounts.

It is evident that if judiciously managed the process would so strengthen the credit of the United States, that even a war with Europe would not shake it.

And then such a safe and steady CURRENCY as would be established! Men who have watched the ebbs and floods of Corporation notes for 50 years past will not think it extravagant to assert that the establishment of such a

Currency would compensate us for the money losses of the rebellion.

And this may be done so quietly, and will grow so gradually, that all existing banking and other business will adapt itself easily to the change. There is no uncertainty about it: the experiment has already been made in Great Britain by means of the Bank of England. That Corporation issues 30 millions sterling of notes, secured by 15 millions of Government Stock and 15 millions of gold. We have not, and do not need, any such gigantic Corporation to come between the Government and the people.

Fully impressed more than forty years ago with these principles, the writer saw an opportunity of reducing them to practice when the charter of the United States Bank was about to expire. He visited President Jackson, to show

the feasibility of introducing a National Currency by means of rechartering the Bank, with a provision that it should issue this Currency, and no other. The President listened favorably; he told Congress that if applied to, he would furnish such a charter as he would be willing to approve. Congress would not ask him, and the great opportunity passed away. At the end of thirty years it is again in our power. The pressure of *financial* necessity crowds us into the right path; the Treasury Department has already entered upon it; the Press advocates it; the public is prepared for it, and Secretary Chase has it in his power to take rank with Alexander Hamilton.

*Office of Littell's Living Age,
Boston, 20 Nov., 1862.*

TABLE OF SINKING FUND AND CURRENCY FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

	Gold and gold currency received this year.	Expenditure in Notes.	Increase of outstanding Notes this year.	Gold not called for, besides balance last yr.	Investments in Stocks this year.	Total investments in Stocks.	Interest to be invested next year.	Increase of gold after investment.	Total gold on hand.	Total outstanding Notes.
1863	350	350	100	100	50	50	3	50	50	100
4	370	370	50	50	25	78	5	25	75	150
5	390	390	40	40	20	103	6	20	95	190
6	410	410	30	30	15	124	7	15	110	220
7	430	430	30	30	15	146	9	15	125	250
8	450	450	30	30	15	170	10	15	140	280
9	470	470	30	30	15	195	12	15	155	310
1870	490	490	30	30	15	222	13	15	170	340
1	510	490	20	20	10	245	15	10	180	360
2	530	530	20	20	10	270	16	10	190	380
3	550	550	20	20	10	296	18	10	200	400
4	570	570	20	20	10	324	19	10	210	420
5	590	590	20	20	10	353	21	10	220	440
6	610	610	20	20	10	384	23	10	230	460
7	630	630	20	20	10	417	25	10	240	480
8	650	650	20	20	10	452	27	10	250	500
9	670	670	20	20	10	489	29	10	260	520
1880	690	690	20	20	10	528	31	10	270	540
1	710	710	20	20	10	569	34	10	280	560
2	730	730	20	20	10	613	37	10	290	580

This calculation, at the same rate, when extended to 1888, will show an investment of 1007 millions, of which 350 is Principal and 657 Interest.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 968.—20 December, 1862.

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THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

WITH one hand pressed against her head,
This, to herself, the lady said :—

“But Sorrow cannot always weep,
Nor Grief be ever making moan !
For tears will dry, and sighs will sleep,
And Memory be left alone,
To pace the chambers of the mind—
With gloomy shadows overcast—
And see if she can solace find
Among those pictures of the past
With which it everywhere is hung,
The living mingling with the dead ;
And round the shifting circle swung
So quick—I look on all in dread.

“Thus ever on the past I gaze,
What was, still linked to what is now,—
Like one who in a wildering maze
Goes round about, but knows not how.

“I sleep !—but in my love awake,
Still feel about for him in bed,
Shifting my arm, as if to make
A pillow for his pretty head.
And in my dreams again I fold
My darling closer to my bosom.
Then wake to find the spot is cold
Where nestled once my blue-eyed blossom.
His form in many a thing I see,
In many a sound I seem to hear him
Calling, as he once called to me,
And start, as if I still were near him.
As when I hummed some plaintive ditty,
Of Babes who in the Wood lay dead,
And woke his childish tears of pity—
The only happy tears we shed.
Quiet doth now the kitten lie,
Which he in turn did tease and nurse ;
It played about when he was by :
Still is the creaking rocking-horse,
Of which I did so oft complain,
When mounted there he shook the floor :
Oh ! could I have thee back again,
My child ! I ne’er would murmur more.
That rocking sound awoke the bird,
And it would sing, and thou wouldst shout
Until the very house seemed stirred.
Now—a sad silence hangs about,
Made sadder if that poor bird sings.
I fix my eyes upon the door,
For back another voice it brings,
Whose music I shall hear no more.
Worse than a desert unto me
My garden seems ; I sit for hours,
And all the while I only see
A little coffin filled with flowers.
And then sometimes I sit and mend
The garments in thy gambols torn ;
And while I o’er them fondly bend,
Forget they will no more be worn ;—
Think how this rent was made in play,
And that while climbing on my knee ;
And then I throw the work away,
And clasp my hands in misery.
The mat on which thou knelt’st to pray,
My folded hands enclosing thine,

I now bow down on thrice a day ;—
To me it is a holy shrine.
I doze at times, and fancy brings
His footstep sounding on the stair :
His little hands untie my strings,
His busy fingers pull my hair,
And then I waken with a start,
And wonder how the inward eye
Makes such a fluttering at the heart,
Then say, ‘ This love can never die.’

“I fondly hoped I should have seen
Thy children gathering round my knee ;
Pictured the comfort they’d have been
In my old age to thee and me,
With her thou to thy heart wouldst fold :
But while I sat and wove the chain
In fancied links of lengthening gold,
It suddenly was snapped in twain.

“I saw thee in my dreams last night,
Sitting beside a starry gate,
Mid other children robed in light,
Who for their mothers seemed to wait,
As if they feared to go alone,
Where golden pillars stretched away,
Lost in the brightness of a throne.
And in my dream I heard thee say,
‘ My mother now will soon be here ;
She is already on her way.’
And then I seemed to enter there,
And thou didst lead me by the hand,
And to an angel named my name,
Who by the starry gate did stand.
And while I hung my head in shame,
And feared he would not let me in,
I heard these pleading words from thee,—
‘ Angel ! my mother’s greatest sin,
While upon earth, was loving me.’
And then we both knelt at his feet,
While heavenly music ’gan to sound ;
And voices, for this earth too sweet,
Anthemed within, ‘ The lost is found !’
—*St. James’s Magazine.*

AN AUTUMNAL THOUGHT.

In the bright morning sun,
In the warm crystal air,
When merry squirrels run,
And frisks the woodland hare,
And basks the glossy pheasant,—
Is it indeed so pleasant,
So easy a thing to die ?
That thus, dear leaves, ye fly,
So airily light and gay—
As if it were death in play—
A twinkling, golden rain,
From the boughs where never again
Ye shall rustle in April showers,
Or dream through summer hours.
Ah, me !—ah, would that thus
Our autumn came to us !
That souls might take a flight
As easy and swift and light,
Without the sorrow and sighing,
Without the wrestling and pain,
The travail to those who are dying,
The wailing to those who remain !
—*Fraser’s Magazine* and *E. HINXMAN.*

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Researches on the Solar Spectrum, and the Spectra of the Chemical Elements.* By G. Kirchhoff, Professor of Physics in the University of Heidelberg. Translated by Henry E. Roscoe, B.A., Professor of Chemistry in Owens College, Manchester. Cambridge and London: 1862.
2. *Chemical Analysis by Spectrum Observations.* By Professors Bunsen and Kirchhoff. *Memoirs I. & II.* Poggendorff's *Annalen* (Philosophical Magazine, 4th Series, vol. xx. p. 89, vol. xxii. p. 1). London, Dublin and Edinburgh.

It is unnecessary to insist, at the present day, upon the incalculable value of discoveries in natural science, however abstruse they may be, or however far-distant may appear their practical application. If we put aside for the moment that highest of all intellectual gratifications afforded by the prosecution of truth in every form, the perception of which is one of the chief distinctions of human from mere brute life, and if we look to the results of scientific discovery in benefiting mankind, we find so many striking examples of the existence of truths apparently altogether foreign to our every-day wants, which suddenly become points of great interest to the material prosperity and the moral advancement of the race, that we are less apt to utter the vulgar cry of "*cui bono*" respecting any scientific discovery; and if we are not advanced enough to love science for the sake of her truth alone, we at least respect her for the sake of the power she bestows. Not once, but oftentimes in the annals of science, it has turned out that discoveries of the most recondite truths have ere long found their application in the physical structure of the world, and even in the common interests of men; for in the range of scientific investigation, it can never be said how near the deepest principle lies to the simplest facts.

A great discovery in natural knowledge, for which no equivalent in direct benefit to mankind has as yet been found, but which nevertheless excites our liveliest interest and admiration, has lately been made in the rapidly advancing science of Chemistry. This discovery, which is one of the grandest and most important of all the recent additions to science, consists in the establishment of a new system of chemical analysis—of a new power to investigate the constitution of mat-

ter. This is of so delicate a nature, that, when applied to the examination of the substances composing our globe, it yields most new, interesting, and unlooked-for information. At the same time it is of so vast an application as to enable us to ascertain with certainty the presence in the solar atmosphere—at a distance of ninety-five million miles—of metals, such as iron and magnesium, well known on this earth, and likewise to give us good hopes of obtaining similar knowledge concerning the composition of the fixed stars. Here, indeed, is a triumph of science! The weak mortal, confined within a narrow zone on the surface of our insignificant planet, stretches out his intellectual powers through unlimited space, and estimates the chemical composition of matter contained in the sun and fixed stars with as much ease and certainty as he would do if he could handle it, and prove its reactions in the test-tube.

How can this result, at first sight as marvellous and impossible as the discovery of the elixir vitæ or the philosophers' stone, be arrived at? How did two German philosophers, quietly working in their laboratory in Heidelberg, obtain this inconceivable insight into the processes of creation? Are the conclusions which they have arrived at logical consequences of *bond fide* observations and experiments—the only true basis of reasoning in physical science—or do they not savor somewhat of that mysticism for which our German friends are famous? Such questions as these will occur to all who hear of this discovery; and it will be our present aim, in reviewing the publications which are placed at the head of this article, to answer these and similar questions, and to show that, far from being mystical, these results are as clear as noon-day, being the plain and necessary deductions from exact and laborious experiment. And here we may express our satisfaction at the change which has occurred within the last few years in the direction given to the powerful intelligence and the indefatigable industry of Germany. The labors of the Germans in physical science have far surpassed in their results those speculative researches which had rendered "German philosophy" the synonym of all that was unintelligible and perplexing: and it is impossible to overrate the services which men like Liebig and Bunsen (the chemist)

and Kirchhoff have rendered to mankind. In chemistry, Germany may now be said to take the lead of England, of France, and of Italy: already she has paid an ample contribution to the common stores of human knowledge. It is a remarkable circumstance that although for several years the once productive fields of German literature have been comparatively barren, or have at least presented us with no work of the highest order, the supply of German works on natural science is immense, and the quality of these works excellent.

The only channel through which we on the earth can obtain information of any kind whatever concerning the sun and stars, consists in the vivifying radiance which these luminaries pour forth into surrounding space. The light and heat which we receive from the sun not only supply the several varieties of force which we find in action upon the surface of the earth, thus rendering the whole human family truly children of the sun; but a knowledge of their nature enables us to ascertain the chemical composition of those far-distant bodies upon which the existence of our race so intimately depends. The examination of the nature of sunlight and starlight has led to the foundation of a science of stellar chemistry; and it is likewise upon the examination of the light given off by terrestrial matter, when through heat it becomes luminous, that the new method of spectrum analysis is founded—a method so delicate as to enable the analyst to detect with ease and certainty so minute a quantity as the one one hundred and eighty millionth part of a grain of substance.

The world owes to the great Newton its first knowledge of the nature of sunlight. In 1675 Newton presented to the Royal Society his ever-memorable treatise on Optics; and amongst the numerous important discoveries there disclosed and recorded, was one demonstrating the constitution of white light. He describes what he observed when he passed a beam of sunlight, from a hole in the shutter of a darkened room, through a triangular piece of glass called a prism. He noticed that, instead of a spot of white light corresponding to the hole in the shutter, a bright band of variously colored lights, showing all the tints of the rainbow, was thrown on the wall of his room. Newton concluded

that these colors were no peculiar effect of the prism, because a second prism did not produce a fresh alteration of the light. He showed that the white light is thus split up into its various constituent parts; and by bringing all these colored rays together in the eye, and again obtaining the white image of the hole in the shutter, he proved that the kind of light which produces on the eye the sensation we term *whiteness*, is in reality made up of an infinite number of differently colored rays.

The colored band thus obtained by Newton did not, however, reveal to him all the characteristic beauties of solar light, because in his spectrum the tints were created by the partial superposition of an infinite number of differently colored images of the round hole through which the light came. It was not until the year 1802 that Dr. Wollaston, by preventing the different colored lights from overlapping, and thus interfering with each other, discovered that great peculiarity in solar light which has led to such startling discoveries in the composition of the sun itself. Dr. Wollaston noticed, when he allowed the sunlight to fall through a narrow slit upon the prism, that a number of dark lines cutting up the colored portions of the spectrum, made their appearance. These dark lines, or spaces, of which Wollaston counted only seven, indicate the absence of certain distinct kinds of rays in the sunlight; they are, as it were, shadows on the bright background.

It is, however, to the celebrated German optician Fraunhofer, that we owe the first accurate examination of these singular lines. By a great improvement in the optical arrangements employed, Fraunhofer, rediscovering these lines, was able to detect a far larger number of them in the solar spectrum than had been observed by Wollaston. He counted no less than five hundred and ninety of these dark lines, stretching throughout the length of the spectrum from red to violet, and in the year 1815 drew a very beautiful map of them, some of the most important of which he designated by the letters of the alphabet. Fraunhofer carefully measured the relative distances between these lines, and found that they did not vary in sunlight examined at different times. He also saw these same dark fixed lines in reflected as well as in direct solar-light; for

on looking at the spectrum of moonlight and of Venus-light, the same lines appeared quite unaltered in position. But he found that the light of the fixed stars was not of the same kind as direct or reflected sunlight, as the spectra of the starlight contained dark lines entirely different from those which are invariably seen in the solar spectrum. From these observations Fraunhofer, so early as 1815, drew the important conclusion that these lines, let them be what they may, must in some way or other have their origin in the sun. The explanation of the production of these lines was reserved for a subsequent time; but Fraunhofer opened the inquiry, and all his conclusions have been borne out by recent and more elaborate investigations.

Since the time of Fraunhofer our knowledge of the constitution of the solar spectrum has largely increased. Professor Stokes, in his beautiful researches on Fluorescence, has shown that similar dark lines exist in that part of the spectrum extending beyond the violet, which require special arrangements to become visible to our eyes; and Sir David Brewster and Dr. Gladstone have mapped with great care about two thousand lines in the portion of the spectrum from red to violet.

But it is to Kirchhoff, the Professor of Physics in the University of Heidelberg, that we are indebted for by far the best and most accurate observations of these phenomena. In place of using one prism, as Fraunhofer did, Kirchhoff employed four prisms of most perfect workmanship, and thus enjoyed the advantage of a far greater dispersion, or spreading out, of the different rays than the Munich optician had obtained. The lines were observed through a telescope having a magnifying power of forty, and when the whole apparatus was adjusted with all the accuracy and delicacy which the perfection of optical instruments now renders possible, Kirchhoff saw the solar spectrum with a degree of minute distinctness such as had never before been attained; and of the beauty and magnificence of the sight thus presented those only who have been eyewitnesses can form any idea.

Kirchhoff's purpose was not merely to observe the fine vertical dark lines which in untold numbers crossed the colored spectrum, stretching from right to left. He wished to measure their relative distances,

and thus to map them, exactly as the astronomer determines the position of the stars in the heavens, and the surveyor triangulates and marks out the main features of a country; so that future wanderers in this new field may find fixed and well-recognized points from which to commence their own excursions. Professor Kirchhoff is far from thinking that his measurements, delicate and numerous though they be, have exhausted the subject. The further we penetrate into the secrets of nature, the more we find there remains to be learnt. He saw whole series of nebulous bands and dark lines which the power of his instrument did not enable him to resolve; and he thinks that a larger number of prisms must be employed to effect this end. He adds: "The resolution of these nebulous bands appears to me to possess an interest similar to that of the resolution of the celestial nebulae; and the investigation of the spectrum to be of no less importance than the examination of the heavens themselves." True, indeed, does this appear, when we learn that it is by the examination of these lines that we can alone obtain the clue to the chemical composition of sun and stars!

The exact measurement of the distances between the lines was made by moving the cross wires of the telescope from line to line by means of a micrometer screw with a finely divided head, and reading off the number of divisions through which the screw had to be turned. The breadth and degree of darkness were also noticed, and thus the lines were mapped. In order to give a representation in the drawing of the great variety of the shade and thickness of the lines, they were arranged according to their degree of blackness, and drawn of six different thicknesses. First, the darkest lines were drawn with thick black Indian ink; the ink was then diluted to a certain extent, and the lines of the next shade drawn, and so on to the lightest series. As soon as a portion of the spectrum had been drawn in this manner, it was compared with the actual spectrum, and the mistakes in the breadth and darkness of the lines, as well as in their position, corrected by fresh estimations, and the drawing made anew. A second comparison and another drawing were then made, and this process repeated until all the groups of lines appeared to be truthfully repre-

sented. Copies from the same lithographic stones accompany the English edition of the memoir as are appended to the original, and these are masterpieces of German artistic skill. They are printed on six different stones, with ink of six different tints, and reproduce with marvellous fidelity the appearance which the solar spectrum presents when viewed through the magnificent Heidelberg instrument.

These maps extend, however, over only one-third part of the visible portion of the solar spectrum, and it will, we fear, be long before the other two-thirds are completely surveyed, as the following note, telling of the failing eyesight of the ingenious observer, touchingly explains: "My drawing," he says, "is intended to include that portion of the spectrum contained between the lines A and G. I must, however, confine myself at present to the publication of a part only of this, as the remainder requires a revision, which I am unfortunately unable to undertake, owing to my eyes being weakened by the continual observations which the subject rendered necessary."

Before it can be understood how these dark lines reveal the chemical composition of the solar atmosphere, it must be shown how the constitution of terrestrial matter can be ascertained by the examination of the nature of the light which such heated matter emits. That certain substances, when heated or burnt, give off peculiar kinds of light, has long been known; and this fact has been made use of by the chemist to distinguish and detect such substances. Thus compounds of the earth strontia, when burnt with gunpowder, produce the peculiar mixture well known as the "red fire" of the pyrotechnist; the salts of baryta give color to the green fires of the stage; and we all see in the Christmas game of snap-dragon that a handful of salt (chloride of sodium) thrown into the dish imparts to the flame a yellow color.

This property of substances to give off certain kinds of light was formerly only known to hold good for a few bodies; but the progress of science has taught us that it is not confined to one substance, but is applicable to all. We only require to examine a body under the proper conditions, in order to see that when heated it emits a peculiar and characteristic kind of light; so

that each elementary substance—that is, a substance which has not been split up, or decomposed, or out of which no two or more bodies differing in their properties have been obtained—whether it be a gas, a solid, or a liquid, may by heating be made to emit a kind of light peculiar to itself, and different from that given off by any other substance. Here, then, is the basis of this new method of spectrum analysis—a science which demonstrates the chemical composition of a body by the color or kind of light emitted from it when heated. We now only need to know, in order to understand the subject, the proper conditions under which bodies can be made to develop this beautiful property, by help of which their chemical natures can be thus easily investigated, and analysis rendered not only independent of test-tubes, but likewise of distance; for it is clear that so long as light can be seen, it matters not how far removed its source may be. The sole condition which must be fulfilled in order to attain the object, is that the body to be analyzed must be in a condition of luminous gas or vapor; for it is only in the gaseous state that each kind of matter emits the light peculiar to itself. It is somewhat difficult at first to understand how a gas or air can be heated until it emits light, and yet familiar instances are not wanting of such a condition of things. Flame, indeed, is nothing else than heated and luminous gas; and in the blue part of the flame of a candle, and in the lambent blue flame which plays on the top of a large fire, we have examples of a truly gaseous body heated until it becomes luminous.

The modes in which the various elements can be best obtained in the condition of luminous gases are very different. For the compounds of the metals of the alkalis and alkaline earths, it suffices to bring a small quantity of one of their salts into a flame of a spirit lamp, or into a gas flame. The salt then volatilizes, or becomes gaseous; and this vapor, heated to the temperature at which it is luminous, tinges the flame with a peculiar color. For the compounds of the other metals, such as iron, platinum, or silver, a much higher temperature is needed; whilst for bodies such as air and hydrogen, which are gases at the ordinary temperature, a different mode of manipulation is necessary.

In order to become acquainted with the exact nature of the light which bodies in the condition of luminous gases emit, their light must be examined otherwise than by the naked eye. The same kind of apparatus is used in this investigation which Fraunhofer and Kirchhoff applied to the investigation of solar light; in short, the distinctive qualities of these luminous gases are ascertained by their *spectra*. Then only is it that the full beauty of this property of matter becomes apparent, and the character of each elementary body is written down in truly glowing language—language different for every element, but fixed and unalterable for each one, as to the interpretation of which no variety of opinion can possibly exist.

To Professors Bunsen and Kirchhoff science is mainly indebted for the examination of this hitherto hidden language of nature. These philosophers undertook an investigation of the “Spectra of the Chemical Elements,” and nobly have they carried out their intention; unfolding a vast store of nature’s secrets to the knowledge of mankind, and revealing the existence of much more yet to be learnt in unlimited fields which promise a rich harvest of discovery to the patient and exact inquirer. Seldom indeed has it been the privilege of men in a single discovery to found a science, or to open a subject so pregnant with important results as that of spectrum analysis.

Those alone who are acquainted with the practical details of the science of Chemistry will be able fully to appreciate the grand change which the introduction of this new method effects in the branch of their science devoted to analysis. Qualitative analysis thereby undergoes a complete revolution; the tedious operations of precipitation and filtration must now be superseded by the rapid observation of the spectra of the colored flames by which the presence of the most minute trace of the substance—far too small to be found by the older and coarser methods—can be surely and clearly detected. Let us endeavor to form an idea of the appearance of the peculiar spectra thus obtained; the most complete or eloquent description must, however, fail to give more than a bare idea of the reality.

In the first place, if we look through the telescope of Kirchhoff’s instrument, having placed a flame colored yellow by a sodium

compound in front of the slit through which the light falls on to the prisms, and thence into the telescope, we shall see the spectrum of sodium. We notice that it consists simply of two very fine bright yellow lines placed close together, all the rest of the field being perfectly dark. On investigation we find that all the compounds of the metal sodium give these two lines, and no other substance is met with in whose spectrum these lines occur. So excessively delicate is this indication of sodium—that is, so small a quantity of sodium salt suffices to bring forth a flash of these bright lines—that we discover sodium everywhere, in every particle of dust; in the notes visible in the sunbeam. We cannot touch any substance without imparting to it some soda salt from our hands. Hence it appears that Professor Bunsen was able to detect the presence of one one hundred and eighty millionth part of a grain of soda; and we learn without astonishment that common salt, derived from the ocean which covered two-thirds of the earth’s surface, is always present in the atmosphere in a very finely divided solid form, which doubtless produces most important effects on the animal economy, and probably on all the phenomena of life.

If a small quantity of a potash salt, instead of the soda, be placed in the flame, it will be tinged purple; the potash spectrum consists of a portion of continuous light in the centre, bounded by a bright red and a bright violet line at either end. This peculiar appearance is alone caused by the compounds of potassium, and is produced by all the salts of this metal. So, too, with each metal we notice peculiar bright-colored bands, or lines, which are so distinct and characteristic that a glance through the telescope reveals, to an experienced eye, the presence of each of the metals of the alkalies and alkaline earths, when they occur or are combined together even in the minutest quantities. For none of these bright lines overlap or interfere with any other; the lines of each metal when all are present together, appear perfectly distinct. It is a hopeless task to endeavor by words to express the beauty of the phenomena which in this branch of science present themselves to the beholder; as well might we attempt to convey by description, to one who had not witnessed those scenes, the grandeur of the

high Alps, or the majesty of the flight of a comet through the heavens. Suffice it to say, with Kirchhoff, that the appearances here noticed "belong to the most brilliant optical phenomena which can be observed." Professor Bunsen thus describes what he saw when he placed a mixture of the salts of all the metals of the alkalis and alkaline earths into the flame, and observed the spectra thus produced :—

"I took," he says, "a mixture, consisting of chloride of sodium, chloride of potassium, chloride of lithium, chloride of calcium, chloride of strontium, chloride of barium, containing at most one one thousandth part of a grain of each substance. This mixture I put into the flame, and observed the result. First, the intense yellow sodium lines appeared on a background of a pale continuous spectrum; as these began to be less distinct, the pale potassium lines were seen, and then the red lithium line came out, whilst the barium lines appeared in all their vividness. The sodium, lithium, potassium, and barium salts were now almost all volatilized, and after a few moments the strontium and calcium lines came out as from a dissolving view, gradually attaining their characteristic brightness and form."

The most striking example of the value of this new power of analysis, and of its probable results, is that of the discovery of two new alkaline metals by Bunsen. This distinguished chemist, in examining the spectra of the alkalis contained in the mineral waters of Dürkheim in the Palatinate, observed some bright lines that he had not seen in any other alkalis which he had investigated. He was sure that no other metals but those of the alkalis could be present, because by well-known chemical processes, he had separated every other kind of metal. Hence he concluded that these new lines indicated the presence of an alkaline metal whose existence had as yet been overlooked. In fact, just as Adams and Leverrier, from the perturbations of the planet Uranus, predicted the existence of Neptune, so Bunsen, from the perturbations seen in the spectra of the alkalis, predicted the existence of a new member of the large family of the elementary bodies. So certain was Bunsen of his method, and so confident was he that his bright lines could not fail him, that, although the weight of substance from which he obtained his result only amounted to the one one thousandth part of a grain, he

hesitated not a moment, but began to evaporate forty tons of the water in order to get enough material to separate out his new metal, and examine all its chemical relations. No sooner, however, had he obtained more than a mere trace of the new substance, than he found that with it was associated a second new metal. From the forty tons of the water in question Bunsen got only about one hundred and five grains of the chloride of one metal, and one hundred and thirty-five grains of the chloride of the other; in such minute quantities do these substances occur! Yet, thanks to the skill and patient industry of the great chemist of Heidelberg, these difficulties were triumphantly overcome, and we now possess a chemical history of these two new metals as complete and well authenticated as that of the commoner alkalis. The names wisely chosen for these substances indicate the nature of their origin, and point out the property by help of which they were discovered. Bunsen calls one of them "*Cæsius*," from *cæsius* bluish gray, because the spectrum of this metal is distinguished by two splendid violet lines; the other he named "*Rubidium*," from *rubidus* dark red, owing to the presence of two bright red rays at the least refrangible extremity of its spectrum. Since the publication of the discovery of these metals, their salts have been found to be pretty commonly diffused; but, owing to their close resemblance to the compounds of potassium, they were not recognized as separate substances; in fact, had it not been for this new method, we should not have been able to distinguish them from the well-known alkali potash. *Cæsius* and *Rubidium* occur in the water of almost every salt spring; and they have likewise been found in the ashes of plants, especially in those of beet-root, so that they must be contained in the soil; but in all these cases the quantity in which they are found is very minute. The mineral lepidolite contains a certain quantity of *Rubidium*, which now may be obtained by the pound; but *Cæsius* is still extremely rare.

It is satisfactory to learn that in a similar way the existence of another new metal has been pointed out by Mr. Crookes. This body is characterized by a spectrum containing one bright green band, and has been called "*Thallium*."*

* This new element has lately been prepared in somewhat larger quantities by M. Lamy from the

In an article like the present it is impossible to enter minutely into the details of such discoveries, or even to mention more than the most striking points by way of illustration. Enough has, however, been said to show the enormous fertility of this field of research, and to give an idea of the principles upon which the method depends. We anticipate, more especially, important results to the art of medicine from the application of this analytical process to mineral waters, as they are termed, noted for their therapeutic qualities. The composition of these waters, their apparently inexhaustible faculty of reproduction, their modes of affecting the human frame in various states of health and disease, are only known as yet empirically. Yet it is impossible to doubt or deny that waters, like those of Carlsbad, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Bagnères de Luchon, contain certain agents of the most powerful sanative character, which the means of chemical analysis hitherto employed do not appear to have reached. It is extremely probable that the application of spectral analysis to the elements contained in these springs will bring them within the range of accurate medical knowledge, and perhaps extend the resources of medicine itself.

The field of spectrum analysis was not wholly untrodden until it was explored by the two German professors. Even so long ago as 1826, Mr. Fox Talbot, a gentleman whose name is honorably associated with discoveries in that most beautiful of the modern applications of science to art—Photography—made some experiments upon the spectra of colored flames, and pointed out the advantages which such a method of analysis would possess. Professor Wheatstone, Mr. Swan, Sir David Brewster, and Professor W. Allen Miller in our own country, and Angström, Plücker, Masson, and others on the Continent, have likewise contributed to our knowledge of this subject; but whatever may have been done by others for the establishment of the new method, it must be admitted that the names of Bunsen and Kirchhoff will justly go down to posterity as the founders of the Science of Spectrum Analysis; for they first established it on a firm

scientific basis, by applying to it the modern methods of exact research.

For the purpose of obtaining the peculiar spectra of iron, platinum, copper, and most of the other metals, these metals must be exposed to a much higher temperature than that of a gas flame, to which they impart no color. This high temperature is best attained by the use of the electric spark. So great, indeed, is the heat developed by this agent, that a single electric discharge past through a gold wire dissipates the metal at once in vapor. Our illustrious Faraday—the founder of so many branches of electrical science—first showed that the electric spark was produced by the intense ignition of the particles composing the poles; and Professor Wheatstone proved that if we look at the spark proceeding from two metallic poles, through a prism, we see spectra containing bright lines which differ according to the kind of metal employed. "These differences," said Wheatstone, writing in 1834, "are so obvious, that any one metal may instantly be distinguished from others by the appearance of its spark; and we have here a mode of discriminating metallic bodies more ready than a chemical examination, and which may hereafter be employed for useful purposes." This has, indeed, turned out to be a true prediction.

The large number of bright lines which are seen in the spark spectrum are not all caused by the glowing vapor of the metal forming the poles; a portion of them proceed, as Angström first pointed out, from the particles of gas or air, through which the spark passes, becoming luminous also, and emitting their own peculiar light. Thus, if we examine the spectrum of an electric spark passing from two iron poles in the air, we see at least three superimposed spectra, one of the iron, one of the oxygen, and a third of the nitrogen of the air.* By help of a little mechanical device, it is easy to distinguish between the air lines and the true metallic lines, and in this way to detect the various metals. So certain and accurate is this method that Professor Kirchhoff has, without difficulty, been able to detect and distinguish the presence of minute traces of the

residues of the Belgian sulphuric acid chambers. He finds that in its specific gravity and outward properties it closely resembles the metal lead, but that it possesses very peculiar chemical characteristics.

* The spectra of the permanent gases, as well as those of the other non-metallic elements, have been accurately examined by Professor Plücker, of Bonn.

rare metals Erbium and Terbium, as well as Cerium, Lanthanum, and Didymium, when they are mixed together; a feat which the most experienced analyst would find it almost impossible, even after the most lengthened and careful investigation, to accomplish with the older methods.

In endeavoring to form an idea of the present and future bearings of the science of spectrum analysis as applied to the investigation of terrestrial matter, we must remember that the whole subject is as yet in its earliest infancy; that the methods of research are scarcely known; and that speculations as to the results which further experiments will bring forth, are therefore, for the most part, idle and premature. We may, however, express our opinion that a more intimate knowledge of the nature of the so-called elements, if it is to be attained at all, is to be sought for in the relations which the spectra of these substances present; and if a "transmutation" of these elementary bodies be effected, as is by no means impossible, it will be effected, by help of the new science of spectrum analysis. That we shall thus gradually attain a far more accurate knowledge of the composition of the earth's crust than we now possess, is perfectly certain; nor is it less certain, that with the progress of the investigation, other new elementary bodies will be added to our already somewhat overgrown chemical family.

So long ago as 1815, Fraunhofer made the important observation, that the two bright yellow lines which we now know to be the sodium lines, were coincident with, or possessed the same degree of refrangibility as, two dark lines in the solar spectrum called by Fraunhofer the lines D. A similar coincidence was observed by Sir David Brewster, in 1842, between the bright red line of potassium and a dark line in the solar spectrum called Fraunhofer's A. The fact of the coincidence of these lines is easily rendered visible if the solar spectrum is allowed to fall into the upper half of the field of our telescope, whilst the sodium or potassium spectrum occupies the lower half. The bright lines produced by the metal, as fine as the finest spider's web, are then seen to be exact prolongations, as it were, of the corresponding dark solar lines.

Although the fact of the coincidence of several bright metallic lines with the dark

solar lines was well known, yet the exact connection between the two phenomena was not understood until Professor Kirchhoff, in the autumn of 1859, investigated the subject. Nevertheless, before he gave the exact proof of their connection, some few bold minds had foreseen the conclusions to which these observations must lead, and had predicted the existence of sodium in the sun. Foremost among these stand Professors Stokes and William Thomson, and the Swedish philosopher Angström. It is, however, to Kirchhoff that we are indebted for the full and scientific investigation of the subject, and he must be considered as the founder of the science of solar and stellar chemistry.

Wishing to test the accuracy of this frequently asserted coincidence of the bright metallic and dark solar lines with his very delicate instrument, Professor Kirchhoff made the following very remarkable experiment, which is interesting as giving the key to the solution of the problem regarding the existence of sodium and other metals in the sun:—

"In order to test in the most direct manner possible the frequently asserted fact of the coincidence of the sodium lines with the lines D, I obtained a tolerably bright solar spectrum, and brought a flame colored by sodium vapor in front of the slit. I then saw the dark lines D change into bright ones. The flame of a Bunsen's lamp threw the bright sodium lines upon the solar spectrum with unexpected brilliancy. In order to find out the extent to which the intensity of the solar spectrum could be increased without impairing the distinctness of the sodium lines, I allowed the full sunlight to shine through the sodium flame, and to my astonishment I saw that the dark lines D appeared with an extraordinary degree of clearness. I then exchanged the sunlight for the Drummond's or oxy-hydrogen lime-light, which, like that of all incandescent solid or liquid bodies, gives a spectrum containing no dark lines. When this light was allowed to fall through a suitable flame colored by common salt, dark lines were seen in the spectrum in the position of the sodium lines. The same phenomenon was observed if instead of the incandescent lime a platinum wire was used, which being heated in a flame was brought to a temperature near its melting point by passing an electric current through it. The phenomenon in question is easily explained upon the supposition that the sodium flame

absorbs rays of the same degree of refrangibility as those it emits, whilst it is perfectly transparent for all other rays." (*Kirchhoff. Researches, etc., pp. 13, 14.*)

Thus Kirchhoff succeeded in producing artificial sunlight, at least as far as the formation of one of Fraunhofer's lines is concerned. He proved that the yellow soda flame possesses this—at first sight anomalous—property of absorbing just that kind of light which it emits; it is opaque to the yellow D light, but transparent to all other kinds of light. Hence, if the yellow rays in the spectrum produced by the Drummond's light in the above experiment are more intense than those given off by the soda flame, we shall see in the yellow part of the spectrum shadows, or dark lines; and if the difference of intensity be very great, these shadows may by contrast appear perfectly black. This opacity of heated sodium vapor for the particular kind of light which it is capable of giving off, was strikingly exhibited by Professor Roscoe, in one of a course of lectures on Spectrum Analysis, lately delivered by him in London at the Royal Institution. A glass tube, containing a small quantity of metallic sodium, was rendered vacuous and then closed. On heating the tube, the sodium rose in vapor, filling a portion of the empty space. Viewed by ordinary white light this sodium vapor appeared perfectly colorless, but when seen by the yellow light of a soda-flame the vapor cast a deep shadow on a white screen, showing that it did not allow the yellow rays to pass through.

This remarkable property of luminous gases to absorb the same kind of light as they emit, is not without analogy in the cognate science of Acoustics. Sound is produced by the vibration of the particles of gravitating matter, whilst light is supposed to be produced by a similar vibration of the particles of a non-gravitating matter, called the luminiferous ether. In the case of sound, a similar phenomenon to the one under consideration is well known. We are all acquainted with the principle of resonance; if we sound a given note in the neighborhood of a pianoforte, the string capable of giving out the vibrations producing that note takes up the vibrations of the voice, and we hear it answering the sound. The intenser vibrations proceeding in one direction are ab-

sorbed by the string, and emitted as waves of slighter intensity in every direction.

Not only did Professor Kirchhoff show experimentally that luminous gases absorb the kind of light which they emit, by reversing the spectra of several of the metals, but by help of theoretical considerations he arrived at a very important general formula concerning the emission and absorption of rays of heat and light, which includes these phenomena as a particular case. The general law is called the *law of exchanges*, and it asserts that the relation between the amount of heat or of light which all bodies receive and emit is for a given temperature constant. Somewhat similar results were arrived at independently by Mr. Balfour Stewart in this country.

In order to determine and map the positions of the bright lines produced by the electric spectra of the various metals, Kirchhoff employed the dark lines in the solar spectrum as his guides. Much to his astonishment, he observed that dark solar lines occur in positions coincident with those of all the bright iron lines. Exactly as the sodium lines were identical in position with Fraunhofer's lines D, for each of the iron lines (and Kirchhoff examined more than sixty) a dark solar line was seen to correspond. Not only had each bright iron line its dark representative in the solar spectrum, but the breadth and degree of distinctness of the two sets of lines agreed in the most perfect manner; the brightest iron lines corresponding to the darkest solar lines. These coincidences cannot be the mere effect of chance; in other words, there must be some casual connection between these dark solar lines and the bright iron lines. That this agreement between them cannot be simply fortuitous is proved by Kirchhoff, who calculates—from the number of the observed coincidences, the distances between the several lines, and the degree of exactitude with which each coincidence can be determined—the fraction representing the chance or probability that such a series of coincidences should occur without the two sets of lines having any common cause; this fraction he finds to be less than $1-1,000,000,000,000,000,000$, or, in other words, it is practically certain that these lines have a common cause.

"Hence this coincidence," says Kirchhoff,

"must be produced by some cause, and a cause can be assigned which affords a perfect explanation of the phenomenon. The observed phenomenon may be explained by the supposition that the rays of light which form the solar spectrum have passed through the vapor of iron, and have thus suffered the absorption which the vapor of iron must exert. As this is the only assignable cause of this coincidence, the supposition appears to be a necessary one. These iron vapors might be contained either in the atmosphere of the sun or in that of the earth. But it is not easy to understand how our atmosphere can contain such a quantity of iron vapor as would produce the very distinct absorption-lines which we see in the solar spectrum; and this supposition is rendered still less probable by the fact that these lines do not appreciably alter when the sun approaches the horizon. It does not, on the other hand, seem at all unlikely, owing to the high temperature which we must suppose the sun's atmosphere to possess, that such vapors should be present in it. Hence the observations of the solar spectrum appear to me to prove the presence of iron vapor in the solar atmosphere with as great a degree of certainty as we can attain in any question of natural science." (*Kirchhoff. Researches, etc.*, p. 20).

This statement is not one jot more positive than the facts warrant. For to what does any evidence in natural science amount to, beyond the expression of a probability? A mineral sent to us from New Zealand is examined by our chemical tests, of which we apply a certain number, and we say these show us that the mineral contains iron, and no one doubts that our conclusion is correct. Have we, however, in this case proof positive that the body really is iron? May it not turn out to be a substance which in these respects resembles, but in other respects differs from, the body which we designate as iron? Surely. All we can say is, that in each of the many comparisons which we have made the properties of the two bodies prove identical; and it is solely this identity of the properties which we express when we call both of them iron. Exactly the same reasoning applies to the case of the existence of these metals in the sun. Of course the metals present there, causing these dark lines, may not be identical with those which we have on earth; but the evidence of their being the same is as strong and cogent as that which is brought to bear upon any

other question of natural science, the truth of which is generally admitted.

We do not think we can give our readers a more clear and succinct account of the development of this great discovery than by quoting from Kirchhoff's admirable memoir the following passage:—

"As soon as the presence of *one* terrestrial element in the solar atmosphere was thus determined, and thereby the existence of a large number of Fraunhofer's lines explained, it seemed reasonable to suppose that other terrestrial bodies occur there, and that, by exerting their absorptive power, they may cause the production of other Fraunhofer's lines. For it is very probable that elementary bodies which occur in large quantities on the earth, and are likewise distinguished by special bright lines in their spectra, will, like iron, be visible in the solar atmosphere. This is found to be the case with calcium, magnesium, and sodium. The number of bright lines in the spectrum of each of these metals is indeed small, but those lines, as well as the dark lines in the solar spectrum with which they coincide, are so uncommonly distinct that the coincidence can be observed with great accuracy. In addition to this, the circumstance that these lines occur in groups renders the observation of the coincidence of these spectra more exact than is the case with those composed of single lines. The lines produced by chromium, also, form a very characteristic group, which likewise coincides with a remarkable group of Fraunhofer's lines; hence, I believe that I am justified in affirming the presence of chromium in the solar atmosphere. It appeared of great interest to determine whether the solar atmosphere contains nickel and cobalt, elements which invariably accompany iron in meteoric masses. The spectra of these metals, like that of iron, are distinguished by the large number of their lines. But the lines of nickel, and still more those of cobalt, are much less bright than the iron lines, and I was therefore unable to observe their position with the same degree of accuracy with which I determined the position of the iron lines. All the brighter lines of nickel appear to coincide with dark solar lines; the same was observed with respect to some of the cobalt lines, but was not seen to be the case with other equally bright lines of this metal. From my observations I consider that I am entitled to conclude that nickel is visible in the solar atmosphere; I do not, however, yet express an opinion as to the presence of cobalt. Barium, copper, and zinc appear to be present in the solar atmos-

phere, but only in small quantities; the brightest of the lines of these metals correspond to distinct lines in the solar spectrum, but the weaker lines are not noticeable. The remaining metals which I have examined—viz., gold, silver, mercury, aluminum, cadmium, tin, lead, antimony, arsenic, strontium, and lithium—are, according to my observations, not visible in the solar atmosphere." (*Kirchhoff. Researches, etc., p. 21.*)

We are now in a position to understand why the discovery of the existence of these metals in the sun is no myth, no vague supposition, or possible contingency. We now see that this conclusion is derived, by a severely correct process of inductive reasoning, from a series of exact and laborious experiments and observations, and that the presence of these metals in the solar atmosphere has been determined with as great a degree of certainty as is attainable in any question of physical science. But it is only to those who have witnessed the spectacle of the coincidence of the bright iron with the dark solar lines, shown in such an apparatus as that of Kirchhoff's, that it is given adequately to feel the force of this conclusion; and the impression made by such a sight is not one likely to be easily effaced from the mind.

The mode in which new and perhaps startling facts in science, such as those we are now considering, are unwittingly misinterpreted and misapplied by certain minds to suit their own preconceived notions, must be an interesting branch of study to the psychologist. The Heidelberg professors received a letter from a worthy farmer in Silesia thanking them for the great discovery they had made; it had particularly interested him, as it confirmed in a remarkable manner a theory which he had himself long held respecting the nutrition of plants; he believed that all artificial addition of inorganic materials to the plants in the shape of manure, was quite unnecessary, as the plants obtained the alkalies, the phosphorus, and the silica, etc., which they require, if a sufficient supply be not present in the soil, from the *sunlight*! The Heidelberg professors, he continues, had clearly proved the presence of sodium, potassium, iron, and magnesium (all substances needed by plants), in the *sunlight*, and he felt sure that his the-

ory of vegetable nutrition now required no further proof, but must at once be adopted by the previously incredulous world.

As a similar instance of this unconscious perversion of facts, we may mention the case of an English gentleman who believed that by a series of elaborate experiments he had proved the presence of iron in the *sunlight*! In spite of the previous caution of an eminent man of science, this gentleman was induced to publish his views, because, as he says, "the whole scope and object of Bunsen's and Kirchhoff's experiments are to prove the possibility of the most minute particles of metal existing in light, and the probability of certain dark lines in the solar spectrum being formed by iron!" Thus, the fact of the existence of iron in the body of the sun, at a distance of ninety-five million miles, is represented by these scientific fanatics—we really can use no milder term—as being identical with the existence of iron in the sunlight, which, travelling at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second, bathes the whole universe in its vivifying beams.

Of stellar chemistry applied to other self-luminous celestial bodies, we have at present but little knowledge. Fraunhofer, as we have already stated, observed that the spectra of the fixed stars contained dark lines differing from those seen in the solar spectrum. The half-century which has elapsed since Fraunhofer made these observations has not brought us further knowledge on this point, although it has assured us of the truth of his statements. In the spectrum of Sirius he observed no dark lines in the orange-colored region; but in the green there was a distinct line, and in the blue two dark bands, none of which were seen in solar light. The spectra of other stars were likewise examined by Fraunhofer, and they appeared each to differ from the other. The difficulties attending the exact observation and measurement of the dark lines in the spectra of the stars are, of course, very great: but, with the aid of the vastly improved optical instruments of the present day, we believe that astronomers will overcome these difficulties; and we look forward with interest to no far distant time, when we shall receive some clue to the cause of the color of those wonderful blue and red stars which appear

to be confined to certain quarters of the heavens.*

In the last chapter of Professor Kirchhoff's memoir he leaves the sure road of inductive reasoning, and puts forward a theory on the physical condition of the sun. Doubtless the professor is as well aware as any one can be of the great difference between his discovery of the existence of the metals in the sun and his physical theory of the solar constitution. One is an ascertained fact, the other is a mere hypothesis. It is, however, necessary to point out this difference, lest many who may not agree with the theory of the physical constitution of the sun proposed by Kirchhoff should think themselves at liberty to discard his discovery of the presence of the metals in the solar atmosphere. It is not possible to give here the arguments which may be adduced in favor of, or in opposition to, Professor Kirchhoff's theory. Scarcely, indeed, can we do more than quote one or two passages from his memoir, to give an idea of his views respecting the structure of the sun:—

"In order to explain," he says, "the occurrence of the dark lines in the solar spectrum, we must assume that the solar atmosphere encloses a luminous nucleus, producing a continuous spectrum, the brightness of which exceeds a certain limit. The most probable supposition which can be made respecting the sun's constitution is, that it consists of a solid or liquid nucleus, heated to a temperature of the brightest whiteness, surrounded by an atmosphere of somewhat lower temperature. This supposition is in accordance with Laplace's celebrated nebular theory respecting the formation of our planetary system. If the matter, now concentrated in the several heavenly bodies, existed in former times as an extended and continuous mass of vapor, by the contraction of which sun, planets, and moons have been formed, all these bodies must necessarily possess mainly the same constitution. Geology teaches us that the earth once existed in a state of fusion; and we are compelled to admit that the same state of things has occurred in the other members of our solar

system. The amount of cooling which the various heavenly bodies have undergone, in accordance with the laws of radiation of heat, differs greatly, owing mainly to the difference in their masses. Thus, whilst the moon has become cooler than the earth, the temperature of the surface of the sun has not yet sunk below a white heat.

"Our terrestrial atmosphere, in which now so few elements are found, must have possessed, when the earth was in a state of fusion, a much more complicated composition, as it then contained all those substances which are volatile at a white heat. The solar atmosphere at this present time possesses a similar constitution. The idea that the sun is an incandescent body is so old, that we find it spoken of by the Greek philosophers. When the solar spots were first discovered, Galileo described them as being clouds floating in the gaseous atmosphere of the sun, appearing to us as dark spots on the bright body of the luminary. He says, that if the earth were a self-luminous body, and viewed at a distance, it would present the same phenomena as we see in the sun." (*Kirchhoff. Researches, etc., p. 24.*)

Certain appearances connected with those spots on the sun's surface have induced astronomers in general to adopt a different theory of the constitution of the sun from that proposed by Galileo and supported by Kirchhoff. This theory supposes, according to Sir William Herschel, that the centre of the spot reveals a portion of the dark surface of the sun, seen through two overlying openings—one formed in a photosphere, or luminous atmosphere, surrounding the dark solid nucleus, and the other in a lower, opaque, or reflecting atmosphere. The supposition of the existence of such an intensely ignited photosphere surrounding a cold nucleus is, according to Kirchhoff, a physical absurdity. He puts forward his views on this point clearly and forcibly in the following passage:—

"The hypothesis concerning the constitution of the sun which has been thus put forward in order to explain the phenomena of the sun-spots, appears to me to stand in such direct opposition to certain well-established physical laws, that, in my opinion, it is not tenable, even supposing that we were unable to give any other explanation of the sun-spots. This supposed photosphere must, if it exists, radiate heat towards the sun's body as well as from it. Every particle of the upper layer of the lower or opaque atmosphere will therefore be heated to a temperature at

* We rejoice to see, from his last annual report, that the Astronomer-Royal is about to undertake the examination of the spectra of the fixed stars. He remarks, "I have prepared a prism-apparatus to be used in conjunction with the SE. Equatorial for the examination of the fixed stars; but hitherto I have been able to do little more than adjust its parts."

least as high as that to which it would be raised if placed on the earth, exposed to the sun's rays, in the focus of a circular mirror whose surface, seen from the focus, is larger than a hemisphere. The less transparent the atmosphere is, the quicker will this temperature be attained, and the smaller will be the distance to which the direct radiation of the photosphere will penetrate into the mass of the atmosphere. What degree soever of opacity the atmosphere may possess, it is certain that in time the heat will be transmitted, partly by radiation, partly by conduction and convection, throughout the whole mass; and if the atmosphere ever had been cold, it is clear that in the course of ages it must have become intensely heated. This atmosphere must act on the nucleus in the same way as the photosphere acts upon it; the nucleus must likewise become heated to the point of incandescence. It must therefore give off light and heat; for all bodies begin to glow at the same temperature." (*Kirchhoff. Researches, etc.*, pp. 25, 26.)

Our author then proceeds to account for the phenomena of the solar spots by the supposition of two superimposed layers of clouds being formed in the solar atmosphere. One of these, being dense and near the sun's surface, does not allow the light of the underlying portion of the sun to pass, and forms the nucleus of the spot; whilst the other being produced at a higher elevation, is less dense, and forms what we term the penumbra.

It is unfortunate for Kirchhoff's theory that the unanimous verdict of all who have examined these singular phenomena is in favor of their being funnel-shaped depressions. Preconceived notions have, however, so powerful an influence over the mind, and it is so difficult to obtain a truthful estimate of relative depression and elevation at such distances, that we are willing to believe that astronomers may possibly be mistaken in their views on this subject. There is, however, one method of observation which would seem qualified to settle the disputed question. If the astronomers' view of the construction of the spots is correct, the dark nucleus never can be seen beyond the penumbra, when the spot moves round towards the sun's limb. On Kirchhoff's view such a separation of the two clouds forming nucleus and penumbra is perfectly possible, and when they have nearly reached the edge of the sun's disc, we ought to see the dark

cloud below, and separate from the upper one. Such a separation, however, has not been noticed, and on the other hand we may adduce the following observation of Sir William Herschel as leading to a directly opposite conclusion:—

"Oct. 13, 1794. The spot in the sun, I observed yesterday, is drawn so near the margin, that the elevated side of the following part of it hides all the black ground, and still leaves the cavity visible, so that the depression of the black spots and the elevation of the faculæ are equally evident."

The more the question of the physical constitution of the sun is considered, the more does it appear that we have no right to make up our minds concerning it, either in one way or the other. Seeing how little is really known about the matter, with the true spirit of scientific inquirers, we hold ourselves open to conviction as soon as satisfactory evidence shall be brought forward. The singular observations first made by Mr. James Nasmyth,* a few months ago, concerning the physical condition of the sun's surface—observations so novel that astronomers were loth to receive them as facts until they were confirmed by other observers—need only to be mentioned in order to show that we are not in a position to uphold any theory whatever of the physical constitution of our great luminary. Mr. Nasmyth asserts, and his assertion has been confirmed by the subsequent observations of more than one competent observer, that the well-known mottled appearance which the surface of the sun exhibits is due to the presence of "willow-leaf-shaped" luminous bodies, which, interlacing as it were, cover the whole surface of the sun. These most singular forms can be well observed, according to Mr. Nasmyth, in the "bridges" or streaks of light which cross the dark spots, and they are there seen to move with an astonishing velocity. Imagination itself fails to give us the slightest clue to the probable constitution of these most recent of astronomical novelties!

The beautiful red prominences seen projecting from the sun's disc during a total solar eclipse, and reaching to a height of forty thousand miles above the sun's visible surface, are likewise objects whose existence cannot be reconciled with any of the proposed

* *Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.* 3d Series, vol. i. p. 407.

theories of the sun's structure. Thanks to Mr. De la Rue, we have attained some knowledge concerning these wonderful flames, as, by the help of photography, this gentleman has succeeded in proving that the prominences really belong to the sun, and are not caused in any way by the light passing over the interposed surface of the moon, as was by some imagined.

In considering the subject of solar chemistry, or indeed of any other novel branch of science, we cannot be too frequently re-

minded of the incompleteness of our knowledge. This is especially the case with reference to the subject to which we have now directed the attention of our readers. But although the results of these agencies are still very imperfect, and leave ample space for the labors of future investigators, yet the discovery of this new method of analysis is at once so original and so important, that we do not hesitate to rank it among the greatest achievements of science in this age, and we await with great curiosity its further application.

A LIVE YANKEE IN CHINA.—Some months ago a brief notice was given in this paper of an American named Frederick Ward, who, by his daring, added to a stroke of good luck, had ranked himself high in the list of Chinese Mandarins. A Shanghai letter in the *New York Herald* gives a full and interesting account of this character, and of the means through which he attained his dignity and his fortune—estimated to be immensely large—from which we take a few extracts:—*Boston Journal*.

"Two or three years ago the mate of a coasting vessel came to Shanghai. He was neither better nor worse than mates usually are. He was a green, boyish-looking fellow, with a fair skin, and long black hair, which fell in glossy waves to his shoulders. There was no very great peculiarity about him, except that his eye showed a vigorous constitution and a most indomitable pluck. He was pretty hard up, and was unknown. He appeared hardly old enough to have been much of an adventurer; yet his life had been a romance from the first. He had been with Walker in his earlier expeditions, and had had a taste of civil warfare in the South American States. But it was not in the petty struggles of such marauders alone that he had been schooled. He had been in the Crimea during the terrible war which was enacted there. He had seen the world, in fact. He had occupied almost every position in the social scale, and at last came to Shanghai the mate of a coasting vessel, sound in health, and the owner of a great deal more brains than people generally gave him credit for. His name on the ship's articles was then plain Frederick Ward.

"Soon after his arrival, the city of Shanghai being threatened and pinched by the native rebels, neither the imperialists nor their allies, the English, could defend it. In this strait Admiral Hope, R. N., proposed, and perfected with him, a plan by which Mr. Ward might strike a blow at the rebel headquarters in Soonkong, a very well fortified city on the Woosung River. Ward organized a band of eighty Manila men, ran up the river and took the place by storm, for which service he was paid the sum of forty thousand silver taels. His blood was up, and he wanted to take another city some thirty miles beyond

Soonkong, where the rebels had retired and intrenched themselves more strongly than before. The Tautichin chinned him exceedingly and told him to go in. He did go in, or, at least, as far as the walls, and fell shot in three places. He did not die, however—his constitution was too strong for that—but fell back upon Shanghai to recover from his wounds and plan another campaign. He was out again in a few weeks, but with a hole in the roof of his mouth of the size of a cherry-stone, which gave a sort of nasal twang to his speech. Meanwhile the gazettes came down from Pekin, announcing his promotion to the rank of Colonel. He became a Chinese subject, married a Chinese woman of the small-footed kind, and was created a Mandarin of the blue button.

"When the rebels threatened Shanghai, the French and English Admirals and Ward put their heads together and planned out a campaign against the invaders. Ward's Chinamen were placed alongside the English and French forces, and they didn't disgrace themselves. They fought as well as any troops can fight, showing that good soldiers can be made even of Chinamen. The allied forces cleaned the rebels out pretty effectually, news of which reached Pekin, and shortly came the gazette announcing that Ward was promoted to the rank of general and had his button raised another grade.

"Ward has offered Prince Kung to put down the rebellion for ten millions of dollars, and the prince asserts that such a reward would be insignificant in comparison with the extent of the labor. Ward is now quietly drilling his new recruits, and swelling his army daily, preparing for the next coming down of the rebels, which will ensue upon the approach of winter.

"So far as personal appearance goes, Ward is the very ideal of a hero. His face now, from much exposure, is pretty well bronzed, but is naturally very pale and full and round. His hair is of the deepest black, and he wears it falling in curls to his shoulders; and a slight imperial and mustache serve to make the palor of his face more noticeable. His person is slight, but all muscle. Although not above five feet in height, and with a build exceedingly diminutive, he has been known to whip half a dozen six-footers with an ease and rapidity truly astonishing."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FORTNIGHT'S time rather increased than diminished the excitement incident on the event at Russell Square.

Never was there such a wonderful baby, and never was there such a fuss made over it. Unprejudiced persons might have called it an ugly weakly little thing; indeed, at first there were such apprehensions of its dying, that it had been baptized in a great hurry, "Henry Leaf Ascott," according to the mother's desire, which in her critical position nobody dared to thwart. Even at the end of fourteen days, the "son and heir" was still a puling, sickly, yellow-faced baby. But to the mother it was everything.

From the moment she heard its first cry Mrs. Ascott's whole nature seemed to undergo a change. Her very eyes—those cold blue eyes of Miss Selina, took a depth and tenderness whenever she turned to look at the little bundle that lay beside her. She never wearied of touching the tiny hands and feet, and wondering at them, and showing—to every one of the household who was favored with a sight of it—"my baby," as if it had been a miracle of the universe. She was so unutterably happy and proud.

Elizabeth, too, seemed not a little proud of the baby. To her arms it had first been committed; she had stood by at its first washing and dressing, and had scarcely left it or her mistress since. Nurse, a very grand personage, had been a little jealous of her at first, but soon grew condescending, and made great use of her in the sick-room, alleging that such an exceedingly sensible young person, so quiet and steady, was almost as good as a middle-aged married woman. Indeed, she once asked Elizabeth if she was a widow, since she looked as if she had "seen trouble;" and was very much surprised to learn she was single and only twenty-three years old.

Nobody else took any notice of her. Even Miss Hilary was so engrossed by her excitement and delight over the baby, that she only observed, "Elizabeth, you look rather worn out; this has been a trying time for you." And Elizabeth had just answered "Yes,"—no more.

During the fortnight she had seen nothing of Tom. He had written her a short note or two, and the cook told her he had been to the kitchen-door several times asking for her,

but being answered that she was with her mistress up-stairs, had gone away.

"In the sulks, most like, though he didn't look it. He's a pleasant-spoken young man, and I'm sure I wish you luck with him," said cookie, who, like all the other servants, was now exceedingly civil to Elizabeth.

Her star had risen; she was considered in the household a most fortunate woman. It was shortly understood that nurse—majestic nurse, had spoken so highly of her, that at the month's end the baby was to be given entirely into her charge, with, of course, an almost fabulous amount of wages.

"Unless," said Mrs. Ascott, when this proposition was made, suddenly referring to a fact which seemed hitherto to have quite slipped from her mind, "unless you are still willing to get married, and think you would be happier married. In that case I won't hinder you. But it would be such a comfort to me to keep you a little longer.

"Thank you, ma'am," answered Elizabeth softly, and busied herself with walking baby up and down the room, hushing it on her shoulder. If in the dim light tears fell on its puny face, God help her, poor Elizabeth!

Mrs. Ascott made such an excellent recovery, that in three weeks' time nobody was the least anxious about her, and Mr. Ascott arranged to start on a business journey to Edinburgh; promising, however, to be back in three days for the Christmas dinner, which was to be a grand celebration. Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary were to appear thereat in their wedding-dresses; and Mrs. Ascott herself took the most vital interest in Johanna's having a new cap for the occasion. Nay, she insisted upon ordering it from her own milliner, and having it made of the most beautiful lace—the "sweetest" old lady's cap that could possibly be invented.

Evidently this wonderful baby had opened all hearts, and drawn every natural tie closer. Selina, lying on the sofa, in her graceful white wrapper, and her neat close cap, looked so young, so pretty, and, above all, so exceedingly gentle and motherly, that her sisters' hearts were full to overflowing. They acknowledged that happiness like misery, was often brought about in a fashion totally unforeseen and incredible. Who would have thought, for instance, on that wretched night when Mr. Ascott came to Hilary at Kensington, or on that dreary heartless wedding-

day, that they should ever have been sitting in Selina's room, so merry and comfortable, admiring the baby, and on the friendliest terms with baby's papa?

"Papa" is a magical word, and let married people have fallen ever so wide asunder, the thought, "my child's mother," "my baby's father," must in some degree bridge the gulf between them. When Peter Ascott was seen stooping, awkwardly enough, over his son's cradle, poking his dumpy fingers into each tiny cheek in a half-alarmed, half-investigating manner, as if he wondered how it had all come about, but, on the whole, was rather pleased than otherwise—the good angel of the household might have stood by and smiled, trusting that the ghastly skeleton therein might in time crumble away into harmless dust, under the sacred touch of infant fingers.

The husband and wife took a kindly, even affectionate, leave of one another. Mrs. Ascott called him "Peter," and begged him to take care of himself, and wrap up well that cold night. And when he was gone, and her sisters also, she lay on her sofa with her eyes open, thinking. What sort of thoughts they were, whether repentant or hopeful, solemn or tender, whether they might have passed away and been forgotten, or how far they might have influenced her life to come, none knew, and none ever did know.

When there came a knock at the door, and a message for Elizabeth, Mrs. Ascott suddenly overheard it and turned round.

"Who is wanting you? Tom Cliffe? Isn't that the young man you are to be married to? Go down to him at once. And stay, Elizabeth, as it's such a bitter night, take him for half an hour into the housekeeper's room. Send her up-stairs, and tell her I wished it, though I don't allow 'followers.'"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Elizabeth once more, and obeyed. She must speak to Tom some time, it might as well be done to-night as not. Without pausing to think, she went down with dull, heavy steps to the housekeeper's room.

Tom stood there alone. He looked so exactly his own old self; he came forward to meet her so completely in his old familiar way, that for the instant she thought she must be under some dreadful delusion; that the moonlight night in the square must have

been all a dream;—Esther, still the silly little Esther, whom Tom had often heard of and laughed at; and Tom, her own Tom, who loved nobody but her.

"Elizabeth, what an age it is since I've had a sight of you!"

But though the manner was warm as ever—

"In his tone
A something smote her, as if Duty tried
To mock the voice of Love, how long since
flown,"

and quiet as she stood, Elizabeth shivered in his arms.

"Why what's the matter? Aren't you glad to see me? Give me another kiss, my girl, do!"

He took it, and she crept away from him and sat down.

"Tom, I've got something to say to you, and I'd better say it at once."

"To be sure. 'Tisn't any bad news from home, is it? Or," looking uneasily at her, "I haven't vexed you, have I?"

"Vexed me," she repeated, thinking what a small foolish word it was to express what had happened, and what she had been suffering. "No, Tom, not vexed me exactly. But I want to ask you a question. Who was it that you stood talking with, under our tree in the square, between nine and ten o'clock, this night three weeks ago?"

Though there was no anger in the voice, it was so serious and deliberate that it made Tom start.

"Three weeks ago; how can I possibly tell?"

"Yes, you can: for it was a fine moonlight night, and you stood there a long time."

"Under the tree, talking to somebody? What nonsense! Perhaps it wasn't me at all."

"It was, for I saw you."

"The devil you did!" muttered Tom.

"Don't be angry, only tell me the plain truth. The young woman that was with you was our Esther here, wasn't she?"

For the moment Tom looked altogether confounded. Then he tried to recover himself, and said, crossly, "Well, and if it was, where's the harm? Can't a man be civil to a pretty girl without being called over the coals in this way?"

Elizabeth made no answer, at least not immediately. At last she said, in a very gentle, subdued voice,—

"Tom, are you fond of Esther? You would not kiss her if you were not fond of her. Do you like her as—as you used to like me?"

And she looked right up into his eyes. Hers had no reproach in them, only a piteous entreaty, the last clinging to a hope which she knew to be false.

"Like Esther? of course I do. She's a nice sort of girl, and we're very good friends."

"Tom, a man can't be 'friends' in that sort of way with a pretty girl of eighteen, when he is going to be married to somebody else. At least, in my mind, he ought not."

Tom laughed, in a confused manner. "I say, you're jealous, and you'd better get over it."

Was she jealous? was it all fancy, folly? Did Tom stand there, true as steel, without a feeling in his heart that she did not share, without a hope in which she was not united, holding her, and preferring her, with that individuality and unity of love, which true love ever gives and exacts, as it has a right to exact?

Not that poor Elizabeth reasoned in this way, but she felt the thing by instinct without reasoning.

"Tom," she said, "tell me outright, just as if I was somebody else, and had never belonged to you at all, do you love Esther Martin?"

Truthful people enforce truth. Tom might be fickle, but he was not deceitful; he could not look into Elizabeth's eyes and tell her a deliberate lie; somehow, he dared not.

"Well, then,—since you will have it out of me,—I think I do."

So Elizabeth's "ship went down." It might have been a very frail vessel, that nobody in their right senses would have trusted any treasure with, still she did; and it was all she had, and it went down to the bottom like a stone.

It is astonishing how soon the sea closes over this sort of wreck; and how quietly people take—when they must take, and there is no more disbelieving it—the truth which they would have given their lives to prove was an impossible lie.

For some minutes, Tom stood facing the fire, and Elizabeth sat on her chair opposite, without speaking. Then she took off her

brooch, the only love-token he had given her, and put it into his hand.

"What's this for?" asked he, suddenly.

"You know. You'd better give it to Esther. It's Esther, not me, you must marry now."

And the thought of Esther, giddy, flirting, useless Esther, as Tom's wife, was almost more than she could bear. The sting of it put even into her crushed humility a certain honest self-assertion.

"I'm not going to blame you, Tom; but I think I'm as good as she. I'm not pretty, I know, nor lively, nor young, at least I'm old for my age: but I was worth something. You should not have served me so."

Tom said, the usual excuse, "that he couldn't help it." And suddenly turning round, he begged her to forgive him, and not forsake him.

She forsake Tom! Elizabeth almost smiled.

"I do forgive you; I'm not a bit angry with you. If I ever was, I have got over it."

"That's right. You're a dear soul. Do you think I don't like you, Elizabeth?"

"Oh, yes," she said sadly, "I dare say you do, a little, in spite of Esther Martin. But that's not my way of liking, and I couldn't stand it."

"What couldn't you stand?"

"Your kissing me to-day, and another girl to-morrow: your telling me I was everything to you one week, and saying exactly the same thing to another girl the next. It would be hard enough to bear if we were only friends, but as sweethearts, as husband and wife, it would be impossible. No, Tom, I tell you the truth, I could not stand it."

She spoke strongly, unhesitatingly, and for an instant there flowed out of her soft eyes that wild, fierce spark, latent even in these quiet humble natures, which is dangerous to meddle with.

Tom did not attempt it. He felt all was over. Whether he had lost or gained; whether he was glad or sorry, he hardly knew.

"I'm not going to take this back, anyhow," he said, "fiddling" with the brooch; and then going up to her, he attempted, with trembling hands, to refasten it in her collar.

The familiar action, his contrite look, were too much. People who have once loved one another, though the love is dead,—for love

can die,—are not able to bury it all at once, or if they do, its pale ghost will still come knocking at the door of their hearts, “Let me in, let me in.”

Elizabeth ought, I know, in proper feminine dignity, to have bade Tom farewell without a glance or a touch. But she did not. When he had fastened her brooch, she looked up in his familiar face, a sorrowful, wistful, lingering look, and then clung about his neck,—

“O Tom, Tom, I was so fond of you!”

And Tom mingled his tears with hers, and kissed her many times, and even felt his old affection returning, making him half oblivious of Esther: but mercifully—for love rebuilt upon lost faith is like a house founded upon sands—the door opened, and Esther herself came in.

Laughing, smirking, pretty Esther, who, thoughtless as she was, had yet the sense to draw back when she saw them.

“Come here, Esther,” Elizabeth called, imperatively, and she came.

“Esther, I’ve given up Tom; you may take him if he wants you. Make him a good wife, and I’ll forgive you. If not——”

She could not say another word. She shut the door upon them, and crept up-stairs, conscious only of one thought—if she only could get away from them, and never see either of their faces any more!

And in this fate was kind to her, though in that awful way in which fate—say rather Providence—often works; cutting with one sharp blow, some knot that our poor, feeble, mortal fingers have been long laboring at in vain; or making that which seemed impossible to do, the most natural, easy, and only thing to be done.

How strangely often in human life “one woe doth tread upon the other’s heel!” How continually, while one of those small private tragedies that I have spoken of is being enacted within, the actors are called upon to meet some other tragedy from without, so that external energy counteracts inward emotion, and holy sympathy with another’s sufferings stifles all personal pain. That truth about sorrows coming “in battalions” may have a divine meaning in it,—may be one of those mysterious laws which guide the universe,—laws that we can only trace in fragments, and guess at the

rest, believing in deep humility that one day we shall “know even as we are known.”

Therefore I ask no pity for Elizabeth, because, ere she had time to collect herself, and realize in her poor confused mind that she had indeed said good-by to Tom, given him up and parted from him forever, she was summoned to her mistress’ room, there to hold a colloquy outside the door with the seriously perplexed nurse.

One of those sudden changes had come which sometimes, after all seems safe, strike terror into a rejoicing household, and end by carrying away, remorseless, the young wife from her scarcely tasted bliss, the mother of many children from her close circle of happy duties and yearning loves.

Mrs. Ascott was ill. Either she had taken cold, or been too much excited, or in the over-confidence of her recovery some slight neglect had occurred—some trifle which nobody thinks of till afterwards, and which yet proves the fatal cause, the “little pin” that

“Bores through the castle wall”

of mortal hope, and King Death enters in all his awful state.

Nobody knew it or dreaded it; for though Mrs. Ascott was certainly ill, she was not at first very ill; and there being no telegraphs in those days, no one thought of sending for either her husband or her sisters. But that very hour, when Elizabeth went up to her mistress, and saw the flush on her cheek, and the restless expression of her eye, King Death had secretly crept in at the door of the mansion in Russell Square.

The patient was carefully removed back into her bed. She said little, except once, looking up uneasily,—

“I don’t feel quite myself, Elizabeth.”

And when her servant soothed her in the long familiar way, telling her she would be better in the morning, she smiled contentedly, and turned to go to sleep.

Nevertheless Elizabeth did not go to her bed, but sat behind the curtain, motionless, for an hour or more.

Towards the middle of the night, when her baby was brought to her, and the child instinctively refused its natural food, and began screaming violently, Mrs. Ascott’s troubled look returned.

“What is the matter? What are you

doing, nurse? I wont be parted from my baby,—I wont, I say!”

And when, to soothe her, the little thing was again put into her arms, and again turned from her, a frightened expression came into the mother's face.

“Am I going to be ill?—is baby?”—

She stopped; and as nurse determinately carried it away, she attempted no resistance, only followed it across the room with eager eyes. It was the last glimmer of reason there. From that time her mind began to wander, and before morning she was slightly delirious.

Still nobody apprehended danger. Nobody really knew anything about the matter, except nurse, and she, with a selfish fear of being blamed for carelessness, resisted sending for the doctor till his usual hour of calling. In that large house, as in many other large houses, everybody's business was nobody's business, and a member of the family, even the mistress, might easily be sick or dying in some room therein, while all things else went on just as usual, and no one was any the wiser.

About noon, even Elizabeth's ignorance was roused up to the conviction that something was very wrong with Mrs. Ascott, and that nurse's skill could not counteract it. On her own responsibility she sent, or rather she went to fetch the doctor. He came; and his fiat threw the whole household into consternation.

Now they knew that the poor lady whose happiness had touched the very stoniest hearts in the establishment, hovered upon the brink of the grave. Now all the women-servants, down to the little kitchen-maid with her dirty apron at her eyes, crept upstairs, one after the other, to the door of what had been such a silent, mysterious room, and listened, unbindered, to the ravings that issued thence. “Poor missis,” and the “poor little baby,” were spoken of softly at the kitchen dinner-table, and confidentially sympathized over with inquiring tradespeople at the area gate. A sense of awe and suspense stole over the whole house, gathering thicker hour by hour of that dark December day.

When her mistress was first pronounced “in danger,” Elizabeth, aware that there was no one to act but herself, had taken a brief opportunity to slip from the room and

write two letters, one to her master in Edinburgh, and the other to Miss Hilary. The first she gave to the footman to post; the second she charged him to send by special messenger to Richmond. But he, being lazily inclined, or else thinking that as the order was only given by Elizabeth, it was of comparatively little moment, posted them both. So, vainly did the poor girl watch and wait; neither Miss Leaf nor Miss Hilary came.

By night Mrs. Ascott's delirium began to subside, but her strength was ebbing fast. Two physicians—three—stood by the unconscious woman, and pronounced that all hope was gone, if, indeed, the case had not been hopeless from the beginning.

“Where is her husband? Has she no relations, no mother or sisters?” asked the fashionable physician, Sir ———, touched by the sight of this poor lady dying alone, with only a nurse and a servant about her. “If she has, they ought to be sent for immediately.”

Elizabeth ran down-stairs, and rousing the old butler from his bed, prevailed on him to start immediately in the carriage, to bring back Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary. It would be midnight before he reached Richmond; still it must be done.

“I'll do it, my girl,” said he, kindly; “and I'll tell them as gently as I can. Never fear.”

When Elizabeth returned to her mistress's room, the doctors were all gone, and nurse, standing at the foot of Mrs. Ascott's bed, was watching her with the serious look which even a hireling or a stranger wears, in the presence of that sight which, however familiar, never grows less awful—a fellow-creature slowly passing from this life into the life unknown.

Elizabeth crept up to the other side. The change, indescribable yet unmistakable, which comes over a human face when the warrant for its dissolution has gone forth, struck her at once.

Never yet had Elizabeth seen death. Her father's she did not remember, and among her few friends and connections none other had occurred. At twenty-three years of age, she was still ignorant of that solemn experience which every woman must go through some time, often many times, during her life. For it is to women that all look in

their extreme hour. Very few men, even the tenderest-hearted, are able to watch by the last struggle and close the eyes of the dying.

For the moment, as she glanced round the darkened room, and then at the still figure on the bed, Elizabeth's courage failed. Strong love might have overcome this fear—the natural recoil of youth and life from coming into contact with death and mortality; but love was not exactly the bond between her and Mrs. Ascott. It was rather duty, pity, the tenderness that would have sprung up in her heart towards anybody she had watched and tended so long.

"If she should die, die in the night, before Miss Hilary comes!" thought the poor girl, and glanced once more round the shadowy room, where she was now left quite alone. For nurse, thinking with true worldly wisdom of the preservation of the "son and heir," which was decidedly the most important question now, had stolen away, and was busy in the next room, seeing various young women whom the doctors had sent, one of whom was to supply to the infant the place of the poor mother whom it would never know.

There was nobody left but herself to watch this dying mother, so Elizabeth took her lot upon her, smothered down her fears, and sat by the bedside, waiting for the least expression of returning reason in the sunken face, which was very quiet now.

Consciousness did return at last, as the doctors had said it would. Mrs. Ascott opened her eyes; they wandered from side to side, and then she said feebly,

"Elizabeth, where's my baby?"

What Elizabeth answered she never could remember; perhaps nothing, or her agitation betrayed her, for Mrs. Ascott said again,—

"Elizabeth, am I going to—to leave my baby?"

Some people might have considered it best to reply with a lie—the frightened, cowardly lie that is so often told at death-beds to the soul passing direct to its God. But this girl could not and dared not.

Leaning over her mistress, she whispered, as softly as she could, choking down the tears that might have disturbed the peace which, mercifully, seemed to have come with dying:

"Yes, you are going very soon—to God. He will watch over baby, and give him back to you again some day, quite safe."

"Will he?"

The tone was submissive, half inquiring; like that of a child learning something it had never learned before—as Selina was now learning. Perhaps, even those three short weeks of motherhood had power so to raise her whole nature, that she had now gained the composure with which even the weakest soul can sometimes meet death, and had grown not unworthy of the dignity of a Christian's dying.

Suddenly she shivered. "I am afraid; I never thought of—this. Will nobody come and speak to me?"

Oh, how Elizabeth longed for Miss Hilary, for anybody, who would have known what to say to the dying woman; who perhaps, as her look and words implied, till this hour had never thought of dying. Once, it crossed the servant's mind to send for some clergyman; but she knew none, and was aware that Mrs. Ascott did not either. She had no superstitious feeling that any clergyman would do; just to give a sort of spiritual extreme unction to the departing soul. Her own religious faith was of such an intensely personal silent kind, that she did not believe in any good to be derived from a strange gentleman coming and praying by the bedside of a stranger, repeating set sayings with a set countenance, and going away again. And yet with that instinct which comes to almost every human soul, fast departing, Mrs. Ascott's white lips whispered, "Pray."

Elizabeth had no words, except those which Miss Leaf used to say night after night in the little parlor at Stowbury. She knelt down, and in a trembling voice repeated in her mistress' ear, "*Our Father which art in heaven,*" to the end.

After it Mrs. Ascott lay very quiet. At length she said, "Please—bring—my—baby." It had been from the first, and was to the last, "*my*" baby.

The small face was laid close to hers that she might kiss it.

"He looks well; he does not miss me much yet, poor little fellow!" And the strong natural agony came upon her, conquering even the weakness of her last hour. "Oh, it's hard, hard! Will nobody teach my baby to remember me?"

And then lifting herself up on her elbow, she caught hold of nurse.

"Tell Mr. Ascott that Elizabeth is to take care of baby. Promise, Elizabeth. Johanna is old—Hilary may be married—you will take care of my baby?"

"I will—as long as I live," said Elizabeth Hand.

She took the child in her arms, and for almost another hour stood beside the bed thus, until nurse whispered, "carry it away, its mother doesn't know it now."

But she did; for she feebly moved her fingers as if in search of something. Baby was still asleep, but Elizabeth contrived, by kneeling down close to the bed, to put the tiny hand under those cold fingers; they closed immediately upon it, and remained so till the last.

When Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary came in, Elizabeth was still kneeling there, trying softly to take the little hand away; for the baby had wakened, and began its piteous wail. But it did not disturb the mother now.

"Poor Selina" was no more. Nothing of her was left to her child except the name of a mother. It may have been better so.

CHAPTER XXV.

"IN MEMORY OF SELINA,

THE BELOVED WIFE OF PETER ASCOTT, ESQ.,
OF RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON,
AND DAUGHTER OF

THE LATE HENRY LEAF, ESQ.,
OF THIS TOWN.

DIED DECEMBER 24, 1839,
AGED 41 YEARS."

SUCH was the inscription which now, for six months, had met the eyes of the inhabitants of Stowbury, on a large dazzlingly white marble monument, the first that was placed in the churchyard of the New Church.

What motive induced Mr. Ascott to inter his wife here; whether it was a natural wish to lay her, and some day lie beside her, in their native earth; or the less creditable desire of showing how rich he had become, and of joining his once humble name, even on a tombstone, with one of the oldest names in the annals of Stowbury—nobody could find out. Probably nobody cared.

The Misses Leaf were content that he should do as he pleased in the matter; he had shown strong but not exaggerated grief at his loss; if any remorse mingled therewith, Selina's sisters happily did not know it. Nobody ever did know the full history of

things except Elizabeth, and she kept it to herself. So the family skeleton was buried quietly in Mrs. Ascott's grave.

Peter Ascott showed, in his coarse fashion, much sympathy and consideration for his wife's sisters. He had them staying in the house till a week after the funeral was over, and provided them with the deepest and handsomest mourning. He even in a formal way, took counsel with them as to the carrying out of Mrs. Ascott's wishes, and the retaining of Elizabeth in charge of the son and heir, which was accordingly settled. And then they went back to their old life at Richmond, and the widower returned to his solitary bachelor ways. He looked as usual; went to and from the city as usual; and his brief married life seemed to have passed away from him like a dream.

Not altogether a dream. Gradually he began to wake up to the consciousness of an occasional child's cry in the house; that large, silent, dreary house, where he was once more the sole, solitary master. Sometimes, when he came in from church of Sundays, he would mount another flight of stairs, walk into the nursery at the top of the house, and stare with distant curiosity at the little creature in Elizabeth's arms, pronounce it a "fine child, and did her great credit," and walk down again. He never seemed to consider it as *his* child, this poor old bachelor of so many years' standing; he had outgrown apparently all sense of the affections or the duties of a father. Whether they ever would come into him; whether, after babyhood was passed, he would begin to take an interest in the little creature who throve and blossomed into beauty,—which as if watched by guardian angels, dead mothers' children seem often to do,—was a source of earnest speculation to Elizabeth.

In the mean time, he treated both her and the baby with extreme consideration, allowed her to do just as she liked, and gave her indefinite sums of money to expend upon the nursery.

When summer came and the doctor ordered change of air, Mr. Ascott consented to her suggestion of taking a lodging for herself and baby near baby's aunts at Richmond; only desiring that the lodging should be as handsome as could be secured, and that, every other Sunday, she should bring up his son to spend the day at Russell Square.

And so, during the long summer months, the motherless child, in its deep mourning—which looks so pathetic on a very young baby—might be seen carried about in Elizabeth's arms everywhere. When, after the first six weeks, the wet-nurse left—in fact, two or three wet-nurses successively were abolished—she took little Henry solely under her own charge. She had comparatively small experience, but she had common sense, and the strong motherly instinct which comes by nature to some women. Besides, her whole soul was wrapped up in this little child.

From the hour when, even with her mistress dying before her eyes, Elizabeth had felt a strange thrill of comfort in the new duty which had come into her blank life, she took to this duty as women only can whose life *has* become a blank. She received the child as a blessing sent direct from God; by unconscious hands—for Mrs. Ascott knew nothing of what had happened; something that would heal her wounded heart, and make her forget Tom.

And so it did. Women and mothers well know how engrossing is the care of an infant; how each minute of the day is filled up with something to be done or thought of: so that “fretting” about extraneous things becomes quite impossible. How gradually the fresh life growing up and expanding puts the worn-out or blighted life into the background, and all the hopes and fancies cling around the small, beautiful present, the ever-developing, ever-marvellous mystery of a young child's existence! Why it should be so, we can only guess; but that it is so, many a wretched wife, many a widowed mother, many a broken-hearted, forlorn aunt, has thankfully proved.

Elizabeth proved it likewise. She did not exactly lose all memory of her trouble, but it seemed lighter: it was swallowed up in this second passion of adopted motherhood. And so she sank, quietly and at once, into the condition of a middle-aged woman, whose life's story—and her sort of women have but one—was a mere episode, told and ended.

For Esther had left, and been married to Tom Cliffe, within a few weeks of Mrs. Ascott's funeral. Of course, the household knew everything; but nobody condoled with Elizabeth. There was a certain stand-offishness about her which made them hold

their tongues. They treated her with much respect, as her new position demanded. She took this, as she took everything, with the grave quietness which was her fashion from her youth up; assumed her place as a confidential upper servant; dressed well, but soberly, like a woman of forty, and was called “Mrs.” Hand.

The only trace her “disappointment” left upon her was a slightly bitter way of speaking about men in general, and a dislike to any chatter about love affairs and matrimony. Her own story she was never known to refer to, in the most distant way, except once.

Miss Hilary—who, of course, had heard all, but delicately kept silence—one night, when little Henry was not well, remained in the lodgings on Richmond Hill, and slept in the nursery, Elizabeth making up for herself a bed on the floor close beside baby and cradle. In the dead of night the two women, mistress and maid, by some chance, said a few things to one another which never might have been said in the daylight, and which, by tacit consent, were never afterwards referred to by either, any more than if they had been spoken in a dream.

Elizabeth told briefly, though not without emotion, all that had happened between herself and Tom; and how he was married to Esther Martin. And then both women went back, in a moralizing way, to the days when they had both been “young” at Stowbury; and how different life was from what they then thought and looked forward to,—Miss Hilary and her “bower-maiden.”

“Yes!” answered the former with a sigh, “things are indeed not as people fancy when they are girls. We dream and dream, and think we see very far into the future, which nobody sees but God. I often wonder how my life will end.”

Elizabeth said, after a pause, “I always felt sure you would be married, Miss Hilary. There was one person—Is he alive still? Is he ever coming home?”

“I don't know.”

“I am sure he was very fond of you. And he looked like a good man.”

“He was the best man I ever knew.”

This was all Miss Hilary said, and she said it softly and mournfully. She might never have said it at all; but it dropped from her unawares in the deep feeling of the mo-

ment, when her heart was tender over Elizabeth's own sad, simply told story. Also, because of a sudden and great darkness which had come over her own.

Literally, she did not now know whether Robert Lyon were alive or dead. Two months ago his letters had suddenly ceased, without any explanation: his last being exactly the same as the others—as frank, as warmly affectionate, as cheerful and brave.

One solution to this was his possible coming home. But she did not, after a careful reasoning on the subject, believe that likely. She knew exactly his business relations with his employers; that there was a fixed time for his return to England, which nothing except the very strongest necessity could alter. Even in the chance of his health breaking, so as to incapacitate him for work, he should, he always said, have to go to the hills, rather than take the voyage home prematurely. And in that case, he certainly would have informed his friends of his movements. There was nothing erratic, or careless, or eccentric about Robert Lyon; he was a practical, business-like Scotchman,—far too cautious and too regular in all his habits to be guilty of those accidental negligences by which wanderers abroad sometimes cause such cruel anxiety to friends at home.

For the same reason, the other terrible possibility—his death—was not likely to have happened without their hearing of it. Hilary felt sure, with the strong confidence of love, that he would have taken every means to leave her some last word—some farewell token—which would reach her after he was gone, and comfort her with the assurance of what, living, he had never plainly told. Sometimes, when a wild terror of his death seized her, this settled conviction drove it back again. He must be living, or she would have heard.

There was another interpretation of the silence, which many would have considered the most probable of all—he might be married. Not deliberately, but suddenly; drawn into it by some of those impelling trains of circumstance which are the cause of so many marriages—especially with men; or, impelled by one of those violent passions which occasionally seize on an exceedingly good man, fascinating him against his conscience, reason, and will, until he wakes up to find himself fettered and ruined for life. Such

things do happen—strangely, pitifully often. The like might have happened to Robert Lyon.

Hilary did not actually believe it; but still her common sense told her that it was possible. She was not an inexperienced girl now; she looked on the world with the eyes of a woman of thirty; and though, thank Heaven! the romance had never gone out of her—the faith and trust and tender love—still it had sobered down a little. She knew it was quite within the bounds of possibility that a young man, separated from her for seven years, thrown into all kinds of circumstances and among all sorts of people, should have changed very much in himself, and, consequently, towards her. That, without absolute faithlessness, he might suddenly have seen some other woman he liked better, and have married at once. Or, if he came back unmarried—she had taught herself to look this probability also steadily in the face—he might find the reality of her—Hilary Leaf—different from his remembrance of her; and so, without actual falseness to the old true love, might not love her any more.

These fears made her resolutely oppose Johanna's wish to write to the house of business at Liverpool, and ask what had become of Mr. Lyon. It seemed like seeking after him,—trying to hold him by the slender chain which he had never attempted to make any stronger, and which, already, he might have broken, or desired to break.

She could not do it. Something forbade her; that something in the inmost depths of a woman's nature which makes her feel her own value, and exact that she shall be sought; that, if her love be worth having, it is worth seeking; that, however dear a man may be to her, she refuses to drop into his mouth like an overripe peach from a garden wall. In her sharpest agony of anxiety concerning him, Hilary felt that she could not, on her part, take any step that seemed to compel love—or even friendship—from Robert Lyon. It was not pride,—she could hardly be called a proud woman; it was an innate sense of the dignity of that love which, as a free gift, is precious as “much fine gold,” yet becomes the merest dross—utterly and insultingly poor—when paid as a debt of honor, or offered as a benevolent largesse.

And so, though oftentimes her heart felt

breaking, Hilary labored on; sat the long day patiently at her desk; interested herself in the young people over whom she ruled; became Miss Balquidder's right hand in all sorts of schemes which that good woman was forever carrying out for the benefit of her fellow-creatures; and at leisure times occupied herself with Johanna, or with Elizabeth and the baby,—trying to think it was a very beautiful and happy world, with love still in it, and a God of love ruling over it,—only,—only—

Women are very humble in their cruellest pride. Many a day she felt as if she could have crawled a hundred miles in the dust—like some Catholic pilgrim—just to get one sight of Robert Lyon.

Autumn came—lovely and lingering late. It was November, and yet the air felt mild as May, and the sunshine had that peculiar genial brightness which autumnal sunshine alone possesses; even as, perhaps, late happiness has in it a holy calm and sweetness which no youthful ecstasy can ever boast.

The day happened to be Hilary's birthday. She had taken a holiday, which she, Johanna, Elizabeth, and the baby, had spent in Richmond Park, watching the rabbits darting about under the brown fern, and the deer grazing contentedly hard by. They had sat a long time under one of the oak-trees with which the park abounds, listening for the sudden drop, drop, of an occasional acorn among the fallen leaves; or making merry with the child, as a healthy, innocent, playful child always can make good women merry.

Still, Master Henry was not a remarkable specimen of infancy, and had never occupied more than his proper nepotal corner in Hilary's heart. She left him chiefly to Elizabeth, and to his Aunt Johanna, in whom the grandmotherly character had blossomed out in full perfection. And when these two became engrossed in his infant majesty, Hilary sat a little apart, unconsciously folding her hands and fixing her eyes on vacancy; becoming fearfully alive to the sharp truth, that of all griefs a strong love unreturned or unfulfilled is the grief which most blights a woman's life. Say, rather, any human life: but it is worst to a woman, because she must necessarily endure passively. So enduring, it is very difficult to recognize the good hand of God therein. Why should he ordain longings, neither selfish nor unholy, which yet

are never granted; tenderness which expends itself in vain; sacrifices which are wholly unneeded; and sufferings which seem quite thrown away? That is, if we dared allege of anything in the moral or in the material world where so much loveliness, so much love, appear continually wasted, that it is really "thrown away." We never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the Great Father of the universe may be carrying out his sublime plan; and those three words, "God is love," ought to contain, to every doubting soul, the solution of all things.

As Hilary rose from under the tree, there was a shadow on her sweet face, a listless weariness in her movements, which caught Johanna's attention. Johanna had been very good to her child. When, do what she would, Hilary could not keep down fits of occasional dulness or impatience, it was touching to see how this woman of over sixty years slipped from her due pedestal of honor and dignity, to be patient with her younger sister's unspoken bitterness and incommunicable care.

She now, seeing how restless Hilary was, rose when she rose, put her arm in hers, and accompanied her, speaking or silent, with quick steps or slow, as she chose, across the beautiful park, than which, perhaps, all England cannot furnish a scene more thoroughly sylvan, thoroughly English. They rested on that high ground near the gate of Pembroke Lodge, where the valley of the Thames lies spread out like a map, stretching miles and miles away in luxuriant greenery.

"How beautiful! I wonder what a foreigner would think of this view? Or any one who had been long abroad? How inexpressibly sweet and homelike it would seem to him!"

Hilary turned sharply away, and Johanna saw at once what her words had implied. She felt so sorry, so vexed with herself; but it was best to leave it alone. So they made their way homeward, speaking of something else; and then that happened which Johanna had been almost daily expecting would happen, though she dared not communicate her hopes to Hilary, lest they should prove fallacious.

The two figures, both in deep mourning, might have attracted any one's attention; they caught that of a gentleman, who was walking quickly and looking about him, as

if in search of something. He passed them at a little distance, then repassed, then turned, holding out both his hands.

"Miss Leaf; I was sure it was you."

Only the voice; everything else about him was so changed that Hilary herself would certainly have passed him in the street, that brown, foreign-looking, middle-aged man, nor recognized him as Robert Lyon. But for all that it was himself; it was Robert Lyon.

Nobody screamed, nobody fainted. People seldom do that in real life, even when a friend turns up suddenly from the other end of the world. They only hold out a warm hand, and look silently in one another's faces, and try to believe that all is real, as these did.

Robert Lyon shook hands with both ladies, one after the other, Hilary last, then placed himself between them.

"Miss Leaf, will you take my arm?"

The tone, the manner, were so exactly like himself, that in a moment all these intervening years seemed crushed into an atom of time. Hilary felt certain, morally and absolutely certain, that, in spite of all outward change, he was the same Robert Lyon who had bade them all good-by that Sunday night in the parlor at Stowbury. The same, even in his love for herself, though he had simply drawn her little hand under his arm, and never spoken a single word.

Hilary Leaf, down, secretly, on your heart's lowest knees, and thank God! Repent of all your bitternesses, doubts, and pains; be joyful, be joyful! But, oh, remember to be so humble withal.

She was. As she walked silently along by Robert Lyon's side, she pulled down her veil to hide the sweetest, most contrite, most childlike tears. What did she deserve, more than her neighbors, that she should be so very, very happy? And when, a good distance across the park, she saw the dark, solitary figure of Elizabeth carrying baby, she quietly guided her companions into a different path, so as to avoid meeting, lest the sight of her happiness might in any way hurt poor Elizabeth.

"I only landed last night at Southampton," Mr. Lyon explained to Miss Leaf, after the fashion people have, at such meetings, of falling upon the most practical and uninteresting details. "I came by the Overland

Mail. It was a sudden journey. I had scarcely more than a few hours' notice. The cause of it was some very unpleasant defalcations in our firm."

Under any other circumstances, Hilary might have smiled; maybe she did smile, and tease him many a time afterwards, because the first thing he could find to talk about, after seven years' absence, was "defalcations in our firm." But now she listened gravely, and by and by took her part in the unimportant conversation which always occurs after a meeting such as this.

"Were you going home, Miss Leaf? They told me at your house you were expected to dinner. May I come with you? for I have only a few hours to stay. To-night I must go on to Liverpool."

"But we shall be sure soon to see you again?"

"I hope so. And I trust, Miss Leaf, that I do not intrude to-day?"

He said this with his Scotch shyness, or pride, or whatever it was; so like his old self, that it made somebody smile! But somebody loved it. Somebody lifted up to his face eyes of silent welcome; sweet, soft, brown eyes, where never, since he knew them, had he seen one cloud of anger darken, one shadow of unkindness rise.

"This is something to come home to," he said in a low voice, and not over lucidly. Ay, it was.

"I am by no means disinterested in the matter of dinner, Miss Leaf; for I have no doubt of finding good English roast beef and plum-pudding on your sister's birthday. Happy returns of the day, Miss Hilary!"

She was so touched by his remembering this, that, to hide it, she put on a spice of her old mischievousness, and asked him if he was aware how old she was?

"Yes: you are thirty; I have known you for fifteen years."

"It is a long time," said Johanna, thoughtfully.

Johanna would not have been human had she not been a little thoughtful and silent on the way home, and had she not many times, out of the corners of her eyes, sharply investigated Mr. Robert Lyon!

He was much altered; there was no doubt of that. Seven years of Indian life would change anybody; take the youthfulness out of anybody. It was so with Robert Lyon.

When coming into the parlor, he removed his hat, many a white thread was visible in his hair, and besides the spare, dried-up look which is always noticeable in people who have lived long in hot climates, there was an "old" expression in his face, indicating many a worldly battle fought and won, but not without leaving scars behind.

Even Hilary, as she sat opposite to him at table, could not but feel that he was no longer a young man, either in appearance or reality.

We ourselves grow old, or older, without knowing it, but when we suddenly come upon the same fact in another, it startles us. Hilary had scarcely recognized how far she herself had left her girlish days behind, till she saw Robert Lyon.

"You think me very much changed?" said he, guessing, by his curiously swift intuition of old, what she was thinking of.

"Yes, a good deal changed," she answered truthfully; at which he was silent.

He could not read—perhaps no man's heart could—all the emotion that swelled in hers as she looked at him, the love of her youth, no longer young. How the ghostly likeness of the former face gleamed out under the hard, worn lines of the face that now was touching her with ineffable tenderness. Also, with solemn content came a sense of the entire indestructibleness of that love which through all decay or alteration traces the ideal image still, clings to it, and cherishes it with a tenacity that laughs to scorn the grim dread of "growing old."

In his premature, and not specially comely middle age, in his gray hairs, in the painful, anxious, half-melancholy expression which occasionally flitted across his features, as if life had gone hard with him, Robert Lyon was a thousand times dearer to her than when the world was all before them both, in the early days at Stowbury.

There is a great deal of sentimental nonsense talked about people having been "young together." Not necessarily is that a bond. Many a tie formed in youth dwindles away and breaks off naturally in maturer years. Characters alter, circumstances divide. No one will dare to allege that there may not be loves and friendships formed in middle life as dear, as close, as firm as any of those of youth; perhaps, with some tem-

peraments, infinitely more so. But when the two go together, when the calm election of maturity confirms the early instinct, and the lives have run parallel, as it were, for many years, there can be no bond like that of those who say, as these two did, "We were young together."

He said so when, after dinner, he came and stood by the window where Hilary was sitting sewing. Johanna had just gone out of the room; whether intentionally or not this history cannot avouch. Let us give her the benefit of the doubt; she was a generous woman.

During the three hours that Mr. Lyon had been with her, Hilary's first agitation had subsided. That exceeding sense of rest which she had always felt beside him—the sure index of people who, besides loving, are meant to guide and help and bless one another—returned as strong as ever. That deep affection, which should underlie all love, revived and clung to him with a child-like confidence, strengthening at every word he said, every familiar look and way.

He was by no means so composed as she was, especially now when, coming up to her side and watching her hands moving for a minute or so, he asked her to tell him, a little more explicitly, of what had happened to her since they parted.

"Things are rather different from what I thought;" and he glanced with a troubled air round the neat but very humbly furnished parlor. "And about the shop?"

"Johanna told you."

"Yes; but her letters have been so few, so short—not that I could expect more. Still—now, if you will trust me—tell me all."

Hilary turned to him, her friend for fifteen years. He was that, if he was nothing more. And he had been very true; he deserved to be trusted. She told him, in brief, the history of the last year or two, and then added,—

"But after all, it is hardly worth the telling, because, you see, we are very comfortable now. Poor Ascott, we suppose, must be in Australia. I earn enough to keep Johanna and myself, and Miss Balquidder is a good friend to us. We have repaid her, and owe nobody anything. Still, we have suffered a great deal. Two years ago; oh! it was a dreadful time."

She was hardly aware of it, but her candid tell-tale face betrayed more even than her words. It cut Robert Lyon to the heart.

"You suffered, and I never knew it."

"I never meant you to know."

"Why not?" He walked the room in great excitement. "I ought to have been told; it was cruel not to tell me. Suppose you had sunk under it; suppose you had died, or been driven to do what many a woman does for the sake of mere bread and a home—what your poor sister did—married. But I beg your pardon."

For Hilary had started up with her face all aglow.

"No," she cried; "no poverty would have sunk me so low as that. I might have starved, but I should never have married."

Robert Lyon looked at her, evidently uncomprehending, then said humbly, though rather formally,—

"I beg your pardon once more. I had no right to allude to anything of the kind."

Hilary replied not. It seemed as if now, close together, they were farther apart than when the Indian seas rolled between them.

Mr. Lyon's brown cheek turned paler and paler; he pressed his lips hard together; they moved once or twice, but still he did not utter a word. At last, with a sort of desperate courage, and in a tone that Hilary had never heard from him in her life before, he said,—

"Yes, I believe I have a right, the right that every man has when his whole happiness depends upon it, to ask you one question. You know everything concerning me; you always have known; I meant that you should—I have taken the utmost care that you should. There is not a bit of my life that has not been as open to you as if—as if— But I know nothing whatever concerning you."

"What do you wish to know?" she faltered.

"Seven years is a long time. Are you free? I mean, are you engaged to be married?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

He dropped his head down between his hands, and did not speak for a long time.

And then, with difficulty, for it was always hard to him to speak out, he told her, at least he somehow made her understand, how he had loved her. No light fancy of sentimental youth, captivated by every fresh face it sees, putting upon each one the coloring of its own imagination, and adorning not what is, but what itself creates: no sudden, selfish, sensuous passion, caring only to attain its object, irrespective of reason, right, or conscience; but the strong deep love of a just man, deliberately choosing one woman as the best woman out of all the world, and setting himself resolutely to win her. Battling for her sake with all hard fortune: keeping, for her sake, his heart pure from all the temptations of the world: never losing sight of her: watching over her so far as he could, consistently with the sense of honor (or masculine pride, which was it? but Hilary forgave it anyhow) which made him resolutely compel himself to silence: holding her perfectly free, while he held himself bound. Bound, by a faithfulness perfect as that of the knights of old, asking nothing, and yet giving all.

Such was his love; this brave, plain-spoken, single-hearted Scotsman. Would that there were more such men, and more such love in the world!

Few women could have resisted it, certainly not Hilary, especially with a little secret of her own lying perdu at the bottom of her heart; that "sleeping angel" whence half her strength and courage had come; the noble, faithful, generous love of a good woman for a good man. But this secret Robert Lyon had evidently never guessed, or deemed himself wholly unworthy of such a possession.

He took her hand at last, and held it firmly.

"And now that you know all, do you think in time—I'll not hurry you—but in time, do you think I could make you love me?"

She looked up in his face with her honest eyes. Smiling as they were, there was pathos in them; the sadness left by those long years of hidden suffering, now forever ended.

"I have loved you all my life," said Hilary.

From The Spectator.

LONDON LYRICS.*

THIS little volume, though it bears no trace of a second edition on the title-page, has, we believe, been published before; and if we mistake not, Mr. Thackeray has given us at least one of its poems in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*. It does not in any way assume to be poetry of a high order, but it would be unfortunate if we had only poetry of the higher orders. The world of art should surely strive to be as universal as that of nature; and, if it be not only true that,—

“The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;”

but also that,

“Birds and brooks, from leafy dells,
Chime forth unwearied canticles,”

there is no good reason why, in human poetry, the voice of song should be limited to those who can command the depth and range of the organ, or the liquid melody of the flute, if there be also a gayety and a ripple of sweetness in the thin notes of the flageolet. And Mr. Locker's verses have a pretty gayety, or mild pathos of their own, which is of the true nature of song; though rather of the kind which, in the strict etymological sense, may be called amusing—i.e., diverting us *from* the Muses—than of that which plunges us into the depths of imaginative insight. And the title chosen by Mr. Locker warns us what to look for. We will not say that the great life of London could not inspire poetry—dramatic, satiric, epic even—but lyric poetry of the deeper kind assuredly not. In lyrical poetry, properly so called, the mind must be wholly absorbed and occupied by some musical and solitary emotion. London is socially distracting, active, and buoyant. On the surface of its potent and massive life you are borne up and tossed about like the swimmer on the waves. You might far more easily write a true lyric with breakers dashing in your face, and your body heaving up and down with every wave, than with the tide of London society heaving beneath your imagination, and the small excitements of social intercourse and impacts ruffling the surface of your fancy. But Mr. Locker does not apply “lyric” in this strict sense.

What he gives us is just that playful or pathetic ripple on the surface of the mind which a man has time to note as he walks calmly down Piccadilly, or sits in the suspended social animation of a solitary drawing-room, waiting for the hostess of a morning call. And this gentle vibration of fun or feeling, which society stimulates, but the flying lights and shadows of which few are both able and willing to catch, is very nicely reflected in Mr. Locker's verses. The playfulness—where it does not degenerate into puns, as it too often does—is a genuine lambent light closely bound up with a certain tenderness of feeling; and there is an ease of expression which everywhere reflects the self-possession of London society. As good a specimen as we can give of the nature of the poems is the affectionate, half-respectful, half-irreverent *chaff* of “Grandmamma” which is contained in the following verses:—

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

(Suggested by a Picture by Mr. Romney.)

This relative of mine
Was she seventy and nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen,—
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree
As she sits, her reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste,—
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

In bridal coronet,
Lace, ribbons, and coquette
Falbalà;
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love,—
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?—
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, “Come.”

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Sweet deity, in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

* *London Lyrics*. By Frederick Locker. Basil Montagu. 1862.

Her locks (as white as snow)
 For his wing once shamed the crow
 By their dye,—
 That fowl of cloven tread
 Had set his foot, instead,
 In her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
 And her silk was bombazine ;—
 Well I wot,
 With her needles would she sit,
 And for hours would she knit,—
 Would she not ?

Ah, perishable clay !
 Her charms had dropt away
 One by one.
 But if she heaved a sigh
 With a burthen, it was, " Thy
 Will be done ! "

In travail, as in tears,
 With the fardel of her years
 Overprest,—
 In mercy was she borne
 Where the weary ones and worn
 Are at rest.

I'm fain to meet you there,—
 If as witching as you were,
 Grandmamma !
 This nether world agrees
 That the better it must please
 Grandpapa.

There is a nice little trot about these verses which almost seems to beat time to a kind old lady's step, as she ambles about a house, bent on making everybody happy, and the thoughtfulness for grandpapa in the last verse completely atones for the half-disposition shown to break, in thought, the canon against marrying within the forbidden degrees, which peeps out in a previous verse.

We have only two serious remonstrances to make with Mr. Locker. One is against the punning which, though, we suppose, it is an exercise of the human understanding, is certainly incongruous with verse of any kind not intended for a comic journal. The following, for example, should have been sent to *Fun* :—

"As year succeeds to year, the more
 Imperfect life's fruition seems,
 Our dreams, as baseless as of yore,
 Are not the captivating dreams
 Of knight and lady, Puck and Pan,
 Of sirens weird, or outlaws witty,—
 No sirens now in ditty ban,
 All's changed, alas ! we've no banditti ! "

or this, in another poem :—

"Such talk is stuff—a vile caprice
 Of rogues who swear our swans are geese :
 But reason it or rhyme it,

To hacks who 'tread the mill' like me,
 These slopes of Bramble-Rise should be
 A healthy change of *climb it*."

This is questionable in a poet. Mere punning is only a sort of intellectual infidelity to the meaning of words which, unless the thoughts contained have some analogous and humorous subterranean kind of connection, is an exercise of mind of which the lower animals are incapable, only because they have a more trustworthy intelligence. A dog may pun unconsciously, and therefore innocently, by confusing different things which have the same name ; but of conscious confusion it is never guilty.

Also Mr. Locker is obscure in his points. We have some acquaintance with printers' devils, and have studied the following with much care and anxiety ; it closes the volume, and is evidently addressed to the devil who took the last corrected proof—namely of this very poem—to the printer's :—

"Small imp of blackness, off at once,
 Expend thy mirth as likes thee best ;
 Thy toil is over for the nonce,
 Yes, *opus operatum est*.

"When dreary authors vex thee sore—
 Thy Mentor's old, and would remind thee,
 That if thy griefs are all before,
 Thy pleasures are not all behind thee."

Are these last two lines accompanied with a kick ? And if not, what is the drift of the obscure antithesis indicated ?

On the whole, however, we may say that there is both pathos and humor, of a gentle, rippling kind in this little volume ; the general effect of which may be summed up in two verses, which, but for the verbal play on "merry thought" and "funny-bone," might have been taken from one of Mr. Thackeray's own ballads, so completely and easily do they express his philosophy :—

"Ah, vain regret ! to few, perchance,
 Unknown—and profitless to all,
 The wisely-gay, as years advance,
 Are gayly-wise. Whate'er befall
 We'll laugh—at folly, whether seen
 Beneath a chimney or a steeple,
 At yours, at mine—our own, I mean,
 As well as that of other people.

"They cannot be complete in aught
 Who are not humorously prone ;
 A man without a merry thought
 Can hardly have a funny-bone.
 To say I hate your gloomy men
 Might be esteemed a strong assertion ;
 If I've blue devils, now and then,
 I make them dance for my diversion."

From The Examiner.

Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the Archives of Simancas and elsewhere. Volume I. Henry VII, 1485-1509. Edited by G. A. Bergenroth. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans.

HERE is a new feature in the publications issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Till now we have had "Calendars" of our own State Papers only; but the principal substance of the present volume is derived from the State Papers of Spain. Its appearance may be looked upon as an acknowledgment on the part of our Government that important sources of English history are to be found in foreign countries, which require to be made known and consultable, like those in the Public Record Office, by catalogues, with careful summaries of their contents. That the treasury has come to view the matter in this light is a fact for which we cannot feel too grateful; for certainly there is not one of the Government publications better deserving than the present of the countenance under which it has appeared.

We understand that it was entirely on his own account that Mr. Bergenroth first went to Spain to study in the Archives of Simancas. Having spent much time in England, where he devoted his attention to historical pursuits, and more especially to the period of Henry VII., it occurred to him that, owing to the very close and intimate relation then existing between the two countries, the Archives of Spain would probably be found a fruitful source of information. He determined to see what could be got out of the records of Simancas. He accordingly went and took up his quarters in that uncomfortable little village, of which he gives us the following account:—

"The country is barren and treeless. For nine months out of the twelve it is destitute of verdure, and the climate, in consequence of the great elevation of the land, is very trying. The sun is as burning as in Africa, and the winds are as cold as on the plains of Northern Asia. No hotel, even of the most moderate description, in which a traveller could find accommodation, is to be found in the place. The student who wishes

to consult the Archives is obliged to live in the house of some poor peasant; for the pride of the few wealthy persons among the villagers would not permit them to receive lodgers. Excellent and, in many respects, comparatively refined as are the peasants of Old Castile, it is very difficult to be satisfied with the scanty accommodation which it is in their power to offer. The rooms in their houses are very small, the windows, doors, and roof are of such inferior workmanship, that bitter blasts, glaring sunlight, and pelting rain easily find admittance. The occupant of such a dwelling suffers by turns from cold, heat, and wet. The food is worse than the lodgings. No social intercourse, no books, not even the commonest works of reference, are to be had."

Here, in an old tower with a northern aspect, where no fires were allowed and the ink froze in his pen in winter, Mr. Bergenroth pursued his labor of love, deciphering the documents that related to England; and very soon he found them so important that attention was called to his researches through both public and private channels, and he at length received a commission from Government to compile the present Calendar. He had, however, greater difficulties to contend with than the climate of the room. The Spanish MSS. seemed almost hopelessly undecipherable. The works on Spanish palæography that he had studied before he left England were of little or no avail. "The specimens given by Rodriguez," says Mr. Bergenroth, "contain all the principal features characteristic of the Spanish writing of that period. But they are neat and clean engravings, whilst the papers with which I had to do were the rough drafts of Ferdinand Alvarez, Secretary of State to Ferdinand and Isabella. They are incoherent and confused, portions are blotted out, and marginal additions are written in such small characters as scarcely to be discernible. In fact, the writing is more difficult than any which I subsequently met with. I passed whole days at first over a few lines." A little later in the reign, when Almazan replaced Alvarez as Secretary of State, though the ordinary handwriting is more intelligible, a great number of the despatches are in cipher, to which Mr. Bergenroth had laboriously to form his own keys. There were twenty different kinds of cipher, and though one or two might be regarded as variations of the others, most of them were extremely com-

plicated. So complicated, indeed, had the different ciphers become in about fifteen years after the art was first introduced into Spain, that they were found to be intolerable even by the Spanish ministers themselves. Nevertheless all difficulties gave way before Mr. Bergenroth's indomitable perseverance, and in the end he was able to read every despatch except one short letter, which was in a different cipher from all the rest.

Even then, however, his troubles were not at an end:—

“When I had nearly completed all my keys, doubts arose in the Archives whether I could be permitted to copy the ciphered documents. As I was the only man living who was able to interpret them, the control to be exercised by the Archivero was impossible. The ciphered despatches were actually taken from me, and all my labor seemed destined to be fruitless. I went to Madrid. The result of my appeals to the ministry showed that the whole affair had simply been due to a misunderstanding. The Spanish Government, treating me with the greatest liberality, imposed only one condition, namely, that I should leave copies of all my decipherings and keys in the Archives, to which I gladly consented. When I returned to Simancas the ciphered documents were not only restored to me, but another search for keys to the ciphers was made, and resulted in the discovery of one complete key and the fragments of two others. The complete key was the one which had been the most used in the extensive correspondence of Doctor De Puebla with the Spanish Government. It contains two thousand four hundred signs. Had it been found some months earlier, when I first asked for it, it would have saved me immense labor, injurious to my health. As it was, it only served to confirm me in the conviction I had entertained that my discoveries were real, and to fill up some blanks occasioned by the circumstance that certain signs had never been made use of in the correspondence.”

The new light obtained by these researches on a very dark period of our history is of the most important nature. Not that it clears away doubts or corrects many errors in the received view of Henry VII.; but it is the only real source of information we possess respecting that monarch's actions and policy. The few contemporary writers are miserably unsatisfactory. Lord Bacon wrote the life of Henry VII.; his work is

rather a sketch than a history, but modern research has done little to fill up the outline of what he was obliged to leave imperfect. Clogged as it is with countless inaccuracies, his book is still quoted as an authority, and the popular conception of the first of the Tudors is undoubtedly derived from the portrait of him drawn by Bacon. Anything like a history of the period we have not seen as yet.

Here at least are some of the materials for it, exhibiting England, it is true, rather exclusively from one point of view, but wonderfully complete and interesting, as far as they go. The scanty original documents belonging to the period in our country, which lay dispersed and unknown in different libraries, were partly brought to light the other day, and published in the Government series of Chronicles; but, important as these are, they supply no continuous information relative to the wants of the reign. In Spain even the oldest State papers appear never to have been disturbed; each *legajo* or bundle of documents contains still the very letters and instructions that were placed in it three centuries ago; the order in which they are preserved is perfect. And Mr. Bergenroth has not only exhausted the *Tratados con Inglaterra* in Simancas and Barcelona, the old Archives of the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon, but whatever he could find in Paris or London, in the Public Record Office, British Museum or Bibliothèque Impériale, or in printed documents from the Archives of Vienna, which could illustrate the relations between Spain and England in the reign of Henry VII., he has carefully catalogued under its proper date. Now, therefore, we may feel tolerably confident that we have in Mr. Bergenroth's Calendar all the information ever likely to be found upon this subject.

Who would have expected that the very first of the documents in the volume derived from a foreign repository would have been a complaint of Ferdinand and Isabella against Columbus, then in the French service, whom they charge with piracy? It seems he had captured four Venetian vessels freighted by Spanish subjects, and carried off the booty to an English port. On the 5th of November, 1485, Ferdinand and Isabella wrote to the King of England, not knowing as yet who that person might be (for it was but two

months and a half after the battle of Bosworth, and they had not heard whether Richmond's expedition had been successful), desiring that the adventurer might be arrested. This letter, or a duplicate of it, is preserved at Barcelona, and a blank is left for the King of England's name.

The diplomatic documents, however, commence in the year 1488, when the first negotiations were set on foot for the marriage between the son of Henry and the daughter of the Spanish sovereigns. While the children themselves were yet in their cradles their wise parents saw how to make them the means of a firm alliance between Spain and England. A very full report is given of the conferences on this subject between the ambassadors of Ferdinand and Isabella and the English king and his ministers. Considering the insecurity of Henry's throne, one might have supposed the advantage of such a union would be chiefly on his side; the greatness of the alliance for one so situated seems even to have been admitted by Henry himself. "The king, according to his usual manner, took his bonnet off his head, and said the most flattering things of the masters (Ferdinand and Isabella), every time he pronounced their names taking the measure of his bonnet." Nevertheless the English commissioners long stood out for a much larger marriage portion than Spain was inclined to give. The Spanish ambassadors remonstrated against their demands. "Bearing in mind," they said, "what happens every day to the kings of England, it is surprising that Ferdinand and Isabella should dare to give their daughter at all." But they add, "This was said with great courtesy, in order that they might not feel displeasure." The English urged that Ferdinand and Isabella might be more liberal, as the money would not come from them, but out of the pockets of their subjects; the English aristocracy were wealthy, and as for the crown itself, there was not "a drop of blood" in existence that could endanger Henry's title.

The notices of Perkin Warbeck are both numerous and curious, but they leave him as mysterious a character as ever. Mr. Bergenroth doubts whether Henry himself knew, or even cared to know, who he was. There is no doubt that everywhere abroad he was spoken of as the true son of Edward IV.

"Perkin," says Mr. Bergenroth, "was believed by all the princes of his time to be the real Duke of York. Of this we have the certainly unexceptionable evidence of Henry VII. himself. On the occasion when he saw Perkin Warbeck in the presence of the Bishop of Cambray and De Puebla, he said to both ambassadors, in order to prove the great perversity of Perkin, that he had succeeded in persuading the Pope, the King of the Romans, the King of France, and, in fact, all the princes of Christendom, with the exception of Ferdinand and Isabella, that he was the son of King Edward. He thus confirmed the assertion of Perkin in his letter to Queen Isabella that the King of the Romans, the Archduke Philip, the Duke of Saxony, and the Kings of Denmark and Scotland had honored him with embassies and treated him as their equal. Even the single exception which Henry made with regard to Ferdinand and Isabella will not bear investigation. For, if documents which are destined to remain in the hands of the most confidential servants, and which have no political object in view, deserve greater reliance than declarations of ambassadors made for certain purposes, Ferdinand and Isabella also considered Perkin Warbeck to be the Duke of York. The document to which I refer is the original of a key to the cipher in Latin numbers, used by De Puebla and preserved at Simancas. One chapter of it is headed 'The Pope, the Emperor, Kings, and other persons of the Blood Royal.' There is even the direction added, that persons who do not belong to royal families must be looked for in other places. Perkin Warbeck, not under this name, but under that of the Duke of York, is to be found in the chapter of royal personages; his cipher is DCCCCVII, and his neighbors on either side are the Duchess Margaret and King Alfonso of Naples. Even to those who firmly believe that Perkin Warbeck was an impostor, it must at least be clear that he was treated by the continental princes just as the real Duke of York would have been treated."

It might, perhaps, be doubted whether Henry himself esteemed this "idol" as formidable to his throne as abroad he was believed to be. It is very remarkable, however, not only in reference to Warbeck's importance, but also as showing the deference Henry paid to the counsels of Spain, that when the king at length got Warbeck into his power, he thought it right to ask Ferdinand's advice what to do with him. "I besought your highnesses a long while ago," writes De Puebla to Ferdinand and Isabella, "to write your opinion and advise

how the King of England ought to deal with Perkin. Your highnesses have to this day, no doubt from some just reasons and impediments, never sent a word in answer, nor written any other thing. Your silence causes me much pain, *because I am sure the King of England would do whatever your Highnesses might direct.*"

Another remarkable feature in these papers is the interest which the Spanish sovereigns took in Scotland. The distant situation of that country, and the proverbial barbarism of its people, made it an object of very little concern to European nations generally. To England it was but a plague, to France only a means of plaguing England. James had taken up the cause of Perkin Warbeck; but Henry initiated a new policy of conciliation, greatly against the prejudices of the people whom he governed. His chief agent in this was Don Pedro de Ayala, Ferdinand's ambassador to the court of James IV., and Ferdinand himself used every effort to cement the union between the northern and southern kingdom. Don Pedro made himself very well acquainted with both countries, and came to entertain great friendship for James IV. A long and very minute report which he made at the command of his sovereigns, concerning the King and Kingdom of Scotland, is one of the most remarkable papers in this volume. We cannot refrain from giving one extract, long as it is:—

"The king is twenty-five years and some months old. He is of noble stature, neither tall nor short, and as handsome in complexion and shape as a man can be. His address is very agreeable. He speaks the following foreign languages: Latin, very well; French, German, Flemish, Italian and Spanish; Spanish as well as the marquis, but he pronounces it more distinctly. He likes, very much, to receive Spanish letters. His own Scotch language is as different from English as Aragonese from Castilian. The king speaks, besides, the language of the savages who live in some parts of Scotland and on the islands. It is as different from Scotch as Biscayan is from Castilian. His knowledge of languages is wonderful. He is well read in the Bible and in some other devout books. He is a good historian. He has read many Latin and French histories, and profited by them, as he has a very good memory. He never cuts his hair or his beard. It becomes him very well.

He fears God, and observes all the precepts of the Church. He does not eat meat

on Wednesdays and Fridays. He would not ride on Sundays for any consideration, not even to mass. He says all his prayers. Before transacting any business, he hears two masses. After mass he has a cantata sung, during which he sometimes despatches very urgent business. He gives alms liberally, but is a severe judge, especially in the case of murderers. He has a great predilection for priests, and receives advice from them, especially from the Friars Observant, with whom he confesses. Rarely, even in joking, a word escapes him that is not the truth. He prides himself much upon it, and says it does not seem to him well for kings to swear their treaties as they do now. The oath of a king should be his royal word, as was the case in bygone ages. He is neither prodigal nor avaricious, but liberal when occasion requires. He is courageous, even more so than a king should be. I am a good witness of it. I have seen him often undertake most dangerous things in the last wars. I sometimes clung to his skirts, and succeeded in keeping him back. On such occasions he does not take the least care of himself. He is not a good captain, because he begins to fight before he has given his orders. He said to me that his subjects serve him with their persons and goods, in just and unjust quarrels, exactly as he likes, and that, therefore, he does not think it right to begin any warlike undertaking without being himself the first in danger. His deeds are as good as his words. For this reason, and because he is a very humane prince, he is much loved. He is active, and works hard. When he is not at war he hunts in the mountains. I tell your highnesses the truth when I say that God has worked a miracle in him, for I have never seen a man so temperate in eating and drinking out of Spain. Indeed such a thing seems to be superhuman in these countries. He lends a willing ear to his counsellors, and decides nothing without asking them; but in great matters he acts according to his own judgment, and, in my opinion, he generally makes a right decision. I recognize him perfectly in the conclusion of the last peace, which was made against the wishes of the majority in his kingdom.

"When he was a minor he was instigated by those who held the government to do some dishonorable things. They favored his love intrigues with their relatives, in order to keep him in their subjection. As soon as he came of age, and understood his duties, he gave up these intrigues. When I arrived, he was keeping a lady with great state in a castle. He visited her from time to time. Afterwards he sent her to the house of her father, who is a knight, and married

her. He did the same with another lady, by whom he had had a son. It may be about a year since he gave up, so at least it is believed, his love-making, as well from fear of God as from fear of scandal in this world, which is thought very much of here. I can say with truth that he esteems himself as much as though he were Lord of the world. He loves war so much that I fear, judging by the provocation he receives, the peace will not last long. War is profitable to him and to the country."

How many features of the Scottish character, precisely as we see it at the present day, have been noted by this shrewd observer of the fifteenth century! The extreme regard for personal character and good fame, the importance attached to the "precepts of the Church," observance of the Sunday and study of the Bible, the noble truthfulness descending even into trivial matter of fact, and the degrading prevalence of intemperance,—all go to prove that Scotchmen in the days of James IV. were wonderfully like Scotchmen in the days of Queen Victoria. A few points no doubt have been altered as civilization has advanced. The Wednesday and Friday fasts have long been abandoned as superstitious; even the fasts of the Scottish Church, though formally, are not painfully observed; and we would not for the world tell our Highland friends that Gaelic is the language of savages. But, radically, the national character is the same.

But the most extraordinary of the new facts brought to light by Mr. Bergenroth are undoubtedly those relating to Henry's numerous projects of marriage. It was already known that on the death of his queen, Elizabeth of York, he entertained from time to time various plans for a new alliance, and that on one occasion he sent three gentlemen to Spain with minute and by no means delicate instructions to report upon the personal qualities of the young Queen of Naples. He commissioned them to see her if possible fasting, to smell her breath, to give a particular account of her skin, her hair, her eyebrows, teeth and lips, nose, forehead, fingers, breasts, and a great deal more besides. It would be difficult to find in the history of match-making anything more extraordinary than this; yet even this is almost equalled in indecency by Henry's other pursuits in a similar direction. The very letter

which carried out to Spain the news of his first queen's death contained an indirect offer from the king to marry Katharine of Arragon, the widow of his own son Arthur. Queen Isabella's reply to this is dated 11th of April, 1503, exactly two months after the event which made the monstrous proposal possible. We should, perhaps, expect that it would be pretty strongly worded. It is certainly decided enough, but not in the least indignant. Though Isabella directed her ambassador to 'speak of it as a thing not to be endured,' and even to be sure he put the king completely out of hope to accomplish it, we have no reason to believe that her feelings were much outraged by the suggestion. Her reason for refusing, as she herself tells her ambassador, is that it would prevent the marriage of Katharine with the young Prince Henry; and she adds that if the King of England wished another wife, she could perhaps find one for him. She accordingly suggested the young Queen Dowager of Naples already referred to. After a time that project, too, was dropped, and Henry endeavored to gain the hand of Margaret of Savoy, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian. This lady had already been twice married. Her reply was rather curious. She had hitherto, she said, been unfortunate in husbands, and had no wish to try matrimony a third time. This project also, though spoken of more than once, never came to anything.

But perhaps the most repulsive proposition of the kind was that which Henry made, on the death of Philip of Castile, for the hand of his insane widow. He himself was at this time laboring under the most serious illness. His life had been despaired of; one might almost suspect his intellect had been impaired. He could only hope to effect such an object through the aid of Ferdinand, and Ferdinand's interest was obviously against it. Yet he not only made the offer, but made use of the poor unhappy Princess Katharine of Arragon to negotiate it. He would marry her whether she were sane or insane, and his council told the Spanish ambassador the English would not mind her insanity provided she were able to bear children!

We have by no means exhausted the points of interest in Mr. Bergenroth's volume. Henry's treatment of Katharine of Arragon is also a dark chapter in his history. But we believe we have said enough to indicate the very important nature of these researches, and to call due attention to their results. And so we take leave of Mr. Bergenroth for the present, hoping to meet him again when he has brought down his work to the days of Henry VIII. and Charles V.

From The Spectator.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

THE idea of an underground railway through London is due to the late City Solicitor, Mr. Charles Pearson, who died but recently. When the scheme was first started, some ten or twelve years ago, it did not find many admirers, and the public was as incredulous about the possibility of burying a "line" beneath houses and shops as the capitalists were unwilling to risk their money in the enterprise. However, Mr. Pearson was indefatigable in explaining the eminent utility of his project, and by dint of hammering it into the heads of men, he, of course, carried his object at last. Gradually, timid moneyed citizens came forward to invest their surplus cash in underground shares; gradually, a company was formed, a legion of lawyers feed, and parliamentary sanction obtained for the new scheme; and, gradually, the army of navvies, with their spades and barrows, set to work digging into the London clay, converting the whole ground from Paddington to Clerkenwell into one huge mole-hill. The project of the City Solicitor was found to be of no easy execution, for the work of the navvies was not a mere boring through the ground, as in the ordinary tunnelling process, but a careful groping with spade and pickaxe through a maze of aqueducts, sewer-pipes, gas-tubes, and magnetic wires. More than once the water refused to give way to the light, and the light to electricity; but, ultimately, all were conquered by steam, and the iron links, which bind together nations, were safely laid down in the bowels of the metropolis. At the present moment, after more than five years' hard and uninterrupted labor, the Underground Railway is finished at last, and about to be opened to the still somewhat sceptic public.

Anything more curious and startling than a promenade along the iron highway which now lies below London, can scarcely be imagined. The road commences at the end of Farringdon Street, close to Old Smithfield market, and not far from the grim stronghold of Newgate. The entrance is formed by a temporary station, some five hundred feet long and ninety feet wide, built in the ordinary style of railway architecture, a cross between a goods-store and a greenhouse. Tall iron girders and long arches of white

perforated brick carry a low roof of tiles and ground plate glass, very useful for sheltering people against wind, but not very beautiful to look at. However, as the Underground Railway was certainly made to be used, and not to be looked at, there is not much to be said in the matter, and the visitor must check his reflections on this score. Stepping bravely down on the rails, the road of exploration lies for some distance among high brick walls, which gradually approach nearer to each other, until they end in a bell-mouthed arch. The yawning tunnel, black as Erebus, is by no means inviting for lonely foot-passengers; but it is Hobson's choice, for no other mode of locomotion is to be had for the present. Fortunately, after treading some distance into the dark region, a little blacksmith's boy offers himself and his naphtha lamp as guide, making it possible to proceed in the journey of inspection. What strikes the eye first in the long tunnel through which the way now lies, is the exquisite symmetry of the proportions of the arch above. The curve is perfectness itself, looking more as if moulded in one mass by the help of mathematical instruments, than as if put together piece by piece, in single bricks. The arch is of a most graceful elliptical form, sixteen feet and a half high from the level of the rails, and twenty-eight feet and a half wide. This great width is made necessary by the fact that the Underground Railway is to be worked by the Company of the Great Western line, the broad gauge carriages of which are to carry the whole passenger traffic. There is a narrow gauge between the broad lines; but the former is to be used only for the transport of goods, and for such occasional trains as the Great Northern Company may think fit to send to the city. The branch tunnel, leading up to the Great Northern station, is the first object which diverts the eye, being separated from the main tunnel by a brick wall, close to where the turbid waters of the Fleet Ditch are carried across the rails in a flat iron trough. The noise of the gushing stream is distinctly heard overhead, and, in the darkness all around, the imagination is at liberty to call up pictures of ancient London, at the time when the Fleet carried crowds of sailing vessels on its bosom, and shoals of jolly salmon in the fold of its waves. How the poor old Fleet must feel the change now, squeezed into an iron

spout, with the road above and the rail below—a true Procustes bed.

At length we emerge from the tunnel, after about ten minutes' walk, and arrive at the first station of the Underground Railway, that of King's Cross. It is a structure a good deal more comely than the departure shed in Farringdon Street, consisting of two wide platforms on each side, covered by a huge dome of glass of nearly a hundred feet span. By laying a floor across the rails, on a level with the platform, the building might easily be converted into a fine ball-room, for merry Underground directors and shareholders to dance in. There is capital accommodation for a good orchestra, on a pretty aerial bridge, which hangs high under the glass roof, spanning the rail from side to side. Close to the bridge the tunnel yawns again. It is an exact counterpart of its brother on the other side; the same height and width throughout, the same beautiful elliptical arch above, and the same double line of broad and narrow gauge rails along the ground. There are the same "man-holes" too at the side of the tunnel: small niches cut in the solid wall, sufficient for sheltering two persons, and met with every twenty or thirty yards. The tunnel is large enough to allow free passage on either side, and between the trains; but these "man-hole" excavations are made, it seems, as extra security, or to serve as a refuge in case of accident. After another six or seven minutes' walk through the dark we emerge again in the light, in a building somewhat less lofty than King's Cross, and by no means so well lighted. It is Gower Street station, lying below the carriage way of the New Road, and having no other illumination than that obtained by a number of chimney-like openings, enamelled inside with white tiles, and covered at the top with thick ground glass. On a clear day sufficient light for all ordinary purposes is obtained in this manner; but in good orthodox London weather, the chimney illumination must be largely supplemented by gas. The latter is near enough at hand, the main pipe running right across the arch, in close grip of road and rail, like the poor Fleet ditch.

Another black tunnel of four or five hundred yards, and we arrive at Portland Street Station. This is a very pretentious edifice, in the pepper-box style of architecture: "to

harmonize with the church opposite," as the clerk of the works explains. Two biggish kind of sentinel-boxes, covered by domes modelled after the originals of Captain Fowke, R.E., start out of the ground, stuck to what appears to be a stable on the one side, and a pigeon-house on the other. Our friend, the clerk, says it is "Doric;" but it looks Kensingtonian all over. Luckily, there is not much light below to examine the niceties of the "style," and the tunnel opens its arms near to the platform on either side. The next station, Baker Street, is close at hand. It is a simple contrivance, without attempts at Doric, lighted by nineteenth-century chimney-pots, and covered like an honest railway-shed. The stairs leading into the outer world are well lined with brass, as a protection against hob-nailed boots, which proves that the architect was a man with no nonsense about him. Another tunnel, rather damp, and revealing to the nose the existence of sewers somewhere near, brings us to the penultimate station, that of Edgware-road. It lies in an open cutting, some five hundred feet long and more than one hundred feet wide, and is consequently well lighted and aired. There are extensive "sidings" for housing locomotives and carriages; the top is covered by an elliptical arched roof of iron and glass, as at King's Cross; and the whole appearance of the station is very cheerful and pleasing. But one more tunnel beckons invitingly beyond, promising to carry us to the end of the iron underground highway. It is not long, and one of the most interesting works of the whole line. The road gradually ascends until it arrives at an open space, where it divides into two branches, the one leading to the Paddington station and the other to the Great Western Railway Hotel. The entrance to the latter is by a huge bell mouth, covered with thick elliptical wrought-iron ribs, with cross girders between them, and stout iron plating over the whole. It is one of the grandest engineering pictures which it is possible to imagine; and lit up by a profusion of gas jets, the effect is truly magical. The tunnel, from this place to Paddington station, follows the direction of the South Wharf-road, till, creeping out below the coal wharf, it emerges at last and falls into the Great Western line. There is a separate station here in course of erection; but at present it

is difficult to determine the end of the underground road and the commencement of the "King of Railways."

At Paddington the passenger vehicles of the new line stand ready for their work. They are really handsome carriages, immensely superior to the mass of old railway coffins on wheels, into which travellers are stowed away. There are only two classes of carriages—both, as already mentioned, for the broad gauge. The first class is divided into compartments for ten persons, five on either side; each passenger having an arm-chair of most comfortable and luxurious dimensions. The benches of the second-class carriages, too, are bolstered, with cushions at the back; but there are no divisions of seats, and the compartment holds twelve passengers. Both classes of vehicles are so high that the tallest life-guardsmen need not stoop while standing upright, helmet on head; and so broad that even ladies in garments of the latest Paris fashion can move along without damaging their hoops. But what is most satisfactory is that all carriages are lighted to profusion with gas, there being two large burners in each compartment of the first as well as the second class. The gas is kept on the top of the carriages in

long boxes, lined with vulcanized india-rubber, and freighted with heavy weights, which press the æriform fluid to the burners. Into these boxes the gas is pumped by hydraulic pressure, each carriage holding sufficient to serve for three hours. The contrast of the splendid illumination thus obtained with the wretched semi-opaque condition of the old oil-lamp light is something marvellous, and will go far, probably, to make underground travelling popular in London. In Belgium railway carriages have been lighted by gas for some years, and in Ireland also the system has been tried, and found to answer admirably. There is no reason, therefore, why it should not be a success likewise in the bowels of the British metropolis, and throw a new light upon the subject of railway travelling. With locomotives consuming their own smoke, such as have been built for the new line; with soft-cushioned seats, and plenty of room to breathe and move; and with artificial light, far surpassing the metropolitan sunshine, the Underground Railway can scarcely fail to obtain a fair share of public patronage. If it accomplish no other good, it is likely to have the one great effect of either annihilating or improving those horrible sarcophagi of London called omnibuses.

Blackwood's Magazine has an article on America, in which it says:—

"So far, therefore, as it is a question of legality, England would be amply justified in recognizing the independence of the Confederate States."

On this *The Press*, 8 Nov., a strong Tory paper, and perhaps especially devoted to Mr. D'Israeli, thus speaks:—

"The only comment we feel disposed to make on the statement, is that precedents for recognition do not necessarily prove either the justice or the wisdom of recognition. What we ought to be more careful of than anything is establishing a precedent against ourselves. It may be said, of course, that this has been done long ago, and by the acts of intervention above quoted; so that as we cannot make our own case worse, we may just as well get all the good out of the precedents that we can. Perhaps so. But the point is a very nice one; and we rather distrust that appeal to the "voice of humanity" by which one people would justify dictation to another. The voice of humanity is a singularly elastic and ubiquitous voice, and may possibly be heard next in a quarter where it will not be very welcome."

An Irish local paper, the *Munster News*, gives an account of a curious silver cross that has been discovered in the ruins of Quin Abbey, County Clare, by a herdsman of the neighborhood, while making some casual researches amongst the old stones that had fallen from the walls. This is supposed to have been a pectoral cross of a mitred abbot of the Franciscan order, to whom the abbey, one of the oldest in Ireland, belonged. It is of silver, gilt, perfectly solid, elaborately wrought for its size, and bears a figure of the crucified Saviour; the prominent features were partially worn, presumably by constant attrition. It is said to be of the fourteenth-century workmanship. From the fact of the wearing away of the features, and also of the ribbon-ring, by which it would be suspended, this relic would appear to have been in use for a considerable period, and to have been a sort of official heirloom of successive abbots. The foot-ring, from which is suspended an ornamental silver drop or tassel, is, in like manner, worn to a mere thread. Above the head of the Redeemer's figure is a small, square, silver box, embracing a precious stone of sanguine hue, and affording room for a relic; in the foot of the article was another hole, probably intended to contain a second stone.

From The Spectator.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.*

IN the course of this year, the British public has been asked to read the lives of two remarkable Scotchmen—two men of very unlike outer fortunes, to whom very different fields of labor were assigned, who, in certain respects, possessed very dissimilar qualities and intellect, and yet in whom we find sundry elements of a very kindred character—Edward Irving and John Wilson. To begin with, both were sons of Anak, handsome and good looking, and charged with a quite extraordinary amount of physical activity, endurance, and strength. Wilson could clear the Cherwell—twenty-three feet—with a running leap, and readers of Irving's "life" will remember how, after a hard day's march, the preacher vaulted with amazing ease a many-barred gate. Largely alike in their indomitable pedestrianism, there was in both a very characteristic nomadic or "Bohemian" tendency,—the erratic impulse becoming at times, in each case, wholly dominant, leading Irving to roam in the north of Ireland, and take the chance shelter for the night, of outhouse or cabin, during the weeks preceding his settlement in Glasgow: and ever and anon sending Christopher North into the solitary hills and valleys of Ireland, Wales, or his passionately loved Scotland. Again, when we hear of Irving saying to a friend that he would greatly relish an encounter with a certain grenadier soldier, who was standing near, or of his reckless gig-driving down a very steep incline, scattering in dismay a party of soldiers at the bottom of the descent, we recognize the presence of the same abounding animal vigor which on a certain occasion caused an Oxford pugilist to exclaim that the antagonist who had terribly punished him for stopping the way across a bridge, "must either be Jack Wilson or the devil," or which, to the alarm of his faithful Palinurus, "Billy Balmer," would indulge in a midnight boat excursion on Windemere, in weather so cold, the "icicles hung from Wilson's beard." Fear was equally foreign to the two; and in both, aboriginally, there was a superabounding

* *Christopher North.* A Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Compiled from family papers and other sources, by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1862.

geniality, we might almost say joviality, which made them lords of the ascendant in all societies. We note in both the absence of the sense of time and the same supreme indifference to money. Both had "learned love in huts where poor men lie," and were completely elevated above the region of Flunkeyism. In both there was an exhaustless fund of generosity and benevolence, and the twain were alike unsystematic in their philanthropy. Two more passionately devoted husbands and fathers were not to be found in Scotland; and in these two men of giant mould there was the tenderness of a woman's heart, and a vast capacity of sorrow. Irving mourned all his days over the loss of his first-born. A mere boy of twelve, Wilson fainted at his father's grave, and when, after twenty-five years of wedded love, his wife was taken from his mortal sight, he fell half delirious on the floor of the room in which she had just ceased to breathe; nor during the eighteen years he survived her "did mourning ever entirely leave his heart." The two were orators of the highest order: and although Wilson, mainly, we suspect, through the malign influence of Lockhart, failed wholly to appreciate Irving,—the one instance, as far as we can remember, in which his marvellous discernment of contemporary genius was at fault,—and although the men were, apparently, personally unknown to each other, yet they were fellow-workers; and, so it seems to us, as prophet and poet, have conferred on their country everlasting benefits, and have nobly helped forward that day when Scottish song and Scottish theology will work in heartfelt concord. If any of our readers suspect that we are overestimating or misestimating Irving, let them remember what Carlyle says of the "uncelebrated, high-souled, blooming young man;" let them sunder the sublime prophesyings of his earlier London days from the confusions of a later period, and ask themselves what he might not still further have accomplished, with all his genius, his culture, his humanity, his faith, had he lived like Wilson in constant communion with Nature, and had he not, abandoning all literary and scientific interests, become the subject of a fixed idea.

It is a somewhat curious coincidence that the biographers of these two noble-hearted men are both ladies. Of Mrs. Oliphant's

"Life of Edward Irving" we have already spoken in these columns, and in rather qualified language. But of Mrs. Gordon's two most charming volumes we can only speak in terms of cordial commendation. We do not know that we have ever read a biography which has, on the whole, satisfied us better. We cannot but believe that this Life of Christopher North will secure and permanently retain a very high place in our biographical literature. Mrs. Gordon has shown herself to have inherited much both from her father's heart and intellect. With singular diffidence she presents her *In memoriam* to the world. We hear that "abler hands" declined the task. We have failed to note wherein other hands could have added to the intrinsic merits of her portraiture. Contrasted with other volumes, which we need not name, when we open "The Memoirs of John Wilson," it is like passing from the glare of footlights into the naturalness of the pleasant sunshine. We have no sensation writing—no gaudy headings; but we have, instead, a book as healthful in tone and spirit, as it is faithful and impartial in its characterizations. Our main regret concerning this book is that Mrs. Gordon has thought it worth while, at this time of day, to print what Lockhart said of Irving, and to append a foot-note in which she accepts some words of Mrs. Oliphant too much *au pied de la lettre*. Mrs. Gordon's power of pen-and-ink portrait-painting is of a very high order; but her style is so quiet and unobtrusive that her likenesses rather steal their way into your imagination than force themselves on your criticism. Altogether perfect of their kind are her reminiscences of Hartley Coleridge, Lockhart, and De Quincey—all, too, very pathetic representations, and not the least so, that of Lockhart grown old, a worn, sad-hearted, hopeless being. Interspersed here and there are some capital stories, told so effectively that, like *Oliver Twist*, we are sorely tempted to "ask for more." Take the following specimen, which is furnished by Mrs. Gordon as an illustration of the continuance, amongst quite respectable church-going folks, of the mania for rearing fighting-cocks, at a period long subsequent to the days when the yet unfloored drawing-room at Ellery was converted into an arena for the feathered combatants: "One Sunday, in St. John's (Episcopal) Chapel, Edinburgh,

an old gentleman, a friend of my father, was sitting gravely in his seat, when a lady in the same pew moved up to him, wishing to speak with him. He kept edging cautiously away from her, till at last, as she came nearer, he hastily muttered out: 'Sit yont, miss, sit yont! Dinna ye ken, ma pouch is fu' o' gemm (i.e., game) eggs?'"

Wilson himself comes forth in Mrs. Gordon's pages in the integrity of his complex yet magnificent manhood. Her father's memory is too sacred to her to allow her either to cloak or exaggerate. And why should she have attempted to do either? John Wilson was certainly no ascetic, and rumor, somewhat noisily and busily,—especially at the time of his candidature for the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the Metropolitan University—carried through scandal-loving parties in Edinburgh, sundry rather queer stories affecting both his practical ethics and his creed. But as regards the latter the stories were pure fiction. If we may be allowed the expression, John Wilson was born a great believer; and while, as we read in the memoirs before us, he could, in his Oxford days, handle the Gibbon and Voltaire weapons with formidable mastery, it was only as a debating exercitation that he did so. There was nothing negative about the man, and strange as it may seem to those who have thought of Wilson only or mainly as the great lord of the *Roundabouts*, or chieftain of the *Harum-Scarum* class of literature—and in the circumbendibus region he is monarch confessed, his full-flooded sentences, overflowing at times both "bank and brae," his passionate love of nature, his inevitable accuracy, and his panoramic sweep of description, his wondrous combination of man and boy, his glorious *abandon*, rendering him *facile princeps*,—there is not, we believe, one of his "children," as he loved to call his students, who would not cordially testify that there was no contemporary teacher in the university whose whole bearing and language bore so profoundly the impress of reverence for God and all that is Godlike, as did those of the Professor of Moral Philosophy. How far he accepted or rejected the special dogmas of Scottish theology we do not know. He seems to have rather ignored than questioned them; or whenever they came in his way, though repugnant to his own heart and conscience, the remembrance

that they were, if even superstitiously, held in great veneration by the peasantry of his own day, and that the Covenanters had carried them, along with their blue banner, to the moors and mountains, would invest them in his imagination with a sacredness that, for the time, prompted him rather to worship than gainsay. This, however, is known of many, and may be read of all, that, whenever he is not rioting in mere excess of energy, a deep religiousness pervades all Wilson's writings; and it is only in beautiful accordance with all that we ourselves had previously believed, when we read, in his daughter's touching words, that "it was no unfrequent sight to see my father, as early dawn streaked the sky, sitting by the bedside of the dying woman"—an old servant of Mrs. Wilson, whom the professor, after his wife's death, had invited to his house at Roslin, as she had fallen into bad health—"arranging with gentle hand the pillow beneath her head, or cheering her with encouraging words, and reading when she desired it those portions of the Bible most suitable to her need." (Vol. ii. p. 246.)

In the matter of Wilson's practical ethics, gossip had just enough of *locomotive* power supplied by some authentic bits of his early history to get its wagon-loads of invention dragged through the "public square;" and, certainly, there are some ultra-"muscular" passages in his biography which we could wish non-existent, and about which Mrs. Gordon, of course, shares the sentiment of all cultivated readers in this latter half of the nineteenth century. But if he did "let dogs delight to bark and bite," and was only too prone to encourage game-cocks also in the manifestation of "their nature," side by side with these pugnacious sympathies, was a burning indignation against anything like cruelty to animals. On one occasion, for example, finding that expostulation with a carter, who was unmercifully treating an overburdened horse, was unavailing, and rather exasperated him, "in an instant that well-nerved hand twisted the whip which was held up in a threatening way from the fist of the man, as if it had been a straw, and walking quietly up to the cart he unfastened its *trams*, and hurled the whole weight of coals into the street. The rapidity with which this was done left the driver of the cart speechless. Meanwhile, poor Rosinante,

freed from his burden, crept slowly away, and the professor still clutching the whip in one hand, and leading the horse in the other, proceeded through Moray place (a noted section of the Edinburgh Belgravia), to deposit the wretched animal in better keeping than that of its driver." How animals of all kinds were known and loved by their impulsive friend, and how largely he shared their warmest attachment, we are informed by Mrs. Gordon in sundry places, some of which—particularly in the case of the dog "Rover,"—have a quite pathetic interest, and could scarcely effect us more had the narrative been written by the genial author of "Rab and his Friends" himself.

In addition to his canine and gallic proclivities, charges more directly implicating Wilson's moral character were so bitterly and pertinaciously reiterated by the Whigs—for in 1820 the election to the chair of Moral Philosophy was simply a question of politics in the Town Council—that it was absolutely necessary for him to submit to the humiliation of having certificates from Walter Scott, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, and others, to the effect that he was a good husband, a good father, and a wholly honorable and hard-working man! Christopher in his "ambrosial" moods, Christopher "on Colonsay," in "his sporting-jacket," in the water, and sometimes almost under the water, with rod in hand; Christopher as eloquent naturalist, as glowing expositor, as the maker of some poems which will always keep a high place among those of the lesser lords of song, was widely known to the world; but as a teacher of philosophy John Wilson was scarcely heard of beyond the walls of his class-room, and comparatively few were acquainted with his manner of life at home.

We fear no words will ever be sufficient to convey to those who never listened to his prelections anything like an adequate conception of what Wilson was in his class-room. Mrs. Gordon had had, on the whole, valuable contributions of reminiscences from old students, and the syllabus of his lectures for 1833-4, drawn up by the professor himself, will, perhaps, surprise some who had suspected that, as a lecturer, Wilson was more of a declaimer than a thinker. True, the field of ethics seems to be surveyed solely from the British point of view, but a very wide range is embraced, while there are in-

dications of a subtlety and method which belong only to the true analyst and orderly thinker. But if the reader, who never saw the professor, can gather from the syllabus in question that the moral philosophy class, while presided over by Wilson, was a genuine metaphysical gymnasium, and if the recollections of these grateful students, aided by the exquisite calotype in the first volume, will serve to supply to the imagination of strangers a tolerably lifelike representation of the lecturer himself; yet the splendid reality cannot be reproduced. With his slight Geneva gown hanging loosely from his broad shoulders, he strode with short elastic step from his vestry to the lecture-platform, and as he turned round his wonderful countenance on his class, he seemed to fill the room with sunshine. From behind the massive desk-table, on which he hurriedly deposited his roll of tattered manuscript, and then his watch, so as to be out of reach of his large, but finely articulated hand, he seemed at once a son of Thor and of Balder, the white sun-god. The long flowing fair hair, the bright blue eye, now glowing with light, or flashing lightning, or dashed with fiery dew; the broad and lofty forehead, swelling out in the region of "ideality," and so intensely developed in the "observing faculties" as to impart a semi-receding aspect to those of "reflection" (to use the terms of phrenology); * the nose, not Greek, or Roman, or *retroussé*, but a well-defined compromise between the three styles, the mouth, with the finely formed upper lip, exceedingly beautiful, at once sensitive and sensuous; the chin, like that of Rome's noblest faces, indicating both strength and decision, the ample throat and chest, and the mighty arm, the deep-toned voice, now hushed to a whisper, now musically tremulous, and now thundering in the full diapason of passion, the speaker, the while, either lion-like, roaming to and fro, or intently spelling out a bit of manuscript on the back of an old letter, or beating time with the right hand on the desk before him, or lifting himself up to the full height of his majestic presence, and, with outstretched arm, looking out at that western window, from which the light fell on him, as if waiting for and

supplicating, fresh inspiration from Heaven;—such is an outline of Professor Wilson to the eye and ear in the winter of 1835.

Of the lectures themselves there are, alas! but scant records. Wilson, however, seemed to suggest far more than any specific teaching to his pupils; and one of them has been heard to say that, grand as were Wilson's lectures on the Immortality of the Soul, it was the hearing and seeing the professor himself that, next to the Bible, inspired him with the hope of a glorious immortality for all mankind. Mrs. Gordon alludes to a lecture on Socrates—that lecture was one of his greatest; and all who ever heard it must remember that fine passage which ended with the words: "Socrates wrote no books, but, with reverence be it spoken, like a still greater Name, left it to his disciples to convey to posterity the knowledge of his teaching. Socrates preached no paltry system, he founded no narrow sect; it was his one great aim to bring back men from the fictions of system to the realities of indwelling truth; to pull down the towers and temples of a vain philosophy, and lay God's green earth open to the sky."

Our limits forbid further talk of the professor in his class; and for knowledge of him at his own fireside we must leave our readers in the hands of his accomplished daughter.

From his birth in Paisley in 1785 until, after two warnings in 1840 and 1850, the silver cord was at last loosed in 1854, the story of Wilson's life is faithfully recorded. At eighteen, after a most radiant childhood and happy boyhood, until his father's death, in his twelfth year, and after a successful student life in Glasgow, we find Wilson at Oxford—a buoyant youth rejoicing in his strength, master of himself, and having a very handsome fortune at his disposal. But, as explanatory, we suspect, of many of his nomadic experiences, Wilson had left his heart in Glasgow with an "orphan maid" there. In compliance, however, with the stern will of his mother, he "bade adieu forever" to the object of his passionate love. The sacrifice was a great shock to heart and brain; and, instead of wondering at much that he did to escape from himself, we rather marvel at the amount of solid work he got through, and that in the end his "examination" was pronounced to be even "glori-

* By far the most striking and lifelike rendering of Wilson's head and face we have met with, we saw in a window the other day at Brighton; the sculptor, a Mr. Boyby.

ous." In the main Wilson's life was based on sacrifice, at least to what he conceived it to be, duty—child of impulse though he was. And again, when, through the malversation of a near relative, he lost all his fortune, we find a noble power of submission in him; for, he not only gave himself to diligent labor on behalf of his family, now growing up, and largely dependent on his industry, but strove to succor the "unjust steward" as well—the means of the latter having gone down in the wreck.

Until "his hand ceased from work," amid the thick coming shadows, in 1852, Wilson was a really hard worker; and labored for *Blackwood* right loyally, but, as it turns out, he was very indifferently remunerated. He never, in fact, was the editor of *Blackwood*, and was paid only for what he wrote. And how he did write, doing at times, and amidst ill health, too, fifty-six pages of print in a couple of days, and sometimes fifty-four long articles in the course of a single year! Could he have set down quietly and persistently to a task, like Carlyle; could he have spread over months what he condensed into the strain of a few days! But then men are what they are. Wilson's genius was tidal, and did not flow like a river. He could not work by parallels and slow approaches. He flung himself at his subject when the mood came like a battering-ram. We must believe, however, after all, that the higher class of men do, on the whole, what they were intended to do; and in Wilson's case, or in any case, it is not for us to judge, but to receive with thankfulness any treasures he brought to the heritage of the ages.

In poetry technically so called, it was not as a creator, but as a critic, that he was great. Indeed, we find in a letter to his friend "Delta"—Dr. Moir—that he had very accurately, and with his characteristic humility, taken the measure of his own creative power. "You have not," he writes, "written any one great work, and, perhaps, like myself, you never will. But you have written very many exquisitely beautiful poems which, as time rolls on, will be finding their way into the mindful hearts of thousands, and become embodied with the *corpus* of true English poetry. The character and the fame of many of our finest writers are of this kind. For myself I should desire no other;—in some manner I hope they are mine." In a

very unmistakable manner, we would say; but yet, it was in his prose that he came forth most truly as a poet. It was with Homer, or Spencer, or Milton, or Burns, lying beside him in that wonderful library, so well described by Mrs. Gordon, with the foundling "sparrow nestling in his waistcoat," and probably in later years, a baby-grandchild at play on the hearth-rug, and when, for "Maga," he was about to unfold the diviner meanings of one of the poetic brotherhood that the fountains of his inspiration were broken up. It was then, when not at all seeking his own glory, or aiming to utter merely his own thoughts, but endeavoring to kindle in the soul of his readers a kindred enthusiasm with his own for the thoughts of other men, that his true power was seen. All things then became his—all images of peace, all symbols of power, came crowding to his imagination, and, as Hallam justly and beautifully says, "His eloquence poured along as the rush of many waters." But it was not only when communing with the grander spirits known to the world that the might of his sympathy revealed itself in breathing thoughts and burning words. He was ever waiting to hail the advent of any new manifestation of genius; and who was so cordial in early recognition and in the expression of admiration as he? Overdemonstrative some thought him; but he was always in the right, and not a few were largely encouraged by the liberal and loving words of the "old man eloquent." In fact, to us it seems that Wilson's special contribution to British literature lay here. Macaulay gave us the historical essay; Carlyle imported something of the earnest prophetic fire of his own heart into our periodicals. Wilson, fiercely as he wrote in early *Blackwoods*, though never with the *animus* of Lockhart, inaugurated the criticism of exposition, and genial admiration. With what heartiness did he welcome Mrs. Hemans, Alford, Miss Barrett, the Corn-law Rhymers, and John Sterling! Sterling was one of his latest admirations. We believe he never met him; but, though only through the medium of manuscript, he had thoroughly discerned what a bright and fine mind he had, and to the present writer he spoke of him in language almost exceeding the glowing eulogy with which he greeted him as "our new contributor," in *Blackwood*.

In the main, Wilson's genius was observing and sympathetic rather than scientific, and his critique on genuine poetry was quite in harmony with his unrivalled word-paintings of nature and natural objects. The authentic poem awed, or delighted him as did the song of the lark, or the mist rising from Windermere, while the lake became a mirror of dazzling sheen, or as did that experience of upland storm when "Young Kit" was imprisoned in the dense vapor, and he watched the young "peeseweeps" coming out of their hiding-place, while the mother of them and he kept "glowerin" at each other, until the bird, suspecting the storm-stead child might be "Lord Eglinton's gamekeeper," gave a loud shriek, and fled away with her downy bantlings. And hence it is that his criticisms are never pedantic. They are themselves poetry, and, while logically defensible, rather implicitly than explicitly give you a reason for the faith that dwelt in the rapt expositor. At the same time he could both analyze and rationalize with great subtlety and conclusiveness; and, as an illustration in part of what we mean, we would refer to his letter to Wordsworth on the "Lyrical Ballads," written while he was still in his seventeenth year—one of the most striking efforts of juvenile criticism we have met with for many a day.

Mrs. Gordon has given us some very exquisite passages from her father's writings. We would gladly quote them all, but we must content ourselves with the following extract from a letter to the professor's early and unchanging friend, Dr. Alexander Blair. What Deodati was to Milton, what Arthur Hallam was to Tennyson, Alexander Blair was to Wilson, while in Wilson's case the companion of his sunny boyhood lived on to be the revered and loved counsellor of his latest days. "I have often seen them," Mrs. Gordon writes, "sitting together in the quiet retirement of the study, perfectly absorbed in each other's presence, like schoolboys in the abandonment of their love for each other, occupying one seat between them, my father with his arm lovingly embracing 'the dear doctor's' shoulders, playfully pulling the somewhat silvered locks to draw his attention to something in the volume, spread out on their knees, from which they were reading." The following is the passage we refer to:—

"I once saw in a dream a most beautiful flower, in a wide bed of flowers, all of which were beautiful. But this one flower was especially before my soul for awhile, as I advanced to the place where they all were growing. Its character became more and more transcendent as I approached, and one large flower of which it consisted was lifted up above the rest. I then saw that it was a light, a prismatic globe, quite steady, and burning with a purity and sweetness, and almost an affectionate spirit of beauty, as if it were alive. I never thought of touching it, although I still thought it was a flower that was growing; and I heard a kind of sound, faint and dim, as the echo of musical glasses, seeming to proceed from the flower of light, and pervade the whole bank with low spiritual music. On trying to remember its appearance and spiritual beauty more distinctly, I am unable even to reconceive to myself what it was; whether altogether different from the other flowers, or some perfectly glorious representation of them all; not the queen of flowers, but the star of flowers, or flower-star. Now, as I did not, I presume, see this shining, silent, prismatic, vegetable creature, I myself created it; and it was 'the same, but ah! how different of the imagination,' mingling light with leaf, stones with roses, decaying with undecaying, heaven with earth, and eternity with time. Yet the product was nothing startling, or like a phenomenon that urged to inquiry—what is this? but beheld in perfect acquiescence in its existence as a thing intensely and delightfully beautiful, in whose perception and emotion, of whose heavenly and earthly beauty my beholding spirit was satisfied, oh! far more than satisfied, so purer was it than dew or light of this earth; yet as certainly and permanently existing as myself existed, or the common flowers, themselves most fair, that lay in usual spring assemblage in a garden where human hands worked and mortal beings walked beneath the umbrage of perishable trees. Perhaps we see and feel thus in heaven, and even the Alexander Blair, whom I loved well on earth, may be thus proportionately loved by me in another life." Of that we have no doubt; and, amid the music of this exquisite "dream-fugue," we take farewell of one of whom Scotland will long be justly proud. *Vale!* noble-hearted John Wilson!

From The Spectator.

HIAWATHA IN LATIN.*

THIS is not an age or country in which we can reasonably complain of the paucity of our sensations. Whether we seek new impressions or not, they overtake us almost beyond the limits of philosophic digestion. Nevertheless it may be said, as, indeed, we find, that the number and the novelty of the sensations required to overcome the listlessness of life will vary in different individuals. Where most men are spell-bound by the extraordinary rapidity of the events which surround them, a few minds may be so ardent, so versatile, and ethereal, as to be unsatisfied with a progression of daily discoveries in every branch of knowledge almost too numerous to record, and a frequency of political and social revolution, so far as we yet know, historically unparalleled. Nor can we quarrel with the preternatural mental activity of such highly gifted persons, beyond the involuntary astonishment which we may feel at their quaint feats of intellectual funambulism. In this respect the body throws much light upon the mind. Professor Blondin might, for aught we know, lead a blighted existence, but for the outlet he has found for his exuberant daring on the highest rope yet known. Boys will fly madly up half a dozen flights of stairs, for the pleasure of sliding down the banisters with a breathless rush, and a good thud at the end, where your ordinary man will grumble inwardly at the few steps he may have to ascend in order to consult a friend on important business. Yet, on the whole, we sympathize with the boys, and with those scholars who refresh their fevered wits with the like intellectual pranks. We should all be the better for a little more gymnastics. The Greeks of old must have drawn something of their unapproachable plasticity of mind from the elasticity of their bodies; and those glorious exercises which made their physical beauty the typical model for all future generations of sculptors, must have contributed something to the noble symmetry and miraculous versatility of their wits. The converse may not be true. A plastic mind may not argue a plastic body. Whether Professor

Newman, for instance, the versatility of whose mental parts is truly astonishing, can also dance upon a rope, we cannot say. But surely, when apparently no longer satisfied with the common impossibility of translating Homer into English, he suddenly resolved upon the translation of *Hiawatha*, of all books in the world, into Latin, we may be permitted to say, with all due admiration for his genius, that we can only compare him with those interesting and philosophic young experimentalists who, tired of things as they see them under ordinary circumstances, proceed to refresh and heighten their sensations by looking at the world, with head inverted, through their legs.

Even in itself, *Hiawatha* was, perhaps, the most acrobatic experiment of modern literature. Mr. Longfellow, when he wrote *Hiawatha*, had fluttered over the realms of almost the whole of modern poetry, touching here, settling there, here culling, and there sipping, and dropping milk and honey in his random unlabored flight from place to place. But poets (do angels?) tire of common milk and honey; and in the golden decline of his meridian, Mr. Longfellow craved a new craving, and loved a last love—the passionate erratic love of a poetic second childhood. Very childlike is *Hiawatha*. The poet had plucked the leaves of the old rose tree one by one, and peered into the old Teutonic heart till Teutonia seemed to pall, when he was smitten with a desire to peep into the innocent secrets of a virgin breast, and chose the brown inarticulate bosom of the Indian muse. He peeped, and fell,—at her feet. We say nothing of the qualities of the lover on this his new love errand,—devotion, knight-errantry, genius, enthusiasm, the many-colored prattle of passionate last loves,—all were there. But surely no lovesick knight, of much amatory experience, in quest of new delights; ever dedicated such an epistle to the fairy of his dreams, or besieged her ravished and astonished ear, with such a sweet simplicity of strange surprising compliments, protestations, raptures, and visions of visionary charms. The “mirage of imaginative thought,” the prismatic quaintnesses, queer conceits and infantine ingenuities, with which Mr. Longfellow invested the guttural, great masculinity of the old Red Indian is surely the eighth wonder of modern poetry. Cinderella in diamonds,

* *Hiawatha rendered into Latin.* By Francis William Newman, Professor of Latin in University College, London. Walton and Maberly, Upper Gower Street.

or a wild Highland lassie decked in purples and ermine, and suddenly presented at court, are nothing to the plight of the Indian muse, when she awoke to self-consciousness in the arms of Mr. Longfellow.

But if Mr. Longfellow wrought a miracle of poetry, Mr. Newman has out-Longfellowed Longfellow. The lovely chameleon babble of Hiawatha in the loud plain tongue of conquering Rome is not more wonderful than would be our nursery rhymes on the lips of Milton's Satan, or, if you please, Spenserian English turned into commercial Chinese. To have attempted to spin the iron bars of imperial Latin into a limp covering for Longfellow's most impalpable of impalpabilities, is almost as towering an attempt at intellectual Herculeanism as the bodily efforts of the Titans to scale Ether with the heaping up of mountains.

Compare for instance,—

"I should answer, I should tell you;
From the forests and the prairies,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,"

with the Latin version,—

"Ego respondeo et tibi confirmo;
Ex silvis atque immensitatibus herbosis,
E vastis Septentrionis lacubus,
E finibus Oggibawaiarum,
E sedibus Dacotarum."

Do not the English lines, in their tone and rhythm, apart from the mere ideas, somehow or other involuntarily call up the sweet, unconscious babble of a rosy, curly-pated Saxon child, shrieking and paddling in its bath, with the bees buzzing in at the open window, and the swallows screaming in the morning sun? But all that the Latin suggests is a grim parody upon "Cæsar's Commentaries," or a stern lesson in military geography to his subalterns from some gruff old captain of Praetorians, with the added indefinable twang of a Franciscan monk mouthing out "Immensitatibus." There is a military tramp, too, about the lines, like the feet of many legions. Not that Mr. Newman meant it—but when he touched the gong, it roared, instead of prattling. The infantine element is absolutely lost—an element which Mr. Longfellow piqued himself upon having fetched from the deepest depths of the Indian bosom, but which we shrewdly suspect he drew from Anglo-Saxon Christianity.

Again compare,—

"Ille ridens: 'Ideirco (inquit)
Dacotarum virginem prae ceteris
Egu mihi in connubium peto;
Ut, coalescentibus populis
Coalescant utrorumque vulnera.'"

with—

"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah;
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Here, again, the Latin stands in much the same proportion to the original as Othello's speeches to Puck's.

"And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning;
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser bluer vapor,"

is rendered by—

"Per matutinam aëris quietem
Lente lentus surrexit fumus,
Unum primo nigredinis filum,
Tum densior caeruleus vapor,"

where the Latin hobbles after the ethereal English much like a donkey with a cannon ball at its leg ogling a lovely unapproachable thistle. Nor can it be said that Mr. Newman labored under even the usual difficulties of prosody or vocabulary. For he has discarded all regular metre, and only consulted his own ear—while he has added many new words to the Latin language of his own creation, expressly coined for the present translation, such as "atror," for blackness; "procor," to woo; "jejunare," to fast. But although, upon the whole, we think Mr. Newman's attempt unsuccessful, we are far from wishing to convey that what he has attempted might have been better done. What we think, and for reasons which we lately detailed, is, that the translation was a Quixotic attempt to begin with, which Mr. Newman was perfectly warranted in attempting, if he pleased, but which, *ab initio* could not possibly succeed.

In conclusion, we bid Mr. Newman farewell. We admire his talents, though we rather regret that he should not apply his very great powers to larger purposes. After such a feat of strength on his part, we can only lament that there seems so little left in the world likely to afford him a new sensation. Yet, perchance, there is one thing left. One hope remains. Let Mr. Newman only make up his mind to repair to the American forests, and, having learnt Indian, translate *Hiawatha* back into the own native tongue of the Indians. Then, perhaps, he may consent to rest in peace upon the soft cushion of dearly earned repose.

A DEATHLESS LOVE.

OH, sing that plaintive sang, dear May!

Ance mair, ere life I tyne;
There's no in a' the world, dear bairn,
A voice sae sweet as thine.
Alang life's brig I've tottered lang;
The broken arch is near;
And when I fa', I fain wad hae
Thy warbling in my ear.

Oh, sing again that plaintive sang!
It waukens memories sweet,
That slumbered in the past afar,
Whare youth an' bairn-time meet.
I roam through woods wi' berries rich,
Or owre the breezy hills
Unwearied wander far, to dream
Beside love-hallowed rills.

Sit owre beside me, winsome bairn,
And let me kiss thy broo;
Wi' baith thy warm wee hauns press mine—
Oh, would the end come noo!
Or would—but 'tis a sinfu' wish,
As sinfu' as it's vain;
We could not sit forever thus,
Nor thou a child remain.

There's nane I love like thee, dear bairn—
Thou ken'st nae why, I ween?
Thou only hast thy grannie's smile,
Thou only her blue een;
Thou only wilt the village maids
Like her in sang excel;
Thou only hast her brow and cheek,
Wi' rosy dimple dell.

It's mony weary years since she
Was 'neath the gowans laid,
Yet aft I hear her on the brae,
And see her waving plaid;
And often yet, in lanely hours,
Returns the thrill o' pride
I felt, when first we mutual love
Confessed on Lavern side.

They say there's music in the storm
That tower and tree owreturns,
And beauty in the smoorin' drift
That hides the glens and burns;
And mercy in the fate that from
The waefu' husband tears
The angel o' a happy hame,
The love o' early years:

But he whase house the storm has wrecked,
Nae music hears it breathe;
Wha e'er saw beauty in the drift
That happ'd a freen' wi' death?
Oh, wha, when fate wi' ruthless haun'
His life's ae flower lays low,
Can breathe a grateful prayer, and feel
There's mercy in the blow?

Sae thought I when her een I closed,
And, though the thought was wrang,
It haunted me when to the fields
My meals no more she brang;
And often by the lane dykeside
A tearfu' grace was sain; *

* Sain—said.

And aft, alas! wi' bitter heart
The Books at e'en I ta'en.

Nane think how sadly owre my head
The lang, lang years hae passed;
Nane ken how near its end has crept
The longest and the last.
But I fu' brawly ken; for, May,
Your grannie cam' yestreen,
And joy and hope were in her smile,
And welcome in her een.

Sit near me, May; sit nearer yet!
My heart at times stauins still:
'Tis sweet to fa' asleep for aye
By sic a blithesome rill.
My thoughts are wanderin', bairn. The veil
O' heaven aside seems drawn,
The deepenin' autumn gloamin's turned
To summer's brightest dawn.

My een grow heavy, May, and dim.
What unco sounds I hear!
It seems a sweeter voice than thine
That's croonin' in my ear,
Lean owre me wi' thy grannie's face,
And waefu' glistenin' ee;
Lean kindly owre me, bairn, for nane
Maun close my een but thee.

DAVID WINGATE.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

REDIVIVA.

AH, is it in her eyes,
Or is it in her hair,
Or on her tender lips,
Or is it everywhere?

'Tis but one little child
Among the many round;
Yet she holds me in a spell,
And I am on holy ground.

As I look into her eyes,
The long years backward glide,
And I am alone with Darling,
Two children side by side.

Her sash blows over my knee,
Her ringlets dance on my cheek:
And do I see her smile?
And shall I hear her speak?

O Love, so royally trustful,
That your faith and fulfilment were one!
O World, that doest so much!
O God, that beholdest it done!

She looks me clear in the face,
She says, 'Please tell us the time,'—
And I, 'Tis twenty years since—
Oh, no, 'tis a quarter to nine.'

And the children go for their hats,
And homewards blithely run;
But I am left with the memory
In which Past and Future are one.

Ah, and was it in her eyes,
Or was it in her hair,
Or on her tender lips,
Or was it everywhere?

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

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KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver: and thick ranks
Of green willows fringed the banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering with Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek,—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said—
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill."
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside a little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
In a cottage, where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years ago;
This is long and deep and wide,
And has—rockers at the side!

IN THE MOONLIGHT LONG AGO.

(SONG FOR MUSIC.)

You love me well, I know, wife,
In spite of frown and toss;
In the moonlight long ago, wife,
You didn't look so cross;
In your little scarlet cloak, dear,
You tripped along the moss,
And all at once I spoke, dear,
Though sadly at a loss.

You hung your pretty head, then,
And answered very low;
I scarce heard what you said, then,
But I knew it wasn't "No."
My joy I couldn't speak, love,
But a hundred times or so,
I kissed a velvet cheek, love,
In the moonlight long ago.
—Mary Brotherton.

SEA GLEAMS.

'Twas a sullen summer day,
Skies were neither dark nor clear;
Heaven in the distance sheer
Over sharp cliffs sloped away—
Ocean did not yet appear.

Not as yet a white sail shimmered;
Not with silverness divine
Did the great Atlantic shine;
Only very far there glimmered
Dimly one long tremulous line.

In the hedge were roses, snowed
Or blushed o'er by summer morn.
Right and left grew fields of corn,
Stretching greenly from the road;
From the hay a breath was borne.

Not of the wild roses twine,
Not of young corn waving free,
Not of clover fields, thought we;
Only to that dim bright line,
Looking, cried we, "'Tis the Sea!"

In life's sullen summer day,
Lo! before us dull hills rise,
And above, unlovely skies
Slope off with their bluish gray
O'er the eternal mysteries.

Love's sweet roses, hope's young corn,
Green fields whispered round and round,
By the breezes landward bound
(Yet, ah! scalded, too, and torn
By the sea winds), there are found.

And at times, in life's dull day,
From the flower and the sod,
And the hill our feet have trod,
To a brightness far away
Turn we, saying, "It is God!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

LET us linger a little over this chapter of happy love; so sweet, so rare a thing. Ay, most rare: though hundreds continually meet, love, or fancy they do, engage themselves, and marry; and hundreds more go through the same proceeding, with the slight difference of the love omitted—Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out. But the real love, steady and true: tried in the balance, and not found wanting: tested by time, silence, separation; by good and ill fortune; by the natural and inevitable change which years make in every character—this is the rarest thing to be found on earth, and the most precious.

I do not say that all love is worthless which is not exactly this sort of love. There have been people who have succumbed instantly and permanently to some mysterious attraction, higher than all reasoning; the same which made Hilary "take an interest" in Robert Lyons' face at church, and made him, he afterward confessed, the very first time he gave Ascott a lesson in the parlor at Stowbury, say to himself, "If I did marry, I think I should like such a wife as that brown-eyed bit lassie." And there have been other people, who choosing their partners from accidental circumstances, or from mean worldly motives, have found Providence kinder to them than they deserved, and settled down into happy, affectionate husbands and wives.

But none of these loves can possibly have the sweetness, the completeness of such a love as that between Hilary Leaf and Robert Lyon.

There was nothing very romantic about it. From the moment when Johanna entered the parlor, found them standing hand in hand at the fireside, and Hilary came forward and kissed her, and after a slight hesitation Robert did the same, the affair proceeded in most mill-pond fashion:—

"Unruffled by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes."

There were no lovers' quarrels; Robert Lyon had chosen that best blessing next to a good woman, a sweet-tempered woman; and there was no reason why they should quarrel more as lovers than they had done as friends. And, let it be said to the eternal honor of both, now, no more than in

their friendship days, was there any of that hungry engrossment of each other's society, which is only another form of selfishness, and by which lovers so often make their own happy courting-time a season of never-to-be-forgotten bitterness to everybody connected with them.

Johanna suffered a little; all people do when the new rights clash with the old ones; but she rarely betrayed it. She was exceedingly good: she saw her child happy, and she loved Robert Lyon dearly. He was very mindful of her, very tender; and as Hilary still persisted in doing her daily duty in the shop, he spent more of his time with the elder sister than he did with the younger, and sometimes declared solemnly that if Hilary did not treat him well he intended to make an offer to Johanna!

Oh, the innumerable little jokes of those happy days! Oh, the long, quiet walks by the riverside, through the park, across Ham Common—anywhere—it did not matter—the whole world looked lovely, even on the dullest winter day! Oh, the endless talks; the renewed mingling of two lives, which, though divided, had never been really apart, for neither had anything to conceal; neither had ever loved any but the other.

Robert Lyon was, as I have said, a good deal changed, outwardly and inwardly. He had mixed much in society, taken an excellent position therein, and this had given him not only a more polished manner, but an air of decision and command, as of one used to be obeyed. There could not be the slightest doubt, as Johanna once laughingly told him, that he would always be "master in his own house."

But he was very gentle with his "little woman," as he called her. He would sit for hours at the "ingle-neuk"—how he did luxuriate in the English fires!—with Hilary on a footstool beside him, her arm resting on his knee, or her hand fast clasped in his. And sometimes, when Johanna went out of the room, he would stoop and gather her close to his heart. But I shall tell no tales; the world has no business with these sort of things.

Hilary was very shy of parading her happiness: she disliked any demonstrations thereof, even before Johanna. And when Miss Balquidder, who had, of course, been told of the engagement, came down one day

expressly to see her "fortunate fellow-countryman," this Machiavelian little woman actually persuaded her lover to have an important engagement in London! She could not bear him to be "looked at."

"Ah, well! you must leave me, and I will miss you terribly, my dear," said the old Scotchwoman. "but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and I have another young lady quite ready to step into your shoes. When shall you be married?"

"I don't know—hush; we'll talk another time," said Hilary, glancing at Johanna.

Miss Balquidder took the hint and was silent.

That important question was indeed beginning to weigh heavily on Hilary's mind. She was fully aware of what Mr. Lyon wished, and, indeed, expected; that when, the business of the firm being settled, in six months hence he returned to India, he should not return alone. When he said this, she had never dared to answer, hardly even to think. She let the peaceful present float on, day by day, without recognizing such a thing as the future.

But this could not be always. It came to an end one January afternoon, when he had returned from a second absence in Liverpool. They were walking up Richmond Hill. The sun had set frostily and red over the silver curve of the Thames, and Venus, large and bright, was shining like a great eye in the western sky. Hilary long remembered exactly how everything looked, even to the very tree they stood under when Robert Lyon asked her to fix definitely the day that she would marry him.

"Would she consent—there seemed no special reason to the contrary—that it should be immediately? Or would she like to remain with Johanna as she was, till just before they sailed? He wished to be as good as possible to Johanna—still——"

And something in his manner impressed Hilary more than ever before with the conviction of all she was to him; likewise, all he was to her. More, much more than even a few short weeks since. Then, intense as it was, the love had a dreamlike unreality; now it was close, homelike, familiar. Instinctively she clung to his arm; she had become so used to being Robert's darling now. She shivered as she thought of the wide seas rolling between them; of the time

when she should look for him at the daily meal and daily fireside, and find him no more.

"Robert, I want to talk to you about Johanna."

"I guess what it is," said he, smiling; "You would like her to go out to India with us. Certainly if she chooses. I hope you did not suppose I should object?"

"No; but it is not that. She would not live six months in a hot climate: the doctor tells me so."

"You consulted him?"

"Yes, confidentially, without her knowing it. But I thought it right. I wanted to make quite sure before—before— O Robert——"

The grief of her tone caused him to suspect what was coming. He started.

"You don't mean that? Oh, no, you can not! My little woman—my own little woman—she could not be so unkind."

Hilary turned sick at heart. The dim landscape, the bright sky, seemed to mingle and dance before her, and Venus to stare at her with a piercing, threatening, baleful lustre.

"Robert, let me sit down on the bench, and sit you beside me. It is too dark for people to notice us, and we shall not be very cold."

"No, my darling;" and he slipped his plaid round her shoulders, and his arm with it.

She looked up pitifully. "Don't be vexed with me, dear; I have thought it all over; weighed it on every side; nights and nights I have been awake pondering what was right to do. And it always comes to the same thing."

"What?"

"It's the old story," she answered, with a feeble smile. "'I canna leave my minnie.' There is nobody in the world to take care of Johanna but me, not even Elizabeth, who is engrossed in little Henry. If I left her, I am sure it would kill her. And she cannot come with me. Dear!" (the only fond name she ever called him) "for these three years—you say it need only be three years—you will have to go back to India alone!"

Robert Lyon was a very good man; but he was only a man, not an angel; and though he made comparatively little show of it, he was a man very deeply in love. With that

jealous tenacity over his treasure, hardly blamable, since the love is worth little which does not wish to have its object "all to itself," he had, I am afraid, contemplated not without pleasure the carrying off of Hilary to his Indian home; and it had cost him something to propose that Johanna should go too. He was very fond of Johanna; still—

If I tell what followed will it forever lower Robert Lyon in the estimation of all readers? He said coldly, "As you please, Hilary;" rose up, and never spoke another word till they reached home.

It was the first dull tea-table they had ever known; the first time Hilary had ever looked at that dear face, and seen an expression there which made her look away again. He did not sulk; he was too gentlemanly for that; he even exerted himself to make the meal pass pleasantly as usual; but he was evidently deeply wounded—nay, more, displeased. The strong, stern man's nature within him had rebelled; the sweetness had gone out of his face, and something had come into it which the very best of men have sometimes: alas for the woman who cannot understand and put up with it!

I am not going to preach the doctrine of tyrants and slaves; but when two walk together they *must* be agreed, or if by any chance they are not agreed, one *must* yield. It may not always be the weaker, or in weakness may lie the chiefest strength; but it must be one or the other of the two who has to be the first to give way; and, save in very exceptional cases, it is, and it ought to be, the woman. God's law and nature's, which is also God's, ordains this; instinct teaches it; Christianity enforces it.

Will it inflict a death-blow upon any admiration she may have excited, this brave little Hilary, who fought through the world by herself; who did not shrink from traversing London streets alone at seemly and unseemly hours; from going into sponging-houses and debtors' prisons; from earning her own livelihood, even in a shop—if I confess that Robert Lyon, being angry with her, justly or unjustly, and she, looking upon him as her future husband, her "lord and master" if you will, whom she would one day promise, and intended, literally to "obey"—she thought it her duty, not only her pleasure but her *duty*, to be the first to

make reconciliation between them? Ay, and at every sacrifice, except that of principle.

And I am afraid, in spite of all that "strong-minded" women may preach to the contrary, that all good women will have to do this to all men who stand in any close relation toward them, whether fathers, husbands, brothers, or lovers, if they wish to preserve peace and love and holy domestic influence; and that so it must be to the end of time.

Miss Leaf might have discovered that something was amiss; but she was too wise to take any notice, and being more than usually feeble that day, immediately after tea she went to lie down. When Hilary followed her, arranged her pillows, and covered her up, Johanna drew her child's face close to her and whispered,—

"That will do, love. Don't stay with me. I would not keep you from Robert on any account."

Hilary all but broke down; and yet the words made her stronger, firmer; set more clearly before her the solemn duty which young folks in love are so apt to forget, that there can be no blessing on the new tie, if for anything short of inevitable necessity they let go one link of the old.

Yet, Robert— It was such a new and dreadful feeling to be standing outside the door and shrink from going in to him; to see him rise up formally, saying, "Perhaps he had better leave;" and have to answer with equal formality, "Not unless you are obliged;" and for him then, with a shallow pretence of being at ease, to take up a book and offer to read aloud to her while she worked. He—who used always to set his face strongly against all sewing of evenings—because it deprived him temporarily of the sweet eyes, and the little soft hand. Oh, it was hard, hard!

Nevertheless, she sat still and tried to listen; but the words went in at one ear and out at the other—she retained nothing. By-and-by her throat began to swell, and she could not see her needle and thread. Yet still he went on reading. It was only when, by some blessed chance, turning to reach a paper-cutter, he caught sight of her, that he closed the book and looked discomposed; not softened, only discomposed.

Who shall be first to speak? Who shall

catch the passing angel's wing? One minute, and it may have passed over.

I am not apologizing for Hilary the least in the world. I do not know even if she considered whether it was her place or Robert's to make the first advance. Indeed, I fear she did not consider it at all, but just acted upon impulse, because it was so cruel, so heart-breaking, to be at variance with him. But if she had considered it I doubt not she would have done from duty exactly what she did by instinct—crept up to him as he sat at the fireside, and laid her little hand on his.

"Robert, what makes you so angry with me still?"

"Not angry; I have no right to be."

"Yes, you would have if I had really done wrong. Have I?"

"You must judge for yourself. For me—I thought you loved me better than I find you do, and I made a mistake; that is all."

Ay, he had made a mistake, but it was not that one. It was the other mistake that men continually make about women; they cannot understand that love is not worth having, that it is not love at all, but merely a selfish carrying out of selfish desires, if it blinds us to any other duty, or blunts in us any other sacred tenderness. They cannot see how she who is false in one relation may be false in another; and that, true as human nature's truth, ay, and often fulfilling itself, is Brabantio's ominous warning to Othello—

"Look to her, Moor! have a good eye to see; She has deceived her father, and may thee."

Perhaps as soon as he had said the bitter word Mr. Lyon was sorry; anyhow, the soft answer which followed it thrilled through every nerve of the strong-willed man—a man not easily made angry, but when he was, very hard to move.

"Robert, will you listen to me for two minutes?"

"For as long as you like, only you must not expect me to agree with you. You cannot suppose I shall say it is right for you to forsake me."

"I forsake you? O Robert!"

Words are not always the wisest arguments. His "little woman" crept closer, and laid her head on his breast; he clasped her convulsively.

"O, Hilary! how could you wound me so?"

And, in lieu of the discussion, a long silence brooded over the fireside—the silence of exceeding love.

"Now, Robert, may I talk to you?"

"Yes. Preach away, my little conscience!"

"It shall not be preaching, and it is not altogether for conscience," said she, smiling. "You would not like me to tell you I did not *love* Johanna?"

"Certainly not. I love her very much myself, only I prefer you, as is natural. Apparently you do *not* prefer me, which may be also natural."

"Robert!"

There are times when a laugh is better than a reproach; and something else, which need not be more particularly explained, is safer than either. It is possible Hilary tried the experiment, and then resumed her "say."

"Now, Robert, put yourself in my place, and try to think for me. I have been Johanna's child for thirty years; she is entirely dependent upon me. Her health is feeble; every year of her life is at least doubtful. If she lost me I think she would never live out the next three years. You would not like that?"

"No."

"In all divided duties like this somebody must suffer; the question is, which can suffer best. She is old and frail, we are young; she is alone, we are two; she never had any happiness in her life, except, perhaps me; and we—oh, how happy we are! I think, Robert, it would be better for us to suffer than poor Johanna."

"You little Jesuit," he said: but the higher nature of the man was roused; he was no longer angry.

"It is only for a short time, remember—only three years."

"And how can I do without you for three years?"

"Yes, Robert, you can." And she put her arms round his neck, and looked at him, eye to eye. "You know I am your very own, a piece of yourself, as it were; that when I let you go it is like tearing myself from myself; yet I can bear it, rather than do, or let you do, in the smallest degree, a thing which is not right."

Robert Lyon was not a man of many words; but he had the rare faculty of seeing a case clearly, without reference to him-

self, and of putting it clearly also, when necessary.

"It seems to me, Hilary, that this is hardly a matter of abstract right or wrong, or a good deal might be argued on my side the subject. It is more a case of personal conscience. The two are not always identical, though they look so at first; but they both come to the same result."

"And that is——"

"If my little woman thinks it right to act as she does, I also think it right to let her. And let this be the law of our married life, if we ever are married," and he sighed, "that when we differ each should respect the other's conscience, and do right, in the truest sense, by allowing the other to do the same."

"O Robert! how good you are."

So these two, an hour after, met Johanna with cheerful faces; and she never knew how much both had sacrificed for her sake. Once only, when she was for a few minutes absent from the parlor, did Robert Lyon renew the subject, to suggest a medium course.

But Hilary resolutely refused. Not that she doubted him—she doubted herself. She knew quite well, by the pang that darted through her like a shaft of ice, as she felt his warm arm round her, and thought of the time when she would feel it no more, that, after she had been Robert Lyon's happy wife for three months, to let him go to India without her would be simply and utterly impossible.

Fast fled the months; they dwindled into weeks, and then into days. I shall not enlarge upon this time. Now, when the ends of the world are drawn together, and every family has one or more relatives abroad, a grief like Hilary's has become so common that nearly every one can, in degree, understand it. How bitter such partings are, how much they take out of the brief span of mortal life, and, therefore, how far they are justifiable, for anything short of absolute necessity, Heaven knows.

In this case it was an absolute necessity. Robert Lyon's position in "our firm," with which he identified himself with the natural pride of a man who has diligently worked his way up to fortune, was such that he could not, without sacrificing his future prospects, and likewise what he felt to be a point

of honor, refuse to go back to Bombay until such time as his senior partner's son, the young fellow whom he had "coached" in Hindostanee, and nursed through a fever years ago, could conveniently take his place abroad.

"Of course," he said, explaining this to Hilary and her sister, "accidental circumstances might occur to cause my return home before the three years were out, but the act must be none of mine; I must do my duty."

"Yes, you must," answered Hilary, with a gleam lighting up her eyes. She loved so in him this one great principle of his life—the back-bone of it, as it were—duty before all things.

Johanna asked no questions. Once she had inquired, with a tremulous, hardly concealed alarm, whether Robert wished to take Hilary back with him, and Hilary had kissed her, smilingly, saying, "No, that was impossible." Afterward the subject was never revived.

And so these two lovers, both stern in what they thought their duty, went on silently together to the last day of parting.

It was almost as quiet a day as that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday at Stowbury. They went a long walk together, in the course of which Mr. Lyon forced her to agree to what hitherto she had steadfastly resisted, that she and Johanna should accept from him enough, in addition to their own fifty pounds a year, to enable them to live comfortably without her working any more.

"Are you ashamed of my working?" she asked, with something between a tear and a smile. "Sometimes I used to be afraid you would think the less of me because circumstances made me an independent woman, earning my own bread. Do you?"

"My darling! No. I am proud of her. But she must never work any more. Johanna says right; it is a man's place, and not a woman's. I will not allow it."

When he spoke in that tone Hilary always submitted.

He told her another thing while arranging with her all the business part of their concerns, and to reconcile her to this partial dependence upon him, which, he urged, was only forestalling his rights; that before he first quitted England, seven years ago, he had made his will, leaving her, if still un-

married, his sole heir and legatee, indeed in exactly the position that she would have been had she been his wife.

"This will exist still; so that in any case you are safe. No further poverty can ever befall my Hilary."

His—his own—Robert Lyon's own. Her sense of this was so strong that it took away the sharpness of the parting; made her feel, up to the very last minute, when she clung to him—was pressed close to him—heart to heart and lip to lip—for a space that seemed half a lifetime of mixed anguish and joy—that he was not really going; that, somehow or other, next day or next week he would be back again, as in his frequent reappearances, exactly as before.

When he was really gone—when, as she sat with her tearless eyes fixed on the closed door—Johanna softly touched her, saying, "My child!" then Hilary learned it all.

The next twenty-four hours will hardly bear being written about. Most people know what it is to miss the face out of the house—the life out of the heart. To come and go, to eat and drink, to lie down and rise, and find all things the same, and gradually to recognize that it must be the same, indefinitely, perhaps always. To be met continually by small trifles—a dropped glove, a book, a scrap of handwriting that yesterday would have been thrown into the fire, but to-day is picked up and kept as a relic; and at times, bursting through the quietness which must be gained, or at least assumed, the cruel craving for one word more—one kiss more—for only one five minutes of the eternally ended yesterday!

All this hundreds have gone through; so did Hilary. She said afterward it was good for her that she did; it would make her feel for others in a way she had never felt before. Also, because it taught her that such a heart-break can be borne and lived through when help is sought where only real help can be found; and where, when reason fails, and those who, striving to do right irrespective of the consequences, cry out against their torments, and wonder why they should be made so to suffer, childlike faith comes to their rescue. For, let us have all the philosophy at our fingers' ends, what are we but children? We know not what a day may bring forth. All wisdom resolves itself into the

simple hymn which we learned when we were young:—

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His vast designs,
And works His sovereign will.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

The night after Robert Lyon left, Hilary and Johanna were sitting together in their parlor. Hilary had been writing a long letter to Miss Balquidder, explaining that she would now give up, in favor of the other young lady, or any other of the many to whom it would be a blessing, her position in the shop; but that she hoped still to help her—Miss Balquidder—in any way she could point out that would be useful to others. She wished, in her humble way, as a sort of thank-offering from one who had passed through the waves and been landed safe ashore, to help those who were still struggling, as she herself had struggled once. She desired, as far as in her lay, to be Miss Balquidder's "right hand" till Mr. Lyon came home.

This letter she read aloud to Johanna, whose failing eyesight refused all candle-light occupation, and then came and sat beside her in silence. She felt terribly worn and weary, but she was very quiet now.

"We must go to bed early," was all she said.

"Yes, my child."

And Johanna smoothed her hair in the old, fond way, making no attempt to console her, but only to love her—always the safest consolation. And Hilary was thankful that never, even in her sharpest agonies of grief, had she betrayed that secret which would have made her sister's life miserable, have blotted out the thirty years of motherly love, and caused the other love to rise up like a cloud between her and it, never to be lifted until Johanna sank into the possibly not far-off grave.

"No, no," she thought to herself, as she looked on that frail old face, which even the secondary grief of this last week seemed to have made frailer and older. "No, it is better as it is; I believe I did right. The end will show."

The end was nearer than she thought. So, sometimes—not often, lest self-sacrifice should become a less holy thing than it is—Providence accepts the will for the act, and makes the latter needless.

There was a sudden knock at the hall-door.

"It is the young people coming in to supper."

"It's not"—said Hilary, starting up—"it's not their knock. It is——"

She never finished the sentence, for she was sobbing in Robert Lyon's arms.

"What does it all mean?" cried the bewildered Johanna, of whom, I must confess, for once nobody took the least notice.

It meant that, by one of these strange accidents, as we call them, which in a moment alter the whole current of things, the senior partner had suddenly died, and his son, not being qualified to take his place in the Liverpool house, had to go out to India instead of Robert Lyon, who would now remain permanently, as the third senior partner, in England.

This news had met him at Southampton. He had gone thence direct to Liverpool, arranged affairs so far as was possible, and returned, travelling without an hour's intermission, to tell his own tidings, as was best—or as he thought it was.

Perhaps at the core of his heart lurked the desire to come suddenly back, as, it is said, if the absent or the dead could come, they would find all things changed: the place filled up in home and hearth—no face of welcome—no heart leaping to heart in the ecstasy of reunion.

Well, if Robert Lyon had any misgivings—and being a man, and in love, perhaps he had—they were ended now.

"Is she glad to see me?" was all he could find to say when, Johanna having considerably vanished, he might have talked as much as he pleased.

Hilary's only answer was a little, low laugh of inexpressible content.

He lifted up between his hands the sweet face, neither so young nor so pretty as it had been, but oh! so sweet, with the sweetness that long outlives beauty—a face that a man might look on all his lifetime and never tire of—so infinitely loving, so infinitely true! And he knew it was his wife's face to shine upon him day by day, and year by year, till

it faded into old age—beautiful and beloved even then. All the strong nature of the man gave way; he wept almost like a child in his "little woman's" arms.

Let us leave them there, by that peaceful fireside—these two, who are to sit by one fireside as long as they live. Of their further fortune we know nothing—nor do they themselves—except the one fact, in itself joy enough for any mortal cup to hold, that it will be shared together. Two at the hearth, two abroad; two to labor, two to rejoice; or, if so it must be, two to weep, and two to comfort one another: the man to be the head of the woman, and the woman the heart of the man. This is the ordination of God; this is the perfect life; none the less perfect that so many fall short of it.

So let us bid them good-by: Robert Lyon and Hilary Leaf, "Good-by; God be with ye!" for we shall see them no more.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ELIZABETH stood at the nursery-window pointing out to little Henry how the lilacs and laburnums were coming into flower in the square below, and speculating with him whether the tribes of sparrows which they boxes on the window-sill would be building had fed all winter from the mignonette nests in the tall trees of Russell Square; for she wished, with her great aversion to London, to make her nursing as far as possible a "country" child.

Master Henry Leaf Ascott was by no means little now. He would run about on his tottering fat legs, and he could say, "Mammy Lizzie," also, "Pa-pa," as had been carefully taught him by his conscientious nurse. At which papa had been at first excessively surprised, then gratified, and had at last taken kindly to the appellation as a matter of course.

It inaugurated a new era in Peter Ascott's life. At first twice a-week, and then every day, he sent up for "Master Ascott" to keep him company at dessert; he then changed his dinner-hour from half-past six to five, because Elizabeth, with her stern sacrifice of everything to the child's good had suggested to him, humbly but firmly, that late hours kept little Henry too long out of his bed. He gave up his bottle of port and his after-dinner sleep, and took to making water-lilies and caterpillars out of oranges, and boats out

of walnut-shells, for his boy's special edification. Sometimes when, at half-past six, Elizabeth, punctual as clock-work, knocked at the dining-room door, she heard father and son laughing together in a most jovial manner, though the decanters were in their places and the wine-glasses untouched.

And even after the child disappeared the butler declared that master usually took quietly to his newspaper, or rang for his tea, or perhaps dozed harmlessly in his chair till bedtime.

I do not allege that Peter Ascott was miraculously changed; people do not change, especially at his age; externally he was still the same pompous, overbearing, coarse man, with whom, no doubt, his son would have a tolerably sore bargain in years to come. But still the child had touched a soft corner in his heart, the one soft corner which in his youth had yielded to the beauty of Miss Selina Leaf; and the old fellow was a better old fellow than he had once been. Probably, with care, he might be for the rest of his life at least manageable.

Elizabeth hoped so for his boy's sake, and little as she liked him, she tried to conquer her antipathy as much as she could. She always took care to treat him with extreme respect, and to bring up little Henry to do the same. And, as often happens, Mr. Ascott began gradually to comport himself in a manner deserving of respect. He ceased his oaths and his coarse language; seldom flew into a passion; and last, not least, the butler avouched that master hardly ever went to bed "muzzy" now. Toward all his domestics, and especially to his son's nurse, he behaved himself more like a master and less like a tyrant; so that the establishment at Russell Square went on in a way more peaceful than had ever been known before.

There was no talk of his giving it a new mistress; he seemed to have had enough of matrimony. Of his late wife he never spoke; whether he loved her or not, whether he had regretted her or not, the love and regret were now alike ended.

Poor Selina! It was Elizabeth only, who, with a sacred sense of duty, occasionally talked to little Henry about "mamma up there"—pointing to the blank bit of blue sky over the trees of Russell Square, and hoped in time to make him understand something about her, and how she had loved him,

her "baby." This love—the only beautiful emotion her life had known, was the one fragment that remained of it after her death; the one remembrance she left to her child.

Little Henry was not in the least like her, nor yet like his father. He took after some forgotten type, some past generation of either family, which re-appeared in this as something new. To Elizabeth he was a perfect revelation of beauty and infantile fascination. He filled up every corner of her heart. She grew fat and flourishing, even cheerful; so cheerful that she bore with equanimity the parting with her dear Miss Hilary, who went away in glory and happiness as Mrs. Robert Lyon, to live in Liverpool, and Miss Leaf with her. Thus both Elizabeth's youthful dreams ended in nothing, and it was more than probable that for the future, their lives and hers being so widely apart, she would see very little of her beloved mistresses any more. But they had done their work in her and for her; and it had borne fruit a hundred-fold, and would still.

"I know you will take care of this child—he is the hope of the family," said Miss Leaf, when she was giving her last kiss to little Henry. "I could not bear to leave him, if I were not leaving him with you."

And Elizabeth had taken her charge proudly in her arms, knowing she was trusted, and inwardly vowing to be worthy of that trust.

Another dream was likewise ended; so completely that she sometimes wondered if it was ever real, whether she had ever been a happy girl, looking forward as girls do to wifehood and motherhood; or whether she had not been always the staid, middle-aged person she was now, whom nobody ever suspected of any such things.

She had been once back to her old home, to settle her mother comfortably upon a weekly allowance, to 'prentice her little brother, to see one sister married, and the other sent off to Liverpool to be servant to Mrs. Lyon. While at Stowbury, she had heard by chance of Tom Cliffe's passing through the town as a Chartist lecturer, or something of the sort, with his pretty, showy London wife, who, when he brought her there, had looked down rather contemptuously upon the street where Tom was born.

This was all Elizabeth knew about them. They, too, had passed from her life as phases

of keen joy and keener sorrow do pass, like a dream and the shadows of a dream. It may be life itself will seem at the end to be nothing more.

But Elizabeth Hand's love-story was not so to end.

One morning, the same morning when she had been pointing out the lilacs to little Henry, and now came in from the square with a branch of them in her hand, the postman gave her a letter, the handwriting of which made her start as if it had been a visitation from the dead.

"Mammy Lizzie, Mammy Lizzie!" cried little Henry, plucking at her gown, but for once his nurse did not notice him. She stood on the door-step, trembling violently; at length she put the letter into her pocket, lifted the child, and got up-stairs somehow. When she had settled her charge to his mid-day sleep, then, and not till then, did she take out and read the few lines, which though written on shabby paper, and with more than one blot, were so like—yet so terribly unlike—Tom's caligraphy of old:—

"DEAR ELIZABETH,—I have no right to ask any kindness of you: but if you would like to see an old friend alive, I wish you would come and see me. I have been long of asking you, lest you might fancy I wanted to get something out of you; for I'm poor as a rat; and once lately I saw you, looking so well and well-to-do. But it was the same kind old face, and I should like to get one kind look from it before I go where I sha'n't want any kindness from anybody. However, do just as you choose.

"Yours affectionately, T. CLIFFE.

"Underneath is my address."

It was one of those wretched nooks in Westminster, now swept away by Victoria Street and other improvements. Elizabeth happened to have read about it in one of the many charitable pamphlets, reports, etc., which were sent continually to the wealthy Mr. Ascott, and which he sent down-stairs to light fires with. What must not poor Tom have sunk to before he had come to live there? His letter was like a cry out of the depths, and the voice was that of her youth, her first love.

Is any woman ever deaf to that? The love may have died a natural death: many first loves do: a riper, completer, happier love may have come in its place: but there must

be something unnatural about the woman, and man likewise, who can ever quite forget it—the dew of their youth—the beauty of their dawn.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" sighed Elizabeth, "my own poor Tom!"

She forgot Esther; either from Tom's not mentioning her, or in the strong return to old times which his letter produced; forgot her for the time being as completely as if she had never existed. Even when the recollection came it made little difference. The sharp jealousy, the dislike and contempt, had all calmed down; she thought she could now see Tom's wife as any other woman. Especially if, as the letter indicated, they were so very poor and miserable.

Possibly Esther had suggested writing it. Perhaps, though Tom did not, Esther did "want to get something out of her"—Elizabeth Hand, who was known to have large wages, and to be altogether a thriving person? Well, it mattered little. The one fact remained: Tom was in distress; Tom needed her; she must go.

Her only leisure time was of an evening, after Henry was in bed. The intervening hours, especially the last one, when the child was down-stairs with his father, calmed her: subdued the tumult of old remembrances that came surging up and beating at the long-shut door of her heart. When her boy returned, leaping and laughing, and playing all sorts of tricks as she put him to bed, she could smile too. And when kneeling beside her in his pretty white nightgown, he stammered through the prayer she had thought it right to begin to teach him, though of course he was too young to understand it—the words "Thy will be done;" "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us;" and lastly, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," struck home to his nurse's inmost soul.

"Mammy, Mammy Lizzie's 'tying!'"

Yes, she was crying, but it did her good. She was able to kiss her little boy, who slept like a top in five minutes; then she took off her good silk gown, and dressed herself; soberly and decently, but so that people should not suspect, in that low and dangerous neighborhood, the sovereigns that she carried in an underpocket, ready to use as occasion required. Thus equipped, she

started without a minute's delay for Tom's lodging.

It was poorer than even she expected. One attic room, bare almost as when it was built. No chimney or grate, no furniture, except a box which served as both table and chair; and a heap of straw with a blanket thrown over it. The only comfort about it was that it was clean: Tom's innate sense of refinement had abided with him to the last.

Elizabeth had time to make all these observations, for Tom was out—gone, the landlady said, to the druggist's shop round the corner.

"He's very bad, ma'am," added the woman, civilly, probably led thereto by Elizabeth's respectable appearance, and the cab in which she had come—lest she should lose a minute's time. "Can't last long, and Lord knows who's to bury him."

With that sentence knelling in her ears, Elizabeth waited till she heard the short cough and the hard breathing of some one toiling heavily up the stair.

Tom, Tom himself. But oh, so altered! with every bit of youth gone out of him; with death written on every line of his haggard face, the death he had once prognosticated with a sentimental pleasure, but which now had come upon him in all its ghastly reality.

He was in the last stage of consumption. The disease was latent in his family, Elizabeth knew: she had known it when she had belonged to him, and fondly thought that, as his wife, her incessant care might save him from it: but nothing could save him now.

"Who's that?" said he, in his own sharp, fretful voice.

"Me, Tom. But don't speak. Sit down till your cough's over."

Tom grasped her hand as she stood by him, but he made no further demonstration, nor used any expression of gratitude. He seemed far too ill. Sick people are always absorbed in the sad present; they seldom trouble themselves much about the past. Only there was something in the way Tom clung to her hand, helplessly, imploringly, that moved the inmost heart of Elizabeth.

"I'm very bad, you see. This cough; oh, it shakes me dreadfully, especially of nights."

"Have you any doctor?"

"The druggist close by, or rather the

druggist's shopman. He's a very kind young fellow, from our county, I fancy, for he asked me once if I wasn't a Stowbury man; and ever since he has doctored me for nothing, and given me a shilling too, now and then, when I've been a'most clemmed to death in the winter."

"O Tom, why didn't you write to me before? Have you actually wanted food?"

"Yes, many a time. I've been out of work this twelvemonth."

"But Esther?"

"Who?" screamed Tom.

"Your wife."

"My wife? I've got none! She spent everything, till I fell ill, and then she met a fellow with lots o' money. Curse her!"

The fury with which he spoke shook him all over, and sent him into another violent fit of coughing, out of which he revived by degrees, but in a state of such complete exhaustion that Elizabeth hazarded no more questions. He must evidently be dealt with exactly like a child.

She made up her mind in her own silent way, as indeed she had done ever since she came into the room.

"Lie down, Tom, and keep yourself quiet for a little. I'll be back as soon as I can—back with something to do you good. You wont object?"

"No, no; you can do anything you like with me. You always could."

Elizabeth groped her way down-stairs strangely calm and self-possessed. There was need. Tom, dying, had come to her as his sole support and consolation—thrown himself helplessly upon her, never doubting either her will or her power to help him. Neither must fail. The inexplicable woman's strength, sometimes found in the very gentlest, quietest, and apparently the weakest character, nerved her now.

She went up and down, street after street, looking for lodgings, till the evening darkened, and the Abbey towers rose grimly against the summer sky. Then she crossed over Westminster Bridge, and in a little street on the Surrey side she found what she wanted—a decent room, half sitting, half bed room, with what looked like a decent landlady. There was no time to make many inquiries; anything was better than to leave Tom another night where he was.

She paid a week's rent in advance;

bought firing and provisions; everything she could think of to make him comfortable; and then she went to fetch him in a cab.

The sick man offered no resistance; indeed, he hardly seemed to know what she was doing with him. She discovered the cause of this half insensibility when, in making a bundle of his few clothes, she found a packet labelled "opium."

"Don't take it from me," he said, pitifully. "It's the only comfort I have."

But when he found himself in the cheerful room, with the fire blazing and the tea laid out, he woke up like a person out of a bad dream.

"O Elizabeth, I'm so comfortable!"

Elizabeth could have wept.

Whether the wholesome food and drink revived him, or whether it was one of the sudden flashes of life that often occur in consumptive patients, but he seemed really better, and began to talk, telling Elizabeth about his long illness, and saying over again how very kind the druggist's young man had been to him.

"I'm sure he's a gentleman, though he has come down in the world; for, as he says, 'misery makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows, and takes the nonsense out of him.' I think so too, and if ever I get better, I don't mean to go about the country speaking against born gentle-folks any more. They're much of a muchness as ourselves—bad and good; a little of all sorts; the same flesh and blood as we are. Aren't they, Elizabeth?"

"I suppose so."

"And there's another thing I mean to do. I mean to try and be good like you. Many a night when I've lain on that straw, and thought I was dying, I've remembered you and all the things you used to say to me. You are a good woman; there never was a better."

Elizabeth smiled, a faint, rather sad smile. For, as she was washing up the tea things, she had noticed Tom's voice grow feebler, and his features sharper and more wan.

"I'm very tired," he said. "I'm afraid to go to bed, I get such wretched nights; but I think, if I lay down in my clothes, I could go to sleep."

Elizabeth helped him to the small pallet,

shook his pillow, and covered him up as if he had been a child.

"You're very good to me," he said, and looked up at her—Tom's bright, fond look of years ago. But it passed away in a moment, and he closed his eyes saying he was so terribly tired.

"Then I'll bid you good-by, for I ought to have been at home by now. You'll take care of yourself, Tom, and I'll come and see you again the very first hour I can be spared. And if you want me you'll send to me at once? You know where?"

"I will," said Tom. "It's the same house, isn't it, in Russell Square?"

"Yes." And they were both silent.

After a minute, Tom asked, in a troubled voice,—

"Have you forgiven me?"

"Yes, Tom, quite."

"Wont you give me one kiss, Elizabeth?"

She turned away. She did not mean to be hard, but somehow she could not kiss Esther's husband.

"Ah, well; it's all the same! Good-by!"

"Good-by, Tom."

But as she stood at the door, and looked back at him lying with his eyes shut, and as white as if he were dead, Elizabeth's heart melted. He was her Tom, her own Tom, of whom she had been so fond, so proud; whose future she had joyfully anticipated long before she thought of herself as mixed up with it; and he was dying, dying at four-and-twenty; passing away to the other world, where, perhaps, she might meet him yet, with no cruel Esther between.

"Tom," she said, and knelt beside him, "Tom, I didn't mean to vex you. I'll try to be as good as a sister to you. I'll never forsake you as long as you live."

"I know you never will."

"Good-by, then, for to-night."

And she did kiss him, mouth to mouth, quietly and tenderly. She was so glad of it afterward.

It was late enough when she reached Russell Square; but nobody ever questioned the proceedings of Mrs. Hand, who was a privileged person. She crept in beside her little Henry, and as the child turned in his sleep and put his arms about her neck, she clasped

him tight, and thought there was still something to live for in this weary world.

All night she thought over what best could be done for Tom. Though she never deceived herself for a moment as to his state, still she thought, with care and proper nursing, he might live a few months. Especially if she could get him into the Consumption Hospital, newly started in Chelsea, of which she was aware Mr. Ascott—who dearly liked to see his name in a charity-list—was one of the governors.

There was no time to be lost; she determined to speak to her master at once.

The time she chose was when she brought down little Henry, who was now always expected to appear, and say, "Dood-morning, papa," before Mr. Ascott went into the city.

As they stood, the boy laughing in his father's face, and the father beaming all over with delight, the bitter, almost fierce thought, smote Elizabeth, Why should Peter Ascott be standing there fat and flourishing, and poor Tom dying? It made her bold to ask the only favor she ever had asked of the master whom she did not care for, and to whom she had done her duty simply as duty, without, until lately, one fragment of respect.

"Sir, if you please, might I speak with you a minute before you go out?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Hand. Anything about Master Henry? Or perhaps yourself? You want more wages? Very well. I shall be glad, in any reasonable way, to show my satisfaction at the manner in which you bring up my son."

"Thank you, sir," said Elizabeth, courtesying. "But it is not that."

And in the briefest language she could find, she explained what it was.

Mr. Ascott knitted his brows and looked important. He never scattered his benefits with a silent hand, and he dearly liked to create difficulties, if only to show how he could smooth them down.

"To get a patient admitted to the Consumption Hospital is, you should be aware, no easy matter, until the building at Queen's Elm is complete. But I flatter myself I have influence. I have subscribed a deal of money. Possibly the person may be got in time. Who did you say he was?"

"Thomas Cliffe. He married one of the servants here, Esther——"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about the name; I shouldn't recollect it. The housekeeper might. Why didn't his wife apply to the housekeeper?"

The careless question seemed hardly to expect an answer, and Elizabeth gave none. She could not bear to make public Tom's misery and Esther's shame.

"And you say he is a Stowbury man? That is certainly a claim. I always feel bound, somewhat as a member of Parliament might be, to do my best for any one belonging to my native town. So be satisfied, Mrs. Hand; consider the thing settled."

And he was going away; but time being of such great moment, Elizabeth ventured to detain him till he had written the letter of recommendation, and found out what days the application for admission could be received. He did it very patiently, and even took out his purse and laid a sovereign on the top of the letter.

"I suppose the man is poor; you can use this for his benefit."

"There is no need, thank you, sir," said Elizabeth, putting it gently aside. She could not bear that Tom should accept anybody's money but her own.

At her first spare moment she wrote him a long letter explaining what she had done, and appointing the next day but one, the earliest possible, for taking him out to Chelsea herself. If he objected to the plan he was to write and say so; but she urged him as strongly as she could not to let slip this opportunity of obtaining good nursing and first-rate medical care.

Many times during the day she thought of Tom alone in his one room—comfortable though it was, and though she had begged the landlady to see that he wanted nothing—came across her with a sudden pang. His face, feebly lifted up from the pillow, with its last affectionate smile, the sound of his cough as she stood listening outside on the stair-head, haunted her all through that sunshiny June day; and mingled with it, came ghostly visions of that other day in June—her happy Whitsun holiday—her first and her last.

No letter coming from Tom on the appointed morning, she left Master Harry in the charge of the housemaid, who was very fond of him—as indeed he bade fair to be spoiled by the whole establishment at Rus-

sell Square — and went down to Westminster.

There was a long day before her, so she took a minute's breathing space on Westminster Bridge, and watched the great current of London life ebbing and flowing — life on the river and life on the shore; everybody so busy and active and bright.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" she sighed, and wondered whether his ruined life would ever come to any happy ending, except death.

She hurried on, and soon found the street where she had taken his lodging. At the corner of it was, as is too usual in London streets, a public house, about which more than the usual number of disreputable idlers were hanging. There were also one or two policemen, who were ordering the little crowd to give way to a group of twelve men, coming out.

"What is that?" asked Elizabeth.

"Coroner's inquest; jury proceeding to view the body."

Elizabeth, who had never come into contact with anything of the sort, stood aside with a sense of awe, to let the little procession pass, and then followed it up the street.

It stopped; oh, no! not at that door! But it was; there was no mistaking the number, nor the drawn-down blind in the upper room — Tom's room.

"Who is dead?" she asked, in a whisper that made the policeman stare.

"Oh! nobody particular; a young man, found dead in his bed; supposed to be a case of consumption; verdict will probably be, 'Died by the visitation of God.'"

Ay, that familiar phrase, our English law's solemn recognition of our national religious feeling, was true here. God had "visited" poor Tom; he suffered no more.

Elizabeth leaned against the door-way, and saw the twelve jurymen go up-stairs with a clatter of feet, and come down again, one after the other, less noisily, and some of them looking grave. Nobody took any notice of her, until the lodging-house mistress appeared.

"Oh, here she is, gentlemen. This is the young woman as saw him last alive. She'll tell you I'm not a bit to blame."

And pulling Elizabeth after her the landlady burst into a torrent of explanation; how she had done her very best for the poor

fellow, how she had listened at his door several times during the first day, and heard him cough, that is, she thought she had, but toward night all was so very quiet; and there having come a letter by post, she thought she would take it up to him.

"And I went in, gentlemen, and I declare, upon my oath, I found him lying just as he is now, and as cold as a stone."

"Let me pass; I'm a doctor," said somebody behind; a young man, very shabbily dressed, with a large beard. He pushed aside the landlady and Elizabeth, till he saw the latter's face.

"Give that young woman a chair and a glass of water, will you?" he called out; and his authoritative manner impressed the jurymen, who gathered round him ready and eager to hear anything he could say.

He gave his name as John Smith, druggist's assistant; said that the young man who lodged up-stairs, whose death he had only just heard of, had been his patient for some months, and was in the last stage of consumption. He had no doubt the death had ensued from perfectly natural causes, as he explained in such technical language as completely to overpower the jury, and satisfy them accordingly. They quitted the parlor, and proceeded to the public house, where, after a brief consultation, they delivered their verdict, as the astute policeman had foretold, "Died by the visitation of God;" took pipes and brandy all round at the bar, and then adjourned to their several homes, gratified at having done their duty to their country.

Meantime, Elizabeth crept up-stairs. Nobody hindered or followed her; nobody cared anything for the solitary dead.

There he lay — poor Tom! — almost as she had left him; the counterpane was hardly disturbed, the candle she had placed on the chair had burned down to a bit of wick, which still lay in the socket. Nobody had touched him, or anything about him, as, in all cases of "Found dead," English law exacts.

Whether he had died soon after she quitted him that night, or whether he had lingered through the long hours of darkness, or of daylight following, alive and conscious perhaps, yet too weak to call any one, even had there been any one he cared to call —

when, or how, the spirit had passed away unto Him who gave it, were mysteries that could never be known.

But it was all over now; he lay at rest with the death smile on his face. Elizabeth, as she stood and looked at him, could not, dared not weep.

"My poor Tom, my own dear Tom," was all she thought, and knew that he was all her own now; that she had loved him through everything, and loved him to the end.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ELIZABETH spent the greatest part of her holiday in that house, in that room. Nobody interfered with her; nobody asked in what relation she stood to the deceased, or what right she had to take upon herself the arrangements for his funeral. Everybody was only too glad to let her assume a responsibility, which would otherwise have fallen on the parish.

The only person who appeared to remember either her or the dead man was the druggist's assistant, who sent in the necessary medical certificate as to the cause of death. Elizabeth took it to the Registrar, and thence proceeded to an undertaker hard by, with whom she arranged all about the funeral, and that it should take place in the new cemetery at Kensal Green. She thought she should like that better than a close, noisy London churchyard.

Before she left the house she saw poor Tom laid in his coffin, and covered up forever from mortal eyes. Then, and not till then, she sat herself down beside him and wept.

Nobody contested with her the possession of the few things that had belonged to him, which were scarcely more than the clothes he had on when he died; so she made them up into a parcel and took them away with her. In his waistcoat-pocket she found one book, a little Testament, which she had given him herself. It looked as if it had been a good deal read. If all his studies, all his worship of "pure intellect," as the one supreme good, had ended in that it was a blessed ending.

When she reached home Elizabeth went at once to her master, returned him his letter of recommendation, and explained to him that his kindness was not needed now.

Mr. Ascott seemed a good deal shocked, inquired from her a few particulars, and again took out his purse, his one panacea for all mortal woes. But Elizabeth declined; she said she would only ask him for an advance of her next half-year's wages. She preferred burying her old friend herself.

She buried him, herself the only mourner, on a bright summer's day, with the sun shining dazzlingly on the white gravestones in Kensal Green. The clergyman appeared, read the service, and went away again. A few minutes ended it all. When the undertaker and his men had also departed, she sat down on a bench near to watch the sexton filling up the grave—Tom's grave. She was very quiet, and none but a closely observant person watching her face could have penetrated into the truth of what your impulsive characters, always in the extremes of mirth or misery, never understand about quiet people, that "still waters run deep."

While she sat there some one came past her, and turned round. It was the shabby-looking chemist's assistant, who had appeared at the inquest and given the satisfactory evidence which had prevented the necessity of her giving hers.

Elizabeth rose and acknowledged him with a respectful courtesy; for under his threadbare clothes was the bearing of a gentleman, and he had been so kind to Tom.

"I am too late," he said; "the funeral is over. I meant to have attended it, and seen the last of the poor fellow."

"Thank you, sir," replied Elizabeth, gratefully.

The young man stood before her, looking at her earnestly for a minute or two, and then exclaimed, with a complete change of voice and manner,—

"Elizabeth! don't you know me? What has become of my Aunt Johanna?"

It was Ascott Leaf.

But no wonder Elizabeth had not recognized him. His close-cropped hair, his large beard hiding half his face, and a pair of spectacles which he had assumed, were a sufficient disguise. Besides, the great change from his former "dandy" appearance to the extreme of shabbiness; his clothes being evidently worn as long as they could possibly hold together, and his generally depressed air giving the effect of one who had gone down in the world, made him, even

without the misleading "John Smith," most unlikely to be identified with the Ascott Leaf of old.

"I never should have known you, sir!" said Elizabeth, truthfully, when her astonishment had a little subsided; "but I am very glad to see you. Oh, how thankful your aunts will be!"

"Do you think so? I thought it was quite the contrary. But it does not matter; they will never hear of me, unless you tell them—and I believe I may trust you. You would not betray me, if only for the sake of that poor fellow yonder?"

"No, sir."

"Now, tell me something about my aunts, especially my Aunt Johanna."

And sitting down in the sunshine, with his arm upon the back of the bench, and his hand hiding his eyes, the poor prodigal listened in silence to everything Elizabeth told him; of his Aunt Selina's marriage and death, and of Mr. Lyon's return, and of the happy home at Liverpool.

"They are all quite happy, then?" said he, at length; "they seem to have begun to prosper ever since they got rid of me. Well, I'm glad of it. I only wanted to hear of them from you. I shall never trouble them any more. You'll keep my secret, I know. And now I must go, for I have not a minute more to spare. Good-by, Elizabeth."

With a humility and friendliness, strange enough in Ascott Leaf, he held out his hand—empty, for he had nothing to give now—to his aunt's old servant. But Elizabeth detained him.

"Don't go, sir; please, don't; not just yet." And then she added, with an earnest respectfulness that touched the heart of the poor, shabby man, "I hope you'll pardon the liberty I take. I'm only a servant, but I knew you when you were a boy, Mr. Leaf; and if you would trust me, if you would let me be of use to you in any way—if only because you were so good to *him* there."

"Poor Tom Cliffe; he was not a bad fellow; he liked me rather, I think; and I was able to doctor him, and help him a little. Heigh-ho; it's a comfort to think I ever did any good to anybody."

Ascott sighed, drew his rusty coat-sleeve across his eyes, and sat contemplating his boots, which were anything but dandy boots now.

"Elizabeth, what relation was Tom to you? If I had known you were acquainted with him I should have been afraid to go near him; but I felt sure, though he came from Stowbury, he did not guess who I was; he only knew me as Mr. Smith; and he never once mentioned you. Was he your cousin, or what?"

Elizabeth considered a moment, and then told the simple fact; it could not matter now.

"I was once going to be married to him, but he saw somebody he liked better, and married her."

"Poor girl; poor Elizabeth!"

Perhaps nothing could have shown the great change in Ascott more than the tone in which he uttered these words; a tone of entire respect and kindly pity, from which he never once departed during that conversation, and many, many others, so long as their confidential relations lasted.

"Now, sir, would you be so kind as to tell me something about yourself? I'll not repeat anything to your aunts, if you don't wish it."

Ascott yielded. He had been so long, so utterly forlorn. He sat down beside Elizabeth, and then, with eyes often averted, and with many breaks between, which she had to fill up as best she could, he told her all his story, even to the sad secret of all, which had caused him to run away from home, and hide himself in the last place where they would have thought he was, the safe wilderness of London. There, carefully disguised, he had lived decently while his money lasted, and then, driven step by step to the brink of destitution, he had offered himself for employment in the lowest grade of his own profession, and been taken as assistant by the not overscrupulous chemist and druggist in that not too respectable neighborhood of Westminster, with a salary of twenty pounds a year.

"And I actually live upon it!" added he, with a bitter smile. "I can't run into debt; for who would trust me? And I dress in rags almost, as you see. And I get my meals how and where I can; and I sleep under the shop-counter. A pretty life for Mr. Ascott Leaf, isn't it now? What would my aunts say if they knew it?"

"They would say it was an honest life, and that they were not a bit ashamed of you."

Ascott drew himself up a little, and his chest heaved visibly under the close-buttoned, threadbare coat.

"Well, at least it is a life that makes nobody else miserable."

Ay, that wonderful teacher, Adversity,

"Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head,"

had left behind this jewel in the young man's heart. A disguised, beggared outcast, he had found out the value of an honest name; forsaken, unfriended, he had learned the preciousness of home and love; made a servant of, tyrannized over, and held in low esteem, he had been taught by hard experience the secret of true humility and charity—the esteeming of others better than himself.

Not with all natures does misfortune so work, but it did with his. He had sinned; he had paid the cost of his sin in bitter suffering; but the result was cheaply bought, and he already began to feel that it was so.

"Yes," said he, in answer to a question of Elizabeth's, "I really am, for some things, happier than I used to be. I feel more like what I was in the old days, when I was a little chap at Stowbury! Poor old Stowbury! I often think of the place in a way that's perfectly ridiculous. Still, if anything happened to me, I should like my aunts to know it, and that I didn't forget them."

"But, sir," asked Elizabeth, earnestly, "do you never mean to go near your aunts again?"

"I can't say; it all depends upon circumstances. I suppose," he added, "if, as is said, one's sin is sure to find one out, the same rule goes by contraries. It seems poor Cliffe once spoke of me to a district visitor, the only visitor he ever had; and this gentleman, hearing of the inquest, came yesterday to inquire about him of me; and the end was that he offered me a situation with a person he knew, a very respectable chemist in Tottenham Court Road."

"And shall you go?"

"To be sure. I've learned to be thankful for small mercies. Nobody will find me out or recognize me. You didn't. Who knows? I may even have the honor of dispensing drugs to Uncle Ascott of Russell Square.

"But," said Elizabeth, after a pause, "you

will not always remain as John Smith, druggist's shopman, throwing away all your good education and position and name?"

"Elizabeth," said he, in an humbled tone, "how dare I ever resume my own name and get back my rightful position while Peter Ascott lives? Can you or anybody point out a way?"

She thought the question over in her clear head; clear still, even at this hour, when she had to think for others, though all personal feeling and interest were buried in that grave over which the sexton was now laying the turf that would soon grow smoothly green.

"If I might advise, Mr. Leaf, I should say, save up all your money, and then go, just as you are, with an honest, bold front, right into my master's house, with the fifty pounds in your hand——"

"By Jove, you've hit it!" cried Ascott, starting up. "What a thing a woman's head is! I've turned over scheme after scheme, but I never once thought of any so simple as that. Bravo, Elizabeth! You're a remarkable woman."

She smiled—a very sad smile—but still she felt glad. Anything that she could possibly do for any creature belonging to her dear mistresses seemed to this faithful servant the natural and bounden duty of her life.

Long after the young man, whose mercurial temperament no trouble could repress, had gone away in excellent spirits, leaving her an address where she could always find him, and give him regular news of his aunts, though he made her promise to give them, as yet, no tidings in return, Elizabeth sat still, watching the sun decline and the shadows lengthen over the field of graves. In the calmness and beauty of this solitary place an equal calm seemed to come over her; a sense of how wonderfully events had linked themselves together and worked themselves out; how even poor Tom's mournful death had brought about this meeting, which might end in restoring to her beloved mistresses their lost sheep, their outcast, miserable boy. She did not reason the matter out, but she felt it, and felt that in making her in some degree his instrument God had been very good to her in the midst of her desolation.

It seemed Elizabeth's lot always to have

to put aside her own troubles for the trouble of somebody else. Almost immediately after Tom Cliffe's death her little Henry fell ill with scarlatina, and remained for many months in a state of health so fragile as to engross all her thought and care. It was with difficulty that she contrived a few times to go for Henry's medicines to the shop where "John Smith" served.

She noticed that every time he looked healthier, brighter, freer from that aspect of broken-down respectability which had touched her so much. He did not dress any better, but still "the gentleman" in him could never be hidden or lost, and he said his master treated him "like a gentleman," which was apparently a pleasant novelty.

"I have some time to myself also. Shop shuts at nine, and I get up at 5 P.M.—bless us! what would my Aunt Hilary say? And it's not for nothing. There are more ways than one of turning an honest penny, when a young fellow really sets about it. Elizabeth, you used to be a literary character yourself; look into the — and the —" (naming two popular magazines), "and if you find a series of especially clever papers on sanitary reform, and so on, I did 'em!"

He slapped his chest with Ascott's merry laugh of old. It cheered Elizabeth for a long while afterward.

By and by she had to take little Henry to Brighton, and lost sight of "John Smith" for some time longer.

It was on a snowy February day, when, having brought the child home quite strong, and received unlimited gratitude and guineas from the delighted father, Master Henry's faithful nurse stood in her usual place at the dining-room door, waiting for the interminable grace of "only five minutes more" to be over, and her boy carried ignominiously but contentedly to bed.

The footman knocked at the door. "A young man wanting to speak to master on particular business."

"Let him send in his name."

"He says you wouldn't know it, sir."

"Show him in, then. Probably a case of charity, as usual. Oh!"

And Mr. Ascott's opinion was confirmed by the appearance of the shabby young man with the long beard, whom Elizabeth did not wonder he never recognized in the least.

She ought to have retired, and yet she

could not. She hid herself partly behind the door, afraid of passing Ascott; dreading alike to wound him by recognition or non-recognition. But he took no notice. He seemed excessively agitated.

"Come a-begging, young man, I suppose? Wants a situation, as hundreds do, and think that I have half the clerkships in the city at my disposal, and that I am made of money besides. But it's no good, I tell you, sir; I never give nothing to strangers, except—Here, Henry, my son, take that person there this half-crown."

And the little boy, in his pretty purple velvet frock and his prettier face, trotted across the room and put the money into poor Ascott's hand. He took it; and then, to the astonishment of Master Henry, and the still greater astonishment of his father, lifted up the child and kissed him.

"Young man, young fellow——"

"I see you don't know me, Mr. Ascott, and it's not surprising. But I have come to repay you this," he laid a fifty-pound note down on the table. "Also to thank you earnestly for not prosecuting me, and to say——"

"Good God!"—the sole expletive Peter Ascott had been heard to use for long. "Ascott Leaf, is that you? I thought you were in Australia, or dead, or something!"

"No, I'm alive and here, more's the pity perhaps. Except that I have lived to pay you back what I cheated you out of. What you generously gave me I can't pay, though I may some time. Meantime, I have brought you this. It's honestly earned. Yes"—observing the keen, doubtful look, "though I have hardly a coat to my back, I assure you it's honestly earned."

Mr. Ascott made no reply. He stooped over the bank-note, examined it, folded it, and put it into his pocket-book; then, after another puzzled investigation of Ascott, cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Hand, you had better take Master Henry up-stairs."

An hour after, when little Henry had long been sound asleep, and she was sitting at her usual evening sewing in her solitary nursery, Elizabeth learned that the "shabby young man" was still in the dining-room with Mr. Ascott, who had rung for tea and some cold meat with it. And the footman stated, with undisguised amazement, that the shabby

young man was actually sitting at the same table with master!

Elizabeth smiled to herself, and held her tongue. Now, as ever, she always kept the secrets of the family.

About ten o'clock she was summoned to the dining-room.

There stood Peter Ascott, pompous as ever, but with a certain kindly good-humor lightening his heavy face, looking condescendingly around him, and occasionally rubbing his hands slowly together, as if he were exceedingly well pleased with himself. There stood Ascott Leaf, looking bright and handsome in spite of his shabbiness, and quite at his ease—which small peculiarity was never likely to be knocked out of him under the most depressing circumstances.

He shook hands with Elizabeth warmly.

"I wanted to ask you if you have any message for Liverpool. I go there to-morrow on business for Mr. Ascott, and afterward I shall probably go and see my aunts." He faltered a moment, but quickly shook the emotion off. "Of course, I shall tell them all about you, Elizabeth. Any special message, eh?"

"Only my duty, sir, and Master Henry is quite well again," said Elizabeth, formally, and dropping her old-fashioned courtesy; after which, as quickly as she could, she slipped out of the dining-room.

But long, long after, when all the house

was gone to bed, she stood at the nursery window, looking down upon the trees of the square, that stretched their motionless arms up into the moonlight sky—just such a moonlight as it was once, more than three years ago, the night little Henry was born. And she recalled all the past, from the day when Miss Hilary hung up her bonnet for her in the house-place at Stowbury; the dreary life at No. 15; the Sunday nights when she and Tom Cliffe used to go wandering round and round the square.

"Poor Tom," said she to herself, thinking of Ascott Leaf, and how happy he had looked, and how happy his aunts would be to-morrow. "Well, Tom would be glad too, if he knew all."

But happy as everybody was, there was nothing so close to Elizabeth's heart as the one grave over which the snow was now lying, white and peaceful, out at Kensal Green.

Elizabeth is still living—which is a great blessing, for nobody could well do without her. She will probably attain a good old age; being healthy and strong, very equable in temper now, and very cheerful too, in her quiet way. Doubtless, she will yet have Master Henry's children climbing her knees, and calling her "Mammy Lizzie."

But she will never marry. She never loved anybody but Tom.

THAT "the old order changeth, giving place to new," never had a more startling affirmation than the opening, a few days since, of the new line of railway between Smyrna and Ephesus. Would any one expect to be shot by steam along that road, or to hear goods-trade managers expatiating upon the probability—indeed, extreme desirableness—of developing the carrying business in the Menander Valley, or a traffic-manager enlarging upon the transit of Turkish or *quasi*-Turkish folks by omnibus through the Saladin Pass as not so profitable to a railway company as their going by way of Ephesus? One feels a little more at home when the first-named functionary refers to the 70,000 camel-loads of figs that are estimated as the season's production in those regions. Seventy thousand camel-loads of figs!—what a glorious sound it has! Fifty thousand bales of cotton, another product, is well enough, and would be

thankfully welcomed here just now; but 70,000 camel-loads of Smyrna figs coming by way of Ephesus reads like a bit of old Rycant, of that potent individual Busbequius, or, better still, Marco Polo's far-off predecessor William de Rubruquis, who, priest as he was, ever had an eye open for trade. As it is, the "express," even at twenty-five miles an hour, would strain the credulity of the magic-believing Ephesians: Maximus, the Emperor Julian's teacher in magic, would not pretend to do this thing. Truly, a return-ticket from Smyrna to Ephesus and back in 100 minutes would have had a value incalculable to Antony, and worth all the *literæ Ephesiæ* are said to have been to Cræsus, who escaped the pyre by them. This is almost enough to make the many-bosomed Diana, the "stock" of the Ephesians, re-appear in her temple.—*Athenæum*.

From The Examiner.

Travels in Peru and India, while Superintending the Collection of Cinchona Plants and Seeds in South America, and their Introduction into India. By Clements R. Markham, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., Corr. Mem. of the University of Chile, Author of "Cuzco and Lima." With Maps and Illustrations. Murray.

IN Mr. Markham's work as secretary of the Hakluyt Society and editor of some of its publications, we have lately had to notice the advantages arising from personal acquaintance with a considerable portion of South America, obtained in the course of his antiquarian and ethnological explorations in that region. The same knowledge made him an efficient agent of the Indian Government in its commendable project for introducing the Peruvian bark into India. The undertaking, urged by Dr. Forbes Royle in 1839 as necessary for the supply of a drug indispensable in the treatment of Indian fevers, was unsuccessfully entered upon in 1852, and, owing to the special difficulties of the work, might never have been resumed but for the proffered services of Mr. Markham. Under Lord Stanley's direction, however, a new attempt was made in 1859, and its complete success, after three years' labor, is recorded in a book which also sketches faithfully and effectively the past and present condition of Peru and its inhabitants.

The wealth and refinement of Peru under its Incas are fully detailed by Prescott. Mr. Markham describes traces of a much more ancient civilization. One district, on the north side of the Lake of Umayu, is covered with ruins, four of them being towers of finely cut masonry, with the sides of the stones skilfully dovetailed. The most perfect of the four has a broad rounded cornice and a vaulted roof, with a vaulted chamber underneath containing human bones. On another is a great lizard, the national animal of the early Indians, carved in relief on a stone measuring six feet by three. The only tradition that Mr. Markham could glean from the people in the neighborhood was, that in the middle of the eleventh century a man and woman, calling themselves the children of the sun, came and founded the Empire of the Incas among the earlier residents. Under the dominion of their brother Indians these primitive people, called Aymaras, enjoyed peace and multiplied. With the in-

troduction of Spanish rule began their misfortunes. Mr. Markham, however, in opposition to the popular notion, endorses Mr. Helps's assertion that "the humane and benevolent laws, which emanated from time to time from the Home Government, rendered the sway of the Spanish monarchs over the conquered nations as remarkable for mildness as any, perhaps, that has ever been recorded in the pages of history." The fault lay with the subordinates, who, being as a body untrustworthy, rapacious, and remorselessly cruel, were so far removed from the fountain of justice that the benign laws became a dead letter, and the natives, during three hundred years, were ground to the earth. It has been so in our own day with Cuban slavery. The laws of Spain being more merciful, the Spanish slaveholders less merciful, than those of Carolina. The first tyrants known to the Peruvians were Pizarro, who rebelled against the government which bade him be friendly to the Indians, and Belalcazar, who evaded his orders after a fashion which gave foundation to the Spanish proverb, "He obeys, but fulfils not." The example of the one or the other was followed by all their successors, and consequently the population declined in two centuries from thirty millions to three. In recent times, and especially since the establishment of independence in Peru, the natives have fared better. "So far as my experience extends," says Mr. Markham, "and after a careful consideration of the subject, I can see no grounds for resigning the hope that a brighter future is yet in store for the land of the Incas."

The entire population of Peru is at present rather under two millions; the laboring people being chiefly Indians, with a proportion of negroes and zambos, a caste between the two, and the upper classes comprising a very few of pure Spanish descent, a few pure Indians, and a large body of half-castes. The Indian blood carries with it much energy, and at any rate equal ability with that derived from Europe; and the whole nation is described as quick and intelligent, very hospitable and forgiving, but fickle and volatile, often indolent, and rarely persevering. Mr. Markham contradicts the statement, frequently made, that since the war of independence Peru has been in a constant state of civil war, and shows that, of the thirty-seven years and a half of its life as a repub-

lic, twenty-eight and a half have been passed in peace, two in foreign war, and seven in civil dissensions. The disputes have arisen partly from the follies of long ago in fixing vexatious boundaries, and partly from the difficulties in the way of inventing any plan of government agreeable both to the half of the people living near the capital and to the half thinly scattered about the provinces. Between the years 1834 and 1844 occurred a miserable series of insurrections and of flying governments, each more selfish and pusillanimous than its predecessors, under which the honest statesmen were forced to retire into private life and wait for a fit time for action. Ten years of prosperity followed, during six of which the government was in the hands of General Castilla, an old Indian of sterling worth and ability. The malversations of his successor, General Echenque, kindled a new insurrection in 1854, of which the end was that Castilla was recalled to power, but surrounded by men who forced the adoption of some unfortunate experiments in the theory of government. A new constitution was set up in 1860, reversing many of the former absurd and injurious arrangements, and restoring the best of the original provisions. This government Mr. Markham considers "as good a one as the country is fit for, and capable, in firm and honest hands, of meeting all the present requirements of the people." Admitting that there are many bad men waiting for an opportunity of disorder which may turn to their selfish advantage, he believes that the present masters of power are thoroughly patriotic. Castilla, now about seventy years old, is "an excellent soldier, brave as a lion, prompt in action, and beloved by his men." He is too exclusively devoted to his profession to care anything for the improvement of the people by encouraging education or promoting public works, but he does good service by maintaining peace while men as honest and of larger mind are preparing to succeed him. One of these is Juan Manuel del Mar, an able lawyer, and a friend to every enlightened scheme for benefiting the nation. Another is Dr. Vigil, a Roman Catholic clergyman of singularly liberal views, anxious to establish toleration of all sects, and independence of the rule of the Papacy. "One of his strongest convictions is that priests will never lead virtuous lives

until they are humanized by family ties, and that, while now they live for the Church, that is, for themselves and their order, they ought to live for their flocks. A third patriot, and perhaps the one from whom most is to be hoped, is Mariano Paz Soldan, who among his various good public works has already succeeded in substituting for the villanous prisons of former days a penitentiary constructed on the best English and American models. With such leaders, and with the large natural resources of the country, it may be possible to make of Peru a quiet, working State. "Every nation has its beginning, an inevitable and perhaps necessarily rough ordeal to undergo, and South America must not expect to make a leap that no other country has been able to do." Thus Mr. Markham passes with his kindly gloss over the confusion of the South American republics, in whose easily stirred revolutions European traders are, we fear, only too apt to speculate. There have been, travellers tell us, revolutions good for a week's anarchy manufactured in a morning by a clever merchant who has a shipload of goods that he would like to get in or send out duty free.

The special subject of Mr. Markham's book, however, is the quinine-yielding Cinchona plant, so called because the Countess of Cinchon, whose husband was Viceroy of Peru early in the seventeenth century, was the first European whom it cured of intermittent fever. Returning to Spain in 1640, she brought a quantity of the healing bark, which, being sold by her physician for one hundred reals the pound, at once became famous, and was named after her by Linnæus. From that time it was steadily exported by the Jesuit missionaries and largely used by Romanists, although for many years the Protestants opposed it on religious grounds. In 1726 La Fontaine made it the subject of an epic poem, but not till a later day was it known that the bark bought from the Indians, who gathered it in forests unexplored by white men, came from a tree almost unrivalled in the exquisite beauty of its leaves and the delicious fragrance of its flowers. In 1743 La Condamine visited Loxa and collected some plants to transfer to Paris, but they were washed overboard in the passage; and in 1771 Jussieu took a similar disaster so much

to heart that he is said thereby to have lost his reason. Quite recently some specimens have been reared at Kew, but the plant can only grow naturally within precise limits of latitude, varying in size, according to the locality, from a high tree to a diminutive shrub; and there was no precedent for Mr. Markham's work of transporting it to India. He had to overcome many difficulties incident to the labor of exploring some thousands of miles in search of the best varieties, and of collecting a sufficient quantity, in opposition to the jealousy of the residents, who, though they are now gathering the bark so recklessly that there is danger of its soon becoming almost extinct, were loth to assist in the formation of a trade which they thought detrimental to their interests. He obtained the help of several competent agents—the most zealous and successful being Mr. Spence—who searched different districts, and in the course of a few months produced better results than could have been expected. By Mr. Markham himself an ample supply of seeds was collected, with the assistance of his native Indian friends. "Suspicious they certainly were at times, and with good reason, after the treatment they have usually met with from white men, but willing, hard-working, intelligent, good-humored, always ready to help each other, quick in forming the encampments, conversing quietly and without noise round the camp fires, and always kind to animals; altogether very efficient and companionable people." A formidable opposition, however, was raised

by the merchants and their friends, and but for the exercise of great care, Mr. Markham would have failed. Once, with no food but some parched maize, he was for eleven hours in the saddle, riding quickly over a rugged country, and in extreme cold, which he dreaded less for himself than for the young plants that were in his keeping. Many other such difficulties had to be overcome before the various boxes could be brought in good condition to the coast and transported to India, where another series of difficulties had to be contended with before suitable soil and climate could be found. All this is well detailed by Mr. Markham, who records that the greatest success has been attained at the plantations in the Neilgherry Hills, under the superintendence of Mr. McIvor. A postscript informs us that on the 31st of last August 72,568 plants were flourishing. From such a stock unlimited supplies of quinine and cinchonidine may soon be procured, and besides the inestimable benefit conferred on the natives of India by the naturalization of an important drug, a likely result is that after the lapse of a few years Peruvian bark and quinine will decline greatly from their present high price in the European market, and will take their place more fully than they have done hitherto as medicines of free use for the poor.

Mr. Markham's pleasant record of travel and adventure is the book of a man who has really something fresh to tell the world of readers, and which happens both to be well worth the telling and to be well told.

RESEARCHES ON THE NATURE AND TREATMENT OF DIABETES. By F. W. Pavy, M. D. (Churchill.)—The discovery that the liver is not only a bile-making organ, and by over-activity an embitterer of life, but a sugar-making organ and a sweetener of the blood, is one of the glories of modern physiology. Dr. Pavy has placed his name by the side of the distinguished French physiologist, Claude Bernard, by his researches on this subject. Bernard showed that the liver formed sugar; but Pavy showed that it first formed starch or a starchlike substance, which became converted into sugar in the air. He questions, indeed, if in health sugar is ever formed in the blood; but in the disease called diabetes it unquestionably exists. We have thus arrived at a knowledge of how this sub-

stance gets into the blood. It is either thrown into the blood from the liver in greater quantities than it ought to be, or it is detained in the blood by some deficient excretory power. Henceforth the treatment of diabetes becomes more scientific, reasonable, and certain, and Dr. Pavy has devoted this work to the consideration of its nature and treatment. We need not say that it is entitled to the consideration and study of the medical profession.—*Athenæum*.

THE Island of Fayal has been desolated by a succession of earthquakes, extending over nineteen days, in consequence of which all the inhabitants who could were quitting for other islands in the Azorian group.

From The Saturday Review.

THE WORKS OF WINTHROP MACK-
WORTH PRAED.*

It is difficult to account for the fact that none of our publishers have yet re-issued the works of W. M. Praed. Since his death, in 1839, the book has been promised at frequent intervals, and on one occasion it was actually announced by a well-known firm. The delay is the more inexplicable because Praed is by this time tolerably well known, and there can be no question whatever that an edition of his works would very soon be taken up. Two American publishers issued his longest poems. The edition published in 1852 is the most comprehensive, although it abounds in errors and misprints, some of which confuse or entirely alter the meaning of the author. It had no pretension, however, to be regarded as a perfect copy. The aim of the editor, Mr. Griswold, was expressed modestly enough. He simply hoped that the book "might have the effect of inducing some English publisher to give us a complete collection of the works of an author whose carelessness of his literary reputation should not deprive the world of one of the most charming books for which any writer of our time has furnished material." The volume includes Praed's chief contributions in verse to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, a few pieces from the annuals, and the two English poems that gained for the author the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge in 1823-24. It is much to be regretted that not a single letter of Praed's has yet been printed out of the whole mass of his correspondence. No small proportion of his compositions still lie buried in extinct magazines and annuals, and few are acquainted with the exact spots whence these treasures may be exhumed. There are several of his poems, for example, that seem to have been overlooked, in the *London Magazine*, some of which we should have been glad to quote had our limits permitted.

Praed evinced a literary turn at an early period of life. At Eton he was one of the little group of young men who started that clever magazine, the *Etonian*—his colleagues being Lord Macaulay, the Rev. John Moul-

trie, and the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. This was followed by *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, to which some of Praed's best productions were contributed, and among them his longest poem, the "Troubadour." This work, however, was never completed, for a total disagreement took place between the staff and the publisher. The young men became weary of the task they had undertaken, rather as a source of amusement than with any serious object in view; and on more than one occasion Mr. Charles Knight, the publisher, was compelled to postpone the issue of the magazine, and make an apology to the public. Praed and his friends seem to have been not only irregular in their contributions, but also a little tyrannical. They were neither disposed to submit to the restraints, nor to heed the warnings with which the prudent publisher sometimes found it necessary to visit them. Some wished to promulgate opinions which were calculated to bring destruction upon the enterprise. Others, as Mr. Knight says, "made captious objections" to authority; and at length the whole team became so thoroughly unmanageable that the publisher resolved to discontinue the magazine. After paying the little band a warm compliment on their talents, he reproached them with being guilty of "something like a heartless indifference to the consequences of wanton neglect." And with this rebuke the young writers found their plaything taken from them and broken up.

Among his friends at Trinity, Praed was distinguished for his wit and genial nature, no less than for his sarcastic powers, which undoubtedly were considerable. "Few encountered, none o'ercame him," is the testimony of the Rev. John Moultrie. At the "Union" he was always a brilliant and effective speaker, and he bore off the largest number of prizes from the university of any man of his time. In 1822 he gained two gold medals for the Greek ode and the Greek and Latin epigrams; and in the following year he also gained Sir William Browne's medal for the Greek ode, and the Chancellor's medal for the best English poem on "Australia." In 1825 he again obtained the Browne medal and the Chancellor's prize for a poem on "Athens." Before quitting the university, he took the degree of B.A.; and in 1829 he was called to

* The Poetical Works of W. M. Praed. Now first collected by R. W. Griswold. New York. 1844 and 1852.

The *Etonian*—*Knight's Quarterly Magazine*—*The London Magazine*, &c.

the bar. He went the Norfolk circuit for a time, but his election for St. Germain's partially withdrew his attention from his profession. The energy with which he opposed the Reform Bill offended his constituents; but in 1835 he was returned for Great Yarmouth, and subsequently he filled, at various times, the offices of Secretary to the Board of Control, Recorder of Barnstaple, and Deputy High Steward of the University of Cambridge. There seemed a fair prospect of his achieving a very distinguished position in the State, when he was seized with consumption, and died at the age of thirty-seven.

From the time of Praed's leaving college he wrote but at rare intervals, and there can be no doubt that he set little value himself on productions which were nothing more, after all, than the diversions of his leisure hours. His ambition was to become a famous statesman—not an eminent writer. Nevertheless, his writings are sufficiently copious to show that he possessed powers of a high and rare order. His thoughts were always fresh and original, his command of language was great, and his facility in constructing rhyme could scarcely have been surpassed by Lord Byron. His verse flows on with an easy smoothness that is rarely interrupted even by a single halting line. Wild and fantastical it often is, as befitted the weird, fanciful stories in which Praed's imagination ran riot, but there is the touch of genius in every dash of the pencil. His powers, it must be remembered, were exercised only in their immaturity; and we can but conjecture what the result would have been had his talents been applied in the service of literature at a later period of life. As it is, his writings promise more than they give, and we finish each piece in the full assurance that the writer was capable of doing far better. Had Praed lived a few years longer, it is probable that he would have returned to his first love, and given us a greater work than the *Troubadour* or *Lillian*, while ripened judgment would have led him to avoid early faults. Even his charades are so full of true poetry, so musical and abounding in apt imagery, that we lose sight of the riddle we are expected to solve. No matter how intrinsically trivial was the subject Praed selected, he always treated it with matchless skill and power.

He could probably have written a clever poem on anything. *Lillian* took its origin in a few ladies challenging Praed and others to write upon these lines:—

“A dragon's head is flayed to warm
A headless maiden's heart.”

From this groundwork Praed constructed a story of singular ingenuity. His description of *Lillian*, the headless maiden, is wonderfully lifelike:—

“In the cottage on the moor,
With none to watch her and caress,
No arms to clasp, no voice to bless,
The witless child grew up alone,
And made all Nature's book her own.

* * * * *

“Beautiful shade, with her tranquil air,
And her thin white arm, and her flowing hair,
And the light of her eye so boldly obscure,
And the hue of her cheeks so pale and pure!
Reason and thought she had never known,
Her heart was as cold as a heart of stone;
So you might guess from her eye's dim rays,
And her idiot laugh and her vacant gaze,
She wandered about all alone on the heather,
She and the wild heath birds together;
For *Lillian* seldom spoke or smiled,
But she sang as sweet as a little child—
Into her song her dreams would throng,
Silly and wild and out of place;
And yet that wild and roving song
Entranced the soul in its desolate grace.”

There is a strong blending of the humorous and the pathetic in Praed's poems. A tinge of sadness runs throughout all his writings, and some of his most melodious verses are those which refer to an early disappointment and a sorrow that may not have been altogether imaginary. His pictures of life and character are equal to anything of the kind in our literature. Who that has made his acquaintance forgets the *Vicar*? or *Quince*? His sketch of the Nun, in the *Troubadour*, is very characteristic of his power in this direction:—

“Her face was oval, and her eye
Looked like the heaven in Italy,
Serenely blue, and softly bright,
Made up of languish and of light.
And her neck, except where the locks of brown
Like a sweet summer mist fell droopingly down,
Was as chill and as white as the snow, ere the
earth
Has sullied the hue of its heavenly birth;
And through the blue veins you might see
The pure blood wander silently,
Like noiseless eddies, that far below
In the glistening depths of a calm lake flow.”

To this image of “snowy neck” and “blue veins” there is a counterpart in another of

Praed's poems, the *Legend of the Teufel Hans* :—

"You might see beneath the dazzling skin,
And watch the purple streamlets go
Through the valleys of white and stainless
snow."

And both passages bear a singular resemblance to a figure employed far more effectively by Shelley, in *Queen Mab* :—

"— those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow."

One example of Praed's muse in a pathetic vein, from the *Troubadour*, is all that we can find space for :—

"Fare thee well, fare thee well !
Strange feet will be upon thy clay,
And never stop to sigh or sorrow ;
Yet many wept for thee to-day,
And one will weep to-morrow ;
Alas ! that melancholy knell
Shall often wake my wondering ear,
And thou shalt greet me, for awhile,
Too beautiful to make me fear,
Too sad to let me smile !
Fare thee well, fare thee well !
I know that heaven for thee is won ;
And yet I feel I would resign
Whole ages of my life for one—
One little hour of thine !

"Fare thee well, fare thee well !
See, I have been to the sweetest bowers,
And culled from garden and from heath
The tenderest of all tender flowers,
And blended in my wreath
The violet and the blue harebell,
And one frail rose in its earliest bloom ;
Alas ! I meant it for thy hair,
And now I fling it on thy tomb,
To weep and wither there !
Fare ye well, fare ye well !
Sleep, sleep, my love, in fragrant shade,
Droop, droop to-night, thou blushing token ;
A fairer flower shall never fade,
Nor a fonder heart be broken !

Praed's parliamentary career gave promise, like his writings, of great future distinction. The first time he rose to speak was on a question of finance, and when he sat down Sir James Graham complimented the new member on his maiden attempt, and added that, "in observing the great perspicuity with which the honorable and learned member had delivered his sentiments, he could not avoid congratulating the House on the accession of talent and information they had gained by his introduction" to Parliament. Praed subsequently spoke earnestly against the Reform Bill ; and, as he had held extreme Radical views

at college, he was assailed with all the taunts and reproaches usually levelled at a man who changes his political creed. The Rev. John Moultrie alludes to these painful circumstances in the *Dream of Life* :—

"His generation knew him not ; he seemed
To worldly men a trifle ; and when years,
Correcting the rash fervor of his youth,
Taught him to honor much which once he
scorned,
And guard what he had panted to o'erthrow—
Men deemed such seeming fickleness the fruit
Of falsehood or caprice ; and factious tongues
Were busy to defame him."

Praed's best speech in the House of Commons was delivered on March 8, 1831, upon the Reform Bill. In *Blackwood's Magazine* of the following month there is a slight reference to it :—

"Mr. Praed's speech, which was delivered under manifest indisposition, and at a bad hour of the night to win easy approbation, was one of very great promise. The newspapers very inadequately reported it ; but those who heard it were not disappointed in marks of that brilliant genius which has led to his obtaining a seat in the House."

The address contains observations which have not yet lost their force or pungency. We quote from *Hansard* :—

"A system might be good, not only as regarded its own merits, but in so far as it was bound up with the habits, the feelings, and the circumstances of the people ; and if it were so, it could not be safely exchanged for another system, even though it should be proved to be a better one. . . . He should certainly oppose all Reform which went to a remodelling of that House. He saw that for a long series of years attempts had been made, and more successfully made than the friends of the Constitution could have wished, to diminish the respect in which the House of Peers ought, for all beneficial purposes of the State, to be held. . . . He apprehended that Reform would be carried beyond that House to the threshold of another, and the House of Commons would become surreptitiously supreme in this country. . . . He believed that this would not be a final measure. Although the Judge Advocate said that it was sweeping enough to satisfy all moderate men, yet he looked forward to times when a bill would be brought in as much beyond what was sweeping enough to satisfy all moderate men as this measure was beyond that state of the constitution which satisfied the high Tories."

At his funeral nearly all his old friends assembled, mourning the untimely loss which had befallen them. The sad scene has been depicted in touching language by Moultrie—the “room hung with funereal black,” into which—

“The mourners stole—

A sad and silent crowd, by various ties,
Public and private, joined to him in life,
All grieving for him dead.

* * * * *

Friends who had not met

For many a year before, met there to mourn
A nobler friend than all.”

Moultrie, Derwent Coleridge, and Hookham Frere descended into the vault after the service had been read, and all three wept bitterly over the early grave. Moultrie penned the following lines in memory of his friend:—

“Not that in him, whom these poor praises wrong,

Gifts, rare themselves, in rarest union dwelt;
Not that, revealed through eloquence and song,
In him the bard and statesman breathed and felt.

“Not that his nature, graciously endued
With feelings and affections pure and high,
Was purged from worldly taint, and self-subdued,
Till soul o’er sense gained perfect mastery.

“Not for this only we lament his loss—
Not for this chiefly we account him blest;
But that all this he cast beneath the cross,
Content for Christ to live, in Christ to rest.”

Those who knew Praed best hold most strongly to the conviction that he would have taken a foremost place among public men if he had lived. This, in truth, is the most obvious commentary on his works—had he but lived! The shadow of an untimely death seems to rest upon the many graceful productions of his occasional hours, and it is impossible to turn over the faded pages of his schoolboy magazine without thinking with regret of the early grave in which youth and ambition, genius and hope, were extinguished together.

On Tuesday an adjourned inquest on the body of a poor girl, eighteen years of age, named Hannah Brooks, who was drowned at St. Paul’s Wharf steamboat pier, on the 17th ult., was resumed. Mr. Hann, the summoning officer, handed to the deputy coroner the following touching letter which had been sent to the girl’s mother: “John Archer, I hope you will not drive another poor girl to an early grave as you have done me. It is through you that I have done this, for I could not bear the shame you have brought me to, and then laughed at me after being a poor silly fool to you. I hope God will forgive me for this act that I have done, and I hope that God will bless my sisters, brothers, and my mother and father. Mother, you cursed me when I was a girl, and your curse has clung to me, but I hope you will not curse my sisters in case it may cling to them, as it has to me. May God forgive me this crime I have committed. You all thought that I should not do it, but I hope the Lord will have mercy on my poor soul, but I could not bear the disgrace, so you may blame Jack Archer for your poor girl’s miserable end. None of you will grieve for me I know, for you said that I had brought you to shame and disgrace. While I write this I am shedding bitter tears to think that I should be so wicked. I have not got a friend in this world to speak to me or give me a kind word. No, I may go on the streets before my mother would give me a bit of bread. Jack Archer said that I might go on the streets for my living, after being what I have to him for two years and a

half, and then to be cast off. Oh, God have mercy on me, and forgive me my sins. I have gone to see my Maker, and I hope the Lord will forgive me and take me. Mother, pray for your poor girl, and kiss my poor sisters for me, and let them have my books between them. My poor brain is all on a work. Jack Archer, when you see my poor body I hope you will look at me and say, ‘That is through me,’ which you well know is a fact. I would rather die like this than do as you told me. Good-by, and God bless you! Those are my last words. May the great God look down in mercy on me! O heavenly Father, have mercy on me! O God, look down in mercy on me! My name is Hannah Brooks, No. 1 Bromley Buildings, Bread-Street Hill, City.”—*Examiner*.

A MANCHESTER paper states, on what it considers to be most respectable authority, that a wonderful discovery has recently been made in electricity as applicable to purposes of the electric telegraph: “Incredible as it may seem, it is said that experiments have established the fact that intelligible signals can be exchanged between distant stations without the intervention of any artificial conductor whatsoever, and with equal success, whether the intervening space be wholly or partially land or water.”

From The Examiner.

THE GYMNASTIC TRAINING OF TROOPS.

ANY one who has lately seen the French infantry must have been struck by the celerity of their movements. Their quick march nearly, if not quite, equals the trot of horse, and the men keep it up without any apparent effort or fatigue. They seem to have acquired a peculiarly nimble way of picking up their feet to borrow a phrase of the jockeys, and it gets them over the ground at a rate which would leave our best light infantry far behind. If celerity of movement be as important on land as it is known to be at sea, the speed of the French infantry will be a point of great superiority in campaigning. The step of our troops is quickened, but it does not come up to the French, who are trained to it by gymnastic exercises. Their physical powers being inferior to those of the English, they improve and develop them to the utmost, and make the most of the man such as he is. As in their cookery, art makes up for the inferiority of material. The English standard of stature and strength is the very first in Europe, but little or nothing is done to cultivate the natural advantages. Our armies have always had the character of being tardy and slow. Thiers says that their generals may be forgiven for causing them to be slaughtered, but not for fatiguing them. To be sure, he is not a very fair authority, but a better witness, the German Commissioner with the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, states that Blucher endeavored in vain to hasten the march of the English army upon Paris, and that the duke confessed the impossibility of quickening the movement of his troops so as to keep up with the Prussians, who were accounted the very slowest of any continental army. The old school will say, what matters it that the men were slow to move if they beat the enemy? And this is the stock argument against every improvement. With brown Bess our troops beat the French in Spain and Flanders, but then they had a worse sort of brown Bess opposed to them; and bad as our weapon was the fire of our infantry was accounted the very best nourished (we borrow the French word) in Europe, that is to say in the world. And when the French adopted the improved arm, the Minié rifle, it compelled our reluctant military authorities to introduce a corresponding improvement in our weapon, and the En-

field was adopted. Why, then, do we neglect what is next in importance to the efficiency of the arm, the speed of the legs that are to carry it to its positions in action?

Oh, some old martinet will say, "See how loosely these Frenchmen scramble along, how badly they wheel, and how ill their line is dressed, while our fellows march like a wall. Slow and sure." But the French in their loose way get ultimately, and quickly, too, into the right position, and their line, though not ruled with mathematical precision, serves for all the purposes of war, though not of the trimmest show on parade-ground. If by out-marching us they secure the advantage of an important position, it will be no consolation that our line in the wrong place is better formed.

In the Peninsula Lord Wellington had brought the British army to a full equality with the French in movement, the business of the campaigns having been the training. But what are we now doing in peace, while the French are supplying the training to bring up their soldiers to something more than the pitch of excellence attained in campaigning? There are improvements no doubt in manœuvres, but here what can be made of the soldier's limbs is not studied as it is in France. But if any English regiment were put under the training of the French, it would by force of its natural physical advantages surpass the very best our neighbors could produce. We have been led to these remarks by some interesting statements in the Paris correspondence of the *Times*:—

"A Paris paper, referring to the last manœuvres of the Infantry of the Guard in the Champ de Mars, speaks of the various modifications that have been introduced at various times into the old regulations of 1831. The commencement of the changes in question was a formation in two ranks instead of three. Then came the introduction of percussion locks and of rifled barrels, the diminution of the weight carried by the soldier, and, finally, the full development of the soldier's activity, and of the mobility of masses of troops. The 'double quick,' or 'running step, known as the *pas gymnastique*, and the bayonet exercise, have been found greatly to promote the suppleness and activity of the soldier, and they have been definitively admitted into the regulations of the 17th of April, 1862, as principles of military education. The *pas gymnastique*, which is neither more nor less than a steady run, improves the sol-

dier's wind, and, by practice, can be kept up for a long time. It enables bodies of infantry to transfer themselves, in action, to any part of the field where they may be needed in an extremely short time, arriving in good order and in good wind. There can be no doubt of the value of this kind of exercise, but it must manifestly be constantly kept up, in peace time as well as in war, since a few months' discontinuance would neutralize much of the benefit of previous training.

"The bayonet drill, by giving the soldier confidence in his weapon and teaching him to handle it adroitly, furnishes him with a powerful means of attack, as well as a precious means of defence in the case of his finding himself surrounded by several adversaries. Considered, finally, as the bases of the instruction of the recruit, the gymnastic step and the bayonet fencing rid him of the original slowness and want of agility of the peasant who is being transformed into a soldier. The two great principles established are the development of the agility of the soldier, and the mobility of masses which is attained as its result. Thus is all our infantry transformed into light infantry, apt for rapid movements, the which, joined to the national dash (*élan*) of our troops, may produce the greatest results."

"The improvements introduced into the army of so bellicose a nation as the French cannot but be of interest, and worthy of noting by all other European powers. The tactics of the Zouaves especially—a branch of the French infantry which, in case of a long and serious war, would be likely to be largely augmented—are of a particularly formidable nature to troops that are not prepared for them, or which do not possess in perfection that calmness and solidity which high discipline and long service alone can completely bestow. And France has always in Africa forty thousand men, whom it would take little more than a change of uniform to convert into Zouaves. A recent writer on the Algerian army made the following remarks on the Zouaves:—

"The superiority of French soldiers is in great part to be attributed to the intelligent manner in which they fight. Among them the Zouaves have acquired a special reputation for spontaneity of action; they are the artists of the battle-field. The part they play in an engagement necessitates particular qualities; they are specially apt at surprises, *coups de main*, and in those acts of daring which often decide the fate of the day. They are the advanced guard, the heads of columns of an army. Their favorite arm is the bayonet; in musketry they have but moderate confidence; so many balls have whistled harmlessly by them that they de-

spise lead and give the preference to steel. With the bayonet one is surer of the result. The favorite tactics of the Zouaves have been thus summed up by General Cler (a distinguished French officer who commanded a regiment of Zouaves at the capture of Sebastopol): "They spread themselves in skirmishing order, get as near as possible to the enemy, bewilder him by one or two close volleys, and attack with the bayonet, turning his flanks at the same time." Success has almost invariably crowned this manœuvre, although there might be serious objections to it with other men than Zouaves. In fact, when they thus dash forward they are dispersed in disorder, and it seems impossible to rally them in case of an attack by cavalry. But these regiments possess such an intelligence of war, such a surprising rapidity of evolutions, so great an individual solidity, that a line of skirmishers, scattered over a considerable extent of ground, transforms itself into a square in the space of a few minutes. The officers who have tried their men and know their value leave them the utmost liberty possible. Instead of thwarting their formidable impetus by uselessly dressing them in line, they content themselves with leading them against the feeblest point of that of the enemy. Moreover, the Zouaves themselves have a particular instinct in recognizing the vulnerable place against which their efforts should be brought to bear."

The tactics of the Zouaves may be a question for military judgment, and different opinions may prevail about them, but we cannot conceive any rational objection to developing the agility of the soldier and maximizing the mobility of troops. It was not long ago that men dropped down exhausted on a short march to Windsor, one actually died, and the probability is that something of this sort would happen to any regiment in this country put upon a forced march of five-and-twenty miles, which a French regiment trained to marching quickly would perform without distress, and gayly. We doubt extremely whether a battalion of the Guards would effect a march to Windsor in five hours without leaving men lame and exhausted on the road, and we have heard a high military authority express his opinion that those fine household troops would be much better exercised in marches to Wormwood Scrubs or Wimbledon Common, there to waste powder in blank-cartridge practice, than in their squibbing field days, almost on the threshold of their barracks, in Hyde Park. The ground

is ill-chosen both for the neighborhood and the exercises of the men. Hyde Park is now the largest square in London, and the firing of the troops is a nuisance to the inhabitants of the surrounding houses, and dangerous to the riders and drivers of horses passing along the much frequented Bayswater road immediately adjoining. How much better that the troops should at the same time both learn to use their limbs in something like a march, and to fire in volleys, or to pop away in skirmishing order, by removing their exercising ground to a moderate distance of six or seven miles. But they would lose flesh, and not look so fine, and there is no answer to that objection. With the French the case is quite different, for their troops are for use, like our sailors, not for show.

From The Saturday Review.

SAYING DISAGREEABLE THINGS.

SOME people, not otherwise ill-natured, are apt to season their conversation with disagreeable sayings, unpleasant comments, uncomfortable insinuations. Such a person, we sometimes hear, is a good sort of fellow, but he has a way of saying disagreeable things. Such a woman can be very charming when she pleases, but —. In fact, these people are never spoken of for three consecutive sentences without a qualification. A disagreeable thing is distinguished from an impertinence, which it often closely resembles, by certain marks. In the first place, an impertinence we need not stand, but the other we often must, aware that it is the result of certain conditions of our friend's mind, which, as we cannot hope to alter, we must resign ourselves to. An impertinence may or may not be true — its main design, independent of truth, is, more or less, to insult. It is of the essence of a disagreeable thing that it should be true — true in itself, or true as representing the speaker's state of feeling. And yet an unpalatable truth is not technically a disagreeable thing any more than an impertinence, though, of course, the being told it is an unpleasant operation. It is necessary for us, now and then, to hear unpalatable and unwelcome truths; but a disagreeable thing is never a moral necessity — it is spoken to relieve the speaker's mind,

not to profit the hearer. The same utterance may be an impertinence, an unpalatable truth, or a disagreeable thing, according to time and circumstance. For example, in a fit of absence, we perpetrate some solecism in dress or behavior. It is an unwelcome truth to be told it, while there is yet opportunity for remedy, or partial remedy. It is an impertinence to be informed of it by a stranger, who has no right to concern himself with our affairs. It is a disagreeable thing when — the occasion past — our friend enlightens us about it, simply as a piece of information. We all of us, no doubt, have friends, relations, and acquaintances who think it quite a sufficient reason for saying a thing that it is true. Probably we have ourselves known the state of mind in which we find a certain fact or opinion a burden, a load to be got rid of; and, under the gross mistake that all truth must be spoken, that it is uncandid and dangerous not to deliver a testimony — convinced that truth, like murder, will out, and that our friend, sooner or later, must learn the unacceptable fact — we come to the conclusion that it is best for all parties to get the thing over by being one's self the executioner. We have most of us acted the *enfant terrible* at some time or other. But this crude simplicity of candor, where it is the result of the mere blind intrusive assertion of truth, is a real weight; and the primary law of politeness, never to give unnecessary pain, as soon as it is apprehended, is welcomed as a deliverer. Children and the very young have not experience enough for any but the most limited sympathy, and can only partially compare the feelings of others with their own. Indeed, the idea of the comparison does not occur to them. But there are people, who, in this respect, remain children all their days, and very awkward children, too — who burst with a fact as the fool with his secret, and, like the hair-dresser in Leech's caricature, are impelled to tell us that our hair is thin at the top, though nothing whatever is to come of the communication. These, as Sidney Smith says, turn friendship into a system of lawful and unpunishable impertinence, from, so far as we can see, no worse cause than incontinence of fact and opinion — feeling it to be a sufficient and triumphant defence of every perpetration of the sort, that it is true. "Why did you tell Mr. So and So that his

sermon was fifty minutes long?" "Because I had looked at my watch." "Why did you remind such a one that he is growing fat and old?" "Because he is." "Why repeat that unfavorable criticism?" "I had just read it." "Why disparage this man's particular friends?" "I don't like them." "Why say to that young lady that her dress was unbecoming?" "I really thought so." It is, however, noticeable in persons of this obtrusive candor that they have eyes for blemishes only. They are never impelled to tell pleasant truths—from which, no doubt, we may infer a certain acerbity of temper, though these strictures may be spoken in seeming blunt, honest good-humor. Still, they talk in this way from natural obtuseness and inherent defect of sympathy. These are the people who always hit upon the wrong thing to say, and instinctively ferret out sore subjects. They are not the class we have in our thoughts. Indeed, they incapacitate themselves for serious mischief, as their acquaintance give them a wide berth, and take care not to expose their more cherished interests to their tender mercies. It requires some refinement of perception to say the more pungent and penetrating disagreeable things. We must care for the opinion or the regard of a person whose sayings of this sort can keenly annoy us. A man must have made friends before he can wound them. A real expert in this art is never rude, and can convey a disregard approaching to contempt for another's opinion, hit him in his most vulnerable points, and send him off generally depressed and uncomfortable, without saying a word that can be fairly taken hold of.

Of course the people most distinguished in this way are disappointed people. In the examples that occur to us, we perceive that life has not satisfied them—they do not occupy the place in men's minds which they feel they deserve. But this is no explanation, for the tendency is just as likely to have caused the disappointment as the disappointment the tendency. People who start in life with high, though not wholly ungrounded notions of their own deserts, definite claims, and elaborate self-appreciation, are certain to be in constant collision with their friends, and with society. Their sense of their own rights and merits is perpetually infringed. Their friendship or service entails an obligation which is never duly rec-

ognized. The memory becomes loaded with supposed slights. Every part of the man is instinct with grievances, which inevitably exhale in disagreeable things. We hear them in covert insinuations. We read them in rigid smiles. They look out of cold, forbidding eyes. They declare themselves in stiff, repelling courtesies. And the mischief does not end here. There is no habit more catching. Tempers amiable enough when let alone develop under a stimulus. It is not a wholly unpleasant excitement to find ourselves observing all the forms of friendly and kindly intercourse, yet giving as good as we get, or at any rate parrying with spirit. There is only one class of persons in the world—the perfectly humble-minded—who never say disagreeable things.

Nobody acknowledges himself to be an habitual offender in this line. No man will own himself careless of giving pain. When we do become conscious of having thoughtlessly wounded our neighbor's feelings or self-love, it may commonly be traced to the blinding sway of some conviction held in a one-sided, selfish spirit. All strong prepossessions destroy sympathy, and, like absence of mind, induce an exclusive attention to our own objects or wishes. To judge from their biographies, religious professors are exceedingly apt to err in this direction—unless, perhaps, it be that they say disagreeable things more deliberately, and more on principle, than the laity. The young lady who answered her friend's announcement of her approaching marriage by the inquiry, if she had ever remembered that her future husband might die, thought she was preaching a sermon, but was simply saying a disagreeable thing. The occasion called for sympathy, and preaching was an obtrusion of self and its speciality—an unconscious expedient for bringing down her friend from a high position of interest to a level something below her own. The habit of saying disagreeable things belongs impartially to both sexes, but the manner and the motive differ. Our example illustrates the feminine form. There is commonly a touch of jealousy to be traced in a woman's trying or irritating sayings, however remote and far-fetched. However abstract and general the remark may be, an insight into circumstances will probably furnish the clue—will bring some personal and particular cause to light which has held sym-

pathy in abeyance. Men can say disagreeable things without the suggestions of this prompter. They enjoy the pleasure of self-assertion, the gratification of putting a friend in possession of their exact impressions. There is a relish for taking down for its own sake, a vein of hardness and cold-bloodedness, which belongs to some very respectable sort of people, impelling them to give a stone instead of bread—to utter flinty “I told you so’s,” cold moralities, inopportune counsels, and harsh reminders, when the confiding spirit has laid bare its needs, or its penitence, and asked for sympathy. Often the mere knowledge of doing the thing well is motive enough. It is an irresistible temptation to express one’s self with point; and in fact, half of all the current good stories are of neatly turned disagreeable things—not sneer or satire, but some cold, shivering half-truth, for which nobody is the better. Not that dull men are debarred from the indulgence, but they are clumsy, and slip at every turn into mere insolence or blunder. This is their secret of heavy banter—which is nothing else than harping with stupid persistence on something unpleasant, with no other view than to make their object conscious of exposure, and for the moment smaller than themselves—in contrast with the well-mannered jest which, under whatever disguise of depreciation, puts its subject in better humor with himself than he was before.

In a woman, this practice is not so much an exercise of the intellect as of the heart, speaking under some souring, embittering influence. Some are habitually ungracious from the working of vulgar rivalries, or mere grim acidity of nature. These are simply odious; but it is astonishing what things a woman sweet as summer will say, under certain conditions of the affections, to those most important to her, and for whom she cares most; and how seemingly unconscious she is of the tendency of her words, led on by jealous self-assertion and fancied ill-usage. There is a process of comparison peculiar to this mood, and which can express itself only by disagreeable things—by a series of parallels and contrasts in all of which she comes out the ascendant and superior. Perhaps new friends, in all their garish attractions, are contrasted with herself, the old faithful original friend, great in solid worth and re-

finéd feeling, or in unshaken fidelity. What chilling doubts, what cruel disparagement, what ingenuity of misapprehension attend this temper! What reflections on the constancy of her friends, what pity and contempt for their taste, what pathetic regrets, what resignation to the inevitable fate of a virtue, a spirit, a perception, which there is not steadiness, or wit, or heart to value at their true price! The worst of this strain—the reason why this tone is so disagreeable—is that it hits a blot. It is of the essence of disagreeable things that in some sense or degree they are true. This is why they irritate. For instance, our constancy is never so weak to our own consciousness as when our friends suspect it. We never see their social drawbacks clearer than when we are charged with being influenced by them. New friends are never in higher favor than when old friends upbraid us with them.

The main nursery for the science of disagreeable things is the domestic hearth. Here we do not note those distinctions of sex which strike us in society. Men and women, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters are apt to say very much the same class of disagreeable things to one another, unless good breeding or good temper interpose to prevent familiarity becoming contempt. It is wonderful what moral and refined writers assume to be family habits in this particular, from which we may suppose the practice to be more common than our state of civilization would lead us to hope. Certainly we all know or have known, families where the strong tyrannize over the weak, and, in cold blood and in apparent good-nature inflict perpetual minute wounds on the self-love of those about them. By this means—like the Antiquary with his womankind—a caustic temper keeps itself civil towards the outer world. A man can sustain his politeness to ladies in general by always calling his sister an old woman, or by constantly reminding her of events she would willingly forget. A woman can be gracious to her acquaintance and over-indulgent to her children by making her husband the vent of her ill-humors, and, like Mrs. Glegg, installing herself the constituted check on his pleasures; while some people are agreeable to the whole world, except just those with whom they are connected by ties of blood, to whom they show a wholly different phase of character.

Sensitiveness to disagreeable things implies self-mistrust. Only absolutely self-reliant people are impervious to them. We are dependent on others, more than we think, for even our *own* good opinion. We think best of ourselves when others share our favorable impressions, and no strength of constancy can prevent our estimate of our friends suffering some faint fluctuations according to the view which others take of them. All people have an idea of their own position towards the world—though “idea” is, perhaps, too definite a term—at any rate, a dim assumption of a certain standing of which they are scarcely aware till it is infringed, and which it is the part of the sayer of disagreeable things to infringe. We are each the centre of our own world, and thus have a place in our own eyes which no one can give us. Something of this half-delusion is indispensable to carry us through our parts creditably, and the laws of politeness,

on principle, support this degree of pretension. There is a tacit agreement in society that every individual in it fills his proper place, and that he and his belongings are what they go for—that all our externals fulfil their professions. There is no hypocrisy in assuming this of every one we meet. It is simply not obtruding our private judgment where its expression would be an impertinence. The disagreeable thing jars on this nice adjustment. The speaker has the unjustifiable aim of lowering this fancied elevation, whether moral or social; and he dispels illusions, not as he supposes, in the interest of truth on any social or moral view, but really for selfish ends. He obeys an unamiable impulse to prove that he is knowing where we are ignorant, wise where we are foolish, strong where we are weak—that he sees into us and through us, and that it is, before all things, important that this should be declared and made evident.

A GLADSTONIAN DISTINCTION.

To form opinions upon questions of policy, to announce them to the world, and to take or be a party to taking any of the steps necessary for giving them effect, are matters which, though connected together, are in themselves distinct, and which may be separated by intervals of time longer or shorter, according to the particular circumstances of the case.—*Mr. Gladstone's Apology to Manchester.*

Yes, “the South is a nation.” This truth you announce;

And yet, though the inference perhaps may be bitter,

You are forced to admit that the statement was “bounce”—

The mere trick of an orator eager to glitter.

A barbarous war may persistently rage,

And hurry two nations to utter perdition,

Whole counties may starve, yet our Gladstone, the sage,

Though he thinks it quite right, wont advise Recognition.

The plan, though ingenious, is certainly old—

’Tis one thing to act and another to chatter:

Æsop tells of the man who blew hot and blew cold,

And thereby extremely astonished a Satyr.

Let us hope that from henceforth delusions are fled,

And that all your admirers the absolute folly see

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 963

Of thinking you now and then meant what you said,

And that conscience, not interest, prompted your policy. C.

—*Press, 25 Oct.*

THE REVOLUTIONARY DEBT.—*Dear Transcript, ever fresh, vigorous, and true:* Hearing some doubt expressed of the correctness of the President’s statement: that if our Revolutionary debt at 6 per cent. simple interest, had remained unpaid to this time, it would be less to each person now living than it was to each person then living, I have worked out the calculation as follows, taking eighty years as the time:—

Debt, \$100
80 years’ interest at 6 per cent., 480 580

Now our population has always increased three per cent. per annum; this comes to thirty-four and a fraction for each ten years. If you compare this with the census of each period, you will be struck with its wonderful regularity:—

	Population.
1783	100
1793	134
1803	170
1813	228
1823	305
1833	407
1843	543
1853	729
1863	966

If the calculation were increased ten years further, it would show the debt to be 640, and the people 1296—more than double. L.

From The Examiner, 25 Oct.
THE GOLD DISCOVERIES.

THE early predictions of this journal respecting the results of the modern gold discoveries have been fully verified during the last fourteen years, for it is fourteen years since we first discussed the subject. Observing that an influx of some fifty or sixty millions' worth of gold, poured suddenly, and within a period of three or four years into a narrow and unprepared market, had produced no sensible effect on prices, we came to the conclusion that no future addition in a necessarily wider market was likely to do so. Our view has been justified by at least ten years' experience.

But let us attempt now to compute the value of the new gold which from first to last has been poured into the market of the world. It can be but an approximation, for the nature of the subject forbids all hope of correctness. The mines of California continue at their highest produce. But those of Victoria have fallen off; the decline being, we conceive, fully made up by greater productiveness in those of New South Wales, and by the discovery of the gold fields of New Zealand and British Columbia. We may compute the annual produce of all the new mines at the moderate sum of £20,000,000 a-year, which, multiplied by fourteen years, will make the whole influx amount to £280,000,000. Meanwhile the supply from the old sources has not diminished; nor is there any good reason why it should, seeing that there has been no fall in the price of the article.

But this is not all of the precious metals that has been thrown into the world's market. The relative values of gold and silver are at present substantially the same that they were before the appearance of the new gold; that is, gold has sustained no depreciation, nor silver increase of value. It follows therefore that there must have taken place a production of new silver equal in value to that of the new gold; so that, in fact, within the brief period of fourteen years, the precious metals have been poured into the markets of the world to the extent of the prodigious sum of £560,000,000, over and above the old normal supply.

How this silent production of new silver has come about deserves explanation. In the principal producing countries, Mexico

and Peru, the yield is unlimited, and the quantity of metal annually supplied by the mines is well known to depend on the high or low price of the chief instrument of reduction, quicksilver. The old mines of this metal were confined to two narrow localities, and there they were monopolies under which the average price was about five shillings a pound. New and far more productive mines have been discovered in California; the working of these has brought the price of mercury down to one shilling and tenpence a pound, and hence the new silver to balance the new gold.

The enormous influx of the precious metals which has taken place has produced no depreciation of their own value, nor increased the price of the commodities they represent. There has been no increase in the cost of any commodity where the supply was equal to the demand. There has, for example, been no rise of price in any kind of corn or in any metal. There has been no rise in the prices of wool, hemp, flax, or jute. There has been none in sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa. There has been even a reduction in the price of some commodities, the result of new discoveries or more economical processes of manufacture, as in the example of quicksilver already mentioned, and of some descriptions of iron. Wherever a rise of price has taken place, the special grounds for it are transparent. There has been a great rise in the price of the potato, from a notorious disease in the plant; but that rise preceded by several years the gold discoveries. There has been a great rise in the price of wine and silk, from a disease in the vine and a murrain in the silkworm; but these rises did not take place until several years after the gold mines had been at their highest production. For twelve out of the fourteen years since the first gold discoveries, there had been no permanent rise in the price of cotton. A furious and most pernicious civil strife in the chief producing country, far worse than the oïdeon in the vine, or the murrain in the silk caterpillar, has cut off eight-tenths of the whole supply, and the normal price of past years has been multiplied four and even five fold.

Since, then, there has been no depreciation of the precious metals or increase in the price of the commodities they represent, what has been the actual effect produced by the vast influx of them which has taken place within

the last fourteen years? We have not a doubt but that in so far as they have been used as money—and that is their main employment—they have acted as stimulants to the production of new wealth, and been themselves absorbed in its representation. In a word, the wealth of the whole world, or at least of all the civilized parts of it, has been increased by a sum equal to double the amount of the gold and silver which has been of late years poured into it.

Evidences of the prosperity produced by the influx of the precious metals is readily found. It has, as might be expected, been most striking at the sources of discovery, California and Australia. There the wages of labor have been more than doubled, and the population more than trebled. Australia, with a population of 1,200,000, consumes at their English valuation £10,000,000 worth of British and colonial productions, besides much received from India, its islands, China and Western America. The history of the world affords no example of such prosperity within so short a time. Both there and in California flourishing and populous towns have arisen, whose very foundations were hardly laid before the gold discoveries.

With ourselves, our imports and our exports have both been doubled,—a result unknown at any previous period of our commercial history within so brief a time. Even the wages of labor have risen, without any rise in the cost of the necessaries of life. What is still more remarkable, the wages of labor have greatly risen in stagnant India, where they had been fixed and stationary for many a century—all the work of the many millions' worth of silver which Britain has poured into it for the last ten years.

To the minor causes which have contributed to the consumption of the new gold and silver, we attach little importance, because they are only the same which have always been in operation, and now only greater because there is more gold and silver to consume. There is more of gold and silver used in the arts, but simply for no other reason than because there are more persons than before that can afford to purchase plate and jewelry. India has been called a sink of the precious metals, because it receives much and exports none; the last conclusion is not,

however, correct, for India furnishes most of the countries bordering on it. India, no doubt, is a great importer, because it has neither gold nor silver of its own. To call it a sink on this account is not a whit better than to call it a sink of copper, tin, and zinc, none of which it produces itself, but which it imports largely, and does not re-export. China, which has both gold and silver of its own, and all the metals just referred to, imports and exports gold and silver at its convenience, like any European country.

Much of the silver of France, Germany, and other parts of Europe has been sent to India and China and replaced by gold, and this is supposed to have contributed to keep up the price of gold, and to account for the absence of depreciation in it. But the operation is a mere transfer of localities produced by the demands of trade, leaving the quantities of the two metals just what they were; for the wide world, and not France and Germany, is the market of the precious metals. In one quarter, and to our very great surprise, we find the gold of California (about £180,000,000) supposed to have been absorbed in replacing the paper money of the United States of America. But the paper money of America is far more abundant at this moment than it was before the gold discoveries, and gold, by the latest accounts, at a premium of twenty-nine per cent. and promising to be at a much higher one.

If the new gold and silver were to undergo depreciation from excess of quantity, that result ought to have happened long ago, while the supply was at the highest point and the market for it at the narrowest. Now that the supply is stationary and the market greatly expanded, we must come to the sure conclusion that there is no chance at all of depreciation. Fixed incomes, then, will suffer nothing; debtors will not be afforded an opportunity of paying their debts in sovereigns intrinsically worth only ten shillings, nor will the nation be able to pay off half its debt by defrauding its creditors of half their incomes. Allowing the handsome sum of £60,000,000 for plate and jewelry, the world, according to our view, is by a thousand millions sterling richer than it was fourteen short years ago,—consequently more powerful, and, let us hope, not less virtuous and happy.

From The Saturday Review.

THE SOURCES OF FRENCH LITERATURE.*

FOR the last two or three years the press of Paris has been wonderfully prolific, and in the numbers of its offspring has far surpassed the publishing activity of every other European capital. This exuberant fertility is, no doubt, favorable to the production of much which, if not absolutely worthless, is merely ephemeral. There are, however, very numerous exceptions to the average mediocrity. Many real students have of late produced, either in the form of essay or criticism, very valuable contributions to contemporary literature. Among the better class of literary men there seems to prevail a remarkable disposition to follow out literary or historical researches in a careful and conscientious manner. It may be true that the Second Empire has not yet been made illustrious by the appearance of any single work that will take its place among the great classics of France; but there can be no question that literature, generally speaking, is in as favorable a condition as it was during the reign of Louis Philippe. And it may well be that the imperial system, which excludes all free discussion from the arena of politics, has induced many active-minded men to devote to literary studies the energies which might otherwise have been given to politics. At the present moment the questions which most interest France and Europe are forbidden ground to all except the slavish advocates of Napoleonism. No French thinker can venture to speak his mind on the Roman question, or even on the Mexican expedition; but there is ample liberty to prosecute philosophical inquiries into the state of opinion in the age of Charlemagne, or the administration of France in the reign of Henri IV. Fortunately, the history of France and its language is an inexhaustible mine, and we have every reason to be grateful to those who explore it with so much zeal and patience. Each new investigation may add something to our knowledge of bygone times, and is made more valuable when followed out with the rules of scientific examination and the light of modern history. Of late years a vast deal has been done for French history. Many important manuscripts have been printed and

carefully edited at the expense of the Government, and the modern school of French historians has deservedly earned a very high reputation. Much, however, will always remain to be done where the materials are so rich and the subject so vast. Notwithstanding the labors of Guizot and Thierry, there is ample room for new-comers, who only labor under the disadvantage of having to follow leaders whose achievements it may prove difficult to equal.

The aim of M. Moland's essay is rather an ambitious one, and its title seems to promise more than is performed; it is, however, a very useful contribution to the history of early French literature, and is obviously the result of long and careful study of a very difficult subject. He proposes to trace the development of three branches of French literature, starting from the period when the debased Latin passed into the French of the tenth and eleventh centuries. He successively examines the early romances and legends in prose, the origin of the drama, and the language and character of the early French preaching. These three forms of intellectual development, apparently so distinct, all sprang from the same origin. They were all the offspring of the Church, and in different ways they all attempted to give expression to a religious and devotional sentiment. Romance, in the first instance, was intimately connected with, or rather formed a portion of, the religious legend. It soon became distinct from it, but long retained the traces of its origin. Similarly, the drama was, in its infancy, purely sacerdotal. It remained so for a considerable time. Gradually it included profane as well as sacred subjects, but it was not till the sixteenth century that it wholly lost its primitive character. The use of the French language by ecclesiastics in the churches was doubtless simultaneous with its employment in legend and romance, as it was the only mode by which they could make themselves intelligible to the people; but the vulgar tongue found little favor with the clergy, and there are in consequence but few examples remaining of sermons in the early French. Sermons were probably composed in Latin, and translated into the vernacular dialect; but if they were preserved, it was usually in the Latin language. This appears from the sermons of St. Bernard, of

* *Origines Littéraires de la France.* Par Louis Moland. Didier et Compagnie. Paris: 1862.

which a manuscript in French is extant. There is little reason to doubt that they must have been composed in Latin and afterwards translated. It was not till a much later age that French became the usual language of ecclesiastics. They were necessarily obliged to preserve a knowledge of Latin, and it was one of the many obstacles to the diffusion of learning that the only class which possessed any cultivation wrote, and frequently spoke, a language which had been gradually supplanted among the people by the new dialects. The formation of the new languages in Italy, France, and Spain was a slow and laborious process. It took a long time for them to acquire the accuracy and refinement necessary for a written language. The clergy were using a foreign tongue which in their hands had lost all its beauty and power, and it followed that, though they were by no means illiterate during what are called the dark ages, they produced little that possessed either vigor or originality. The people, on the other hand, spoke languages that were in a state of transition, and which were only reduced into form when the learned ecclesiastics at length condescended to make use of them. There is, it is believed, little French writing extant which can be shown to be earlier than the eleventh century, though no doubt the language was extensively employed in songs and in poetry. A hundred years later, about the time of the First Crusade, French and Provençal were distinct languages, wanting neither in refinement nor flexibility. It was the age of song and metrical romances, and marks an important step in the progress of European civilization.

To this period also belong the earliest prose romances. They have, perhaps, received less attention than the poetry of the same age, though not less deserving of consideration for the light which they throw on the formation of the French language as well as for their bearing on the intellectual history of those times. Besides this, the prose romances are of colossal bulk, and have been for the most part known only through the very imperfect reprints of the sixteenth century. But, in M. Moland's view, they form an exact counterpart to the metrical romances and *Chansons de Geste* of the same period. The former were intended to be read—the latter to be recited or de-

claimed. They are the work of a peculiar class; they describe the manners and feelings of a feudal aristocracy, and they serve to illustrate a remarkable revolution in society. It is in these works that may be detected the first gems of modern thought and feeling, and of influences which in some measure are still felt.

The first portion of M. Moland's essay is devoted to an examination of the *Romance of Saint Graal* and the *Round Table*. His view is that, though in its present shape it unquestionably belongs to the twelfth century, it was then only a reproduction, in a new form, of a work which was already of some antiquity. The basis of it he conceives may have been furnished by some of the numerous legends which were carried from Asia to the western nations of Europe, and which were mixed up with the history of their conversion to Christianity, and in its earliest form it had the character of a spiritual allegory. In those parts of the cycle which appear to be most ancient, an exclusively theological idea and a religious purpose are apparent. At the beginning of the period of chivalry, that institution was sacerdotal and monastic in spirit. The Church only looked upon it as a religious institution and a military priesthood. To quote M. Moland:—

"It cannot be contested that about the eleventh century the Latin Book of Saint Graal was designed to trace out the chivalrous ideal which, at the same date, it was sought to realize in the Order of the Temple. It laid down, so to speak, the terms of the union of austerity with heroism, of bravery with faith. It proposed the purity and chastity of the priest for the knightly warrior, and endeavored to extend to the army of soldiers the same reform which Gregory VII. had imposed upon the priesthood.

"We believe that this was the spirit and design of the work written in Latin which the Norman compilers designate the *vielle histoire* and the *haute histoire*. In some portions of the French cycle, especially in the *Romance of Saint Graal*, it is clear from the evidence of the translation that the romance writers of the twelfth century followed the original to which they refer with tolerable fidelity. But the severe ideal conceived by the monastic spirit was not destined to triumph. The passion for adventure, for dangerous enterprises, for brilliant feats of arms, increased steadily. Chivalry

discarded a belief in ascetic purity for that passionate idolatry of woman which soon became its first duty and motive. Thus, the profane element soon preponderated over the ecclesiastical one. When nobles or complaisant ecclesiastics remodelled and amplified the old work, they introduced innumerable episodes to gratify modern tastes. They mixed with the mystical pictures of the old book others more fitted to flatter the imagination of their readers. These are not the only incompatible influences which made the vast cycle of fiction so discordant with itself. The book is made, not only to express contradictory ideas, but it has been worked at by races essentially different in feeling. Originally, it was manifestly the fruit of the Celtic genius, of which it possessed the principal characteristics; then *la haute histoire* suddenly fell into other hands, and the Norman genius took up and continued the work of the Breton."

Upon this principle M. Moland believes that the Cycle of Saint Graal is to be interpreted, and that it may be considered as the most important literary monument of the efforts to carry out the theocratic principle in the eleventh century—efforts which soon failed utterly, and which were afterwards condemned by the popes themselves. The Romances of *Saint Graal* and the *Round Table* were expressly prohibited by the court of Rome in the fourteenth century, at the same time that the Order of Templars was abolished. We regret, on a subject so interesting, that we can only indicate the reasoning upon which this view is founded.

The next source of French literature consists of the legends, sacred and profane, which possess a partly religious and partly historical character. The legends of the mediæval church do not form a complete cycle like the book of Saint Graal, but rather resemble the fantastic and brilliant illuminations on the margin of the sacred text. They were, however, essentially a part of the popular literature, and, like the romances, sprang immediately from the Church. From them, too, descended in a direct line the dramatic compositions called Mysteries, from which undoubtedly the theatre of modern Europe was derived.

The earliest remains of French sermons which can be considered an authentic specimen of French preaching are found in a manuscript containing a series of short instructions for each Sunday in the year, which

are attributed to the Bishop of Paris, Maurice de Sully. The style of these discourses is some evidence of their authenticity and their design. They are evidently composed for a popular and ignorant audience. There is neither scholastic subtlety, allegory, nor science. The ideas are precise and practical, the illustrations familiar, and taken from every-day life. There are sometimes introduced legends for minds with an appetite, like that of children, for the marvellous. It was the commencement of French preaching. These discourses were for a long time the model of the instructions that were addressed every Sunday to the congregation. There are many copies of them which belong to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The other collections of this class belong to pretty nearly the same age, and are in style and character the same. But much of the best preaching was still in Latin. Thus the growth of French eloquence, and the development of the language in preaching and public speaking, was retarded. In the second half of the fourteenth century, and the beginning of the next, there was a remarkable religious and political movement. As society became more civilized, the power and the influence of the practised speaker increased. The same faculties were equally useful to the ambitious layman and to the ecclesiastic. Thus was gradually formed the school of eloquence, and the rich and powerful language, which reached its full maturity in the sermons of Massillon and Bossuet.

Thus it will be seen that the French intellect in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was already full of activity. The first impulse in every branch of thought came from the Church. But as cultivation became more general, the Church ceased to have the exclusive control of letters and science. Romances were no longer theological; and the dramatic mysteries, though for a long time they preserved traces of their origin, gradually changed in character. But in each case the transition was slow, and necessarily coincided with the general advance of society. It is M. Moland's aim to mark these epochs of change, and to show how the civilization of the middle ages was created, and how it passed into the Renaissance and modern history. The result of all such investigations always proves the inseparable connection in thought and feeling between suc-

cessive ages; and that, however far we go back, we can never reach the fountain-head. It is now no longer the fashion to assume that there was ever a period of utter darkness during the middle ages. It certainly was not so in France. As we learn from M. Guizot, in his *History of the Civilization of Europe*, in spite of incursions of barbarians and endless confusion the thread of Roman civilization was never broken. Learning was still preserved by the Church; and some remains of Roman law still subsisted. The seventh century was probably the darkest; but after the age of Charlemagne the progress of learning became more conspicuous. From that date onwards the so-called modern languages were in process of formation, till, as we have seen, in the twelfth century they suddenly appeared in all the luxuriance of spontaneous growth. The French of Paris in the nineteenth century is the legitimate successor of the Norman Wallon, in which the *Romance of the Round Table* and the *Assize of Jerusalem* were written. The history of this language and literature must be always full of interest, and the study of it cannot fail to be of use:—

“They teach us how the intellectual wealth and moral grandeur of France were formed. Far from diminishing our admiration for the writers of the best periods, and the poets of the highest order, they show us how their advent had been arranged and timed to produce their powerful and correct genius. They enable us better to appreciate the immortal *chefs-d'œuvre* which can never be forgotten or exhausted. They have, too, another effect; they enlarge the horizon of our vision. Whilst they give us the habit of looking beyond those great monuments which for many minds exclude everything else, they at the same time prevent us from judging with too much partiality the works of our own time. They help us to keep from being discouraged, and warn us alike not to finish the history of our literature too soon, or to begin it too late.”

In dealing with a work of this kind, we must be content to give a very general outline of the mode in which the subject is handled, for our space will not permit us to dwell upon details. There is much in M. Moland's volume that is extremely interesting. The materials are treated in a clear and scholar-like manner, and the different essays of which it is made up are all con-

nected in purpose, and serve in turn to illustrate the plan of inquiry laid down by the author.

From The Philadelphia Inquirer.

HOW THOMAS JEFFERSON FORESHADOWED THE FINANCIAL POLICY FOR 1862.

A FEW days ago we submitted some remarks upon the financial policy of the Government, which summed up the present issue about as follows: The question forced upon the Government is, whether it will make long loans for large sums, at high rates of interest, or whether, by exercising its right of sovereignty and taking exclusive possession of the paper circulation of the country, it will make short loans for optional sums without paying any interest at all. This latter it can do by the issue of its own notes, and by causing the withdrawal of the competing circulation of the banks, such withdrawal to be effected by taxation, or any other convenient legislative device. Such a plan was suggested by the Secretary of the Treasury in his last Annual Report, and in concluding our observations upon the above issue, and the recommendations of that report, we remarked that the proposed measure did not rest upon any new theories, but upon principles which had the sanction of Jefferson, Gallatin, and Benton. It is to make the latter assertion good, at least with reference to one of these names, that we recur to the subject this morning.

In October, 1815, Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Gallatin his belief that this country could be carried through the longest war, against her most powerful enemy, without ever knowing the want of a dollar, without dependence on the traitorous class of her citizens, without bearing hard on the resources of the people, or loading the public with an indefinite burden of debt. This he said could be done “by the total prohibition of all private paper,” “by reasonable taxes in war,” and “by the necessary emissions of public paper, of circulating size, bottomed on special taxes.”

But these opinions of Jefferson, written to Mr. Gallatin when the war was over, were no mere after-thoughts of that sagacious and far-sighted statesman. Repeatedly,

while the war was in progress, he communicated to public and private correspondents the same views as to the true financial policy of the Government. Thus in June and September, 1813, he wrote to John W. Eppes a series of letters on the finances, copies of which were subsequently communicated to the President and Mr. Monroe. In these he used the following remarkable language: "The question will be asked and ought to be looked at, what is to be the resource if loans cannot be obtained? There is but one. *Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs.* It is the only fund on which they can *rely* for loans; it is the *only* resource which can *never fail* them, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose. Let banks continue if they please, but let them discount for cash alone, or for Treasury notes."

The last quoted passage was written September, 1813; but Mr. Jefferson had written to the same effect to the same gentleman in the previous June, during the first year of the war. In September, 1814, he wrote to Thomas Cooper, Esq., of the eagerness with which everybody would receive Treasury notes, if founded on specific taxes; adding, that "Congress may now borrow of the public, and without interest, all the money they may want, to the amount of a competent circulation, by merely issuing their own promissory notes of proper denominations," etc. What was Jefferson's idea of a competent circulation in 1814, may be found in his letter to the President, dated October 11th of that year, in which he sets it down at three hundred millions. While enforcing his views upon the President, he repeats that "the circulating fund is the only one we can ever *command with certainty*. It is sufficient for all our wants; and the impossibility of even defending the country without its aid as a borrowing fund, renders it indispensable that the nation should take it and keep it in their own hands, as their exclusive resource."

One more extract will complete the series necessary to the illustration of this branch of the subject. In the letter to Mr. Eppes,

dated June 24th, 1813, already referred to, Jefferson wrote as follows: "In this way I am not without hope that this great, this sole resource for loans in an agricultural country, might *yet be recovered for the use of the nation during war*; and if obtained in *perpetuum*, it would always be sufficient to carry us through any war; provided, that in the interval between war and war all the outstanding paper should be called in, coin be permitted to flow in again, and to hold the field of circulation, *until another war should require its yielding place again to the national medium.*"

At this point we find ourselves approaching the usual limit of a newspaper article, without having used one-half the passages in Jefferson's correspondence marked for illustration of this interesting and important subject. Pages on pages to the same effect might be quoted from his letters written during, and a few years subsequent to the war of 1812. The foregoing however should suffice. They all show the strong conviction of Mr. Jefferson that the circulating medium of the country should be in possession of the Government, and under its exclusive control, that during war it was the sole, reliable, and certain resource for loans, that it was an ample fund which could be used without interest; that it was the rightful franchise of the nation alone; that it had been improvidently and wrongfully surrendered; and that it should be recovered without delay. His views, however, were never endorsed by legislation; and in his letter to Mr. Gallatin, above quoted, he regrets the failure to do it in these words: "But, unhappily, the *towns* of America were considered as the *nation* of America—the disposition of the former as the disposition of the latter; and the treasury, for want of confidence in the country, delivered itself, bound hand foot, to bold and bankrupt adventurers and pretenders to be money-holders, whom it could have crushed at any moment."

How history is forever repeating itself, and how striking the analogies between the financial phenomena of 1812 and those of 1862!



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